CLELIA.

AN EXCELLENT NEW ROMANCE

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE de *LONGVEVILLE.*

Written in FRENCH by the Exquisite Pen of

MONSIEVR de *SCVDERY*

Governor of NOSTRE-DAME

de la *GARDE.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* and *Thomas Dring,*
and are to be sold at their shops, at the *Prince's Armes*
in St. *Paule's* Church-yard, and at the *George*
in *Fleet-street.* 1655.

CLELIA.

To the Ladies.

THIS to the Altar of your perfections (*faireſt Ladies*) That the Incomparable Courage of the noble *Clelia* flyes for protection; nor doth ſhee feare you will prove leſſe kind to her then the Rapid ſtreames of a deepe River, or the devouring flames of thoſe *fiery mountaines* wherewith *Italy* abounds: But 'tis not ſo much the Remembrance of her dangers paſt, as the Conſideration of her paines willingly taken for your *beautifull Sex* in paſſing the Seas, and changing not only her *Language* but her *Country*, that invites her thus chearefully to caſt her ſelfe on your Mercies, and earneſtly deſire your kind acceptation, however that you may not think ſhe comes *empty handed* and expects *entertainment* meerely upon *Charity*; Survey her with an indifferent Eye, and you ſhall finde her abounding with ſuch *Variety of Delights*, as will eaſily defray her charges: For my part (*Ladies*) the Grand Inducement I had to beſtow thoſe few vacant howers (I ſometimes enjoy) on this worke was chiefly to pleaſure you, and withall to endea-

vour to render the *Admirable Clelia* as neately dreſt in Engliſh, as her Famous Author *Monſieur* de *Scudery* hath ſet her forth in French. Compare *Mandana* with *Clelia*, the *Princeſs* of the *Medes* and *Perſians* with an *Illuſtrious Roman Lady*, and you will perceive in both ſo many, but withall ſuch different Adventures, as ſhall by the *Truth* of *Hiſtory* and *Illuſtration* of *Fiction* ſatisfie both your *Curioſity* and *delight*.

The

THE AUTHORS DEDICATION TO *MADEMOISELLE* DE *LONGVEVILLE.*

MADAM,

THIS a Maid that Rome ador'd, which now ſpying a neerer Approach to Divinity in You, tranſmitts all her Honours, and ſubmiſſively bowes to a brighter Beauty. She comes to tell you, that if this Age payd a juſt Reſpect to Vertue, wee had long ſince Dedicated an Altar to your Highneſſe, where every Generous Heart would have ambition'd to be a ſacrifice. And though there are few Princeſſes, whoſe veines weare ſo rich a purple as yours, yet you derive greater Emmoblements from your Merit, then extraction. Many Pillars of State have beene carved from your illuſtrious Stock; but thoſe Excellencies which ſingly adorn'd your Anceſtors, are all Centred, and comprehended in you, not abbridg'd, but bound up in one Faire Volume: Perſons of your Quality are often dazell'd with their owne Splendor, and

abus'd with the false Elogies of others; but nature hath given you the best Antidote against Flattery, I meane to transcend it: for that which applyed to others would be Complement and Hyperbole, when addressed to you, is frigid and poore, and falls beneath the sublime truth. Your Glorious example has made goodnesse the Fashion at Court; and 'tis yet a Problem, whether that profound veneration which all render you, be more attracted by that Royall blood which you possesse, or allur'd by your Exalted Vertue; Permitt me Madam peculiarly to Admire your Clemency and Condescension, when you teach your Eyes so low a flight, as with humble Raies to warme and cherish your inferiors: In this you resemble the Monarch of Celestiall Bodies who ingrosses not his Treasury of Light, but communicates his Beames, and illustrates the World. All that have beheld you will attest, that a more accurate Idea of Beauty never sprung from a rapt'ur'd fancy, then you really injoy: Never was any inform'd with a clearer and more vigorous Spirit: never were these perfections crowned with a sincerer Goodnesse: Tis here, Madam, that Clelia *takes sanctuary, and that faire Roman, whose courage scorn'd the swelling pride of Tyber, (when she submitted her delicate limbs to the waves, and rode upon that Trydent, which swaies the liquid Empire) now crosses the Ocean, to tender you a Legitimate duty: I shall oblige her to blend my interest with hers; Since I have had the Glory to bee esteemed by Madam your Mother, and the Count of* Soissons *your Uncle; And your Highnesse knowes best my eminent ingagements to* Madam de Longveuille

and

and her Family: I value it as no ſmall honour, that ſome of my alliance have bin numbred in your Retinue; In fine, I my ſelfe have intirely compleated ſeven yeares under the command of my Lord the Prince of Carignan *your Vncle, in the Armies of the Great* Charles Emanuel *his Father, whoſe affection I muſt ever eſteeme as the choyſeſt largeſs of my Fortune. Theſe incouragements (Madam) have made* Clelia *preſume your ſhelter: ſhee promiſes her ſelfe a luſtre from your ſhaddow; which though you vouchſafe; my felicity will not be compleate, except you add the permiſſion of being all my Life*

Madam

Your Highneſſes

moſt Humble and

Moſt obedient ſervant

De Scudery.

CLELIA.

BOOK I.

NEVER was there a fairer day, then that which should have preceded the Nuptials of the Illustrious *Aronces*, and the Admirable *Clelia*; And since first the Sun did Crown the Spring with Roses and Lillies, it never cast more pure Beams upon the fertile Feilds of the Delicious *Capua*, nor display'd more Luminous Radiations o're the Waves of the famous *Vulturnus*, which so pleasantly watered one of the faireſt Countries in the World: The Heaven was Serene, the River Calme, all the Winds were lay'd asleep in those Darke Caverns, whose Intricate *Meanders* they only were acquainted with, and the gentle *Zephirus* could do no more then fan the fair haires of the Incomparable *Clelia*, who being now on the point to compleat the felicity of the most perfect of Lovers, made it appear by her Eyes that the Elements enjoyd no more tranquility then she had in her Soul. As for *Aronces*, though he was more joyfull then *Clelia*, love bing more predominant in him, yet was he not without many Inquietudes, which produc'd a certain agitation of Spirit, thinking with himself he should not sufficiently testifie the greatness of his Passion, if the only hope of being absolutely happy the next day had entirely satisfied him; he murmured much against the length of the daies though it was one of the first in the Spring, and he now numbred the hours as ages; This pleasing anxiety proceeding from an amorous Impatience, did nothing dis-compose his usuall temper sometimes clouded by most strange Distractions of his Spirit, which perswaded him some doleful accident might entervene whereby his happiness might be retarded as formerly it had been; for ere this he had Espoused his Mistress had not the River on whose Banks was scituated a Stately House wherin *Clelius* resolv'd to consummate his Daughters Nuptials, with such a sudden violence exceeded its prefixed limits that was impossible to solemnize any Feast there during this terrible inundation, the waters continually encreas'd for the space of 12. hours, the Wind, Lightning, Thunder, and a dreadfull Showre of Rain so multiplying the horror of this fatall Deluge, that there was generally fear'd a totall ruine and desolation: the water of the River seem'd to reach the Skies, and conjoyn'd, with that the Heavens powr'd down, agitated by those impetuous Tempests roar'd as the swelling Billows of an angry Sea, or the falling of the most rapid

Torrents: this violent eruption of the River, much disordered this region of delight; for it demolisht Buildings both publike and private, rooted up Trees, cover'd the Feilds with sand and stones, levyed Hills, furrow'd the Plains, and chang'd the whole face of this little Country, but when it had wholly spent its fury, twas evidently seen that this inundation had in some places unburied the ruines of divers Tombs, whose Inscriptions were half effac'd, & in others it had discovered great Columnes of Marble with many other precious Materials, so that this place in stead of being deprived of its former beauty received a more additional lustre from those new acquired ornaments. Twas nigh those inestimable ruines (that *Aronces* & *Clelia* conducted by *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* his wife attended by a smal select train wch should be the next day at the Nuptial Ceremonies of these two Illustrious Lovers) walkt with much pleasure and delight. *Aronces* not now remembring the former Impediments of his Rivals, all things as it were smiling at his aproaching happiness, and *Clelia* so complying with his desires, that twas impossible the remaining rigour of his destiny should wholly silence his excessive joy, though twas sometimes intermixt, as I have formerly told you with some Inquietudes; therfore to acquaint her with the sweet transportments of his Soul, he led her 10. or 12. paces from the agreeable company which followed him, imagining what he said to her when she was alone, would make a deep impression in her mind, but after a generall, when he would have proceeded to a particular Conversation, and turned his head to see whether he could be heard by any but *Clelia*, he saw appear at the entrance of a little Wood the gallanteſt of his Rivals call'd *Horatius* accompanied by some of his Friends; this sight without doubt much surprised *Aronces*, but much more *Clelia*, who fearing there might happen some sad accident left *Aronces* to go to her Father, to oblige him to intercede between *Horatius* and her Lover, that there might arise no contestation between them: scarce had she gon 5. or 6. paces but a terrible Earthquake which is usuall in this Country, began so suddenly with such impetuosity, that the earth opening between *Aronces* and *Clelia*, roaring like the mutinous Waves of the disturbed Ocean, there issued from it such an horrible flame, that it depriv'd them from entertaining their eyes with their beloved Object, *Aronces* only seeing himself surrounded with waving flames, which assuming as many various formes as are sometimes seen in the Clouds presented to his view the most terrible Object any Imagination can fancy, their blew colour interweav'd with red, yellow, and green, winding themselves in many different manners, rendred the sight of those flames so dreadfull, that any but *Aronces* had certainly fainted in such an occasion, for this Abyss which was opened between *Aronces* & *Clelia*, and which had so violently separated them, represented such an horrid spectacle that it cannot be limn'd by the most exacteſt Pencel, and a black smoak having darkned the Sun and obscured the Aire, as if it had been night, there sometimes issued from this Infernal Gulph a great quantity of tumultuous flames which afterwards dilating themselves in the Ayre were carryed as Whirl-winds of fire by the winds wich now rose from all places, but he was more surprised when he heard all places resoun'd both with Celestiall and Subterranean Thunders, which by terrible Convulsions of the Earth seem'd to shake the Center of the World, and to remit nature to its first Chaos; a thousand burning stones slung from this flaming Gulph were shot into the Ayre with fearfull hissings and fell again into the fields, either nigher or further, according to the impetuosity which carryed them, or their own weight made them fall; in some places of the Plaine flames hoyl'd as springs of fire, and there exhald from these fires such a sulphureous Odor, that it almost suffocated all wich were nigh them, and in the midst of all these fires from many parts there flow'd divers Torrents which in some places extinguished the flame, and many others were themselves consumed by the fires which opposed them: And to finish this desolation there issued from that Abyss such a prodigious quantity of burning ashes, that the Earth, Ayre, and River were either entirely fill'd or cover'd with them. In the mean time as the Earth shook more and more, the house where the Solemnities of *Clelia's* Nuptials were to be kept, was wholly everted, the Hamlet where it was scituated, buryed in its own ruines, many

Flocks

Flocks were destroyd, and many men perisht, and there was never heard of such a dreadfull disorder, for those which were on the land sought little Boats to put themselves on the River, thinking to be safer there, and those which were on the River speedily landed, imagining there was less perill on the shore, those in the Plains fled to the Mountains, and those in the Mountains descended into the Plains, those which were in the Woods endeavoured to gain the Fields, and those in the Fields to shelter themselves in the Woods, every one imagining that the place where he was not was safer then that where he was.

In the midst of this horrible Earthquake of these terrible flames of these dreadfull Thunders both Celestiall and Subterranean, of those terrible flames, of those Impetuous Torrents, of this Sulphurous Odor, of those burning stones, of that Cloud of flaming ashes which destroyd so many men and so many Flocks where the Earthquake did not extend; in the midst, I say, of such an imminent Peril, *Aronces* who saw nothing living but himself, entertain'd his thoughts on nothing but his amiable *Clelia*, and fearing more her destruction then his own, he endeavoured by all means possible to overtake her: but he was not Master of his own Actions, for when he would have gone on one side, the Earthquake cast him on the other, so that he was forc'd to leave himself to the conduct of his fortune, which had free'd him from such an Imminent Perill; but when this great storm was ore-blown, those burning flames extinct, the earth re-stated, the noise silenc'd, the darkness dissipated after it had lasted the remainder of that day, and all the night, *Aronces* found himself when *Phœbus* rose from his watry Couch on a Mount of Coals and Ashes, from whence he might take an exact survey of this sad Country: but he was much astonisht when he saw neither the house where he lay, nor the Hamlet where it was, to see a Isle of the Wood quite overturn'd, and all the field spread with men or dead flocks; so that fear now possessing his Soul more then hope, he descended from that Hill of ashes, but as soon as he was descended he saw come forth of one of those Tombs that the over-flowing of the River had discovered, *Clelius* and *Sarpin* which were retired thither, for by a fortunate Casualty the Earthquake had not destroyd them, at first *Aronces* much rejoyc'd to see them, hoping *Clelia* would have follow'd them from this Tomb, but when he had seen five of their friends, two men and three women come out of it, he speedily advanc'd towards *Sulpicia* to whom he was nigheſt; I pray, said he, tell me what is become of *Clelia*, alas, answered this afflicted Mother I came to demand the same of you, for I knew nothing but that at the same time as she left them to come to her Father, I saw *Horatius* followd by those which accompanied her Majesty towards her, and I saw nothing afterwards but whirl-winds of flames which forced *Clelius* and I to shelter our selves in those Tombs with those which were the nigheſt to us, *Sulpicia* had hardly pronounced those words, when *Aronces* without looking upon either *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, or those which were with them, sought amongst those great Mountains of ashes without precisely knowing what he sought for, *Clelius* and the rest did the like, to see whether they could find any sign of the life or death of *Clelia*; but the more they sought the more they encreasd their grief, for they found one of *Cleliaes* Maides smother'd under those burning coals which fell upon her, and nigh her body they saw one of her Lovers which partak'd of the same Destiny: This lamentable, though sad Object obligd *Aronces* to wish the fate of that unhappy Lover, since he had the advantage to finish his daies by his Mistress; But as these two persons needed not any ones assistance, they did not stay there, after *Clelius* had ordered two of his Domesticks he accidentally found, to take those bodies from under the ashes, and to remain there till they heard further from him; whilst they were thus seeking what they could not find, there came many persons from all places, both from the neighbouring woods, from the ruinated houses, and from those new Concaves of the earth, to seek for their friends or kindred, for this Accident had dispersd all Families, some wept for their Fathers, others for their Children, some for their ruinated houses, others for their Flocks, and most for the fear only to have lost what they sought for, for though Earthquakes have been very frequent in this delightfull

Country;

Country, their grief was not the leſs abated, but amongſt ſo many miſ-fortunes which ore-ſpread this unhappy Country, none equalld that of the unfortunate *Aronces*, his affliction was the more powerfull becauſe it tied up the Organs of his Speech, and twas eaſie at this time to diſcern the difference between the grief of a Father, Mother, and a Lover, for though *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* were much afflicted for their Daughter, yet *Aronces* his grief incomparably exceeded theirs, but in fine, ſeeing their hopes fruſtrated in not finding what they ſought for, they beleived *Clelia* might be eſcaped by a fortunate Accident as well as they; feeding themſelves therfore with this fancy a year, they thought nothing more requiſite then to return to *Capua*, to ſee whether ſome one had not brought her thither, and fortune propitious to their deſigns preſented them the means to perform their intended Journey, by ſupplying them with an empty Chariot, which the Earthquake having only overturnd, they eaſily diſengaged from the aſhes, and finding a man who knew how to guide it, they mounted into it, after the leaſt afflicted of the company had given order to carry the bodies of thoſe two Lovers to *Capua*, and obligd the reſt to take a ſhort repaſt at the firſt convenient Habitation; for twas remarkable in this Earthquake, that it extended but from the Town where the Nuptialls of *Aronces* were to be kept to *Nola*, and from thence to *Capua*, it had only endamagd ſome places by the fall of the burning Cinders: the grief of *Aronces* much encreaſd when he arrivd there, and heard no news neither of his dear *Clelia* nor his Rivall, but little after he knew *Horatius* was not dead, being advertiſed by one of his acquaintance that an intimate friend of *Horatius* calld *Stenius* had read a Letter that morning from him, ſo that incited both by a curioſity and Eyes of paſſion, he went to his houſe where not finding him, but being told he was gone to breath himſelf in a ſpacious field behind *Diana's* Temple at *Capua*, he went thither, *Stenius* as ſoon as he ſaw him received him with much civility, though he was his friends Rivall, ſo that *Aronces* hoping he would not refuſe to ſatisfie his demands, thus civilly ſaluted him: I am not ignorant *Stenius* ſaid he to him, that you are more *Horatius* his friend then mine, neither would I propoſe you to betray the ſecret he hath confided to you, but being certainly informd you have received a Letter from him this day: I come to pray, and earneſtly beſeech you to tell me whether he doth intimate unto you that *Clelia* is living. I demand not, ſaid he, whether he goes, or where he is now, for I know honour forbids you to tell it me, ſo it doth not permit me to demand it of you, and I have ſuch a good opinion of you, that I am perſwaded if I ſhould requeſt ſuch a Courteſie of you, you would eaſily grant it me, but I would not have the grandure of my affection force me to propound any unjuſt propoſition; but *Stenius* all that I deſire is, that favouring an afflicted Lover, you only tell me whether *Clelia* is living, without informing wherin *Horatius* intends to carry her, and to oblige you therto: purſu'd he, if you do not ſatisfie my deſires, I ſhall reſt in the opinion that *Clelia* is not dead, but retaind in my Rivals power; therfore I beleive without infringing your fidelity to *Horatius* you may condiſcend to my propoſitions: I do not deny, replyd *Stenius*, but I have this day received a Letter from *Horatius*, and I confeſs I have it now about me, but I am much ſurpriſd at your ſtrang demands which I ought not to ſatisfie, and that I beleive you would not your ſelf do, if you were in my place, if I demanded any thing which might prejudice your friend, replyd *Aronces*, you would have reaſon to uſe the ſaid expreſſions, but that which I deſire of you is to conſolate an unhappy Lover, without any way prejudicing his Rivall, and if you have ever lovd you would have never refuſd it me: I know not what I ſhould do as a Lover, replyed *Stenius* rarrogantly, but I know as *Horatius* his friend, I ought not to acquaint you with any thing wherin he is intereſted, and I account it an unworthy action of you to ask a thing which I cannot perform without violating the Laws of Friendſhip, becauſe you ſhall do it honourably, replyd *Aronces*, putting his hand to his Sword, you muſt as well ſuſtain your fidelity by your valour, as your wilfull obſtinacy, and you muſt defend the Letter of *Horatius* ſince he will not tell me whether *Clelia* is living, at thoſe words *Stenius* retiring ſome paces drew his Sword, and before any would ſeparate them,

Aronces

Aronces had not only disarmd and vanquisht *Stenius*, but had taken from him *Horatius* his Letter, after which he speedily retired to *Clelius* house, where he viewd his Rivals Letter, which containd these words.

HORATIUS TO STENIUS.

AN Earthquake having put the Rigorous Clelia *in my power, I intend to reside at* Perusia, *where send me all things which he that gives you the Letter requires of you, and to augment my satisfaction write me what despair possesses my Rivall.*

The reading of this Letter was so satisfactory to *Aronces* as it cannot be expressd for he not only learnt that *Clelia* was living, but he likewise knew that his Rival carryd her to a place where both honour and nature obligd him to go, and where he had not, it may be, so soone gone, if he had not been drawn thither by the attractive Loadstone of love, so that acquainting *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* with his intention, he resolvd to depart the next day, which he did, with an equipage only proportionable to *Clelius* Son-in-Law, attended but by three or four Slaves, and obligd an intimate friend whose amity he had contracted at *Capua*; to perform this Voyage, in whose bosom he emptyd his most secret thoughts, that if this Journey should happily succeed he might share his fortune; This affectionate friend, calld *Celeres*; being then the sole consolation of *Aronces*, they departed from *Capua*, after they had left order with *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, to send them by a safe conduct all things which were necessary to accomplish the Voyage and wished success of *Aronces*, these two friends began and pursud their intended Journey without any Obstacle, though twas a tedious way, till arriving one night at the Banks of the Lake of *Thrasymene* they stayd to consider its beauty, and truly it merited the curious observation of such gallant Spirits as *Aronces* and *Celeres*, for as there are three fair and pleasant Isles, every one fortify'd by a strong yet stately Castle, and round about the Lake many Villages and Hamlets which rendred these Islands the fairest in the world; but *Aronces* and *Celeres* had scarce the time to consider the grandure and beauty of this Lake, when they saw come from the point of this Isle two little Barks, in one of which *Aronces* saw his dear *Clelia*, and *Horatius* with six men with swords in their hands, which defended themselves against ten which were in the other; this Object, so surprised him that he could not at first beleive his eyes, but *Celeres* having confirmd him, twas no deception of his sight he really beleived he saw both his Mistress and his Rivall, and it seemd to him that he which was at the prow of the other Bark was the Prince of *Numidia* whom he dearly loved, *Aronces* was at this time much perplexd, because there was no Boat nigher then the space of two miles, as the Guide of the Country told him, which should conduct him to *Perusia*, so that he must resolve to go thither, for as these two Barks fighting with one another went still further from him, as if they would have gone to the second Isle of the Lake, he imagind if he should have enterprised to swim, twas impossible his horse to overtake them, *Horatius* causing his men so diligently to ply their Oares; so that seeing no likelyhood to assist his Mistress, unless he went speedily to the place where he was informd he might find many Boats, therfore he spurd his horse towards part of the Lake which runs into a great Wood, which he must of necessity pass to go to an Habitation where his Guide assurd him he might be supplyd with Boats, but as he went thither he lookt towards the two Boats which fought, and saw to his great grief that they still went further from him, and that he must loose sight of them before he could come to approach them:

as he was now buryed in a deep Sea of distracted thoughts, and rode with a swift pace towards that part of the Coast, where he was informd he might procure Boats, his friend whose spirit was not so possessid as his, heard a noise of Armes and Horses which made him turn his head to see whether their men followed them, but he saw neither their men nor their Guide, for as *Aronces* and he had rode very fast, the Wood deprivd them of their sight, so that calling to *Aronces* that he should take care of himself, and not lightly engage himself, he told him what he heard, his melancholy not permitting him to heare it, but he had scarce acquainted him with it, when a Slave cover'd with blood came from amongst the Trees running towards them, and addressing his Speech to them, I beseech you, said he, whosoever you are, assist the Prince of *Perusia* which Traytors would assassinate; at these words, *Aronces* lifted his eyes to Heaven, to demand as it were, what he should do in such an occasion, when so many puissant reasons made him unresolvd, but he was not long considering of it, for he saw an ancient man of a gallant presence, whom the Slave told him was *Mezentius* Prince of *Perusia*, who retird back, defending himself from six men which pursud him, one of which, which seemd to be the Captain so vigorously assayld him, that he was ready to thrust his Sword through his body, for though *Mezentius* was valiant, he was not in a posture to resist these Assaylants, being hurt in two places, and having but a Truncheon of his Sword to put by their thrusts, the other part being broken by the weightiness of their blows, such a compassionate Object dispelld the irresolution of *Aronces*, so that he cast himself with an incredible valour before the Prince of *Perusia* and his Enemy who was ready to fix his heart, and *Celeres* so powerfully seconded *Aronces*, that at the second blow blow he gave the Captain of the Assassinats, he dyed his Sword with his blood, *Mezentius* looking upon these strangers as Protectors the gods had sent him, and not knowing they knew who he was, told them for their encouragement that they servd a Prince who knew how to recompence them, but they had not need to be prompted to perform Heroick Actions, their valour making it sufficiently evident when they had their Swords in their hands.

In the mean time, as those six men which assaulted *Mezentius* were very resolute, and the principall of them, one of the valiantest in the World: *Aronces* and *Celeres* were at first invovld in much danger, but after *Aronces* had killd one and hurt two, he set so vigorously upon him, which appeard to be Master of the rest warding all his blows, and not letting slip any advantage, whilst *Celeres* and their men which were now arrivd, fought with the others that he forced him to flye, and so strictly pursued him, that he pusht him against some great Trees the wind had orethrown, so that not having any power to retreat further, he thrust his Sword through his body and saw him fall dead at his feet: But as he was in this Estate, one of those which fled before *Celeres* who pursued them, wounded *Aronces* in the thigh, thinking to peirce his body, but he was chastisd for his presumption by him who received it, who dischargd such a weighty blow on his head, that he orethrew him dead at his feet.

In the mean time *Mezentius* who was very old, was so weakened by the effusion of his blood from those wounds he had received, that he was constraind to alight from his Horse and to lean against a Tree, supported by that faithfull Slave who had spoken to *Aronces* and *Celeres*, on the other side the Protector of that Prince not being able longer to endure the agitation of his horse, because of the hurt in his thigh, was much afflicted, seeing he could not further prosecute his intended Journey, but hoping the service he had rendred this Prince, might claim an acknowledgment and protection from him, he went, though with much difficulty, towards this Prince, who was then accompany'd by many men of quality which were come from divers places of the Wood, but when he would have entreated him to send some of his men to help a distressed Virgin of a noble Extraction which was forcibly carryed away; this Prince was so suddenly bereav'd both of his sight and speech, that *Aronces* not being hearkened to by any, they being all imployd to recover the fainting speech of this Prince was reduced to a most deplorable condition; so that

that without considering either his hurt, or the pain therof, he went on foot followed by his friend to the Lake, to see whether he could yet see those Barks he had seen, but night now began to Curtain the whole Hemisphear, and so many thick Mists ore-spread the Lake, that they could hardly see the Islands which were there, & further from seeing the 2. little Barks, so that this unhappy Lover wholly inerg'd in grief and not regarding his hurt, a man of quality conducted by *Mezentius*, his Slave came to him, who told him, that the Prince a little after he had left him, coming to himself, had commended that they should take as much care of him to whom he owd his life, as of his own person, and twas for that reason he sought for him, and *Sycanus*, for so was this man nam'd, further intreated him that he would be pleasd to go into a Boat which was about fifty paces from them to be transported to the next Island, where he should be accommodated with all necessaries whatsoever, for in fine said *Sycanus* as there is but one Chariot to carry the Prince to *Perusia*, and that tis too late for you to ride thither in the condition you are in, you had better to go to the Castle in the Island, where I offer you on the Princes part all that depends on me, it being under my command. *Aronces* hearing *Sycanus* his proposition, joyfully accepted of it, but withall desir'd him that instead of going directly to the Isle, he would permit him to seek upon the Lake for 2. Barques which he had seen a little before he had the happiness to lend his assistance to *Mezentius*, telling him more easily to induce him hereto, that he was oblig'd to succour a Noble Virgin which was in one of those Barques, but *Sycanus* answered him, that he being not in a condition to go himself, whilst he went to the Island, he would go with his friend in another Boat to endeavour to satisfie his desires, though with little hope of success, because of the greatness of the Lake, the time that was elapsd, since he saw the two Barques, the thickness of the mists and the approaching night; *Aronces* answerd that he had been told by Marriners, that they could see more clear in the night upon the water when there were mists, then when there was none, and that he would go himself, so that not being able to be diverted from his Intentions, he causd the Boat wherin he was to be row'd more then three hours upon the Lake before he would consent to be landed at the Island, to have his hurts dresst; but in the end knowing that which his love prompted him to was irrational, and *Celeres* having whisperd to him, that if he would think to live, to deliver *Clelia* and to revenge himself of his Rival, he should permit *Sycanus* to command his men to land them at the Willow Island, for by that name twas calld to distinguish it from two others which are in the Lake of *Thrasimene*. As *Sycanus* was accomplisht with all Noble Qualities, and was linkt in marriage with a Lady whose virtue and merit far surpassd those of her Sex. *Aronces* and *Celeres* were received into this Castle with as much Civility as Magnificence, *Aronces* being as well attended there as if he had been at *Perusia*, for as this Isle had many Inhabitants, and *Sycanus* usually resided there, it was furnisht with very expert Chyrurgeons, and all things else both necessary and delicious; the aportment of *Aronces* was most magnificent, for as *Perusia* was then one of the richest Cities in *Italy*, except those on the Sea Coast, and *Sycanus* being descended from one of the greatest and most Opulent houses of *Perusia*: this Castle was not only pleasantly scituated, but richly adornd the Chamber where *Aronces* was lodgd was in that Isle which nigh superview'd all the Lake, and from whence he might see the place where he had seen *Clelia*, though he could not bless his eyes with a sight of her, but he was not the only person which found assistance in this Island, for his Wound was hardly dresst when one advertisd *Sycanus* that there was a Barque landed in which there was a man of a gallant Deportment, who was much hurt, and who demanded the favour of him to pass the night in one of the Fishers Cabins, that his hurts might be lookt too: but as *Sycanus* was too generous not to assist those which were unhappy when it lay in his power, he went himself to offer to this unknow all the assistance he required, and he so freely offered it him that he accepted of it, and was conducted to the Castle and lodgd in an Aportment far enough from *Aronces*, so that *Celeres* being with him to endeavour to consolate him, he did not know till the next morning; about three

hours

hours after the Sun was risen, that there was arrivd an hurt stranger at the Castle; he heard it from *Sycanus* his wife which was call'd *Aurelia*, and who demanded of him when she gave him a Visit, if he was accommodated in the Apartment they had given him, because it lookt over a little Port where there was alwayes some noyse, for in fine, said she obligingly to him, as the Protector of the Prince; *Mezentius* may command some priviledge, if you are disturbd in that place where you are, we will give you another lodging when we dislodge that other stranger the gods have sent hither to be succour'd as well as you: what, Madam, replyed *Aronces*, is there arriv'd any more unhappy then I, yes Generous unknown, replyed *Aurelia*, and he is more unhappy then you, because his hurts are more dangerous; O, Madam, replyed *Aronces*, he may be more hurt then I, but he cannot be more unhappy: as *Aronces* had thus said, *Celeres* came into his Chamber to tell him that the Prince of *Numidia* was in that Castle, and that he had heard by one of his men that he was wounded fighting against *Horatius*, who had stolne away *Clelia*, I beseech you (Madam) said *Aronces* addressing his speech to *Aurelia*, permit me, I pray, you to deprive my self of the honour of your presence, that I may go to the Prince of *Numidia's* Chamber, to whom I am very much oblig'd, and from whom I may happily learn something which imports me more then you can imagine, you are in such a bad condition to go, replyed *Aurelia*, that I beleive you ought not to enterprise it, without the permission of your Chyrurgeons; O, Madam, replyed *Aronces*, if you knew the Intereſt I have to see the Prince of *Numidia*, you would then be assur'd that I ought to consult none but my heart in this encounter, after that *Aurelia* effectively hearing that *Aronces* would go to the Prince of *Numidia's* lodging, went to that of the Princess of the *Leontines*, whom divers Intereſts did at this time retain in that Castle, but she went not thither before she had told *Celeres* that it was for him to perswade *Aronces* not to destroy the cure she had resolv'd to have for the welfare of a man which had sav'd the life of the Prince *Mezentius*, and who merited if no reason had invited us therto, that we should, intereſt our selves both in his safety and recovery.

Celeres according to her directions would have induc'd *Aronces* to have sent him to the *Numidian* Prince who was named *Adherball*, to demand of him what he knew of *Clelia*, but twas impossible for him to divert his intended resolution, for after he was dreſt, and had advertis'd the Prince of his coming, he went thither leaning on two Slaves, he was scarce come into the Princes his Chamber, when he said to him pardon me, Sir, if the ardent desire I have to be satisfied by you what is become of *Clelia*, and her Ravisher against whom I saw you yesterday fight on the Lake, hinders me from giving you new demonstrations of that friendship we contracted at *Carthage*? Alas, my dear *Aronces*, replyed *Adherball*, sighing, the Ravisher of *Clelia* after he had reduc'd me to the estate in which you now see me, caused his men to row so diligently that I soon lost sight of him, for my men seeing me hurt would not obey me, when I commanded them to follow *Horatius* with all the speed they could possible, and they took more care for the preservation of my life, then the performance of my commands, though they have expos'd my life it may be to more danger by not obeying them; for in fine, my dear *Aronces*, now that I am in a place where no reasons oblige me to disguise my thoughts, I have loved *Clelia* since I first saw her at *Carthage*, and the commencent of our friendship proceeded from my love to her, imagining that if I should acquire your esteem, it might much conduce to the furtherance of my affection: *Aronces* was surpris'd at *Adherbals* expressions. and finding him to be his Rivall whom he only suppos'd his friend, he chang'd colour on a sudden, which *Adherball* who did not know that *Aronces* lov'd *Clelia*, attributed to his friendship not any way suspecting his love, so that obligingly resuming his discourse, I must ingeniously confess, said he, that after I had the happiness to be acquainted with you, if I had not lov'd *Clelia*, I should have esteem'd *Aronces*, whose great merits comands respect from all those which know him; it appears by your words, replyed *Aronces*, that you do not well know me, and I am perswaded if you knew me better you would be of a contrary

trary opinion, but as we are both in a condition not to give any great testimonies either of love or hatred, what thoughts soever swayes our Soul, I think I had best leave you in repose and retire my self, and after *Aronces* had saluted *Adherball* with a more reserv'd Civility then before, he returned to his Chamber, in such a despair as evidenc'd the greatness of his affliction; he was no sooner in his bed but *Sycanus* brought him an Noble man call'd *Cilicies*, whom *Mezentius* had sent to him with some Complements both from himself and the Princess *Aretale* his wife, so that *Aronces* being necessarily oblig'd to conceal his grief both from *Sycanus* and *Cylicies*, desired them to inform him who were those which would have assassinated *Mezentius*; though you are a stranger, replyed he which was sent from the *Perusian* Prince, it is not possible but you have heard ere you arriv'd at the *Thrasymenian* Lake, that *Porsenna* King of *Chusium* and the Queen his wife, have been retaind Prisoners there these three and twenty years, by the Prince *Mezentius* his Father-in-Law: therfore without particularizing the cause of their long Imprisonment, I shall tell you in few words, that a Noble man calld *Tharchon* Native Subject of that unhappy King, being perswaded that it was lawfull to act all manner of Crimes to deliver an innocent Prince, had layd an *Ambuscado* in the Wood, where he oblig'd *Mezentius* to hunt, leading him from his men till he was come to the place where he had set those which should assayl *Mezentius*, who was strangly surprised when he saw him whith he thought would defend him, put himself at the head of those Assassinates and first assault him; and *Mezentius* now beleives contrary to the opinion of all, that *Porsenna* was acquainted with this Conspiracy which was plotted against him, so that all those which interess themselves in the life of this great Prince, fear some violence will be acted against his Person; is it possible he should so ill requite the care the gods have had for the conservation of his life, replyed *Aronces*, as to put to death an innocent man, and if I was in estate to go to demand of him any recompence for the service I have done him, I should intreat him to limit his resentments, and to do me likewise the favour, as to command some of his men to inform him of one called *Horatius*, who hath stolne a Noble Virgin called *Clelia*, is not within his Dominions, and to oblige him to set free that admirable person: Attending the time till you are able to do it your self, replyed *Sycanus*, *Cilicies* shall tell him all you desire, and I am perswaded you can demand nothing of a Prince whose life you have so generously sav'd, but will be easily granted you; for my part, replyed *Cilicies*, if the Generous *Aronces* did not order me to do it, I should acquaint the Prince with his desires, for I am confident he ardently wishes the power to recompence the services he hath perform'd to him, and that he will be very glad to know the means whereby he might make any retaliation. In fine, after those obliging words of *Cilicies*, *Aronces* told him all the divers Interests, he had prompted him to demand both for *Porsenna's* safety and *Clelia's* liberty, and not willing afterwards to suffer any constraint, he appeared so distemperd both to *Sycanus* and *Cilicies*, that beleiving their presence did add some grief to his wound, they immediatly departed; they were no sooner out of his Chamber, but looking upon *Celeres* with eyes which would inspire pity and compassion in the most obdurate hearts, and now my dear *Celeres*, said he unto him, what think you of the cruelty of my destiny, you, who know all my disgraces and all my adventures, and who have been accustomed to see me unhappy? Is it not true pursued he, that you did not forsee that which is now arrivd to me? for not mentioning many misfortunes which have happened to me even from my birth to the time when I esteemed my self to be ascended to the supream top of all felicity, by espousing the Incomparable *Clelia*; and when all my Rivals were not in a capacity to resist my divine fortune, a dreadfull Earthquake orethrew all my happiness, and snatcht *Clelia* from my hands to put her in my Rivals, and to finish my Capricious Destiny: *I* sav'd a Princes life who will destroy *Porsenna*, whose life is dearer to me then my own, *I* killd him who had conspir'd his liberty, *I* saw *Clelia* with my own eyes in *Horatius* his power, and *I* find a Prince to be my Rival whom *I* beleived my friend, and that *I* should have never suspected to have loved *Clelia*; *I* can do nothing now

but patiently endure my affliction, ſince I am not in a condition, neither to purſue *Clelias* Raviſher to protect *Porſenna*, or to diſcover my true quality to *Adherball*; for there is no reaſon I ſhould tell him whom I am, as long as we are not capable to prejudice one another, in caſe we ſhould be enemies, as there is great likelihood we ſhall be: his complaints had laſted longer, had not *Sycanus* entred into his Chamber, with *Nicius* and *Martia*, from whom he expected the greateſt aſſiſtance in his affairs, he received them with all imaginable joy, and *Sycanus* demanded his pardon, becauſe he had not treated him according to his quality, what *Nicius* (ſaid *Aronces* fixing his eyes upon him) do you believe it requiſite to oblige the generous *Sycanus* to conceal a ſecret of ſuch importance, as my birth, yes Sir, replyed *Nicius*, and I am ſo ſatisfied of his fidelity, that is in this Caſtle, that all the King *Porſennas* his friends aſſemble to conſult together, what is beſt to be done for his liberty and your diſcovery, I pray Sir, (ſaid *Sycanus* to *Aronces*) do not ſo much injure one, who paſſionately deſires to ſerve you, as to ſuſpect his fidelity; for I am perſwaded without the leaſt ſcruple, that by ſerving the King *Porſenna*, I importantly ſerve the Prince of *Perufia*, judge then what I ought to do for him, who hath ſaved his life; for my particular ſaid *Martia* to *Aronces*, I can aſſure you, *Sycanus* hath much intereſt in your happineſſe, and *I* may very well ſay, the fortune of two Kingdomes, is ſo inſeparably tyed to yours, that they would be both deſtroyed, if you do not ſave them, by ſaving your ſelf, after this, *Aronces* having ſaid many obliging things to thoſe who ſpoke to him, they began to conſult on the liberty of *Porſenna*, and the Queen his wife, and the diſcovery of *Aronces*, but they could not conclude any deciſive reſolution, till three noble men of great account in this Realm, (and which were much addicted to *Porſennas* his intereſt) arrived at this Caſtle.

In the mean time *Sycanus* told *Aronces*, that there was a Princeſſe in his houſe, of whom it would be convenient to make uſe of, becauſe ſhe had great power with a man which was in much favour with the Prince *Mezentius*, but replyed *Aronces*, may we confide in this Princeſſe, ſince ſhe is ſo well acquainted with one of *Mezentius* his favourites, we may Sir, replyed *Sycanus*; for the Princeſſe of the *Leontines* is ſo averſe to him, that if ſhe ſhould be leſſe generous then ſhe is, ſhe would be faithfull to thoſe, which intreat her not to diſcover, that they truſt to her ſecrecy, and this Princeſſe having as much vertue as beauty, will never think of obſtructing your deſignes, for not knowing your birth, but hearing the generous action you performed in ſaving the Prince *Mezentius* his life, ſhe was ſo much diſpoſed to ſerve you, that ſhe made *Aurelia* promiſe her, (whom ſhe entirely affecteth, and who will engage for her fidelity) to obtain your permiſſion, that ſhe might give you a viſit. If I was in a capacity to anticipate it, replyed *Aronces*, I would now intreat you to bring me to her apartment, but ſince I am not, *I* muſt commit the conduct of this affair, both to yours and *Aurelias* diſcretion: after that *Sycanus*, *Martia* and *Nicius* left *Aronces* in the hands of his Chyrurgions, which then came to dreſſe his wound; on the other ſide, the *Numidian* Prince, who really loved *Aronces* for his great deſerts, and whom he looked upon as *Clelias* adopted brother, of whom he was amorous, continually ſent to know the ſtate of his health, and made a propoſition to him through exceſſe of friendſhip, to permit him to lye in his chamber, that he might have the conſolation to entertain him without diſturbing his repoſe, but *Aronces* refuſed it, not willing, as he pretended to be troubleſome to him, though he was ſwayed to this denyall by a jealous reſentment, he could not conceal. In the mean time, *Sycanus* having told the Princeſſe, that *Aronces* would receive her viſit with much ſatisfaction, ſhe reſolved to go thither when night began to blind the world, in the company of *Martia* and *Aurelia*; but to wing the hours till the long expected time, ſhe diſcourſed with *Nicius*, *Martia* and *Celeres*, whom *Sycanus* had brought thither, of the force of that inclination, which ſo tranſports the ſpirit, that it never remains in an equal ſtate, but inclines more to one ſide, than another, even in thoſe things which have the moſt equality, for in fine, ſaid ſhe to

Aurelia

Aurelia, I have lately had an experience which ſtrongly fortifies the reaſons may be alledged to prove the powerfulneſſe of it, and I doubt not, but the deſire *I* have to ſee *Aronces*, proceeds from that forcible inclination of which we are as ignorant, as of the true cauſes of the winds, and which blows as ſtrong a gale in many occaſions, and to prove the verity of my expreſſions, conſider the Prince of *Numidia* and *Aronces*, both arrived here at the ſame time, of whom *I* have received almoſt an equal deſcription; for *Sycanus* hath informed me, that the Prince of *Numidia* is tall, of a fair proportion, and though of a brown complexion, of a very pleaſing aſpect, interwoven with the rayes of an haughty ſpirit, and a maid, who attends me, whoſe genius is excellent at copying ſhapes and faces, when ſhe hath ſeen them hath told me, ſhe thought *Aronces* was the exacteſt piece ever nature drew, that the ayre of his looks expreſſed both grandure and nobleneſſe, his hair light, his eyes blew, every feature agreeable, and his whole compoſure heroick, and if *I* have known *Aronces* hath performed a glorious action, by ſaving the *Perſian* Princes life, *I* know likewiſe, that the *Numidian* Prince hath equaliſed it by endeavouring to reſcue a noble Virgin, who had been forcibly taken away, they are both hurt, both of incredible valour, both ſtrangers, and both unknown, and I believe both unhappy, becauſe a deep melancholy ſits inthroned in both there is faces; but there is ſome difference between them in my ſpirit; for though I know *Adherball* is a Prince, and do not know the extraction of *Aronces*, yet I have no intention to go to ſee the *Numidian* Prince; but an impatient deſire to viſit *Aronces*, and I am ſo addicted to ſerve him, that *I* do not doubt, but that he is the Prince *Adherballs* ſuperiour in all noble qualities, as I am not ſufficienly acquainted with the *Numidian* Prince, to judge equitably of his merits, replyed *Celeres*, I dare not preſume to give any character of him, but Madam, I can aſſure you, you will never have reaſon to change that favourable opinion you have conceived of *Aronces*, in effect Madam, he hath all the natural endowments that can be deſired in an accompliſhed man, and *I* deſire thoſe who know him better than *I* do, to find any defect in him, or to make the leaſt wiſh to his advantage, for firſt *Aronces* is of a moſt pleaſant diſpoſition, and his knowledge far exceeds that profeſſion he hath practiſed all his life, his ſoul towring above all common motions, his heart ſeated beyond the reach of fear, yet hath he a tender and compaſſionate ſpirit, he entirely loves and reſpects his friends, and believes humanity ought to reſide in all men, and that Princes ſhould not diſpenſe with themſelves, from having particular vertues, though they are obliged to have others, which are peculiar to them, he hath affability mixt with courteſie, and an inexplicable charm in his diſcourſe, flowing from him with ſuch eloquence, and pronounced with ſuch grace and Majeſty, that it charms the attention of all his auditors, and to define him in few words, he is one whom detraction it ſelf cannot mention without Epethites of applauſe and merit, and a ſubject fit for nothing but admiration.

I may very well ſay, ſaid the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*, that the inclination *I* have for *Aronces* whom *I* do not know, is not ill grounded, though it appears blind to me, but the miſchief is, it ſometimes doth not accord with reaſon, for my part, ſaid *Aurelia*, that which we often call inclination is not: and that the reaſon for which it inclines more to one ſide than another, is, that it can never find ſuch an equality betwixt perſons, as not to put ſome diſtinction between them, ſo that as it is the property of the ſpirit to diſcern and chooſe, it always elecketh that the heart is moſt affected to, and that as we commonly attribute to the cæcity of our inclinations, is indeed an effect of a more perſpicuous illumination. There is doubtleſſe much ingenuity in what you ſay, replyed *Celeres*; but it ſhall never perſwade me, that the inclination is an effective thing, where reaſon hath no operation, for it is ſometimes found that our reaſon prompts us to one thing, and our inclination to another, and though we know that which we love, merits leſſe than that we hate, it doth not at all alter our affections; as *I* have more experience in the world added *Martia*; being elder than all thoſe before

whom

whom I ſpeak, I have noted an hundred times ſuch prodigious effects of this blind Inclination that I cannot doubt the power of it; for *I* have ſomtimes ſeen men of tranſcendent parts love women which have neither Beauty to attract their eyes, nor Virtue to allure their hearts; and women of great eſteem to favour men which are by all rejected, and to deſpiſe others who merit much eſtimation: I, and I have my ſelf ſomtimes been ſwayd to the friendſhip of ſome perſons more then others, not being able to give any reaſon for it, and *I* very well diſcern'd that if they had been deficient in Noble Qualities, twould not have changd my contracted Amity, therfore I have alwayes put a diſtinction between thoſe I have loved by Election, and thoſe I have affected by Inclination; I beleive ſomtimes it doth not chooſe replyed *Sycanus*, for thoſe wch are of a lively Imagination and a penetrating Spirit ſo ſpeedily determine of that they would eſteem, that they do not perceive the proper operations of their Spirit, and aſcribe that to Inclination which doth not appertain therto, and that which moſt authorize thoſe who attribute all to the Inclination, is, that ſome men indiſcreetly chooſe thoſe which are not amiable, and every one who cannot comprehend how reaſon ſhould be capable of ſuch grand miſtakes, had rather ſubmit to a blind Inclination then to confeſs it is ſomtimes blind it ſelf, ſo that by this way we may cloak one bad Election with a ſeeming excuſe, for the greateſt part of men beleive they are but half-juſtified, if they ſay they could not reſiſt their Inclination, for my part, replyed *Aurelia*, though I am perſwaded of the grand Potency of the Inclination, I ſhould not beleive I were juſtified if it made me commit an Errour, but I ſhould beleive my ſelf to be more excuſable, if I ſhould commit a fault by the force of my Inclination then by defect of knowledge: After that the Princeſs of the *Leontines* went to *Aronces* his Apartment, conducted thither by *Celeres* and followed by *Sycanus*, *Martia*, and *Aurelia*; this Enterview was received on both parts in a manner beyond expreſſion, for although perſons which are endowd with all the advantages of a gallant Spirit, are commonly mute at the firſt ſight, their tongues not performing their uſuall Functions, it happened not ſo with the Princeſs of the *Leontines* and *Aronces*, for their converſation was as free as if their knowledge had been of a long continuance, and they were as well acquainted at this firſt reception with one anothers deſerts, as if they had been already united in a ſtrickt Bond of Amity; the Princeſs of the *Leontines* applauded his Heroick Action in ſaving the Princes life, and he highly commended the honour ſhe vouchſaf'd to viſit him; but theſe prayſes were without affectation, and which favouring not of flattery, did not perplex thoſe which received them, and they both found, though they much endeavoured to reſtrain themſelves, that they had both ſome great ſubject of Inquietude, ſo that imagining their grief might proceed from one cauſe, they had many inducements to deſire one anothers friendſhip, and if the Princeſs of the *Leontines* departed from *Aronces* much admiring him, he remained with the ſame admiration for her; tis true, that as his Spirit was pre-occupyed with many things which ſtrangly diſtracted him, ſhe was no ſooner gone, but his grief reſuming its former place (which her preſence had a little diſperſd) he thought on nothing but how he might compaſs a remedy to put a period to his afflictions: The Princeſs whoſe diſturbed thoughts admitted more relaxation then thoſe of *Aronces*, was no ſooner return'd to her Chamber, but an urgent curioſity incited her to deſire *Aurelia* to impart unto her both the birth and adventures of *Aronces*: that which you demand of me, ſaid *Aurelia*, is of ſo great a conſequence, that *I* dare not preſume to tell you what *I* know of them without the permiſſion of *Aronces*, though they much require your knowledge; and likewiſe knowing but part of his Adventures, *I* cannot entirely ſatisfie your deſires, but *I* will promiſe you to entreat *Sycanus*, to oblige *Aronces* to permit them to be imparted to you; and *Aurelia* inviolably keeping the promiſe ſhe had made the Princeſs, did ſo much urge her Husband to deſire this favour of *Aronces*, that he at laſt eaſily conſented therto, and very well knowing how important it might be to acquaint her with *Aronces* his Adventures, he communicated his Sentments to *Nicias*, *Martia*, and *Celeres*, who giving them a favourable approbation, they went together to *Aronces* his

his Chamber, to perſwade him to licence their diſcovery to her, at firſt he could not reſolve to give his conſent (his nature contradicting him) but after *Sycanus* had alledg'd many perſwaſive Arguments and Allegations to prove the neceſſity of it, he at laſt willingly without the leaſt oppoſition granted their deſires; tis true, the mind of this Princeſs could not be herein ſo ſoon ſatisfied as ſhe deſired, for the *Perſian* Prince the more to honour him who had ſav'd his life, ſent the Princeſs his wife to viſit him, with *Tiberinus* the only Favourite of the Court, amorous of the Princeſs of the *Leontines* who arriv'd at this time at the Willow Iſland, after *Sycanus* had conceald *Nicius* and *Martia*, in an apartment, having given ſtrickt order no perſon ſhould enter there, and an expreſs command to all his Domeſticks, not to declare that there was any ſtranger in the Caſtle beſides *Aronces* and the *Numidian* Prince (their diſcovery to much importing *Aronces*) he brought to the Caſtle, the *Perſian* Princeſs followed by five or ſix women, and conducted by *Tiberinus* (not any of their Attendants knowing *Nicius* and *Martia* were there) and *Sycanus* having before advertiſed the Princes that the *Numidian* Prince was in the Caſtle, ſhe beleived his quality required the firſt viſit, but twas moſt remarkable, that *Adherbal* who did not know *Aronces* was his Rivall, mentioned none but him ſo long as their converſation laſted, exaggerating thoſe Noble Actions he had performed at *Carthage* where he was firſt acquainted with him.

But after many Encomiums of the generous *Aronces*, tell me his birth ſaid the *Perſian* Princes to him, to the end that the Prince whoſe life he hath ſavd may eſteem him according to his quality, *Aronces* of himſelf is ſo Illuſtrious, replyed the *Numidian* Prince, that if his condition ſhould not be meritorious, he would deſerve the treatment of a Kings Son; tis true, his birth was ſo variouſly reported at *Carthage*, that *I* cannot give you any aſſurance of it, but what *I* certainly know is this, that he was educated by a Noble Roman, who being exil'd by *Tarquin*, came to ſeek an Aſylum at *Carthage*, where *I* firſt had the honour of his acquaintance, and *I* cannot be perſwaded but he is of Noble blood, for his thoughts do ſo tranſcend the Capacity of Vulgar Intellects, that it would be a meer Soleciſme to imagine he can be leſs then of a Royall Extraction. *I* beleive ſaid the Princeſs of *Perſia* to him, that *I* ſhall hear your Eulogy from the mouth of *Aronces*, as *I* have heard his from yours, in expectation wherof *I* ſhall now take my leave, after *I* have offered unto you, all thoſe things which are neceſſary for you: The Prince of *Numidia* anſwered to this Complement with much Civility, entreating her not to beleive the Character *Aronces* gave him, for as his thoughts were unknown to him, he preſuppoſed that according to his obliging diſpoſition he would have given an higher Encomium of him then he deſervd, ſo that the Princeſs having ſtaid a quarter of an hour with the *Numidian* Prince whom *Tiberinus* freely offered to aſſiſt to the utmoſt extent of his power, ſhe went towards the Apartment of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, but having met her by the way, ſome reciprocall Complements having paſt on both ſides, ſhe brought her to *Aronces* his Chamber, who received the viſit of this Princeſs with as much Civility, as if he had not known ſhe would be a grand Obſtacle to all his Deſigns; at firſt her gratefull language expreſſd how much ſhe was oblig'd to him for ſaving the Prince her Husbands life, aſſuring him of the grandure of his acknowledgment for ſuch a ſignall Service, and that he had given expreſs order to make an exact enquiry throughout all his Dominions, for the perſon he ſo much deſired, *Aronces* returned thanks to this Princeſs with a joyfull Emotion which ſufficiently demonſtrated, that the liberty of this perſon did much tend to his entire ſatisfaction: the Princeſs of *Perſia* likewiſe told him, that the *Numidian* Prince had related many things to his advantage, and that neceſſarily he was the moſt affectionate of all his friends; for in fine ſaid ſhe to him, though you deſervedly merit all thoſe Prayſes he hath attributed to you; *I* am of opinion that *I* may very well draw from them the conſequence *I* have drawn, ſeeing that there are few perſons who prayſe with exceſs, if friendſhip doth not therto oblige them, *I* have without doubt, replyed he, received many Demonſtrations of the Amity of the *Numidian* Prince whilſt *I* reſided at *Carthage*, but *I* am really perſwaded he will

one day repent of them when he is better acquainted with me, neither do I flatter my self with the vanity of those applausive expressions he hath bestowed on me, and I am strongly perswaded that he is a Prince whose defects are incompatable, & who is endu'd with those qualities, which as far distinguish him from common men, as his birth is superior to them: after these words *Aronces* held his peace, for in those Sentiments which lay concealed in the inmost place of his heart if he had been less generous, he had not given such an advantageous Character of this new Rivall which much augmented his Inquietude, seeming to him he might justly complain of *Clelia*, for detaining such a Jewel from him: But whilst the Princess of *Persia* entertaind *Aronces*, *Tiburnius* spoke to the Princess of the *Leontines*, who being opposite to his affection, could hardly contain her self from shewing that mortall Enmity her Soul had contracted against him; for *Aurelia*, she conversd with those Ladies which accompanyed the *Persian* Princess; and *Sycanus* entertaind *Celeres*: but in fine, the Princess having performd her visit after she had received a magnificent Collation at the Apartment of *Aurelia*, she returned to the Boat which had wafted her ore the Lake, conducted by *Aurelia* to her Chariot, which attended her on the other side of the Lake; but she was no sooner gone when *Nicias* and *Martia* came from those places where they were conceald, and the Princes of the *Leontines* spoke to *Aurelia*, to solicite her to remember her promise, so that *Aurelia* having spoke to *Sycanus* of it, and *Sycanus* to *Aronces*, he was resolvd for many important reasons, that the next day after Dinner *Celeres* should go to the Chamber of the Princess of the *Leontines*, to recount unto her all that she desired of the fortune of *Aronces*, whose adventures he knew almost to the least circumstances, but to the end he might make a better recitall of them, he went this night to the Prince of *Numidia*'s Lodging, from whose mouth he learnt the love he had for *Clelia*, and all the Occurrences thereupon, this Prince telling it to him, to the end he should tell it to *Aronces*, he being denyed the liberty to speak to him: so that *Celeres* being fully instructed either by *Aronces*, the Prince of *Numidia*, or his own observations, in all that which might content the curiosity of this Princess, he went the next day to her Chamber, where she with much impatience expected his comming, there being only with her *Sycanus* and *Aurelia*, he had scarce entred her Lodging, where she importunately solicited him to begin his discourse, which after a little consideration he performd in this manner.

The History of
ARONCES
AND
CLELIA.

I Cannot tell, Madam, whether my words may seem impertinent when I tell you that tis not possible for you to comprehend the present fortune of this Prince, if I do not intermix in my relation some particularity reflecting on the King his Fathers life. What said the Princess of the *Leontines*, interrupting him, is *Aronces* a Kings Son? yes, Madam, replyed *Celeres*, *Aronces* is Son of the most Illustrious King of all *Etruria*, and the unhappiest King of the Earth, for the King *Porsenna* is his Father: I pray you, replyed the Princess of the *Leontines*, if it lyes in the sphear of your knowledge, to acquaint me with the adventures of *Porsenna* as well as those of *Aronces*, not concealing any thing from me, if it please you, for though I have resided some time in this Country, I have heard them but very confusedly

fusedly, because I have had so many unquiet thoughts which have disturbed my Spirit, that I had not any curiosity to inform my self of the misery of others, when I had no power constantly to support my own: Since you command it, Madam, and that you desire of me is necessary to instruct you of the deplorable state of the Prince *Aronces*, I must deduce my discourse further then I at first intended, and tell you that the precedent King of *Clusium*, *Porsenna's* Father, waging War against the Prince of *Perusia* now regnant, gain'd a famous Battell but the sequell prov'd unfortunate; for the Prince his Son under whose Command his Troops were Victorious too far pursuing those he had vanquished, was taken prisoner, so that *Mezentius* believing to have had as much advantage in this occasion as his Enemy, the Victory produced no peace between these two Princes, but the War continued as before.

In the mean time, *Porsenna* who was one of the fairest Princes in the world, and who is now one of the ancientest Illustrious Kings in the Earth, was used with as much Civility as one in his condition could expect, though he was kept with as much exactitude, as if instead of being a Prisoner of War he had been a Prisoner of State; he was therfore put in a Castle about six miles from *Perusia*, and which is so advantagiously scituated, that one hundred men may defend it against one thousand, but for his good or ill fortune, I know not which to term it, the Princess *Nicetale* the first wife of the Prince of *Perusia* being very sick, was ordered to go for the recovery of her health to an Ayre less subtill than that of *Perusia*, and her Physitians finding none more commodious for her then the Castle in which the Prince *Porsenna* was kept, advised her to go thither, for as its very great, and that it hath one Tower which is so far divided from it, she might reside in the Castle without the knowledge of any of his Guard; but going thither she carryed along with her the Princess *Galerita* her only Daughter, who was then about fifteen years old, and who was of such a peircing and prodigious beauty, that she could not be seen without admiration, the Prince *Porsenna* whom *Nicitale* visited many times in the Tower where he was kept, would not see her without being sensibly told, that he became more captive of the Daughter, through the love she gave him, then the Father by the Laws of War: *Nicetale* being a Prince of a great Spirit, no sooner perceived the passion that the young *Galerita* had produced in *Porsenna*, but she joyfully countenanc'd it, for she being naturally inclined to peace, pitche upon this productive love, as the only means which might establish it between the King of *Clusium* and the Prince of *Perusia* her Husband, and far from opposing its continuation contributed much to the progression therof, by the frequent visits she vouchsafed this Illustrious Captain, who seeing the bloing youth of the person whom he lov'd, and not seeing her without the Princess *Nicitale*, judg'd that to acquire the love of *Galerita*, he might first gain the friendship of *Nicitale*, and indeed he had such an ascendant over her, that she lov'd him as if he had been her Son.

In the mean time, he mannag'd his love so discreetly, that the young Princess of *Perusia* knew that he had for her, that as she had heard term'd love, and she likewise felt, that she had for him *I* know not what tenderness that she ever yet had for any person; but in the end without expatiating my self to tell you with what Galantry and address this loving Prisoner perswaded his love to her which had produc'd it, I shall only tell you that he acquainted her with it by writing, and obtained *Nicitales* permission to speak to her of it, which in the high esteem she had for him, receiv'd this confession of his love for her Daughter in a most obliging manner, for she then unlockt to him the secret of her heart, telling him that she knew that the touching of the Estate of the King of *Clusium*, and that of the Prince of *Perusia* was without doubt the way to put him in a capacity to give law to all *Etruria*, and to dispute the power with the famous *Vulterrans* and with proud *Rome* it self, but knowing the resentments the King of *Perusia* had against the King of *Clusium* his Father, she was strongly perswaded that he would never consent to hearken to any terms whilst he was in prison, or that if he did hearken to it, he would never give his Daughter to his prisoner, tis therfore, said she to him, we must contrive a way to render

render you happy and to give the peace to two Eſtates, which cannot ſubſiſt in war, alas Madam, what expedient, may a Prince find overwhelmed with ſo many different chances, as I highly eſteem your vertue, *I* will propoſe to you a propoſition, which according to all appearances may effect happily your deſigne, if you follow my advice.

But generous *Porſenna*, purſued ſhe, before *I* tell it you, you muſt ſolemnly ſwear to me, and do not promiſe me that which you will not inviolably keep. I promiſe you Madam, ſaid he to her, that I will never violate my word I give you, and that I will not make uſe of the priviledge that may be granted to priſoners not to perform their promiſe, but likewiſe promiſe me, that you will not command me to diſreſpect you, or not to affect *Galerita*: on the contrary replyed *Nicetale*, I intend to put you in a poſſibility allwayes to love her, and to permit her to love you innocently, till the expiration of her life, but to make this deſigne ſucceed happily; I muſt ſteer my courſe ſo, that you may depart from priſon without any ſuſpition, that I was privy to it: you muſt therefore ſaid ſhe not go to *Cluſium*, for fear you ſhould not be there maſter of your ſelf, but you muſt go to the King of *Cera*, who remaining neuter during this war, is very fit to be a Mediator between the King of *Cluſium*, and the Prince my husband; but before its put in execution, you muſt promiſe me, that in caſe by your ſolicitations & addreſs, you can neither conclude a peace between theſe two Princes, nor to oblige them conſent, that you may eſpouſe *Galerita*, you will come back to reaſſume your chains; for it is not juſt, knowing your valour and good fortune in the war, I ſhould put ſuch a valiant man as you in the head of an Army, which muſt fight againſt *Mezentius*, for though he is ſometimes violent and unjuſt, I am his wife, and ought to eſpouſe his intereſt againſt all the world, think therefore if you are capable to accompliſh my deſires, as *Porſenna* was amorous, and *Nicetales* propoſition was equitable, he promiſed her with joy to perform all ſhe deſired, on condition, ſhe would likewiſe promiſe him to uſe all her power, that he might eſpouſe *Galerita*, ſo the agreement being fully concluded, they reſolved that this Princeſſe ſhould return to *Peruſia*, and he that commanded the Caſtle, abſolutely depending on *Nicetale*, ſhould give him leave to eſcape, and *Porſenna* through an intereſt of love was obliged to wiſh the abſence of his beloved object, as *Nicetale* deſired paſſionately peace ſhould be concluded before the beginning of the Spring, ſhe haſtened her return to accelerate the execution of her deſign, but as ſhe now lookt upon *Porſenna*, as a Prince which ſhould eſpouſe her daughter, ſhe permitted them to have ſome particular conference the day which preceded her departure, whilſt ſhe entertained below a Lady of quality which had arrived there that morning, ſo that *Porſenna* in this manner bid adiew to that young and fair perſon, the grandeur of whoſe ſpirit, equalling her great beauty, made her to tell things moſt judicious to the Prince whom ſhe was about to leave, for after he had made to her a thouſand Proteſtations of fidelity, ſhe told him ſhe would not oblige him to ſo many things, as the Princeſſe her mother had, in caſe that he could not make a pacification between the King of *Cluſium*, and the Prince of *Peruſia*, ſhe would onely deſire him not to bear arms againſt the Prince her father, but *Porſenna* having anſwered her, that if he was free, honour would force him to fight for his father, and both love and honour equally engaging him to her, if he could not conclude a peace, he would come back to reaſſume his irons, which ſeeemed to him much lighter than thoſe with which love had chained him, in fine Madam, this ſeparation was ſo tender and ſenſible, and thoſe which have related this adventure, ſay, that it was ſcarce credible, that ſo young a perſon, as *Galerita* ſhould have power to draw her ſelf from his converſation with ſo much judgement and addreſſe, and aſſuredly this particular entertainment much encreaſed the Princes affection. In the mean time, *Nicetale*, after ſhe had reconfirmed her promiſes to him, and he had renewed his to her returned to *Peruſia*, leaving a ſecret order with him which commanded the Caſtle, who was the ſon of the Princeſſe *Galeritas* Governeſſe, to favour *Porſen-*

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nus escape in four or five dayes, but so privately to act it, that he might not in the least appear culpable of it, this man over whom his mother had as much power by her addresse as by that which nature gave her, disposed himself to hazard his fortune in hopes to advance it, and executed it so happily, a few dayes after, the Princesse *Nicetale* was returned to *Perusia*, that *Porsenna* saved himself, as if he had suborned some of his guards who went with him, neither did *Mezentius* know any thing of *Porsennas* love to *Galerita*, nor the intelligence of *Nicetals* with *Porsenna*. In the mean time, this Prince according to his word went to *Cera*, from whence he sent to the King of *Clusium* to intreat him to endeavour to conclude a peace with the Prince of *Perusia* by proposing his marriage with the Princesse his daughter, and he to whom this imployment was committed, being a man of quality very fit to perform this commission *Porsenna* fully instructed him of all the reasons which might oblige the King his father to consent to his propositions, charging him that if he would not effect it, to tell him that he was not free, but in appearance, and that he would return to the prisons of the Prince of *Perusia* when his hopes were frustrated of espousing the Princesse *Galerita*, and to give peace to two of the most considerable Estates of all *Etruria*; at first the King of *Clusium* was strangely irritated against the Prince his son; because he went to *Cera* and not to him, and vented his anger against his proposition, but *Porsenna* having secretly wrote to those which had some credit, over the King his fathers spirit, that they might induce him to make a peace, they knew so well how to represent to him, that his people were weary of war, and the advantage that the marriage of his son with the blooming youth of the *Perusian* Princesse would bring him, that in the end he resolved to send to offer peace to *Mezentius*, whose courage was much abated at *Porsennas* flight, for he knew not the conditions, on which he departed from his irons, but having a fiery heart, and a vindicative spirit, he would not resolve with himself to hearken to any proposition of peace, nor alliance with a Prince whom he hated, and that which fed this humour, was, that the Princesse *Galerita* was much affected by a Prince of this Court, named *Bianor*, who forgot nothing that might hinder that the peace should deprive him of his mistris, that which rendred his credit so great, was that *Mezentius* was amorous of his sister, who is now that Princes wife, and who was then very beautifull and ambitious, so it was not without great difficulty, that *Nicetale* made him consent to her desires, but she could not have done it, unlesse having divulged the advantagious proposals of peace by the King of *Clusium*, the people were no sooner advised of it, but they murmured at him, and so highly began to testifie their aversion to war, that *Mezentius* knowing very well, he could not without danger excite a revolt in his Estates, (having given a great charge to *Bianor* to appease the person whom he loved) he consented in the end to treat with the King of *Clusium*:

In the interim there passed few days, but *Porsenna* wrote to *Nicetale* & *Galerita*, to pray the first to remember her promise, and to give a thousand testimonies of love to the later: but in the end, after a long negotiation, the peace was concluded, and the marriage of *Porsenna* and *Galerita* resolved on, on condition *Porsenna* should remain at *Perusia*, as long as his father lived: *Mezentius* imagining that the King would renew the war, in despight of the alliance, if he retained not the Prince as Hostage, it is true, this article was easily accorded to, for though the *King* of *Clusium* very much loved his son; he was not sory for this advantageous absence, which reunited in his person all the obedience of his Subjects, so that the marriage was happily concluded in despight of the clandestine machinations of *Bianor*, and the naturall aversion of *Mezentius*, but hardly had *Porsenna* & *Galerita* the leasure to contemplate the happy sunshine of their good fortune, when it was eclipsed with grief; for the sage and prudent *Nicetale* dyed a little after the celebration of the Nuptials, and she dyed with much regret, because she knew the secret aversion *Bianors* sister entertained in her heart against *Porsenna*, and it was principally because he saw him adored by all the Court, and very much

by the people. In the mean time the death of *Nicetale*, put ſuch a great conſternation in all her houſe, and in the Princeſſe her daughters, that there were few in the one and the other which were not entirely ſwayed by grief, ſo that in this great diſorder, it unhappily fell out, that one of the women of this Queen, which had been always favourable to *Porſennas* Rival, found all the Letters the Prince had written to *Nicetale*, during his reſidence at *Cere*, by which he entreated her exactly to keep her word, and to oblige the Princeſſe her daughter to keep the promiſe ſhe made him to eſpouſe none but him, ſo that this perſon being ſeiſed of theſe Letters, to evidence to *Bianor*, that if ſhe had not had the power heretofore to ſerve him nigh *Galerita*, it was not for want of addreſſe, but becauſe an inſinſible obſtacle oppoſed her intentions, but ſhewing all thoſe Letters to *Bianor*, ſhe excited a great confuſion in his ſpirit, which made him reſolve to revenge himſelf both of *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, for as he knew *Mezentius* was jealous of his authority, that he was violent and vindicative, and that he noted, he did not very much affect *Porſenna*, he believed that when he knew the commerce which had been between him and the Princeſſe his daughter, he would be much exaſperated againſt him, and having conſulted with his ſiſter thereupon, ſhe confirmed him in his deſigne, for not ſeeing now that it was impoſſible *Mezentius* ſhould eſpouſe her, being a Widower, and that he was very amourous of her, ſhe imagined it would be moſt advantageous to effect her marriage with that Prince, and the onely way to excite his anger, both againſt *Porſenna*, and the Princeſſe *Galerita*, So that this maid reaſoning as an ambitious perſon and *Sycanus* as a Vindicative Lover and an ambitious Rival, they abſolutely reſolv'd to ſhew the Prince of *Perſia* all *Porſenna's* Letters, but as they were not abſolutely aſſur'd what impreſſion they would make in *Mezentius* ſpirit when he ſaw them, they would not give them to him with their own hands, but layd them on the Table of his Cabinet, where he found them without knowing who put them there; he was ſtrangly aſtoniſht to ſee them, for as he well knew the writing of *Porſenna*, and eaſily comprehended their Contents, he would not make appear his aſtoniſhment nor anger becauſe he would be better ſatisfied of them, though thoſe Letters almoſt learnt to him all that which was paſſd, the Article only excepted which might juſtifie *Nicetale*, for it was not poſitively written in the Letter that he ſhould return to priſon if the peace was not concluded, becauſe he judg'd *Nicetale* would underſtand it, if he did but expreſs in generall terms that he would not violate his promiſe: *Mezentius* then being willing to be better inſtructed in that which was but dubiouſly mentioned in the Letters, ſent to find out the Lady who had been the Princeſs his Daughters Governeſs before her Marriage, judging that this ſecret might be known to her, ſhe being very much beloy'd by *Nicetale*, but the better to palliate his deſign he ſhewd to her all *Porſenna's* Letters to *Nicetale*, without expreſſing the leaſt reſentment of anger, to have learnt the Intelligence which had been between the Princeſs his Daughter and *Porſenna* during his Impriſonment, but on the contrary he ſaid to her the more to deceive her that he had not the curioſity to know particularly all the paſſages between them, and who were thoſe which had contributed to unite their affection, but to the end, to know to whom he owed that obligation of peace which his people enjoy'd by the marriage of thoſe two perſons; *Mezentius* thus ſpeaking with a feigned diſſimulation, and the Lady believing in the eſtate things were his deſigns were conſonant to his words, diſguiſ'd nothing from him & recounted to him all that was paſſd, but though ſhe told him that *Porſenna* was ſet free on a limited condition to come back thither if he eſpouſd not *Galerita* by concluding peace, but he believed it not, but believed twas this Ladyes invention and judg'd twas her Son which had facilitated the flight of that Prince, though ſhe did not acquaint him with it but told him that *Nicitale* had ſuborn'd ſome of his Guards, but ſhe principally aggravated the Grandure of *Porſennas* love to *Galerite*, and that powerfull inclination of *Galerite* for *Porſenna*, ſeeming to her that nothing was more proper to mollifie the heat of a Prince which was himſelf ſuſceptible of Loves flames, but ſcarce had this Lady finiſht her ſpeech but *Mezentius* unmasking his anger, what ſaid he

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to her, beholding her with a terrible aspect, which would make the constanteſt perſon tremble; have I then put my Daughter to you, to teach her to love my Enemy and thoſe that my valour had ſubdu'd? Was it to inſpire her with ſuch degenerate thoughts that I prefer'd the care of her Education to you before many others? Sir, ſayd ſhe unto him, I have but obey'd the Princeſs *Nicitale*, and I do not ſee that this obedience hath had a prepoſterous Event ſince you have for your Son-in-Law, the Son of a great King, and which merits to be greater as much by the qualities he poſſeſſes, as by his highnes of his birth. If I could reſuſcitate *Nicitale* to puniſh her for her treachery and perfidiouſneſs, purſu'd he, I would do it with all my heart: but ſince 'tis not poſſible, you ſhall anſwer for the fault ſhe hath committed, and I will ſo ſeverely puniſh you for your Treaſon, that you ſhall wiſh your death all the reſt of your life; this Lady would have then allay'd the fury of this violent Prince, but the more ſhe ſpoke the more it excited his anger, and at this inſtant they came to advertiſe him that *Bianor* had ſomthing of conſequence to impart to him, ſo that he having commanded ſome of his Attendants to carry that Lady to her Chamber, and not to let her ſpeak to any perſon, he hearkned to *Bianor*, who aſſur'd him that he had news that the King of *Cluſium* was upon the point of expiration. *Porſenna* not knowing of it, from whom he would conceal it, to the end he ſhould not depart from his Court, for fear he ſhould be retain'd there by his people, who would never conſent that their Prince ſhould reſide at *Peruſia*, hardly had *Bianor* learnt unto him the Eſtate of the King of *Cluſium*, but hee took a reſolution to ſatisfie three paſſions inſtead of one, for he pretended to ſatisfie his vengeance in arreſting *Porſenna*, and declaring his marriage void, he eaſily pretended to ſatisfie his ambition in uſurping his Eſtates after the death of the King his father, and he pretended to ſatisfie his love by eſpouſing *Bianors* ſiſter, on pretext to revenge himſelf of *Galerita*, and to diſinherit her, becauſe ſhe had had a ſecret love with the Prince ſhe had married, when there was war with the King his Father, ſo that confuſedly reaſoning with all the preoccupation of a perſon which had love, ambition and anger, he conſidered neither juſtice nor reſentments of nature, nor the ſequel of his reſolution, hinting on nothing but to execute his unjuſt deſignes, he therefore acquainted *Bianor* with all his intentions, communicating to him all that he would act againſt *Porſenna*, and for *Sextilia* his ſiſter, and as *Bianor* had an artificiall ſpirit, he more ſtirred up *Mezentius* anger & offered himſelf to execute his commands, whatſoever they were, ſo that the Prince of *Peruſia* without deferring a moment, gave all the orders neceſſary, to arreſt at the ſame time *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, and it was ſo ſpeedily reſolved on, and ſo diligently executed, that *Porſenna* was already returned to the priſon where he had been, and *Galerita* and her antient Governeſſe, were already in the greateſt Iſle of the Lake, that you may ſee from your windows. And they did not yet know in the City whether they were arreſted or no, and *Mezentius* was at firſt ſo happy in his unjuſt actions, that all ſucceeded according to his deſire; for he had cruelly revenged himſelf both of *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, and ſaw himſelf in an eſtate to poſſeſſe the perſon whom he loved, and he hoped *Cluſium* would ſoon obey him, for he knew the next day that *Porſennas* father was dead, and that the Grandees of the Realm were divided, and he had the good fortune, that though the people of *Peruſia*, very much loved *Galerita* and *Porſenna*, they revolted not, becauſe *Bianor* publiſhed many things diſadvantageous to theſe two illuſtrious perſons, ſo that they at firſt, not being able to diſcern truth from falſhood, they oppoſed not the injuſtice of *Mezentius*, who a few dayes after eſpouſed *Sextilia*, in hopes to have a ſucceſſour, which would deprive *Galerita* from having the power one day to poſſeſſe his Kingdome, but to ſatisfie either his ambition, or revenge, he promiſed protection to one of thoſe parties in *Cluſium*, to endeavour to oppreſſe the other, and ſent into that Realm a manifeſto filled with impoſtures and falſe reaſon, to palliate *Porſennas* impriſonment.

In the interim, *Bianor* being amorous of *Galerita*, powerfully ſolicited his ſiſter

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to perſwade the King to nullifie the marriage of *Porſenna*, that he might eſpouſe her, for he imagined (induced thereto by love) that *Nicetale* had a greater hand in this match than *Galerita*; ſo that conceiving ſome hope, he gave no repoſe to *Sextilia*, who to ſatiſie her brother, forgot nothing that was poſſible to endeavour to make void the marriage of *Porſenna*, and ſo far perſwaded *Mezentius*, that he went in perſon to his daughter to induce her to deſert that Prince, and to tell her that ſhe was forced to marry him, more by her Mothers command, than her own inclinations, and that he would not onely put to death *Porſenna*, but her ſelf alſo, if ſhe repugned his will, making likewiſe to *Porſenna* the moſt unjuſt propoſitions that could be imagined; for he offered him his liberty, if he would yield to him the half of his eſtate, and conſent to the nullifying of his marriage, telling him he was in a place where he could not be too prudent to refuſe any thing but whatſoever he could ſay to that Prince, or the Princeſſe his daughter, he could not ſhake their conſtancies, and they both told him, they would never forſake one another, ſo that *Mezentius* now remained ſatisfied, in hope that time would alter their opinions, and thought on nothing, but how he might entirely uſurp the eſtate of that unhappy King, who though unhappy as he was, was not ſo much as the Queen his wife; for Madam, I muſt tell you, that two moneths after her impriſonment, ſhe began to fear her ſelf to be with child, at firſt ſhe imagined it procceeded from a ſimple effect of her Melancholy, but as ſhe had her antient Governeſſe with her, this Lady to whom age had given much experience, told her that without doubt her fear was really grounded, ſo that ſhe finding her ſelf in the ſaddeſt condition can be imagined, ſeeing the horrible threatnings of *Mezentius*, believed that there could be no aſſurance for the life of *Porſennas* child; and her Governeſſe was of advice at firſt, that if *Mezentius* knew her eſtate, he would not inſiſt on the rupture of the marriage, but conſidering he had told her, he would put to death both her and *Porſenna*, ſhe could not hope that a Prince which had the cruelty to threaten his own daughters death, would ſpare the life of a child that he looked upon as the child of a prince, whom he eſteemed his enemy: this Lady likewiſe who was her onely conſolation, told her that after *Mezentius* had reduced things to the eſtate where they were, he would not be capable to be mollified by the conſideration of a child, which was but in conception, and who had nothing but tears to bow his obdurateneſſe, when he ſhould come into the world, ſo that they thought it was expedient to conceal that indiſpoſition, which produced their fear, but the thing at firſt appeared ſo difficult to them, that their conſolation ended in tears.

But after a little mature deliberation, they believed that if they could gain his wife, who commmanded the Caſtle, it would not be impoſſible to conceal ſo great a ſecret; for as ſhe was the onely perſon, which had the liberty to ſee this young Queen (except two ſlaves which ſerved her) they ſhould fear nothing, if they could procure her to be of their intelligence, ſo that all the care *Galerita* uſed was entirely to acquire that Lady who was called *Flavia*, and who is ſiſter to *Nicius*, here preſent, but to ſpeak truly, it was not difficult for the Princeſſe to oblige her to ſerve her, and to be faithfull to her, for ſhe being naturally tender and compaſſionate, had a particular inclination to love *Galerita*, who knew ſo admirably how to acquire their ſpirits of thoſe from whom ſhe would obtain any thing, that it had bin very difficult for *Flavia* to reſiſt her intreaties, who much deplored the miſery of ſo fair and vertuous a Queen, but *Galerita* deferred the diſcovery of it, as long as ſhe could poſſible, to ſee if the Prince of *Peruſia* could deſiſt from his injuſtice, but hearing by ſome of her guards, that he alwayes appeared more inveterate againſt *Porſenna*, and that he uſed all the means poſſible to uſurp his eſtate, and that when *Cluſium* was ſubmitted, he would aſſuredly put to death this Prince, ſhe determined to confide on *Flavia*, to whom ſhe learnt her preſent eſtate, and the fear *Mezentius* ſhould know it, but ſhe told it her with ſuch melting language, and tender conſiderations to procure her fidelity to aſſiſt her in ſaving the life of an innocent Babe, which did not yet enjoy the light that this vertuous woman,

which

which had no obdurate heart mingled her tears with *Galeritas*, and would not promise her without evaporating many sighs) the accomplishment of all her desires, so that the true cause of her indisposition might be concealed. But without troubling my self to recite impertinent particularities, I shall tell you in few words, that *Galerita* having feigned to be seised with a greater malady, than really she was, to obtain that her guards should come no more into her chamber, and *Flavia* (who was very much beloved by her husband) being wholly gained by her, and they having gained the Physician, which should see *Galerita*: the designe was in the end conducted with so much precaution, judgement and sense, that the true cause of *Galeritas* indisposition, was not in the least suspected, and she had the advantage to salute the times with a Successor to *Porsenna*, it being not then known, and the generous *Flavia* acted her part so handsomly, that the son of the Queen of *Clusium* came into the world, without being publickly known, and was taken out of her chamber without being discovered, for having foreseen what she would act, she had so ordered it that the Queen of *Clusium* having seen from her chamber a little child, she had which was very fair, and that one of her slaves held in his arms desired to see it, so that insensibly she had used the guards of this Princesse to enter daily, and go out with that person which carried *Flavias* young son into *Galeritas* chamber, and which carried it sometimes devested and sometimes wrapt up in sumptuous swath bands, as if it were asleep in her arms, to the end to use this artifice, when it should be necessary, and as *Flavia* was his wife who commanded the Castle, none which depended on her were suspected by *Galeritas* guards, so that when this Queen was in estate to have need of the addresse of *Flavia*, she caused her which had accustomed to bring the son of this Lady to the chamber of the Princess to come thither with the same swadling clouts wherewith she used to envelop it, when she carried it asleep thither, having taken a great bundle of flowers in going through a garden, which she carryed, as if it had been really the child she used to carry in her arms, so that being entred in this manner into *Galeritas* chamber with *Flavia* who followed her, and having stayed there till the Queen had given *Porsenna* a son, she departed afterwards from thence with the child of this Queen, whose face was covered least the fallacy should be discerned, and this young Prince was carried to the apartment of *Flavia*, from whence she caused it to depart the same night, to commit it to the care of *Martia* her sister in Law, to whom without any fear she confided this secret, because she had alwayes had so great a dependance on the service of the precedent Princesse of *Perusia*, than there was nothing to be feared, but as of necessity, that this child should be carried in a Bark to the other side of the Lake, to transport it to the house of *Martia*, which was ten miles from thence.

There was a few dayes after some noise dispersed of that which *Galerita* feared should be known, and it so suddenly received an augmentation, that *Bianor* hearing of it, made it known to *Mezentius*, and this Prince caused to be arrested the Physician, which had assisted the Queen of *Clusium*, and by most cruel threatnings, he obliged him to confesse the truth, but hardly did he know it, but fury wholly possessing him, he commanded an exact search should be made for *Galeritas* child, he caused *Flavia* and her husband to be arrested, and changed all the guards of the Queen his daughter, and so rigorously treated this Princesse, that she now feared *Mezentius* would kill her son, if he came into his hands, 'tis true, she long time feared this mishap would arrive; for knowing the humour of *Mezentius*, and having understood from *Flavia*, that some noise was dispersed of the birth of this young Prince, she obliged her to command *Nicius* and *Martia* on her part, to seek speedily a pretext to perform a voyage to carry this young child from the estate of a Prince, whose violence and injustice she equally feared; she gave *Flavia* precious stones of a very considerable value to give to *Martia*, that she might make use of, as occasion served during the exile of her son, and *Flavia* having instructed *Nicius* and *Martia* of *Galeritas* intentions, returned not to the Isle where she was kept till she had seen *Nicius* and *Martia* depart to

ſeek an Aſylum for *Porſennas* ſucceſſor, at firſt they had a deſigne to put themſelves under the protection of thoſe which held the part of that unhappy King in his eſtate, but *Nicius* who is very prudent, learning how that eſtate was divided, and that the faction *Mezentius* protected, was the moſt powerfull, it would be dangerous to truſt this young Prince to men, which in the low eſtate to which they were reduced, would make uſe it may be of that occaſion to make an accommodation with *Mezentius*, inſtead of defending him againſt him, as the ſon of their King, ſo that to put him in more ſafety, *Nicius* and his wife, leaving *Cluſium* on the right hand, they embarqued at a Port, which was not above ſix miles from the famous City of *Cera*, with intention to paſſe to *Syracuſa*, where *Nicius* had heretofore reſided a long time, ſeeming to them that the Iſle of *Sicilie* was a ſafer retreat for the young Prince, which they conducted, than any other place they could chooſe; for as *Rome* was at this time under the dominion of a violent Prince, that they ſpoke of nothing but exile, *Volternum* was not far enough, *Tarentum* was then divided, *Capua* was too delicious to ſojourn for the afflicted, and *Syracuſa* ſeemed a City where they might remain, without informing who they were, becauſe of the great reſort of ſtrangers thither from all parts, this City having the commerce of *Africa* and *Italy*, as well as *Greece*, *Tarentum*, and a great part of *Etruria*, but to conceal better ſo great a ſecret, *Nicius* and *Martia* reſolved to ſay that this young Prince was their ſon, and without having any other company with them, ſave his nurſe, and two moſt faithfull ſlaves, they embarqued, as I have told you, with intention to go to *Syracuſa*, but Madam before I relate the iſſues of their voyage, I ſhall briefly tell you, that *Mezentius* not onely acted all I have told you, after he had known that *Galerita* had a ſon, but he ſwore he would declare war to all Princes, and all Republiques, which gave him a retreat, and that *Porſennas* party in *Cluſium* being ſuppreſſed by the others, *Mezentius* had the power to perſecute impunely that unhappy King, and men of the greateſt knowledge are perſwaded, that if hee had not had a ſon, his life had been in great danger, but as *Mezentius* ſaw, that if he put him to death, it would give a pretext for a new war, which he would not undertake, ſince thoſe which had the Prince in their power would uſe his name to revenge the death of the King, he ſpared his life, and ſeeing himſelf ſo abſolutely maſter of *Cluſium*, as he hoped, for thoſe that he had protected againſt the faithfull Subjects of *Porſenna*, had ever been there the greateſt authority.

In the *Interim Bianor* endeavoured to conſolate himſelf by the great credit he had with *Mezentius*, and by the hope that *Galeritas* child would periſh, and *Porſenna* die in priſon, and that he ſhould one day enjoy his miſtris.

But to return to *Nicius* and *Martia*, they were no ſooner embarqued, but the wind which was at firſt favourable, ſuddenly changed, and became ſo outrageous that for fear of ſhipwrack, they muſt leave their intended courſe, and abandon themſelves to the wind, which was ſtronger than the Pilots art, who conducted them, and the ſea was ſo tumultuous, that the waves often paſſed from one ſide of the ſhip to the other, with ſuch impetuoſity, that they nigh overwhelmed all which were there, and theſe waves meeting ſometimes together in ſuch a manner that they formed within themſelves great foamy mountains, that the other waves bore away in wheeling about, and they ſaw a kind of fight between them, which threatned ſhipwrack to all the veſſels which were then on the ſea: this tempeſt became moſt dangerous to that ſhip in which *Nicius* and *Martia* was, for the wind, after it had toſt it in divers manners, puſht it towards the Cape of *Lylibeum*, ſo that as there is no greater danger for veſſels when the ſea is angry, than to be nigh the Land, *Nicius* and *Martia* had much reaſon to fear the loſſe of their Veſſell, but that which more confirmed it, was, that they ſaw the Pilot, who was very skilfull, after to have unprofitably uſed his art to reſiſt the impetuoſity of the winds, and the tempeſtuouſneſſe of the ſea, had left the helm and fell on his knees to make vows to *Neptune*, declaring by this action, that he no more hoped there, but in the aſſiſtance of the gods, yet they appeared in his face, that he did not hope to obtain

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that he demanded, for he had all the marks of deſpair in his eyes.

In the mean time, in the middle of this tempeſt, this young Prince which was *Nicius* and *Martias* principal fear, peaceably ſlept in his cradle, without knowing his life was in peril, but though he feared not, *Martia* and *Nicius* feared for him, and there was other veſſels in this place, which were expoſed to periſh, as that of *Nicius* and by fortunes capriciouſneſſe, the tempeſt had brought together in a little ſpace many ſhips, which held divers wayes, when it began, for there was one of *Carthage* which being parted from *Syracuſa* to return to its Country had been conſtrained to leave its courſe, there was another from *Tarentum*, two from *Oſtria*, and one from *Corinth*, ſo that the wind ſeemed not to have formed this little Fleet but to deſtroy it, theſe Veſſels then ſearing to be rocks to one another, and to beat by claſhing together, performed all which they could to ſeparate them, but as uſually the ſea being angry diſperſeth the Fleets, it ſeemed to have brought theſe ſhips together, and would not ſeparate them, till they ſhould be broken by one another, and had covered the ſhore with their ruines: but Madam, the better to comprehend the marvelouſneſſe of this adventure, you muſt know that there was in this veſſel that went to *Carthage*, an illuſtrious Roman family, who to fly the perſecution of *Tarquin* the proud, which now reigns in that famous City, had taken a reſolution to ſeek an aſylum in *Africa*, becauſe there is no great commerce between *Italy*, and it, except it be caſual by the way of *Sicilie*; and *Clelias* who was chief of it ſaw himſelf unfortunate, and more unfortunate than *Nicius*, for he had an onely ſonne in the Cradle, that was expoſed to periſh as well as he, it is not that *Clelias* feared death, through a reſentment of weakneſſe, but that having all the generoſity which true Romans make profeſſion of, he lookt upon his loſſe, and his ſonnes as a gain to *Tarquin* whereof he was enemy and he did not conſider the loſſe of all his family and his own. His wife, who was named *Sulpicia*, was not ſo troubled by the apprehenſion of death, as by a reſentment of glory, who deſired, that if they periſht, the enemy ſhould not hear of their ſhipwrack, ſo that *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, without concealing themſelves during the tempeſt, as uſually all paſſengers do, which are in veſſels, came on the poop, to look upon this terrible agitation of the waves, which momentarily expoſed them to periſh, at leaſt juſt gods (ſaid then this generous Roman, lifting up his eyes to heaven) if ye have reſolved my deſtruction, ſave my Country, and to die like a true Romane, let me rather make vows for it, than for my ſelf, do then, you juſt gods I entreat you oppreſſe *Tarquin* the proud by his own tyranny, let him be trampled under the Throne to which his crimes have carryed him, and let the cruel *Tullia*, which paſſed over her fathers body to mount the ſame Throne dye cruelly, let all his family be exterminated, let the name of the *Tarquins* be an horror, and ſince *Rome* hath no more legitimate Kings, let it I ſay be free, and let it never have tyrants, *Clelius* having thus ſpoken, and *Sulpitia* by her ſuppliant action ſeemed to joyn her prayers with her husband, a guſt of this enraged wind bearing *Nicius* his veſſel on theirs, ſplit them both in an inſtant, & covered all the ſea with their ruines the *Carthaginians* were ſeen mingled with the *Romans* & the *Romans* with the *Sicilians*, who in particular uſed all the means they were able to ſave their lives, but amongſt others, *Clelius* who could ſwim admirably, and who had a ſtrong heart, incapable of diſturbance by the ſight of any certain death, endeavoured to ſwim to diſcover his wife or his ſon, amongſt that maſſe of planks, which there floated, and men clinged unto them to ſave their lives, but as the violence of the waves, ſoon diſperſed the ſplinters of the ſhips, *Clelius* without finding his ſon or his wife, was conſtrained to think on his own ſafety; and having diſcovered the point of a rock which overlookt the ſea, where he might retreat in ſuch a preſſing neceſſity: he that endeavoured to gain it in deſpight of the impetuoſity of the waves, in hope all the veſſels which he had ſeen in the beginning of the tempeſt were not periſhed, and that ſome of them would take him from the rock when the ſea was a little calm; but as *Clelius* vigorouſly did ſwimme to attain that rock, he ſaw on his

his right hand a cradle which floated, and a young child, which without appearing affrighted at the horrible peril where he was, ſmiled aſſoon as he perceived him, this pitiful object ſenſibly touching the heart of this generous *Roman*, and at that inſtant not thinking there was any other Child but his in any of the veſſels which were ſhipwrackt, believed it was his ſon and did ſwim with more ſwiftneſſe to go to ſuccour that Cradle, which the waves ſo rudely toſſed, but approaching it, he knew diſtinctly, that it was not his child; for he had different ſwadling clouts and very remarkable, which gave him no doubt of it; nevertheleſſe, *Clelius* incited by a compaſſionate feeling, and wiſhing his child were in the ſame eſtate, who might find one which would ſuccour him, continued ſwimming towards the cradle of the young Prince of *Cluſium*; for it was Madam the ſon of him whom *Clelius* ſaw in imminent danger, and which would have infall b'y periſhed without his aſſiſtance: this illuſtrious *Clelius* did ſwim with ſo much force and addreſſe, for to take hold of a corner of the Cradle of that young Prince whom he knew not; but that which was moſt cruel, was, that the waves which puſht it, carried it from the point of the rock, that he lookt upon as an Aſylum; nevertheleſſe having found this Cradle, he ſuſtained it with one hand, and ſwimming with the other, he turned his head to the rock, where afterwards arrived with much difficulty, and aſſoon as he was there, he put the Cradle of this young Prince, on the higheſt part of that rock, and ſeated him by it, to behold the place where he was ſhipwrackt, but looking on it, he ſaw his own ſons cradle which floated, and which being intangled among the planks, that the Sea toſſed in a ſtrange manner, appeared to him ready to be drowned, ſo that not having the power to reſiſt his paternal pity, weary as he was, he left the young child which he had found, and caſt himſelf again into the ſea, to endeavour to ſave his, but going thither had the misfortune to ſee that a guſt of wind having puſht the prow of one of thoſe broken ſhips, between him and his ſon, juſt as the cradle had been diſintangled from the planks which ſupported it, hindred him from ſeeing any more the cradle or the planks; for at that time there fell a ſhower of rain ſo abundant, that *Clelius* could hardly perceive the rock, where he had left *Porſennas* ſon, when he believed to have ſeen his own ſon periſh, he would return to him which heaven had given him, and having nothing elſe to do, he regained that Refuge, but when he was there, he ſometimes believed, that he and this child would likewiſe die there; for after the ceſſation of this terrible ſhower, he ſaw two veſſels which had not been ſhipwrackt, inſtead to approach the place where he was, did all that they might to eſtrange themſelves from it, for as the Pilots knew that rock, they would not by any means poſſible approach it; ſo that *Clelius* finding his deplored eſtate, judged that it may be, if he enterpriſed to ſwim to gain thoſe veſſels it would not be impoſſible for him to do it, if he went alone without enterpriſing to ſuſtain the Cradle; but as he would not forſake the child which heaven had put into his protection, he could not reſolve to do it; for he was no ſooner on the rock, but the wind changed, and puſhed thither ſuch an abundance of foam, that if *Clelius* had not held the Cradle of this young Prince in his arms, he had been drowned in the ſea. *Clelius* being in this deplorable eſtate, believed when he ſee his ſon periſh, he did not doubt of his wifes death, his generoſity hindred from thinking of preſerving his own life, and he ſaw little appearance to preſerve that unhappy infant; but in the end, one of theſe *Carthaginian* veſſels which had not periſhed, being puſhed in deſpight of him towards that rock, and *Clelius* having made divers ſignes, was in the end perceived by him which commanded it, which being capable of humanity, had taken a particular care to ſave the moſt of thoſe men he could, which were ſhipwrackt, and in the end, the wind having ceaſed on a ſudden, it was eaſie for him without danger to approach the rock: and *Clelius* put himſelf again in the water, charged with the Cradle of the ſon of *Porſenna* to gain the veſſel, where he had the joy to find again his dear *Sulpitia*, that a faithfull ſlave had ſaved her by bearing her upon the water, and making her to board the ſhip where he found her, this interview had

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ſome thing very delightful for *Clelius* was much comforted by finding his wife, and *Sulpicia* was very joyfull to ſee again her husband, ſhe believed at firſt ſhe had recovered her ſon, when ſhe ſaw *Clelius* with a child in his arms, but ſhe was ſoon diſabuſed, and in the end they both comforted themſelves for the loſſe of their child by him fortune had given them, and by the conſolation they had to ſee one another, after they had believed never to have ſeen one another again, and it ſeemed, that in the ſhipwrack, where thy had believed to have loſt all, they ſaved that which was of moſt value; for they found a part of their veſſel run on ground on a heap of ſand, where the richeſt things which they had were, and *Sulpicia* ſtrugling in the water had ſeiſed on a plank of another broken veſſel, upon which was a casket faſtned by divers cords, wound round about it in that turning which was made at the time of the ſhipwrack; ſo that this faithfull ſlave of *Clelius*, who had ſaved *Sulpicia*, having found her ſuſtaining her ſelf by this plank, which was ready to ſink by the weight of this casket, ſupported her, and brought her to the veſſel where *Clelius* found her (for it was very nigh) bringing likewiſe in his hands the casket which was faſtened to the plank, imagining without examination, that it was hers, ſo that after *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* had had the leaſure to meditate on the accident which was arrived, they found that their loſſe was leſſe then they thought of in this occaſion; for they had found a child in ſtead of theirs, and ſtones of an ineſtimable value in that Casket.

In the mean time, *Clelius* believing that he could not better acknowledge the favour that the gods had afforded him by ſaving his life, than in having a particular care of that child he had found, prayed *Sulpicia* to nouriſh it in ſtead of hers, and to love it as her own, and as they both felt the grief they had for the loſſe of theirs, they would have reſtored this child to thoſe which had loſt it, if they were not periſht themſelves, but they could not hear of them, for the misfortune was, that thoſe of the *Carthaginian* Veſſels ſaved none but thoſe which were with *Clelius* and the other veſſels, which were nigh that in which *Porſenna's* ſon was ſhipwrackt, ſuccoured thoſe which eſcaped there, but as the tempeſt ſeparated them, and their wayes being different, *Clelius* could learn nothing of the birth of this child, neither of what countrey he was, nevertheleſſe his hope was, that the veſſel which had ſaved him, went thither where he had a deſigne to go: he obliged the Captain, to whom he owed his life, to bring him to *Carthage*, where he had a deſign to paſſe the time of his exile, to the end ſaid he, that I may not have my ſpirit troubled by the recitall of *Tarquins* tyranny: But to make *Sulpicia* love the child better, the gods had given them, he deſired he ſhould have the name of *Aronces*, which was the name of the child he had loſt; but he would not ſay, when he came to *Carthage* that *Aronces* was his ſonne, though he had for him a paternal affection, for fear that ſhould obſcure his knowledge, and not knowing whether he ſhould have other children, he would not diſguiſe the truth, but he would carefully keep the Cradle, and the ſwadling bands in which this child had been found, and likewiſe imagined that the ſtones he had found in that Casket might conduce to his knowledge: And he had for this child which was unknown to him, all the cares which his high birth rendred him worthy of, but whilſt *Clelius* rendred to him all the offices of a true father, *Nicius* and *Martia* which had been ſaved by a *Syracuſian* veſſel, were in ſo ſtrange a deſpair for the loſſe of this young Prince, which was truſted to their care, that they durſt never declare his death to the particular friends of *Galerita*, though they were ſtrongly perſwaded he had periſhed; for as things were then, if this young Prince had been in their power, they durſt not in any wiſe have revealed his birth, and they remained at *Syracuſa*, where they learnt that *Porſenna* was more ſtrictly kept, that *Bianor* perſecuted *Galerita*, and that *Sextilia* had no children. But to return to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, you ſhall know Madam, that they lived at *Carthage*, where their vertue ſoon gained them many friends, and the young *Aronces* comforted them ſo well for the loſſe of their ſon, that if they had had a deſire to deſtroy him to reſuſcitate the other, they could not reſolve to do it, and indeed I have heard

them say, he was amiable even from his Cradle, and that he ever appeared to have something so great in him, little as he was, that it was easie even then to imagine that he should be of illustrious extractions, he was likewise more dear to *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, because they were four years without any children, but in the end *Sulpitia* had a daughter, which was called *Clelia*, but a daughter so fair, that they spoke of her beauty even at her birth, I shall not trouble my self Madam to exaggerate to you all her first attraction, though I have heard *Aronces* say, she testified so much spirit, even before she could speak, for as I have things of more importance to tell you, I shall not weary your patience by a recitall of that nature, and I shall content my self to assure you, that if *Clelius* forgot nothing to bring up the young *Aronces*, *Sulpitia* likewise forgot nothing to bring up the young *Clelia*; neither shall I trouble my self Madam, to tell you many particularities of the grandeur and magnificence of *Carthage*, to make you comprehend that these two persons could not be better in any place of the earth, since it is true, they found in it all that they might find in the most politicall Republicks, and in the most flourishing Monarchies, but as it is not that of which I must treat, but it is the life of *Aronces* you must know, I shall tell you in two words, that *Carthage* is one of the richest and fairest Cityes in the world, and that as all the *Africans* have a natural inclination to delight, though they are a warlike people, all pleasures were found in this magnificent City, as much as in any place of the earth.

Moreover, as *Carthage* is dreadfull to her neighbours, it is never without the residence of men of quality from all bordering estates, and it hath in its neighbourhood a Prince which is called the Prince of *Carthage*, because he derives his descent from an Aunt of *Dido*, which did likewise reside there, before he imbroyled himself with this Republick: the Prince of *Numida* here present, was at this time there, and there was no Prince in *Africa*, which desired not to send his children to *Carthage*, so that *Aronces* saw even from his birth, persons whose conditions were proportionable to his, for as *Clelius* was much esteemed in this City, and *Aronces* was of a pleasant disposition, and a dextrous wit, he easily familiarised himself with the *Carthaginian* and *Numidian* Princes, they being all of one age, the Prince of *Carthage* so entirely affecting his conversation, (that when he went to a City under his power called *Utica*, not far distant from *Carthage*, he alwayes accompanied him) *Aronces* by this means being very little in *Clelia's* company, whom he then considered, but as *Clelius* his daughter to whom he was obliged both for his life and deducation; & as it is naturall for those of fifteen or sixteen years, to seek those which are elder, he having nigh compleated a lustre more than *Clelia*, did not at this time much esteem her, the pleasures he found with the *Carthaginian* & *Numidian* Princes diverting his eyes from that amiable object, whose beauty (as he hath since confessed to me) began then to emit those rayes, which have since wounded his heart, but he so well behaved himself towards *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, that they loved him as if he had been their sonne, and expended for him, as if he had been their child, but Madam, that you may the better understand my narration, you must know that the Prince of *Carthage* hath a man of quality depending on him, named *Amilcar*, whom he much loved, and which is the most agreeable and accomplished man in the world, who contracted so great a friendship with *Aronces*, that it is reported *Amilcar* was no more loved by the *Carthaginian* Prince, than *Aronces* was of *Amilcar*.

And this young Prince having taken a resolution to travel unknown, *Amilcar* desired that *Aronces* should accompany him, (and *Clelius* having consented thereto) *Aronces* being then sixteen years old, and the young *Clelia* twelve, departed with the Prince of *Carthage* & *Amilcar* to see *Greece*, but that which was most remarkable was, that at their return, the tempest having cast them in *Sycily* in stead of returning to *Carthage* as they intended, they resolved to see *Rome*, & the greatest part of the principal Cities of *Tuscany*, and these two opposite voyages, requiring some time to perform them, they were 4 years before they returned to *Carthage*. *Aronces* being 20 and *Clelia* sixteen when they finished their perigrination,

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but before I tell you what passed between *Clelia* and him at their first enterview, it will be requisite to acquaint you, that at their departure from *Rome* where the violences of *Tarquin* continued, the Prince of *Carthage* who travelled unknown, encountred an illustrious *Romane*, named *Horatius*, whom the unjust *Tarquin* had banished, who without knowing where to passe the time of his exile, acquainted himself with *Aronces*, who very well understood the Latine tongue, because *Clelius* who loved his Countrey, even to sacrifice his life for it, would not have *Aronces* ignorant of that language: *Horatius* having a desire therefore to leave it some time to go into a strange Country, was very glad to find one endowed with so many rare qualities, which spoke his language, & who having learnt his design, proposed to him to go to *Carthage*, where he assured him he should find *Clelius*, whose name and vertue *Horatius* very well knew; for his father and his had been alwayes friends, though they had been Rivals, and *Aronces* having an Inclination to serve *Horatius*: not onely because he appeared to have much spirit, but because he was a *Romane* and son to one of *Clelius* friends, entreated *Amilcar*, to pray the Prince of *Carthage* that this illustrious exile might accompany him, and find an asylum with him. & *Amilcar* following his natural generosity, and willing to satisfie *Aronces* whom he loved, easily obtained of the Prince of *Carthage* that which he demanded, who became from this time *Aronces* particular friend, he not foreseeing that which should one day divide them: but Madam, before I declare the arrivall of this Illustrious Troop at *Carthage*, you must know, that leaving them at *Capua*, I shall somewhat enlarge my discourse, and tell you, that during the four years of *Aronce's* absence, *Clelia* was mounted to such a transcendent height of perfection, that there was nothing spoke of at his return, but her beauty at *Carthage*, and she had so many attractive Graces, that she took all hearts captive, and made them do vassalage and homage to her. He who had the greatest authority in *Carthage*, and who was named *Maharball*, was become so amorous of her, that he was not in estate to observe the Lawes of the Country, acknowledging no other than those love had imposed upon him, but as he is a violent man and very rich, he imagined that if he did but demand *Clelia* of her father, he should without doubt obtain her, and if *Clelius* had been a *Carthaginian*, he had easily given him his daughter, but as he had a *Romane* heart, and had not renounced his Country, he could not resolve to give *Clelia* to a man which was not of his Country, and without disguising his thoughts, he would have at first clearly explicated himself, when this marriage was proposed to him, though it appeared to be very advantagious for him, for without doubt *Maharballs* authority was greater there then any others, for the Prince of *Numidia* who was captivated by this fair person, durst not openly testifie his love, for as he was then an Hostage with the *Carthaginians*, by reason of a Treaty his father had made with this Republique, he had been very imprudent, if he had declared himself his Rival, who held him in his power, and which it may be upon sleight pretexts, would have arrested him, or at least made him depart from *Carthage*, and estrange himself from his beloved object, to whom he onely endeavoured to make his love appear, though he knew very well, that *Clelius* had said, he would not marry his Daughter, but to a *Romane*, yet he doubted not, but if he could touch *Clelius* heart, to make him alter his resolution, and to prefer him before that puisant Rivall, who so highly declared himself, for he believed that a *Numidian* Prince ought to be more considered by *Clelius*, than a man which had but a limited authority, and which had it not for ever.

Thus you see Madam, in what estate things were, when the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, *Amilcar* and *Horatius* arrived there, but as fortune from very inconsiderable beginnings discloseth those events which oftentimes prove remarkable: *Aronces* revisited the fair *Clelia* in such a gallant manner, that it much contributed to that passion, which since hath tormented his life, for be pleased to know Madam, that as *Carthage* hath been heretofore begun to be builded by the illustrious *Dido*, in a place which was bought of the *Phenicians* which then inhabited there, and since finished by them, it hath ever remained as a mark of dependance of

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that proud City to that of *Tyre*, for there is built there every year a magnificent Veſſel, in which they ſend to the *Phenicians* the tenth part of the Republique Revenue, with the tenth part of the Booty, and priſoners that they take in warre, they likewiſe exchange every year two Virgins choſen by lot and thoſe which come to demand this tribute bring two *Phenicians* and receive two *Carthaginians*, which are alwayes moſt advantagiouſly married in both Countreys, as this Ceremony is famous, there is one day deſtined to the renewing the aliance of theſe two people, which is ſpent in nothing but publick rejoycing, for there hath ever been two men of quality ſent from *Phenicia*, which come to receive this Tribute, and which uſually make a magnificent Feaſt to the principall Magiſtrate of the City, in that proud Veſſel, and aſſoon as they are returned to ſhore, they ply their Oars, and hoyſt their Sails. And as *Maharball* ought to perform this Ceremony, and to renew the aliance with the *Phenicians* and *Carthaginians*, he to content his paſſion, obliged the *Tyrians*, which were to make this ſumptuous Feaſt, to invite thither the principall Ladies of the City, ſo that at the going out of that famous Temple of *Dido*, where this alliance was to be renewed, all the Ladies conducted by *Maharbals* ſiſter, which is a vertuous perſon, were brought the two *Carthaginians* which were to go into *Phenicia*, and received the two *Phenicians*, which were to remain at *Carthage*, but as this Feaſt was indeed made for *Clelia*, ſhe was there with her mother, *Clelius* not daring to oppoſe her going where ſo many other Ladyes were, though *Maharbals* paſſion diſpleaſed him, ſhe being induced thither more by reaſon than inclination, for *Clelias* heart was not yet ſubmitted to loves flame, neither had any of her adorers made any impreſſion in it, and it might very well be diſcerned, that ſhe did affect nothing but glory, it giving an augmentation to her beauty; but to relate the reall truth of things, I believe ſhe loved it not too much, at leaſt, I have not ſeen a fairer in my life, in whom there appeared leſſe affectation.

In the mean time, we arrived at *Carthage* the day of this feaſt advantagiouſly for the *Phenicians* and, very gloriouſly for our ſelves, for Madam, two dayes before the Veſſel in which we were, had taken two of the Iſle of *Cyrene*, with whom the *Carthaginians* had ſome conteſt, there being war between *Sycilie* their confederate and this Iſle: but without reciting all the particulars of this action; I ſhall tell you in few words, that the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Horatius* did highly ſignalize themſelves in this occaſion, and that we took in the end theſe two Veſſels, in which we found a very rich booty, though thoſe of the Iſle of *Cyrene* were not rich, they having before taken it in a *Sycilian* veſſel which came from *Corinth*: So that we took in this occaſion a conſiderable prize, whether by the richneſſe of the merchandiſe, or the number of the ſlaves: But not to obſcure the glory of *Aronces*, it is certain, that all thoſe which were in our ſhip, agreed that he had more contributed to this great action, than any other, and as I have told you, we arrived very opportunely for the *Phenicians*, to whom the tenth part of our booty belonged, and very agreeably for our ſelves, for when our veſſel entred into the Port, *Clelia* and three or four other Ladies were on the Poop of that magnificent ſhip that the *Carthaginians* ſent to *Phenicia*, and ſhe was there entertained by *Maharbal*, and by the *Numidian* Prince; when we approach't it the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, and *Amilcar* knew what was the feaſt they made, and told it us, but when they were nigher and might diſcern the beauty of *Clelia*, they were extreamly ſurprized at it, and *Aronces* was ſometime without knowing her, but as he was at firſt known by *Clelia*, ſhe ſo obligingly ſaluted him, that he knew very well, that this fair perſon was that dear adopted ſiſter, with whom he had paſſed his minority; ſo that he took much part in all the praiſes that the Princehof *Carthage*, *Amilcar*, *Horatius* and I attributed to her beauty, but if *Aronces* was ſenſible of her glory, *Clelia* was likewiſe of his, when that the Prince of *Carthage* followed by *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Horatius* and I were in the tributary veſſel where all the Ladies were, to render account to *Maharbal* of the prize he had taken, for as the veſſel was not his, but belonged to the Republique.

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the glory onely of this action appertained to him, which he would have given entirely to *Aronces*, to whom he gave all the praises, speaking to *Maharbal* in presence of *Clelia*, that he made him be looked on with admiration by all those which understood him; but as *Aronces* hath without doubt all the modesty of a truly brave man, he departed from the place where they spoke so advantagiously of him, and approaching *Sulpicia*, he demanded of her, news of *Clelius*, he not being there, and a little after, not being able to hinder himself from speaking of the beauty of her admirable daughter, he rejoyced with her to see her so fair, and afterwards seeking occasion to speak to her in particular, whilst *Maharbal*, the Prince of *Numidia* entertained the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar*, he testified to her his joy to see her endowed with such excelling features; *Clelia* on her part, who knew how her father loved *Aronces*, received him with as many testimonies of friendship, as if he had been her Brother, as *Clelius* had desired her to stile him, and that *Aronces* should call her his sister, so that when he was nigh her, this charming Virgin thus said to him, before he could frame himself to speak to her, the admiration of her beauty having for some time suspended his speech: Tell me my Brother, said she to him, hath not absence made you forget *Carthage* and *Greece*, and *Italy*, have not they made you hate *Africa*? but before you answer me, added she smiling, remember I pray you, that though I was born at *Carthage*, I boast my self to be a *Romane*, for fear that without thinking of it, you put it before *Rome*, and prefer some other Country to my true Country. I now remember said *Aronces* so little of all I have seen during my voyage, that I cannot tell how to render you an account of it, for in the end my dear sister (if it is permitted an adopted brother to tell you my thoughts) you are the fairest creature I ever saw, and if *Rome* knew your beauty, I am perswaded it would wage a bloodier war to draw you from it, than that as *Greece* heretofore made against *Troy*, for to reconquer that fair Princesse, whose name shall last as long as the world; at least, I know well, added he, that the most famous beauty of *Rome*, which is that of a person of great quality called *Lucrece*, is not comparble to yours; for all I see replyed *Clelia*, smiling, you are become such a flatterer, that I dare no more name you my brother, but for to tell me something, that I may here without blushing, pursued she, tell me, I conjure you, if you are satisfied concerning *Rome*, and if *Tarquin* ever merits by his violences; the attribute of proud, *Rome* is assuredly replyed *Aronces*, the first City of all *Italy*, and it deserves to be the worlds *Metropolis*, since it may boast to be your true Country, but for *Traquin*, he is so absolute there, that though all people murmure secretly against him, there is no appearance that his tyranny should soon finish, for hardly doth he know that any one is against his Interests, but he exiles him, or puts him to death: As *Aronces* had thus sayd, they saw enter in the vessel where he was, the tenth part of the slaves that the Prince of *Carthage* had taken, and that he had sent as an homage to the *Phenicians*, which gave a thousand praises to him in receiving them; but *Clelia* hearing the Prince of *Carthage* say, that those slaves belonged to *Aronces*, she put an obliging war to him in demanding an exact account of his conquests; it is rather for me replyed he gallantly to demand of you an account of yours, which are assuredly more illustrious than mine; for I do not doubt, but if I saw all those which have beene inslaved by the attractive lustre of your eyes, since my departure, I should see them in a far greater number, than those the Prince of *Carthage* attributeth to me, at least I know you may vanquish the vanquisher of others, if you enterprise it: After that *Amilcar* approaching, *Aronces* demanded of him, shewing *Clelia* to him, if he did not fear to be shipwrackt at the Port? and the conversation being become generall, I gave my verdict as well as *Amilcar*.

But Madam, I must ingeniously confesse unto you, she is the fairest nature ever made for wonder, and in her alone are concentred all those graces (may be imagined) to compleat a perfect beauty, the brightnesse of her hair adding a lustre to her sparkling eyes, and the circumference of her face framed after such exact

rules of proportion, that no pencill is able to delineate her mouth for shape, shaming the imitation of the best artists, and the liveliest colours, (though tempered with the hands of the most exquisite Painters) are but dull shadowes, and imperfect Representations in comparison of that perfect mixture of red and white, which tinctures her complexion; but she is furthermore imbellish'd with all the Charmes of a tempting beauty, for she hath a gallant and modest ayre, a lofty yet lovely Countenance, not any imperious deportment, but such an affable behaviour, that she commands both Love and Respect from all those who behold her, and though she hath a firm and bold spirit above those of her sex, she hath such an engaging sweetnes that none can resist, and that grandure of spirit which makes her despise the greatest perills if she be threatned with them, hath imprinted a certain timerous modesty on her visage, which heightens her unparalel'd Features.

Clelia being adorned with all these superexcellent embellishments of Nature, gave so much admiration to *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and to me, when wee saw her in that vessell which was going to *Phenicia*, that she was the sole subject of our discourse the Remainder of that day, for *Horatius* he spoke of it less then mee, for besides that naturally hee doth not love to declare his thoughts, I have known, that hee felt himselfe so wounded with *Clelias* beauty at this first sight, that he would not hinder his spirit from being wholy possess'd with that fair person whom he alone contemplated, without communicating his Resentments to any persons, as for *Aronces*, he was more happy then *Horatius*, for as hee resided in *Clelius* his house, he passed there the rest of that day and all the night, but hee lodged no more there, because the Prince of *Carthage* would absolutely that he should lodge in his Pallace, and that he should be depending on him, and that *Aronces* having nothing but what *Clelius* had given him, was not sorry to find such an illustrious way to subsist by his own virtue receiving the benefits of so great a Prince.

In the mean time, after *Clelius* had imbraced *Aronces* with a Paternall affection, he had likewise much joy to see *Horatius* which was son to one of his dearest friends, and prayd *Aronces* to love him as if he had been his Brother, and commanded *Sulpicia* and his amiable Daughter, to take a particular care of him, for when *Clelius* entertained *Horatius* of the present Estate of *Rome*, he found such a Sympathy in his thoughts, and that he so much hated *Tarquin*, and the fiery and cruell *Tullia* his wife, that he loved him much more for it, so that *Aronces* who very much esteem'd *Horatius*, and which was very much beloved by him, performed all he could imagin to render his Exile less rigorous; but as freindship is not alwaies dispensed by exact Justice, though I had less merit then *Horatius*, I had a greater part in the affection of *Aronces*, being his entire Confident so soon as wee arrived at *Carthage*, we knew the next day *Maharballs* love for *Clelia* without knowing the Prince of *Numydias*, which as I have already told you, made it appear but to her which caused it, but as he soon noted the credit that *Aronces* had with *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, and their admirable Daughter, he endeavoured by all meanes to gain his friendship, in which without doubt he had much part, and since that time, as Liberty is much greater at *Carthage*, then *Rome*; the Prince of *Numydia*, *Aronces Horatius* and I were almost alwaies with *Sulpicia*, and we had the Advantages, not to be often importuned by *Marharballs* prefence, because as he nigh sustained the weight of the Republique, it was impossible for him absolutely to renounce his duty, to satisfie his Love; and relying on his Authority, he easily dispensed with all those petty cares, he thought unnecessary: And since none imbarqued from *Carthage*, without his provision, he did not fear *Clelius* would go from thence, nor that any man of quality in the City durst be his Rivall, as for the Prince of *Carthage*, he turned eyes another way, *Amilcar* seemed to have two or three designes instead of one, and the Prince of *Numydia* was not in estate to dare to oppose him openly, he lookt upon *Aronces* as one unknown, which durst not turn his eyes towards the Daughter of a man, to whom he owed his life, and hee considered *Horatius* and I as two strangers which would not stay at *Carthage*, and

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which would not make an enemy of him which should protect us. *Clelia* being by these considerations importuned by him, and we were more happy, for though *Maharball* hath Spirit, it is an incommodious spirit, he having a formed eloquence with an insupportable slowness, and which would enforce attention from his auditors, as if his discourse contained much ingenuity, who beleives himself to be above all, he knowes who boasteth himselfe to be of a great house, great spirit, and great heart, and who is the violentest man in the world; but in despight of all his violence, the Prince of *Numydia* was his Rivall, tis true, he was in so discreet a manner, that no person perceived it but *Clelia* only, and he had perswaded *Maharball* that the reason which so often induced him to *Sulpicias* house; was, that he was charm'd with her Language, and indeed the Prince with so much assiduity studied the Roman language to have only the power to speak of his Love to *Clelia*, (as I have known this morning by himself) and to vent his passion the first time to that fair person, for as he had lately left a man which depended on *Clelius*, who taught it him, he feigned to entertain himselfe alone with her, whilst *Sulpicia* spoke to other Ladyes to have forgotten some instructions he had given him, so that hee made divers questions to her saying, hee should be very much obliged to her if she would be his mistress, as the language you learned said she to him, is nigh as strange to me as you; (though I have learnt it from my Cradle) since I do not ordinarily speak it, I should teach you my errours instead of correcting yours. As I principally learned that Language, sayd he to her, because I know you love it; and that for to speak it with you, I ought cheifly to speak as you, since I would be understood but by you alone, refuse not mee therefore the favour to cleare my doubts, and to assist me to express my selfe when I entertain you, for it is certain, that how faire and copious the Language of your Country is, I find it poor and sterill, every time I would tell you I love you, and I beleeve tis rather because I have not found termes enough to declare it to you, then any defect of boldness: But in fine cruell *Clelia*, since you will not teach me to tell you it, better I now tell it you, and tell it you with a resolution, to tell it you when any occasion presents, and with a resolution carefully to seek it, I will take such a particular care to shun you, replyed *Clelia*, that if it is true you love me, you will more then once repent what you have sayd, it hath been so long that I have repented for not discovering my Love to you sooner, replyed the Prince of *Numydia*, that I can hardly beleive I shall ever repent to have told you that I love you, for in fine you cannot inflict any punishment upon mee, for which I am not prepared, I demand of you therefore the favour, added he, to tell me only if you have as much aversion for me as *Maharball*, that which you have told me, replyed she, hath so much exasperated me, that I cannot now tell whether there is any other person in the world then you which displeaseth me, ah rigorous *Clelia*! cry'd he, you carry too far your hatred by not being willing to tell me that you hate me lesse then a man that I know is very odious to you, and to make me beleive that I am the only person to whom you are averst'd, see then Madam what was the declaration of the Prince of *Numydia's* Love, and in what manner the admirable *Clelia* received the discovery of his affection, she kept her word as shee said, to avoid his particular conversation; but she had the generosity to do it so carefully, that none should perceive it for fear they might divine the cause, and that *Maharball* should not have occasion to treat this Prince with any severity, as shee told it to one of his freinds, to the end to make him comprehend, that if she did not openly testifie her hatred against him, 'twas not that he ought to conceive more hope; since twas but by a bounty which was entirely dissentaneous from all his pretentions.

In the mean time *Aronces* seeing the admirable *Clelia* every day, and seeing her with much familiarity, was taken in the snares of her beauty, and not being one moment ignorant of the nature of that affection which began to cloud his Liberty, as usually those are which have had no passion, he really imagined in what feares and disquietudes this Love would involve his Soul, for though he was much esteemed by *Clelia*, and tenderly affected by her Parents, he little expected ever to

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attaine that happineſs he ſo much deſired, and his birth being unknown, it would be eſteemed an high preſumption if he ſhould levell his thoughts at *Clelia*, but what conſiderations ſoever he uſed to oppoſe this new born paſſion, proved too weak to reſiſt thoſe Charmes ſhot from ſuch a tempting beauty: On the other ſide, *Horatius* was at firſt ſo powerfully touch'd with *Clelia's* perfections, that I am aſſured, he loved as ſoon as his eyes ſurvayed thoſe inimitable Graces Nature had beſtowed upon her, he not then imagining Love had ſtole his Heart; but contrary to *Aronces*, called that Eſteem and admiration which might have admitted the term of Love, and theſe two Rivalls not being acquainted with one anothers affections; ſpent their time in an amicable familiarity, the Prince of *Numidia* much eſteeming them, and *Clelia* had three Lovers which knew not themſelves to be Rivalls, and of whom but one had diſcloſed his amourous intentions; I put not *Maharball* in this number, for his paſſion was ſo generally known, that no perſon could be ignorant of it.

In the meane time, The Nuptialls (of the two *Phenicians*, exchanged for the two *Carthagenians* the day wee arrived there) were ſolemnized, and at theſe marriages were performed at the Republicks expences, there was a great Feaſt made, and nothing but publick acclamations of joy during the ſpace of eight days; but I confeſſe Madam, *Clelias* Converſations was to be preferred before thoſe Feſtivall delights, ſhe having a ſpirit ſuiting the pleaſantneſs of her diſpoſition. I remember one day amongſt the reſt, *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and I were with her, with two Ladies of the City, the one named *Sozonisba*, and the other *Barce*, for it is certain we could not better ſpend our time then with *Sulpicia*, the ground of this diſcourſe proceeded from two men which had married the two *Phenicians*, one being amourous of her whom he had eſpouſed at firſt ſight, and diſaffected her ſoon after the Nuptialls, the other which had eſpouſed her, which was deſtin'd to him not being amourous, was become amourous ſince his marriage, ſo that this event being ſingular and agreeable, they at firſt examined this fantaſticall adventure; for my ſelf ſayd, *Clelia* I cannot conceive that it is poſſible for one to love, that he hath not the leiſure to know, I eaſily imagine that a great beauty pleaſeth at firſt ſight, but cannot conceive how Love ſhould be produced in a moment, and I am ſtrongly perſwaded that one cannot at the firſt time that they ſee a perſon, as amiable as can be imagined, feel any thing in his heart but ſome diſpoſition to love, as you have never been in Love, replyed *Horatius*, tis not very ſtrange that you do not know how this paſſion poſſeſſes hearts, and it is certainly true, that one may love at the firſt ſight if they ſee a perſon that is capable to be beloved, and I confeſſe that if they ſhould love her at firſt ſight the love would not be it may be, ſtrong enough to give a long inquietude, and that it would finiſh as ſpeedily as it begun; as at firſt a ſpark cannot make a great fire if care betaken to extinguiſh it, ſo Love hath need of entertainment to increaſe it; but as this ſparke is fire, though it caſteth no great heat nor light, ſo Love at firſt is Love, though it is but newly begun. It is certain replyed *Aronces*, that Love as freindſhip may be born in an inſtant which uſually is preceded by many good Offices, but I am perſwaded that that Love which hath no ſudden beginning, and which is advanc'd by great eſteem and very much admiration, is more ſtrong and ſolid then that which is tumultuouſly borne without knowing whether the perſon beloved hath either virtue or ſpirit, for I have heard ſay, that there are men which become amorous of women, with whom they had never changed a word; and there are ſome ſayd *Sozonisba* which have loved women having never ſeen them, and which have even loved a picture; for thoſe added *Barce*, I think they may be rather rank'd with thoſe which have no reaſon, then in the rank of thoſe which have Love. Indeed replyed *Clelia*, tis not ſo ſtrange to ſee a man very amorous of a fair picture as of a woman which hath neither Beauty ſpirit or virtue, as there are ſome which are; For my particular, replyed I, I finde the fair *Clelia* hath reaſon, and that it is the greateſt folly imaginable to love that which is not amiable. I am of your opinion, replyed *Horatius*, but be likewiſe of mine, and confeſs that all great paſſions have a violent beginning, and that there

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is nothing which more demonstrates an ardent and durable Love, then when it is born in an instant without consulting our reason. I easily am of your opinion, replyed *Aronces*, that one may begin to have Love at the first sight of an amiable person; but I will not confess that those which have this first thought of passion more violent then others, love more or longer, for tis rather an effect of their temperament, then the grandure of their Passion, so that ordinarily those which are of a hot nature love not so constantly as others, because not having power over their own dispositions, they must necessarily change Love as other things, and it consequently followes, that those which love the speediest are not the most constant: But in fine, said *Clelia*, it matters not whether they change or no, tis not of that I intend to speak, for that I maintain is, that one cannot have Love at the first sight they see a woman: I assure you Madam, replyed *Horatius*, I know a man which from the first day he saw one of the most admirable persons in the world, had I know not what in his heart which entirely possess'd it, which gave him joy and inquietude, desires, hope, and fear, and which in fine, rendred him so different from himself, that if it was not Love he had in his heart, it was something which very much resembled it. I know another, replyed *Aronces*, without suspecting *Horatius* his Passion for *Clelia*, which hath long time had esteem and admiration without loving a marvellous person; tis true. I am perswaded, that the reason which then hindred him from it was, that hee beleived himselfe not permitted to love that which he should adore: but beginning to love, replyed *Clelia*, hath he left adoration, for if so, I find that which he adored ought to wish he should not love it, these two Resentments are not incompatible.

Madam, replyed *Aronces*, and though we might adore things we love not, because they surpass our knowledge, we do nevertheless love that which we adore; for my self replyed *Barce*, between those two thoughts, I should love him better which belongs to a mistres then him which appertains not but to a Goddess, and the tenderness of the heart is so tobe prefer'd before the admiration of the spirit, that I put no comparison between those two things, indeed added *Sozonisbe*, tenderness is a quality so necessary toall manner of affections, that they cannot be agreeable or perfect if it is not there, I comprehend well said *Clelia*, that we may say a tender amity, and there is a notable difference between an ordinary and a tender amity, but said *Sozonisbe*, I have never heard of a tender amity, & I ever figured it to my self, that this affected & significative term; was consecrated to perfect amity, and that it was only speaking of it, we might fitly imply the word tender, so many men use it now replyed I, that we know not a truer signification of it. I would therefore hinder, said *Clelia*, that that word which signifies a thing so sweet, rare, and agreeable, should be prophan'd, though *Celeres* hath said every one useth it, for my particular replyed *Sozonisbe*, I promise you alwaies to make use of it, if you can make mee understand its true signification; I promise the same thing added *Barce*, for I ingeniously confess unto you, that though there passes never a day but I tell some of my friends, that I love them tenderly, and some freinds accost me in the same Language, *I* confess it may be, that it appertains not to me to use it: As I am perswaded, added *Aronces*, that there is a species of an amorous tenderness which puts as much difference between the Loves of those which have it or have it not, as ordinary tenderness puts to amity, I shall be infinitly obliged to the fair *Clelia*, if shee will define tenderness, and decipher how I may know it, and what value it sets on freindship, to the end I may prove in the sequell of it, that tenderness joyned to Love, much augmenteth it's estimation; as I have naturally a tender Spirit, replyed *Clelia*, I think it appertains to me more then any other, to speake of tenderness and that *Barce* with all her spirit, cannot do it so wel as I.

I have already confessed, replyed that fair person, that I do not well know how to make use of this word, neither do *I* precisely know, whether I have any tenderness or not, therefore I shall be infinitely obliged if you please to tell me the difference between an ordinary and a tender amity; it is so considerable, replyed *Clelia*, that I may very well say, there is lesse between the indifferent amity, than between

these two. For in fine, that which hath no tenderneſſe, is a kind of a truncquilous friendſhip, which gives neither great contentments, nor great inquietudes to thoſe which are capable of them, they have even friendſhip in their hearts, without expreſſing any ſenſibility; depart from them without being melancholy, they think not of them, if they ſee them not, they render them courteſies without great joy, and they receive them without much acknowledgement, they neglect all petty cares, the evils of thoſe they love touch them not, generoſity and oſtentation hath as much part in all they act as friendſhip, they have a certain Lethargy of heart, which makes them not feel the joy to be beloved of thoſe they love, they put little difference between the converſation of other perſons, and thoſe to whom they have promiſed amity: in fine they love with ſo much lukewarmneſſe, that the leaſt conteſtation there is between them and their friends they are ready to infringe their promiſed friendſhip. Furthermore they are not enough ſenſible, neither of the good or evil of thoſe to whom they have promiſed friendſhip, for uſually they coldly oppoſe thoſe who defame them, and praiſe them themſelves without order or aggravation, and we may ſay, they love, as if they loved not, ſo lukewarm is this ſort of friendſhip, and uſually their affection is very much intereſſed, and if any one ſeek the cauſe of it they would be found but in themſelves. And indeed we ſee every day that thoſe friends without tenderneſſe abandon thoſe to whom they have promiſed affection, aſſoon as fortune frowns on them; there is likewiſe ſome of them which cannot ſuffer the long ſickneſſe of thoſe they love, and which deſire to ſee them with aſſiduity, when they are not in eſtate to divertiſe them, that which you now ſay, happened once to me replyed *Sozonisba*, for I had a languiſhing malady, which made me know there are few tender friends, in the beginning when I fell ſick, purſued this fair perſon, they had very great care of me, but when the length of my ſickneſſe had made me become melancholy, and that I demanded no remedies, but of thoſe which came to ſee me, inſtead of them demanding news of me, or to tell them of it, I was ſoon in a very great ſolitude, and I knew that thoſe whom I eſteemed my beſt friends derided at me in effect, as a man one day of my acquaintance was aſked how long it was ſince he ſaw me, he anſwered, that till he was become ſo experienced to find ſome remedies to cure my melancholy, he would not ſee me, and the ſame queſtion being demanded a Lady, ſhe ſaid merily that unleſſe ſhe knew the vertue of all vegetables, ſhe could not make me a viſit which would be pleaſing to me, and that it was better to leave me at quiet, than to weary themſelves by importuning me. Tis true ſaid *Aronces*, what this fair *Sozonisba* hath ſaid, and it is true, added *Horatius*, becauſe we uſually content our ſelves to deplore their miſhaps without conſorting them, judge then I pray added *Clelia* if friendſhip without tenderneſs is a ſweet thing, and if I have not reaſon not to account them friends which have not a tender heart, as I have expreſſed to you, for in fine, it is not that only which makes the ſweetneſſe of amity, and which makes it conſtant and violent together, tenderneſſe hath yet that of more particular, that even aſcribeth to it, I know not what character of gallantry, which rendreth it more divertiſing, it inſpireth civility in thoſe which are capable of it, and there is as great difference between a tender friend, and an ordinary friend, as between a tender friend and a lover, but better to define tenderneſſe. I think I may call it a certain ſenſibility of heart, which never ſoveraignly operates, but in thoſe which have noble ſouls, vertuous Inclinations, and well weighed ſpirits, and which makes them when they have friendſhip, to have it ſincerely and ardently, and to feel lively the griefs and joyes of thoſe they love as their own, tis this tenderneſſe which obliges them to love better to be with their unhappy friends, than to be in a place of divertiſement: it is this which makes them excuſe their faults and defects, and to praiſe with exaggeration their leaſt vittues, tis this which makes them do great ſervices with joy, which makes them not neglect the leaſt cares, which renders particular converſations more ſweet than general, which entertaineth Confidence, which eaſily appeaſeth any diſorder, which happeneth amongſt friends, which uniteth all their

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desires, which makes compleasency, equality as agreeable to those which have it, as to those for whom they have it, and in a word comprehends all sweetnesse and affection of freindship, and in effect it's this alone which puts joy there, and which by a particular priviledge savours nothing of the irregularity of Love; but resembles it in many things else, those which have but a stupid and common freindship, take only the care to keep the straitest Letters of their freinds; but those which have a tender freindship, keep with pleasure even their least notes they hearken to an obliging word with joy, which obliges those which told it them, they take pleasure in the least things, and by an inexplicable charme those which those which have a true tenderness in their hearts, are never troubled to desire those for whom they have freindship, if they should be sick or melancholly; judge then what difference there is between freindship without tenderness and tender freindship. Ah Madam, replyed *Aronces*, if I would as well define the tenderness of Love as you have deciphered that of freindship, I should absolutely make this company confess, that there is Love without tenderness as well as freindship. 'Tis true added *Horatius*, & the fair *Clelia* hath admirably represented that precious and delicate part of freindship few are acquainted with. For my particular said *Aronces* smiling, I confess in my life I never strictly used the word tenderness, if it be true that it must have positively sent in the heart as *Clelia* hath said to have love right, that is say to love tenderly it is not so with me, added *Aronces*, for it seems that I have an heart made in the manner as it ought to be, to boast of tenderness. For my part, replyed I, which have had more Love then freindship in my life, it more importes me to know what that amorous tenderness which puts a difference between Lovers, then that which is between freinds; I would therefore desire the fair *Clelia* to permit *Aronces* to give his judgement of it, though I have lesse Interest in the kinde of tenderness replyed shee, then you have in that I have spoken of: Voluntarily consent that *Aronces* tell it you. If tis true you do not know it. Since you then permit me Madam sayd *Aronces*, I will boldly say, that tenderness is a quality more necessary for Love then freindship, for it is certain that that affection which is produced by the help of reason, and which is conducted and governed by it, may sometimes act in the hearts of those in which it is as if they had tenderness though naturally they had it not; but for Love which is ever incompatible with reason, and which at least can never be subject to it, it hath absolutely need of tenderness to correct its brutality stupidity and inconsideration. In effect, a Love without Tenderness hath nothing but impetuous desires which can be confined to no bounds nor limits, and a Lover which hath a like passion in his Soule, considers nothing but his own satisfaction without considering the honour of the person beloved, for one of the principal Offices of true tenderness is, that it takes much more care for the person it loves then its own, and a Lover which hath it not would do all that which might please him without any Reservation, and he would demand in a rude and uncivill way the greatest favours, as if they were due to him as a Tribute in effect, those fierce Lovers, which are enemyes of tenderness, and who defame it, are ordinarily insolent, uncivill, full of vanity, easie to anger, difficult to appease, indiscreet when they are favoured, insupportable when they are misused; They beleive the greatest worke of Love they can give, is always to wish to be made happy; for without that they know not neither favours nor graces: They are not contented with favourable regards, sweet speeches, and all those petty things which so elevate the beatitude of those which have tender soules, they are Lovers I say which read, but once the Letters of their mistresse, whose hearts have not joyfull emotion when they receive them, who neither know how to rave, speak idly, nor sigh agreeably, and are utterly ignorant of a certain pleasing melancholly which proceeds from the tendernesse of an amorous heart, and which is sometimes more pleasing then delight. These are Lovers I say of great noise, which makes all the proofes of their Love consists in exclusive expences, and which feel nothing of all those delicacies, this passion inspires their jealousie, even as more brutall then that of the Lovers which have a tender heart, for they often passe from hating their

Rivalls

Rivalls to hate their Mistresses, when on the contrary, those Lovers whose love are mingled with tenderness, sometimes so respect their mistresses, that they restrayn their anger against their Rivalls in some occasions, because they cannot do it without exasperating them. For my self sayd *Horatius*, I cannot discern Tenderness from Love in an amorous heart, for that passion when in its violent, so strongly operates in those hearts it possesses, that all the quality of their soules become as it is, or at least assume some amorous impression. Tis true replyed *Aronces*, that Love entirely possesseth the heart of a Lover, and it is likewise true, that he which hath an heart naturally tender, shall love more tenderly, then he which shall be of a temper more feirce and rude, and I maintain, to love well, a Lover must have a naturall tenderness, before he hath Love, and this precious and rare quality which is so necessary, to love well, can be hardly acquired, and it is truly a gift of the Gods, of which they are never prodigall, we may gain more spirit, we may correct our vices, and acquire all vertues, but we can never acquire tenderness, wee may without doubt sometimes disguise our selves, but it cannot be long, and those which have tendernes, know not how to deceive, in effect, all the words, all the regards, all the cares, all the actions of a Lover, who hath not a tender heart, are entyrely different from those of a Lover, which hath tendernes, for he hath sometimes respect without having a kind of sweet submission, which pleaseth much more, of civility without agreement, of obeysance without sweetnes, and even Love without a certain delicate sensibility, which alone causeth all the punishments and all the felicityes of Lovers, and which is in fine the truest mark of a perfect Lover, I likewise put for a foundation, that a tender Lover knowes not how neither to be unfaithfull cozening, vayn, insolent, nor indiscreet, and not to be deceived neither in Love nor freindship, we must as well examine if a Lover or a Friend have tenderness, as if they have Love or Freindship.

As *Aronces* had thus spoke, the Prince of *Numydia* entred, and a little after *Maharball*, so that the subject being changed by their coming, all the company after a little discourse went away with that violent Lover of *Clelia*. At our departure from thence, I went with *Aronces* to the Prince of *Carthage*, but though the incomparable *Amilcar* had this night there all the merrineſſe of his pleasant disposition, and that all those which were with the Prince of *Carthage* confessed they never had heard from him more agreeable things. *Aronces* appeared to be very melancholly, and his melancholly was so generally noted, that *Amilcar* demanded of me if I knew not the cause of it, so that having observed him more carefully, I noted that *Aronces* was not where he would be, so that when we were retyred, for we then lay together, I pressed him to tell me the cause of his melancholly, at first he would disguise the truth from me, but in the end when I did not think to ask him any more about it, because I beleeved hee would not tell mee, hee stayd himself after he had walked sometime, and looking stedfastly upon me, thus sayd, You are not very inquisitive, said he to me, to demand that which you would know, and you have sure little desire to redress my melancholly; since you press me no more, to tell you the cause of it, no *Aronces*, cryed I to him, fixing my eyes on him, nothing but to demand of you, to tell me whether you are amorous, your expressions almost betraying it; for in fine, I prayd you with tenderness to tell me that which caused your greif and you refused it mee: Nevertheless, a little after that you were angry, I demanded no more of you that you refused me, and I find you are even now disposed, to pray mee to hearken to that you would never tell mee, but in an instant, it is therefore I conclude with reason, and it seemeth to mee that you are amorous, since tis true that there is nothing but Love only which can frame such a fantasticall thing as this. Tis true *Celeres*, sayd he to me, I am amorous, and though you tax me with Injuries, you must be the only confident of my Passion, and I tell you that which it may be shall never be knowne, to the admirable person whom I adore, though I see her dayly, you love *Clelia* then sayd I to him; for it seemeth to me that tis but shee alone you dayly frequent, yes *Celeres*, I love *Clelia*, replyed he, & I love her ardently and so tenderly, that acording to all

appearances

pearances, I shall become the unhapiest man in the World; but it seemes to mee sayd I to him, that if I was in your place I should account my self very happy, for in fine, as you have beene brought up in *Clelius* his house, you live with *Clelia* with the same Liberty as if she was your sister, and her Father and Mother looke upon you in effect as if you were her Brother, tis true *Celeres*, replied he, but they looke not upon me as her Lover, and I am strongly perswaded, that if they looked upon me as such, they would hate me as much as they love me: And they would think to have right to accuse me of an horrible Ingratitude & terrible presumption. In effect I owe my life to the generous *Clelius*, and I know not to whom I owe my birth, he found me in the sea, he saved me from an eminent perill, he hath carefully Educated me, and I owe to him all my vertue, and I should be without doubt the basest of all men if I should voluntarily do any thing which might displease him; but though I am assured he will take it ill, that one unknown dare lifts his eyes towards his admirable daughter; I cannot hinder my self from doing it, and I feel I can never desert her love seeing my self likwise destin'd to live without hope I must prepare my self for imaginable torments, and I know nothing more cruel, then to have power to love without having ingratitude. You have a soul so great, & and heart so well made, replied I, that *Clelius* cannot doubt but your birth is illustrious, and if it was so, replied he, I should not be in hopes to possess *Clelia*, though she affected me, for since *Clelius* refus'ed her to *Maharball*, who is of an high birth, rich in possessions, and who hath the chiefest authority in one of the first Cities in the world, he would refuse an unhappy man that he alwayes lookt upon as an ungratefull, & who it may be would be lookt upon by *Clelia*, as a man who thinks to enrich himself by marrying her, and not to render himself happy by the only possession of her person; likewise my dear *Celeres*, my hopes are destitute of all releif, for if *Clelius* remaines in his wonted opinion he will never give his daugher but to a *Roman*, and if he changes it, he will give her apparantly to *Maharball*, but to tell you truth I do not much fear it, and I have likewise cause to complain that I am not a *Roman*, and if perhaps I should be of a birth proportionable to my thoughts, *Clelius* would refuse me *Clelia*, as he hath refused her to my Rivall; but alas! I am far from that Estate since I know my extraction, and that according to all appearances, I shall never know it, nevertheles I love *Clelia*, I love her without hope; and I love with a resolution not to tell her of it, and not to murmure if she is angry to be beloved of me, in case she denyes my passion, judge then my deare friend, if I have no cause of melancholly. For my self replied I, I am perswaded; that too great prudence is often needless in Love, without considering those things you have done, I would act divers wayes, for I would stirr against my passion as much as I could, and if I could not vanquish it, I would seek to perswade my self by all that which might flatter it, and I would forget nothing of all that which might agreeably deceive me: For the first, replied *Aronces*, I am resolved to do it, though I am perswaded I shall do it unprofitably; but in fine, I owe that to the generosity of *Clelius*, and it behoves me if he hath something one day to reproach me off, that I have at least nothing to reproach my self, but for the last I shall never be in a capacity to follow your councell for feare from seeking agreeably to deceive my self, I seek in despight to render my self most unhappy; in effect, there are many instances which makes me believe that *Clelius* shall never know my birth more then I, and there are others where I believe that I and he shall learn that I am son of some enemy to *Rome*, or some friend to *Tarquin*, I strangely deplore the misfortunes which happens to my friends, replied I to him, but I can never take pitty of those they make themselves, therefore you may not expect any compassion from me when you weave the webb of your own miseryes, after that as twas late we lay together, but I should falsifie the truth, if I say we slept, for *Aronces* did not sleep at all, and he waked me divers times to speak to mee of his passion, but in fine Madam, as he hath a marvellous generosity, hee effectually fancied with himself, to oppose his Love with all the power he could possible: and he forgot nothing to do it, for he went as little as hee could to the

places where *Clelia* was, he ſought *Clelius* in particular without ſeeking his admirable daughter, & he ſo ſtrongly attach't himſelf to the Prince of *Carthage* & *Amilcar*, that there was no perſon but believed he had more ambition then Love, *Horatius* though he was both his friend and his Rivall perceived not his Love to *Clelia*, the Prince of *Numidia* likewiſe ſuſpected it not, and *Clelia* did not imagine it, and becauſe ſhe would avoid to give any occaſion to the Prince of *Numidia* to mention his Love, ſhe had given ſuch a generall order not to leave her alone, that if *Aronces* had been bold enough to declare his affection to her, he would not have found an opportunity to have done it, ſo that as nothing more augments a breeding Love then the difficulty to tell it. *Horatius* on this ſide ſoon became as amorous as *Aronces*; but as he naturally lov'd to conceal all things; he declared nothing of his paſſion either to *Aronces* or to me, theſe two friends were likewiſe Rivalls without having cauſe to complain of one another, they being both ignorant of their Loves, for the Prince of *Numydia* he look't upon *Aronces* as if he had been *Clelius* his brother, he gave to him many teſtimonies of friendſhip, without diſcovering his paſſion to him, to the end that being his friend hee might favour him when occaſion ſhould preſent For *Maharbal* the leſs correſpondency hee found in *Clelias* heart, the more his paſſion augmented, and the more reaſons *Clelius* obliged to him to reprove that he ought not to think of marrying his daughter at *Carthage* ſince he had an intention to go ſpeedily to *Rome*, the more obſtinate he was to compaſs his deſign, ſo that *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* were extreamly afflicted to ſee themſelves in the power of an amorous perſon to whom they would refuſe all that which might give any ſatisfaction to his Love. On the other ſide; though *Sulpicia* teſtified to have much friendſhip for *Horatius* becauſe *Clelius* would have it ſo, twas true, that in the bottom of her heart ſhe had a ſecret diſpoſition not to render Juſtice to his merit, becauſe he was ſon to a perſon of whom *Clelius*, had been very amorous, and whom he thought heretofore to have marryed, ſo that *Sulpicia* yet retaining ſome reſentments of jealouſie which perſwaded her that her husband did not love *Horatius*, but becauſe he had yet ſome agreeable remembrance of the love he had for his Mother, had without doubt leſs diſpoſition to love him then *Clelius*, and ſhe loved more tenderly *Aronces* then *Horatius*, for *Clelia*, ſhe eſteemed them both; but as ſhe was equitable, ſhe ſaw that if there were any equality between theſe two men as reflecting on the qualities eſſentiall neceſſary for vertuous perſons, there was not ſo much for the agreement of the humour as that of their perſon, being certain that *Aronces* as much excells his Rivall, as his Rivall exceeds all others, ſo *Clelia* leaned, by choice, on the ſide of *Aronces*, and having lived with him from her infancy, as if he had been her brother, there was between her and him a greater familiarity then between *Horatius* and her, though he was a *Roman*, and though *Clelius* commanded her to live with him, as if ſhe had been his ſiſter, things being then on theſe terms, there was ſome factions at *Carthage* which are unneceſſary to mention wherein the illuſtrious Prince that *Amilcar* followed, had ſome part, ſo that the intereſt of his affaires obliging him to retire to *Utica* which depends on him, he went thither followed by his creatures, ſo that *Aronces* finding this occaſion to ſeparate himſelf from *Clelia* for to endeavour to heal himſelf by his abſence, followed him likewiſe; for *Clelius* voluntarily conſented that *Aronces* to whom Fortune ſeemed to have not left any eſtabliſhment ſhould ſeek one nigh a great Prince; ſo *Aronces* departed from *Carthage* with his conſent, he not imagining he went from thence to endeavour not to have more Love for his admirable daughter, but that which is moſt remarkable, was, that the Prince of *Numydia* and *Horatius* who knew not that *Aronces* was their Rivall, did all what they could to hinder him from following the Prince of *Carthage*; for as they both knew he was much their friend, and that they noted he was very well beloved by *Clelia*, they imagined they ſhould looſe much in looſing him, and that when the time ſhould come when they might diſcover the paſſion they had in their ſoules, they ſhould be much aſſiſted by him; but in fine, the Prince of *Numydia* and *Horatius* without telling the true reaſon

which

which obliged them to counſell *Aronces*, not to go with the Prince of *Carthage* and *Aronces* without telling them why hee did not follow their counſells; wee departed as I haue before told you: *Aronces* not having entertained *Clelia* in particular, for he bid her adieu in the preſence of *Sulpicia* and *Herſilia*, and I, who knew only the ſecret of his heart alone, perceived the reluctancy which he had to depart from *Clelius* his houſe, for we entred in again three times upon ſuch pretences, that at laſt he was conſtrained to ſay he had forgotten that which obliged him to reenter ſo little true reſemblance he found in the pretences he invented to ſee *Clelia* once more, but in the end Madam, we went to *Utica*, where *Aronces* became more amorous, and by conſequence more miſerable then at *Carthage*, where there arrived many things ſince our departure. For you ſhall know Madam, that *Maharball* who had a paſſion in his ſoule the moſt violent in the world, not ſuſpecting that the Prince of *Numydia* who was his Hoſtage had any deſign, for *Clelia* ſpoke to him of nothing but his Love, of the Injuſtice of *Clelius*, and the cruelty of his Daughter, conjuring him to counſell them both to change their thoughts: For in the end, ſaid he, to the Prince *Adherball*, if it be not a terrible thing to hear *Clelius* ſay he would not marry his Daughter till he return to *Rome*, he which hath been exil'd ſo long from it, he which is *Tarquins* mortall enemy, who raigneth with ſo abſolute an authority, that tis not credible any power can pull him from the Throne on which his cruelty hath ſo firmly ſeated him, yet *Clelius* pretends not to marry his Daughter but when he ſhall return to *Rome*, or at leaſt not to marry her to any but a *Roman*, it muſt then of neceſſity be, that he will give the faireſt and propereſt perſon on the earth to be a baniſhed Criminall, or at the moſt to an unhappy Exil'd: Judge then if I have no reaſon to complain of *Clelius*, and if I may not beleive, that either he or *Clelia* have a ſecret averſion againſt me, which they dare not teſtifie to me becauſe they are under my power, but to hinder theſe things purſued he, I pray you when you find a fit occaſion to endeavour to make them take better thoughts for fear they force me to act thoſe things which will not be pleaſing to them, the Prince of *Numydia* hearing *Maharball* ſpeak in this manner, was ſo ſurprized and aſtoniſhed at it, that the agitation of his heart appeared in deſpight of him in his eyes, and it being diſcern'd by *Maharball*, he endeavoured to recall himſelf; but he wholly diſcovered it by his words, for as he would not tell *Maharball* that *Clelius* was too blame, and that he durſt not tell him that he had reaſon, he took a man; which perſwaded him to whom he ſpoke, that he was his Rivall; In effect, he ſo aggravated the love the *Romans* have for their Country, the Injuſtice they had to put a vaſt difference between ſtrangers and them, and to perſwade him, that as *Clelius* had ſought an *Aſylum* in the City where he had the greateſt authority, hee was obliged not to violence him in a thing which ought to be done freely with many other reaſons which ſerved not; but to evidence to *Maharball* that this Prince was amorous of *Clelia*; and that he had choſen an ill Confident, ſo that this thought exciting a grand diſturbance in his ſpirit, he left the Prince of *Numydia*, and without any delay went to *Sulpicias* houſe, where after ſome generall converſation, hee found occaſion to ſpeak particularly to *Clelia*, and he endeavoured to perſwade her that it ſhould be very ſtrange to her that *Clelius* ſhould pretend to marry her, but when he returned to *Rome*, or at leaſt not to marry her but to an unhappy exile, when he might give her the firſt ranke in one of the chiefeſt Cities in the world. Sir, ſaid *Clelia* to him, it is not for me to examine my Father the reaſon why he refuſed the honour you do him; and it implies I know that I ſhould commit a great offence by not obeying him, for to oblige me with blindneſs to follow his deſires, but to the end, that all your hatred ſhould not fall on him, I ingeniouſly confeſs that I ſhould obey him with an extream grief, if he ſhould command me to eſpouſe an *Affrican*, and ſo deſtroy my hope of ſeeing *Rome*. For it is true that there is in my heart ſo ſtrong a Love for my Fathers Country, that would render me very unhappy to take from me the hope of dying there; If I dye not ſoon at *Carthage*, replyed *Maharball*, there is no appearance you will ever live at *Rome*,

alas

alas sir, replyed *Clelia*, as long as it is under the power of *Tarquin*, I shall not go thither, but I should be very sorry to loose the hope of it, therefore I intreat you not to persist to oblige my Father to consent to your desires, and to have the generosity to enter into his thoughts, and to beleive that if he were a Roman, he would prefer you before all other Romans, and since, added this discreet mayd, he refuses you a thing which is so little advantageous for you, that you ought rather to thank him then to complain, for in the end, if he accords to that which you seem to desire, every one will reproach you, for your preferring the daughter of an unhappy Exile before so many fair persons which are at *Carthage*, and whose aliance may be more sutable and agreeable for you. No, no, unjust *Clelia*, sayd he to her do not seek to perswade me that there can be any thing more agreeable or glorious then the conquest of your heart, for it cannot be; and permit me to tell you, that if you were as prudent as fair, you might tell the unjust *Clelius*, that *Tarquin* is more powerfull at *Rome* then ever, and that according to all appearances, he will not permit him to return thither, that it is very dubious whether fortune hath sent more Romans to chuse exile then he hath put to death, and if it were not so, it would be easie to consummate your Nuptialls at *Carthage*, if it were for any other then *Maharball*, and tell to him I pray you that he may be happy if he will, and that hee may render himself miserable if he renders me so: Ah sir, replied *Clelia* generously, I know not how to threaten my Father, but I can tell him that if my life is an obstacle to the tranquility of his, I am ready to sacrifice it for his content so that taking from you the cause of your love, I might take away your hatred against him: As *Clelia* had thus spoken, the Prince of *Numydia* entred, and seeing *Maharball* with her, he blusht for anger, and he seeing the change of his countenance was confirmed in those thoughts he already had, and the better for to clear his suspition, he continued to speak low to *Clelia*, whilst *Aderball* spoke to *Sulpicia*, and to the other Ladyes which were with her, but as he is naturally violent, he could not suffer this long particular entertainment without testifying much anger, so that *Maharball* not doubting but that he was his Rivall, took a resolution to distrust him instead of confiding in him, as he had designed, and as the generall affairs of the Republick gave him not so much leasure as his passions required, he must of necessity go from thence and leave his Rivall with his Mistress, and in effect, though *Clelia* sought carefully to avoid speaking particularly to the Prince of *Numydia*, since he had discovered his love to her, she did not do it this day with the same care, for she had her spirit so distracted with *Maharballs* expressions, that she thought on nothing else, so that she not taking notice of it, the Prince of *Numydia*, came to her, and began to speak to her as a man which had some particular thing to tell her, *Clelia* comming to her self, turned towards him and prayd him not to oblige her to fly him, as she would ever do, if he continued to speak of his Passion, for in the end, sayd she to him, if you persevere in it, you will force me to take a resolution not to consider you as you are a great Prince, but to look on you as a man which esteems me not, since he takes no care but to displease me. would to the Gods Madam, said the Prince of *Numydia* to her, that I had never told you I loved you, this wish without doubt is a wish very extraordinary from a passionate Lover as I am, but tis true that I now do nothing but strive to repell the passion I have in my soule that you might be ignorant of it, though I know t'will continue till death: but Madam, that which makes me speak as I do, is, that I must advertise you, that if you do not soon depart from *Carthage* you expose your selfe to be the unhappiest person in the world, and that offering you an *Asilum* in the Court of the King my Father, I fear you will not go thither because I have discovered to you my Love. Nevertheless I swear and protest unto you, that though I am more amorous then *Maharball*, I will never be so unjust as he.

Clelia hearing the Prince speak in this manner, was extreamly surprized at it, for she knew well that he knew something where she had an Interest, and spake to him with more affability then usuall, to the end to oblige him to tell her that which

which made him use this Language, and in effect the Prince recounted to her the conversation which he had with *Maharball*, continuing in pursuit to offer her an Asilum in *Numidia*, and protested to her with as much Generosity as Love, that if he should be constrained to make war to defend her, he would do it with much joy; *Clelia* thankt him very civilly for the offer he made her, assuring him nevertheless that she beleived that her Father would not not ought not to accept it, adding further, that for all that she should remain much obliged to him for it; but *Aderball* not holding himself refused for what *Clelia* sayd to him, spoke the next day to *Clelius*, and so lively represented to him the grandure of *Maharballs* Love, his authority, and the violence of his Nature, that hee made him easily comprehend that his sojourn at *Carthage* was very dangerous, but after that hee offered him that which he had already offered to *Clelia*, so that *Clelius* who knew not that this Prince was amorous of his Daughter, admired his generosity, and give him innumerable prayses, but after all, Sir, sayd he to him, when hee had left praysing him, it would not be just it may be to begin again the war between *Numydia* and *Carthage*, for a thing where my unhappy family have only interest, you are in a hostage for a treaty of peace which is not yet entyrely executed. Likewise Sir, I should be very unjust, if I should expose you to be evill treated by *Maharball*, and if I should involve the King your Father in new wars with this Republick; and therefore since *Carthage* is no more an Asilum for mee, I must endeavour to depart from it, and to go seek one farther off, where *Maharball* hath no power to hurt me, for I have long had a great desire to approach *Rome* the Prince of *Numydia* was not fully satisfied with these reasons, but told *Clelius* that it would be difficult for him to go by sea, and that it would be easier for him to go by Land into *Numydia*, but whatsoever he could tell him, the generous *Clelius* beleived not, that seeing the termes in which were the things betweene these two States, hee ought to accept the offer of *Aderball*, and having an effect all desire to approach *Rome*, it was more easie for him to be generous, and to refuse the Prince of *Numydia*, who found himself in a strange perplexity, so that he saw himself necessitated to desire her absence, whose person he loved, and to be seperated for ever from her, but he found himself yet in a greater inquietude, for as he observed *Maharball* more narrowly, he discovered that he had a design to arrest *Clelius*, making him to be accused for machinating somthing against the Republick, and to have secret Intelligences with the Prince of *Carthage* with whom *Aronces* was then, for things were very much imbroyled since the departure of this Prince. That which obliged *Maharball* to contrive this design, was, that he hoped that being Master of the life of *Clelius*, he should soon gain *Clelia*, whom he thought would not refuse to marry him to give life and liberty to her Father; so that the Prince of *Numidia* beleeving that the design of *Maharball* might succeed, and that hee should see him possessed of *Clelia*, if hee should not advise *Clelius* speedily of it, he ballanced it not long, and went to see *Clelia* at the same time, though he beleeved this advise would accelerate his departure, tis true, that in the force of his passion he had a design to follow her without telling her any thing of it; but in fine Madam, to hast my self to tell you that which passed, you shall know that the Prince of *Numidia* after he had told *Clelia* the most passionate things that can be imagined, spoke to *Clelius*, to whom hee had made known so precisely the unjust design of *Maharball*, that after he had consulted with *Horatius* and *Sulpicia* about it, hee was resolved that they should thinke no more of any thing but to depart speedily from *Carthage*, the occasion presented it self very favourable, for there was a *Syracusian* vessell ready to set sayle, so that *Clelius* secretly treating with him who commanded it, hee promised to receive him and all his family into his ship, the next night which preceded his departure, and in effect without troubling my self to tell you the unprofitable particulars, it suffices that you know that in despight of all the foresight of *Maharball*, the care of the Prince of *Numidia*, *Clelia* and *Horatius* came to so good a conclusion, that this illustrious *Roman* family embarqued one night without being perceived, so that this vessel of *Syracuse* departed from the

Port at the break of day. *Maharball* not knowing any thing of it till night, for as he beleeved *Aderball* was amorous of *Clelia*, he ſuſpected not he would have aſſiſted her flight, ſo that having ſeen him all the day, this Prince had dextrouſly hindred him from going to *Clelius* his houſe, to the end he ſhould not follow *Clelia*, with hope to find her: For the time had been ſo favourable, that there was no appearance that any other veſſell could joyn that which carryed this fayre and admirable Virgin; but though the Prince of *Numydia* conſtrayned himſelf as much as hee could that hee might not appear too melancholly, he was ſo penſive that when *Maharball* came to know the departure of *Clelius* and his family, hee doubted not but *Aderball* was acquainted with it, he learnt likewiſe his departure in ſuch a manner, which much excited his anger; ſince hee knew not that *Clelius* was departed; but when he ſent at night to his houſe to arreſt him as a Criminall, he uſed the flight of *Clelius* to authoriſe this violence, for he aſſembled all the *Soffetts*, (for ſo they call thoſe who ſhare the Government of the Republick) and told them it did evidently appear he was a Criminall, becauſe he was fled.

In the mean while, as he was moſt violent, hee heard ſomthing from *Aderball*, which made him beleeve he was acquainted with *Clelius* his flight, ſo that he ſecured his perſon, publiſhing that he had a hand in all that *Clelius* had plotted with *Aronces* and *Amilcar*. *Maharball* ſeeking by this means to revenge on his Rivall the inſenſibility of his Miſtreſs, and it may be, hee beleeved likewiſe to finde *Clelia*, becauſe hee imagined that the veſſell of *Syracuſa*, in which ſhe was embarqued ſhould not be uſed, but to depart from *Carthage*, and ſhould land her, to go to ſeek an Aſilum where *Aderball* would meet her as ſoone as hee ſhould be free, ſo that in this opinion the Prince was kept very exactly, and treated with much rigour. *Maharball* likewiſe ſent divers veſſells after that, which had conveyed away his Miſtreſſe, though with little hope; for beſides that he beleeved not, ſhe took the way of *Syracuſe*, it had been ſo long ſince her departure, that there was no hope to find her again. Nevertheleſſe as tis the property of Love not to neglect any thing; *Maharball* had rather do an hundred unprofitable things then to miſs one which might ſerve him.

But whilſt this irritated Lover knew not on whom to revenge the unhappy ſucceſſe of his Love, and that hee revenged himſelf on another Lover which was no better uſed then he, during I ſay that, that the unhappy *Aderball* ſuffered an unjuſt Impriſonment, and that he endured incredible evills.

Aronces who knew nothing of that which paſſed at *Carthage*, knew that abſence could not heal him; and repented himſelf for leaving *Clelia*, for in the Eſtate in which things then were, there was no means to think of returning to *Carthage*, ſo that *Aronces* was ſo ſad and melancholly, that his greif could hardly receive any increaſe; but melancholly much more invaded his cogitations, when a ſlave brought him a Letter that *Clelius* had written him upon his departure, and that hee had truſted to that ſlave which gave it him, at firſt he had much joy becauſe he hoped to have newes of *Clelia*, but he had in purſuit an unequalled deſparation when he ſaw that, that Letter which was given him contained theſe words, if my memory deceive me not.

CLELIUS to ARONCES.

DIvers important reaſons make mee depart from Carthage, *to come nigher* Rome, *I know not whether I ſhall chooſe* Syracuſe *or* Capua *for my Aſilum, but in what place of the world ſoever I am, I ſhall be alwaies ready to receive you as if you were my ſon, in caſe the changes of the Court wherein you are, oblige you to leave it, and if the Gods hinder me from making a ſecond ſhipwrack on the ſame ſea, where they put you into my armes, you may aſſure your ſelf of a houſe in all places where I ſhall have one for my ſelf. I mention nothing of* Sulpitia, Horatius *and* Clelia, *for they know not of my writing to you.*

After

After that *Aronces* had read this Letter, hee gave it mee to read, and told mee many touching things which would excite compassion in your heart, if I should relate them to you. *Amilcar* a little after, coming into his Chamber, learnt us the Imprisonment of the *Numidian* Prince, the fury of *Maharball*, and confirmed the flight of *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, *Horatius*, and *Clelia*, and likewise told us *Maharball's* design to arrest *Clelius*, and that they had carryed their most precious things along with them, and this designe had been so discreetly carryed that not any one suspected it, but as *Maharball*, added he, used the Prince of *Carthage* his name to prosecute *Clelius*, though there is great likelihood he acted rather the part of an incensed Lover, then of a good Citizen. I come to assure you on the Princes part, that he will recompence you for all the misfortunes *Clelius* hath suffered, and that there is nothing in fine, but you may expect from him. For my particular pursued he, I offer you all that which is in my power, and I think you may assure your self to be happy. *Amilcar* added in pursuit many obliging things where I might take part, and where *Aronces*, and I answered with all the civility and acknowledgment that we ought to have for such generous offers, but though *Aronces* strangely constrained himself, it was impossible for him to conceal his extream melancholly; Nevertheless at first he was not astonished at it, for as he knew that *Aronces* loved *Clelius*, as if hee had been his Father, he imagined twas a greif which proceeded from his tenderness for him, But as he saw him dayly become more melancholly, he suspected somethiog of the true cause of his sadness, and drawing me apart, he prayed mee to tell him, if *Aronces* was not amorous of *Clelia*, so that not judging that it was disadvantageous to my freind to confess this truth to *Amilcar*. I told him that *I* believed he was not deceived, and that *I* extreamly feared that his greif for her absence would bring him to the margent of his grave: As *Amilcar* dearly loved *Aronces*, he did all that which he could to divertise him, hee which is the most divertizing of all men, by his greif was too strong to be over power'd, and *I* can assure you that since hee knew the departure of *Clelia*, there past not a minute but his greif agumented that which rendred it more powerfull, was, that he knew that reason would have him oppose his passion, and remain with the *Carthaginian* Prince, where he found all that he could wish for in his present estate of fortune, for as this Prince very much esteemed him, he might hope a considerable establishment with him; *Amilcar* dearly loved him, this Court was most splendent and delectable, and considering the state of things, the Prince of *Carthage* would soon set on foote a great design, the happy succes wherof would put him in a capacity to accumulate honour and riches all on those which should be followers of his fortune, as *Aronces* one day told me (aggravating his misfortune) that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for in fine my dear *Celeres*, sayd he to me, after he had confessed to me, he was resolved to leave *Affrica*, and to go to finde *Clelia*, *I* do not beleeve there is a more miserable man then *I*, and whosoever considers the deplorable condition in which *I* now am, shall without doubt finde that since Love makes men unhappy, there never hath been no Lover which had so little reason to hope to be beloved or to continue to love. First *Clelia*, pursued he, knows not that *I* love her, and *I* ought not to make it known to her, whilst *I* know not who *I* am.

Moreover, *Clelius* seeming to be resolved not to give his daughter but to a Roman, tis assured that *I* ought never to pretend thereto, since according to all appearances *I* am not a Roman born, if it should be so, it should be then of some unhappy Roman, without virtue or quality, for if there had been any man of quality exiled which had been shipwrack'd and who had lost a son in the sea, *Horatius* would have told it *Clelius*, having told him all the sad accidents which hapned at *Rome* since his departure, be it those which he hath seen with his owne eyes, or that which he heard from others, but though I know not whence I am, yet it seemes I certainly conjecture that I am not a Roman, and that consequently I can never pretend to *Clelia*, you are so ingenious to persecute your selfe, I told him, that if you would as much seek to asswage the evill which torments you, you would quickly

come

come to the end of it, ah *Celeres* cryed he, if you knew the nature of the evill of which I speak; you would soon see it is immedicable for if I remain here, I shall dye the most despairing of all men, and if I go to find *Clelia*, as I will infallibly, I shall without doubt act the most irrationalst things that can be, since I ought not to tell her I love her: If I would not reward *Clelius* with Ingratitude to whom I owe all things, and so I shall leave a great hope of Fortune to undertake a voyage to go see a person whom I adore, with intention never to tell it her, and with a strange desire to tell it her a thousand times a day if I could; Judge then *Celeres* if I am in a happy condition: Nevertheless I must and will part, for my Love perswades there is no misery which equalls absence, when absence is not strong enough to destroy Love, I therefore find my self so perplexed, when *I* think *Clelius* will demand of me that which so soon obliges me to return to him, for shall I tell him a lye, if I tell him that I am exiled? and that *I* am unworthy the care hee hath taken of me? and likewise if I should tell him that my freindship towards him could not permit me to stay longer, and ought I not to fear? that when hee demands the cause of my return that he would hate me, and that he will force me to depart for ever from the person whom I love: But after all, let happen what pleases the Gods, for I declare to you I cannot do otherwise. In Effect, Madam, *Aronces* relying on *Amilcars* freindship, told him all that which I could not deny him, and caused so great compassion in him, that hee commanded him in the name of the Prince of *Carthage* to go to *Clelius*; but for to dissemble his return, *Amilcar* obliged the Prince to charge *Aronces* to negotiate something at *Syracuse* for to endeavour to dis-unite *Sycily* from the Interest of *Carthage*, and *Amilcar* to finish his generosity, made him such magnificent presents, that hee put him in a condition not to want the assistance of *Clelius* when he should return to him. So Madam there being a ship of Warr prepared for us, wee parted from *Utica*, and took the way of *Syracuse*, with intention if we did not finde *Clelius* there, to land nigh the mouth of the River *Vulturnus*, to go by land to *Capua*, which is but twelve miles from the sea. I shall not tell you Madam what was *Aronces* affliction when he went to take his leave of the Prince of *Carthage*, and separated himself from *Amilcar*, for I cannot expresse unto you, all that the tenderness of freindship and the violence of Love made him feel in this encounter, but 'tis true, that when he was ready to depart, he began to fear he should be more unhappy, when hee should bee with *Clelia*, then when hee was from her; but hee changed his thoughts when we were embarqued, for as the wind was favourable hee had a joy that I cannot express in the thought, that every moment he approachd nigh *Clelia*: Tis true, that this favorable wind lasted not long, for the next evening we saw a far off a light cloud rise on: of the sea, which without terrifying us we fixt our eyes on it, but we were suddenly astonished when we saw the Pilot who guided us, affrighted at it, and began to give orders to all the Marriners of our vessell to the end they should prepare themselves for a great tempest, at first wee beleeved hee abused us, and we could not comprehend that a thing which had nothing terrible to look upon, should be in the forerunner of a dreadfull tempest, but hardly had we the leisure to think the Pilots supposition was but ill grounded, when we saw insensibly the sea covered with great billowes of foame which did the same effect over this immense sea, as flocks disperst over great vast plaines, a little after we heard a roaring which was something terrible, though it seemed to come a far off, and a little after that we heard a clap of Thunder on our left hand, which by a sudden flash of Lightning gave us a happy presage, for you know, Madam, the *Etrurians* which are the most skilfullest people in the world in matter of Divinations, have learnt us, that when the Thunder goes from the left to the right tis a happy presage, but when it goes from the right to the left tis an in-auspicious Omen. Nevertheless though *Aronces* and I knew this sign was not unhappy, we saw little appearance of good luck, for it seemed this Clap of Thunder had been a signall to unchaine the winds, and the sea roard horribly, and all the waves clasht so rudely against each other, that they utterly destroyed our hopes, and truly, Madam, *I*

cannot

cannot tell you in what extreams we then were, when the night ſtealing on us on a ſudden, expoſed us to the fury of the waves and winds, as long as it laſted, ſome times our ſhip climed the Clouds, and in a moment ſeemed to deſcend into a profound Abiſme, and the tempeſt turned it in deſpight of the Pilots art, and put us every moment in eſtate of ſhipwrack, likewiſe all the Marriners left their Offices, and the Pilot ſupplicated himſelf on his helm, and invoked *Neptune* with a high voice, expecting ſuccour but from him alone, for *Aronces* I confeſs his conſtancy gave me it, for after he had remitted himſelf to the conduct of the Gods, hee had as much tranquility in his ſoule, as if he had not been in danger, and for to give you a ſenſible mark of his conſtancy, I ſhall tell you that in the middle of this terrible tempeſt, he ſpake to me of *Clelia*, and told me that if hee dyed, as there was great appearance, he ſhould dye with greif not to have made known to that fair perſon the love he had for her. But in fine Madam, as the tempeſt began at the ſetting of the Sun, it diminiſht at break of day, and that glorious celeſtiall Luminary bringing back the calme with the Light, wee ſaw a little after the waves by little and little to abate, but we perceived at the ſame time, that we were ſo nigh a great veſſell, that we might diſcern it was a veſſell of War, our Pilot who ſeemed not to be deſtin'd this voyage, but to anounce us evill newes, told us that the tempeſt was paſt, but that we were no leſſe in danger, becauſe the ſhip we ſaw was a cruell Pirate which did nothing elſe but interrupt the commerce of *Sicily* and *Carthage* by the continuall prizes he took. At theſe words, *Aronces* taking the word to anſwer him, as twas your part to command during the tempeſt, ſayd he to him, it is for you to obey during a combat, therefore make us board this veſſell, for as it hath been beaten by the tempeſt, as well as ours, we fight with equall advantages, and we ſhall fight it may be better then Pirates, at firſt the pilot made a difficulty to obey, and would at leaſt reaſon on the thing, but *Aronces* having abſolutely commanded him to follow his Orders, and to endeavour to gain the wind that wee might be the aſſailants, he obeyed with fear and ſo well playd his part, that wee got the wind of the Pyrate, tis true, that as he was accuſtomed to vanquiſh, and that our veſſell was leſſe then his, he perſiſted not in endeavovring to gain from us this advantage, and ſeeking to board us as wee did him, we joyned together, and we ſaw on an inſtant the enemyes deck filled with armed ſouldiers, which by their countenance only might intimidate thoſe which ſaw them, for as they were men which along time had been continually inur'd to War and the ſea, they were more ſwarthy and blacker then *Affricans* though they belonged to the Ile of *Cyrne* and they had ſuch a ſavage and fierce ſerioſity on their faces, that twas eaſie to judge they paſſed all their life in ſlaughter and blood, they had likewiſe the ruſticity of ſea men, the cruelty of ſouldiers, determined in their eyes' their hayr long black hanging negligently, their habits were not uniforme but different, becauſe they were ſuch as they had took from thoſe shey vanquiſht, but for their armes they were magnificent, and it appeared ſo well by their countenance that they were accuſtomed to fight and overcome, that I beleeved we ſhould be vanquiſhed; for we had not ſo many men as wee ſaw in their veſſell, and they were not without doubt ſo warlike.

Aronces thought to dye with honour, rather then to have the victory; when he ſaw that multitude of Enemyes which ſo reſolutely expected him: The Captain of thoſe Pyrats put himſelf at the head of the others when our veſſel joyn'd, he was well advanced in age, he had many hurts on his face which disfigured him, but hee was ſo magnificently armed, and he had ſo fierce a countenance, as disfigured as he was, he was eaſily known to be the Maſter of thoſe which inviron'd him. As we were in this poſture, Madam, and ready to grapple, wee heard that cruell Pyrat inſolently command ſome of his men, that they ſhould prepare chaines ready to chaine us, adding, that it would not be difficult for him to vanquiſh us; but as ſoon as he had pronounced theſe words, *Aronces* who felt himſelf outraged, caſt at him a Javelin he had in his hand, and leaping into the Enemyes veſſell followed by me and ten or twelve others, we began the terribleſt fight which was ever ſeen,

I ſhall not exactly particulariſe it, becauſe I have many other things to tell you, but you muſt know that *Aronces* gave ſuch teſtimonyes of ſuch a prodigious valour, that I may ſay, he only merited all the glory of this great action: At firſt he aſſailed the Captain of the Pyrats, being cloſed together, they were both ready to fall in the ſea, when they heard a great noiſe at the other end of the veſſell, which ſuſpending the fury of theſe two fierce Enemyes, made them retain and leave one another, and they turned their heads towards the place where the noiſe was, but *Aronces* was aſtoniſhed when hee ſaw *Clelius* and *Horatius* with ſome others loaded with chaines, who did all they could to take armes from the ſouldiers which would re inchain them, this ſurprizing object making *Aronces* believe that *Clelia* was this Pyrats captive, heightned his courage; but that which augmented it was that this fierce Pyrat againſt whom he fought, no ſooner ſaw ſome of his men endevouring to re-inchain *Horatius* and *Clelius*, but he commanded them to kill them inſtead of troubling themſelves to remit them to their irons, and in effect the cruell miniſters of ſuch a bloody man, put themſelves in duty to obey him, and would effectually have done it, if *Aronces* after he had given him a reverſe blowon the head which ſtund him, had not gone directly to thoſe which would have killed *Clelius* and *Horatius*, if he had not relcived them at that inſtant; but as hee at firſt killed the one, and hurt two other, he had the advantage to render to *Clelius* that which he owed to him by ſaving his life, and hee likewiſe ſaved his Rivalls, thinking he had only ſaved it to his freind. Nevertheleſſe, this cruell Pyrate being come from his ſtupification, came again to the charge, followed by his men; but as *Clelius* and *Horatius* had taken ſwords from thoſe *Aronces* had hurt, they ſeconded him, and I likewiſe whilſt the reſt of our men fought at the other end of the veſſell: The pyrate then ſeeing that which he little expected, gave command to rally all his men; and to caſt all the priſoners and the captives into the ſea, to the end that thoſe which kept them might come to fight, ſo that *Aronces* hearing this terrible command, and *Clelius* crying to him, that it was not ſufficient to have ſaved his life, if he did not likewiſe ſave *Sulpicias* and *Clelias*. *Aronces* performed actions I cannot repreſent to you, for he kild or hurt all thoſe he met, and that which wound up his courage to ſuch a prodigious height, was, that he heard *Clelius* voyce which endeavoured by her complaints to attenerate the hearts of thoſe mercileſſe pyrats, which would have caſt her into the ſea, ſo that precipitating himſelf in the middle of thoſe which environd the Captain of thoſe pyrats, he thruſt his ſword through his body, and after he had ſeen him fall down dead, hee went to the place where he heard the voyce of *Clelia*, and he arrived ſo happily, that hee hindred her from being caſt into the ſea, by killing him that would have committed that barbarous action. Tis true, *Horatius* followed him very nigh, but twas *Aronces* which ſaved the life of that admirable virgin and her virtuous Mother; but in exchange *Horatius* ſaved *Aronces* by killing a man which would have wounded him behind, and as the death of the pyrats Captain had abated the hearts of the others, and that the moſt part of our men followed us and fought very valiantly, the pyrats ſaw themſelves conſtrained to render their Armes, and to receive chaines from them to whom they would have given them, ſo that by this means *Aronces* ſaved *Clelius* his life, his wifes, and the admirable *Clelias*, *Horatius* and many others, and ſaw himſelfe Maſter of the richeſt booty that was ever taken in one veſſell, without having received one hurt, though hee had been in great danger, but that which was the ſweeteſt of the victory, was, that he received a thouſand prayſes from *Clelius* and as many thanks from *Clelia*, and after he had cauſed the dead to be thrown into the ſea, chained all the vanquiſhed, and commanded to have a care of the wounded, and eſtabliſhed Orders in theſe two veſſells. *Aronces* made *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, and his admirable Daughter come into ours, and left me with ſome ſouldiers in that we had taken; for my part I would have had *Horatius* have ſtayed there likewiſe, but he ſo reſiſted it, that he followed the object of his paſſion, we ſuſpecting nothing of his Love: But in fine, Madam, we knew afterwards, that this cruell Pyrate that we had met, had taken the

veſſell

veſſell in which *Clelius* and his family were embarqued at *Carthage*, and that when we had found him, he had reſolved to take the way of *Cumes*, for to go to ſell *Clelia* to the Tyrant *Alexideſme*, who now raigneth there, and whom you know, Madam, to lead the moſt irregular life of any man in the World. Wee knew likewiſe, that this Pyrate after he had carryed into his veſſell all that which was in that of *Clelius*, had treated with thoſe he had commerce for all the prizes that he had taken, and that which was admirable, was, that hee found there all that which belonged to *Clelius* even to the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found on the ſea by that illuſtrious *Roman*.

In the mean time we conſulted on the way we ſhould take, and for to hold this counſell, our veſſells were joyned together.

I perſwaded this Illuſtrious Company to ſeek a Retreat at *Capua*, where I promiſed *Clelius* and the others to give them for their Friends all thoſe I had there, and to render them all the Services I might; nevertheleſs as *Aronces* told *Clelius* that his return was caus'd by ſome Orders that the Prince of *Carthage* had given him to go to negotiate ſomthing for him at *Syracuſa*, he was reſolv'd that it ſhould be there that we ſhould go to land, and that we ſhould paſs afterwards from thence to a port nigh the place where the River *Vulturnus* calls it ſelf into the Sea, for as you know, Madam, *Capua* is but twelve miles diſtant from that place, and in effect, the thing was ſo executed: we were ſome daies at *Syracuſa*, from whence we ſent back the Veſſels the Prince of *Carthage* had lent us, *Aronces* feigning to render him an account of his Negotiation though he writ to him but to thank him, as likewiſe to *Amilcar*, but that, Madam, which was moſt fair to *Aronces*, was that he would not attribute to himſelf that rich booty he had taken, and that he would content himſelf with the benefits of the *Carthaginian* Prince, *Clelius* ſaid he had not any part therein, *Horatius* ſaid the ſame, and I maintain'd as the others that *Aronces* alone had right to diſpoſe of that prodigious riches, ſo that after a long conteſtation, where we all declar'd it to him: Since tis ſo, ſaid he to us, I give all the right I have to ——— he would ſay *Clelia*, but fearing to diſcover his love, after he had a little recollected himſelf, inſtead of ſaying *Clelia*, he ſaid *Clelius*, and in effect he would in deſpight of him that he ſhould diſpoſe of this precious Prize; tis true, he diſpos'd of it in a manner worthy of his generoſity, for he gave a great part of it to *Horatius*, to have means to ſubſiſt during his Exile; he conſtrain'd me likewiſe to accept of a great part of this Booty: He gave one part to the poor Romans exiled by *Tarquin* which were retir'd to *Syracuſa*, and made an Offering of the reſt to that famous Temple builded on the top of the renowned Mountain *Erice*; but in fine, Madam, without ſtaying my ſelf to tell you a hundred unneceſſary things: I ſhall tell you in two words, that we paſs'd from *Scicily* into *Campania* and from thence to *Capua* where we had a favorable reception, for the cheif magiſtrate of the City that we call *Mediadusticks* was my uncle ſo that by this means I was happy enough to find occaſion to render ſome ſervices to the perſons of the world I wiſhed moſt to ſerve: ſo that in a few dayes *Clelius*, *Aronces* and *Horatius* were not treated as ſtrangers in our City *Sulpicia* and her admirable daughter likewiſe found amongſt our Ladies ſo much ſweetneſs and Civility that the firſt was conſtrained to remit ſomthing of her Roman ſeverity and to ſuffer *Clelia* to accomodate her ſelf to the cuſtom of the place where ſhe was & to the honeſt liberty of our manner of life, tis true *Madam* that twas not very difficult for her to do it for tis certain that tis not without reaſon that our City is call'd the delicious *Capua* in effect one may ſay that as nature hath placed in our Country al that which might render a life delectable, it hath likewiſe inſpir'd into the Inhabitants Inclinations which carries them to pleaſure and joy to the end to make them enjoy all the benefits ſhe hath afforded them, for one may ſay there is nothing in this place but delight, and that the care which is had to entertain the publick tranquility hath no other motive then to hinder the diſturbance of the publick & particular pleaſures; ſo all the world thinking to divertiſe themſelves one may ſay all the world divertiſeth it ſelf; the Ladies are there faire gallant and magnificent

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the men are ingenious for pleasure, festivall dayes and extreamly liberall, and there is there led a life so sweet calme and delectable that their is no men such enemies to society which have no greif to depart from thence and not any strangers which may not facilly accustom themselves therto; but how agreeable soever our City was, and though this fair troop received there all manner of civility, there was none but *Clelia* there which found any sweetnes or delectation; for *Clelius* hearing that *Tarquins* authority was greater, and that although he was generally hated by all, that did not hinder him from raigning peaceably, had a most sensible grief: *Sulpicia* who had the same zeale for her Country, had likewise the same affliction, and *Horatius* joyning the resentments of an exil'd Roman, with those of a Lover who durst not say he lov'd, found himself very unhappy, but *Aronces* beleiv'd that he was much more, and knew not sometimes if he ought to esteem himself more miserable for not knowing his birth, or that *Clelia* was ignorant of his passion, but he found some sweetnesse as well as *Horatius*, to think that *Clelia* was in a place where the violence of *Maharball* need not be feared, and those two Rivall friends left not to have some pleasing houres in the conversation of *Clelia*, they lived with more freindship at *Capua*, then at *Carthage*, because *Horatius* owing his life to *Aronces*, and *Aronces* his to *Horatius*, the acknowledgment bound with a more stricter knot their affections, they told not one another of the passions they had in their soules, for as I already was the Confident of *Aronces*, and that *Horatius* was not of the humour to have any, they discovered not to one another their Love, and they told it not even to her which caused it; so that though they had most agreeable houres with her, they had some also very troublesome, for *Horatius* thought not that an Exile could handsomly make a declaration of Love. *Aronces* could not imagin that one unknown might be favourably treated, for *Clelia* though by a naturall and generous inclination she interest her self in her Country: Nevertheless as she had never seen *Rome*, that she was fair and young, and that all pleasures courted her, she found her self sufficiently happy, but that which principally made her felicity, was, that looking upon *Aronces* as her Brother, and beleeving that he had nothing but freindship for her, she accustomed her selfe to live with him, with a confidence infinitely sweet, and which left not to afflict *Aronces*, as obliging as she was; because that the more he knew the sweetnesse of *Clelia*, the more he beleeved it was dangerous to tell her that hee loved her; so that excepting me, he took an extream care to conceal his passion: Nevertheless these two secret Lovers dayly frequented *Clelia's* company, to whose house all the virtuous men and fayrest Ladyes every day resorted, tis not but that the beauty of *Clelia* gave resentments of jealousie and emulation; but she was so *a la mode* and there was so many in *Sulpicias* house, that those which would see and be seen, could not otherwise satisfie their curiosity; for there were few persons in any other houses, or if there was any company, it was ordinarily neither great nor delectable; *Aronces* one day took a pleasant notice of it, for knowing, Madam, that being in a fancy to endeavour to heal himself, we went many dayes from quarter to quarter, from street to street, from dore to dore, from visit to visit, to the end to divert his spirit from the object which so entyrely possessed it, but in what place soever we went we heard nothing spoken of but *Clelia*, for in one house we were demanded if we had been at her house, and in another if we were going thither, one of my kinsfolks told us she came from it, and one of my friends told *Aronces* that he came from thence, in another place there was a man who sayd she should no more be called *Clelia* but the *Fair Romane*, and in the house of a Lady who was of a brown complexion, ther was one of her Gallants who highly praysed the beauty of *Clelia*; though she was yellow hayred, in another place we found a Lady which needs would find some fault, saying she was too fayr, and I can assure you that for four or five dayes we went into no place where we heard not *Clelia* spoken of, and we went every where, where persons of quality might go, but at the last house where wee went the last day that *Aronces* had destined to these visits, where we knew not what wee sought, there was a Lady who finished to make known

known to that Lover, that it was in vain to ſeek any place where he ſhould not hear *Clelia* ſpoken of, for hee heard her more ſpoken of in this place then in any other: But Madam, before I recount to you this converſation, you muſt know to underſtand it with pleaſure, who this perſon is, which we meet with, and I beleeve you will not be angry if I deſcribe her to you, ſince tis certain that ſhe whereof I ſpeak who is called *Aricidia*, is an in-imitable perſon. In effect, all that which is particular to her, cannot be ſeen in any other: For in fine, I muſt tell you for her honour, that without being of illuſtrious extraction, without having any beauty, and without youth ſhee is conſiderable above all thoſe which are great in *Capua*; and that ſhe is at all Feaſts publick and private, but that which is moſt ſtrange, is, that ſhe is continually in converſation with all the young perſons of quality, and withall the fayreſt Ladyes: In effect, Thoſe men which make ſuch a tumultuous garboyle, when they find that a fayr woman hath her noſe a little too bigg, too little eyes, the chin too ſhort, or lips too pale, and can hardly ſuffer thoſe which have paſſed four Luſters, have not their eyes troubled too ſee alwayes *Aricidia*; though ſhee never had any beauty, and though ſhe hath fifteen Luſters to count as the Romans, or that ſhe can recount neer twenty Olympiads according to the calculation of the Greeks, you will demand of mee, Madam, without doubt by what charmes a perſon to whom Nature hath refuſed all the Graces ordinary to her ſex, whom time hath deprived of youth, and whom fortune hath not endowed with great favours; for to render her ſo conſiderable and ſo much deſired, and I ſhall anſwer you, tis by a great goodneſſe, and by a naturall grandure of Spirit which being joyned to a long experience of the world, and to an agreeable humour that without taking care of herſelf, ſhe divertizeth all thoſe which frequent her for as ſhe is without ambition, as ſhe hath a great and noble heart, that ſhe knows not how to flatter, that ſhe is not intereſted in any manner, that ſhe clearly ſees things, that ſhee recounts them pleaſantly, and that ſhee knowes all that which paſſes in *Capua*, there is no perſon which doth not deſire her, and when there happens any remarkable occurrence, there is no body which wiſhes not to ſee her, to know that which ſhee thinks, ſayes, or knowes of it; ſo that if ſhee could be in twenty places at one time ſhe might be there, ſhe goes likewiſe every where without being troubleſome, becauſe ſhee is never in any place but where ſhee is deſired.

Moreover, though ſhe hath ſomthing particular in her Phyſiognomy, and very pleaſant in her manner of ſpeaking, ſhee hath not any pleaſantneſſe of profeſſion; In fine, ſhe hath a certain joviall ſincerity, which makes her ſay things which ſurprize & which pleaſe, and the truth is that ſhe hath a ſolid virtue, though it is not ſavage. In effect, ſhee ſayes things that ſhe thinks not of, ſhee ſees the weakneſſe of others without contributing thereto, and without being ever the confident of any Love, ſhe knowes all the Loves of the City, ſhee blameth the tatling Goſſips, ſhe flatters not the Gallants, ſhe gives pleaſantly her opinion of thoſe that pretend to be fayre; when they are not, ſhee endeavoureth to reconcile the differences of families, ſhee is in freindſhip with all the husbands and wives, and without doing that, but which ſhe thinks ſhe ought to do, ſhe pleaſeth men which are oppoſite in all things, ſhee is a good freind, and is both officious and free, all the greatneſſe of the earth cannot make her change opinion, when ſhe thinks ſhe hath reaſon; and to define her in few words, I may ſay *Aricidia* is a living mortality: But a Moraliſt without ſadneſs, and who beleeves that the pleaſantneſs of innocent Rayllery is not uſeleſſe to virtue; but the moſt incredible thing is, that though ſhe knowes all the maliciouſneſſe the world is capable of, ſhe is nevertheleſſe incapable of it, and though ſhe hath an infinite ſpirit, ſhe cannot find any invention to prejudice any, though ſhe finds a thouſand when ſhe would ſerve her freinds. In fine, *Aricidia* hath found the art to pleaſe and give divertiſements to all the youths without incurring any blame, for though ſhee is not young ſhee is ſometimes at Balls, ſhe ſees all the great feaſts, ſhe is in the moſt gallant walks and the merrieſt company, and *Aricidia* is compoſed of ſo much delight, that I may boldly ſay ſhee

cannot be paralelled, and I even maintain that it would not be advantageous for her to be fair; for if she were, she goes to an hundred places where she would not go, she sayes things that she would not say, and her physiognomy which retains more the audacity of my sex, then the timidity of hers addeth a far more force to her words, and gives a liking to her discourses, as I have said already, she is so desired in all places that the dayes should be longer for her than other, if she would content all those that desire her: *Aricidia* being then such as *I* have represented to you, came into a house where *Aronces* and *I* entred just as she spoke of *Clelia* to five or six persons which were there, and that she spoke of her with earnestnesse, so that when we entred, she changed not her discourse; on the contrary, she no sooner saw us, but knowing we were *Clelia's* friends, she addrest her self to us with that familiarity which is natural to her.

You come very fitly said she to us, to maintain my argument against a man you see with me, who sayes that *Clelia* would be fairer than she is, if she was a little more coy, ah *Aricidia* cryed that man, which is named *Genutius*, tell at least to *Aronces* and *Celeres*, that which I at first said of the great beauty of *Clelia*, before you tell them what I have wished thereto, I shall tell it replyed she, after I have delivered my advise thereupon; for I find it so unreasonable, that I cannot endure it, the beauty of *Clelia* is so resplendent and perfect, replyed *Aronces*, that I cannnot well comprehend of what addition it is capable, I think, added I, that without seeking to denie it, you had best demand it of *Aricidia*, I voluntarily consent to it, replyed *Genutius*, so that she will not conceal the prayses I have given *Clelia*; for to content you, replyed she, I shall then say, that you are of my opinion: that all the lineaments of *Clelia's* face are admirable, that she is of a most rare complexion, hairs very fair, of a courteous behaviour; and that she is in fine one of the greatest beauties in the world, but after that pursued she, raising her voyce, *I* shall say, I do not believe she can ever cause any love in you, because she doth not imitate all fashions, or to say better, all the ill favoured countenances of these which think themselves fair, and which do not one action where there is not an affectation which strangely displeaseth, but to the end you may excuse him, added she, turning her self towards *Aronces* and me; I must tell you that I have seen him heretofore amorous of one of those Ladies who frame all their looks, who place their hands with art, who turn negligently their heads, who have an artificiall languor, or a borrowed joy, who fit their lips to the mirrors when they dresse themselves, and which laugh in such a manner, that they shew all their teeth when they be white, ah *Aricidia*, cryed *Genutius*, you treat me cruelly, I treat you yet too well answered she, since there are such men as you are, which detract from those which are fair; for if all these forgeresses of affected simperings should not be praised by their Gallants, they would soon leave them, since it is certain they make none, but to attract lovers, and we should see no more that which is so unpleasing to the sight; in effect I see nothing which so much undervalueth beauty, as affectation and the so great care, in desiring to appear fair; for in the end, added she, there is nothing more base, than to see a woman which hath naturally great eyes and open, which alwayes closes them half to have them more tempting, and there is nothing more insupportable than to see the care that certain women have continually to make their lips of a roseat colour, and to see the fantasticall and extravagant remedy that they use thereto, is there any thing more insupportable, than to see women who rise twenty times out of their places, without having any thing else to doe, but to consult their glasses, if they have forgot nothing of their tricks they have accustomed to do, and which have such a fancy to look on themselves, that they not onely look on themselves with earnestnesse in all the glasses they find, but in the rivers and fountains, & even in the eys of those which speak to them, but that which is yet true, is, that when they cannot see themselves, they seek an hundred affected inventions to make themselves to be said such as they believe themselves and that which oftentimes they are not, for sometimes they say they have not slept to the end it should be maintained that it appears not in them, another time that,

that they have an ill countenance, to the end it should be said they have a fair teint, in another occasion, that they are ill favouredly drest, to the end it should be sayd well, and they bear an affectation even to the smallest things. In fine, those persons which make so many fooleryes, and so many fashions, are ordinarily of those that hasten to take the new modes, and which take them with excess, for if there be two or three ribands worne, they take an hundred, and if the dressing is a little long, they wear their hayres down to their girdle, if a little short they shew their ears, and they perform in fine, so many disagreeable things to those which have not a depraved taste, that they cannot be endured, and that which is most rareis, than those women which spend their dayes, to compose all their actions to please, horribly displease all honest men except certain persons which have particular fancyes, as *Gennius*, yet I know not, added she smiling, if he is of the same humour, he sayes, and if he will not find as I, that *Clelia* is admirable, principally because shee hath no affectation.

It is certain, added the Lady in whose house we were, that though *Clelia* doth not any action but what pleaseth, 'tis clearly seene that shee doth not think upon any thing she doth, and that shee hath formed her self so great an habitude to have a good presence, that it is not possible for her to have an ill one. That which seemeth to me worthy to be noted in *Clelia*, sayd *Aronces*, is, that though shee hath no affectation, shee does nothing of all that which other women do; who make profession to be fayr. She hath I know not what noble audacity which sets off her beauty, which hindreth not any one from doubting, but that she knowes what is hers; but shee hath it in such a manner, that 'tis apparant she beleeveth to have somthing more considerable, and that it is not by that alone by which shee merits esteem, so that I know not how *Gennius* can finde that this admirable person is defective in any thing.

It is somtimes so pleasant to dispute with *Aricidia*, replyed he, that you ought not to thinke it strange if I have contradicted her in somthing, tis not, added he, that I am constrained to confesse that I am not altogether any enemy to certain little affectations which give a gallant ayre to some women, and I know some that if we should take away those particular additions they have to beighten their beauty-es, and should hinder them from doing all those little things which I know not how to name (but which may admit the termes of mines and fooleries) wee should leave them nothing to entertain our sight: And on the contrary, there are certain beauty-es so plain, that they cannot please me: For to speak sincerely, I would have a woman conceit her self fair before I tell her of it, because I am perswaded that she will not beleeve me, if she sayes not it her self, and to say in a word what I think, a woman in my opinion is not perfectly lovely, if she loves not her self, and and if she desires not to be beloved.

In fine, sayd *Aricidia*, half angry to speak, truly you love wanton gossips more then others, because it is more easie to be favoured by them, and that in the humour you are in, you are not fit to make difficult conquests; but to return to *Clelia*, I maintain that shee is more amiable then fair, though she is the faireſt mayd I ever saw.

As long as *Aricidia* spoke, *Aronces* fet his eyes as fixtly only her, as if shee had all the youth and beauty of *Clelia*, for he took so much pleasure in hearing what he loved, commended; that even his very eyes participated with the joy of his spirit. There were nevertheless some moments in which he had some secret spight, in that he could not find any subject whereby he might withdraw part of his heart from that beautifull person, for in the design which he had to draw it wholy if he could from her; there were also some moments in which the prayses were given to *Clelia*, offended him: But these instances were not of long durance, and in despight of himself he was glad to hear her commended, and he prayſed her himself more then he intended to do.

In the mean while, having endeavoured five or six days to go into some place where hee should not hear *Clelia* spoken of, which he could not find; *Aronces*

propounded

propounded to me at our going out of the Ladyes house where we had seen *Artiricidia*, to go and take a walk in a place which was very pleasant; for Madam, you must know that there is neer *Capua* a great meadow which is one of the delightfullest walks in the world: That which principally beautifies it, is, that there are many small Rivulets which waters it, and that it is bordered on both sides, with four rowes of trees, which compose the pleasantest Umbrage that I ever saw, and this place not being far from *Capua*, we might with with convenience after our visit go thither, and in effect wee went thither, with an intention to hear no more speech of *Clelia*, but Madam, admire the chances of Fortune in certaine occasions, and to be surprised by that which surprised *Aronces* and I, suffer me to tell you that as soon as we were come neer this meadow, *Aronces* rebeginning the discourse fetching a deep sigh turned himself towards mee, and looking stedfastly on mee; in fine he told me, I am now in a place where I shall not have *Clelia's* name mentioned, except it be by you or I. You speak of that I told him, as if you were displeased to hear that incomparable Mayd named, or to have any remembrance of her: Nevertheless I know it is not so, alas sayd he, would you not have me forget *Clelia*, since I am bound to ban her from my heart? But in fine, *Celeres*, sayd he to me again, let us speak no more of it, and contribute what you can to my recovery, and to unslave my Spirit from so lovely an object, speak to mee of quite contrary things, and let us entertain each other as if wee were strangers. Since you will have it so, sayd I, I must entertain you with the pleasantnesse of this meadow, which is altogether fit for pensive thoughts. It is very true, replyed he, that there was never a more pleasant nor convenient place to entertayn ones selfe, but because I will not think of *Clelia*, I must not be my own company keeper, for all my cogitations would be but of her.

After that Madam, *Aronces* held his peace, and I did so likewise, so as it were forgetting that we were together, we fell both into a profound pensiveneſſe, wee even separated our selves by some steps, and if I durst speak of a love which I had in my soule, in discoursing to you of that of *Aronces*, I must confesse that that which agitated his thoughts did also mine, and as he had his spirit possest but by *Clelia* only, mine was also, but by the beautifullest person of *Capua*, which is called *Fenice*.

But after we had gone two or three hundred paces without looking or speaking to each other, we heard at our right hand some body singing neer the Ruins of a Castle which are a little beyond the meadow, where there is an admirable eccho, insomuch that wee coming again together, we resolved to go see who were at the Eccho.

In the mean while, after he who sung, had made an end, he held his peace, that thereby he might be answered by the Eccho: After which we heard divers voyces of men and women which were speaking, and because we were far from them, we heard but a confused noise, which would not permit us to discern, neither what was sung, nor consequently what was answered: But Madam, that which was rare, was, that as soon as we were within a distance that we might distinctly hear, wee understood that it was *Horatius* which sung, and that having made there some verses in commendation of *Clelia*, which was amongst those Ladies which hearkned the last when we would understand him, insomuch that *Aronces* and I heard distinctly these six verses which I shall now rehearse unto you, which extolled *Clelia* above all the fayrest of *Capua*, in setting forth her prayses by the fairest of all, and which was lesse accustomed to prayse the beauty of others. They were these,

The Carthaginian Beautyes led the way,
And ours like they, to her doe homage pay
Toth' Splendor of her eyes all beauties reare,
Which makes her raign securely every where;
Yea even Fenice *publickly doth say,*
that nothing is so fair as Clelia.

So that *Aronces* who withdrew himself from *Capua*, not to hear the fair *Clelia* named, was strangely surprized, for after *Horatius* had said,

Yea even Fenice *publickly doth say,*
That nothing is so fair as Clelia.

The Eccho repeated the name of this fair Virgin six times, so that looking upon me in a manner where there was some astonishment and grief mixt together: For any thing I see, said he to me, I must depart the World if I will no more hear *Clelia* named, for seeing the Eccho's speak to the trees and fields of her, *I* beleive *I* shall find no place which speaks not to me of her. Since it is so, said *I* smiling to him, *I* think you may better speak to her your self, then only to hear her spoken of by others; as *I* had said these words, we were so nigh that fair troop that *Aronces* had no time to deliberate with himself whether he should go to them or no, for the amiable *Clelia*, having turned her head on one side, knew us and called us; 'tis true, *I* am perswaded that *Aronces* who saw that *Clelia* was in this Troop, would nevertheless have approacht her, though she should not have called him, though he intended to estrange himself from her; so that advancing towards this gallant Troop, the first thing that *Aronces* did after he had saluted her, was to praise him which had praised *Clelia*; for my self, *I* confess, *I* avoided with address to praise those Verses, though *I* knew the ingenious malice of it, as much as any person in the company; for Madam, though by these six Verses *Horatius* intimated that *Fenice* was the fairest person in *Capua*, and that it was advantagious for her, 'tis nevertheless true that there was malice in this praise, and that he reproached the defect, she hath not to find any thing fair, and 'twas easie to judge that he preferred the Beauty of *Clelia* before *Fenices*, so that I being amorous of her shunned as *I* have told you to praise those verses of *Horatius*, and *I* spoke of the Eccho to a man in the company, for fear some one should tell *Fenice* that *I* had praised a man which had praised one more then her, and which blamed her in such an ingenious manner; but my foresight was unprofitable, as I shall soon tell you, for this adventure made a quarrel between *Fenice* and me; but to return to *Aronces*, he not only praised *Horatius* in a manner, whereof he praised *Clelia*, but he even praised her in so a gallant a manner that his prose was far better then his Rivals verse, and this same man which some dayes before had resolved to do all things possible not to love, changed his opinion on a sudden, and resolved in an instant with himself alwayes to love her, and no more to oppose his passion, and to forget nothing that might make him love her, so that being delivered from the care of striving against himself, he had his spirit more free, his humour more joyful, and he was so pleasant that night, that he infinitely pleased all the company, which insensibly engaged themselves to examine the reason, wherefore the most part of fair women are covetous of praise, and often very unjust, for said *Aronces* after many other things, they think some women are deform'd when they are beautiful.

For my part, said *Clelia*, my curiosity should be to know if effectually those which have the humour as you say, are truly prepossessed, or if they say things otherwise then they think them. There are divers sorts of them, replyed *Horatius*, for I am perswaded that there are Ladies which know others to be fair, though by an emulative resentment they say they are not; but I am likewise of opinion, that there are some which so love themselves that they hate all others, and in whom effectually they find nothing that is fair.

For my particular, said a Lady, in the company, who hath much spirit, but is not fair, I think it not strange if envy make them speak which pretend to be fair against those which are, but I cannot wonder enough to see them which have no interest in beauty, which because they are not fair, would not have others so, and which are likewise as difficult to please as if they had the fairest attractions in the world, the fairest complexions, and all the charmes which may be desired in an

miable perſon. As this Lady had thus ſpoken, *Aricidia*, whom we had ſeen that day, came where we were with three women of quality, and three men, ſo that as *Aronces* and I had ſought this place for ſolitarineſs, we had the pleaſanteſt company I ever ſaw; for except *Feniee* the moſt amiable of our Ladies were there; but as the ſubject of our converſation was then very curious when theſe two companies joyned, this Lady who ſpoke laſt, ſaid they ſhould oblige *Aricidia* to give her advice on the ſubject they had before ſpoken of, ſo that after we had learnt her what it was. She began to blame the fair ones which would only arrogate to themſelves that title, but ſhe blamed them in a very pleaſant manner, for it wanted but little that ſhe related not all the hiſtories of the City to thoſe which have already ſome knowledge of them.

For my part ſaid ſhe, I have been heretofore aſtoniſht to ſee a fair woman, and of as much ſpirit, which for to diſpraiſe another ſaid the moſt ridiculous things that may be, for ſhe found her too white and too brown: She likewiſe ſaid, ſhe had eyes too ſweet, mouth too little, and if my memory deceive me not, I think I heard her one day ſay ſhe had lips too incarnate; what is this? Thought I when I heard her ſpeak ſo, am I a fool or wiſe, have I good eyes, or hath ſhe bad who ſpeaks thus? but after a little conſideration, I found the cauſe of her injuſtice, for I knew there was a Lady which was fair flaxen hair'd, who had eyes ſweet, mouth little, and lips of a bluſhing red, who had taken a Lover from her, ſo that after that I ſought no more the cauſe of her prejudicate opinion, likewiſe when I find ſome of thoſe ſcrupulous beauties who think none fair but themſelves, I examined what intereſts they may have to the fair and brown in general, I and what they might have in particular of thoſe of which they ſpoke, and after that *I* did not want much to find the reaſon which made them unjuſt. In effect, I laſtly ſaw one, who becauſe ſhe had great eyes, maintained that little eyes could not be agreeable; and *I* ſaw another which on the contrary, ſaid that it appertained onely to little eyes to make great conqueſts, and they only had I know not what of gallant and agreeable, which was fit to wound hearts, and that ordinarily great eyes open were ſtupid and without agreement.

In another occaſion, purſued *Aricidia*, I found a woman which contrary to them I have told you of, blamed in others that which ſhe had, and praiſed that ſhe had not, but ſhe ſo faintly praiſed and blamed it, that after I had well examined her, I found that ſhe blamed and did not praiſe it; but to the end to be contradicted, and that they might praiſe that ſhe had, and blame that ſhe had not; but uſually I have already ſaid, we muſt know all the life of a fair woman, for to have power to divine what ſort of beauty ſhe may praiſe, 'tis not but jealouſie may hinder her from finding any thing fair, but it more often happens, that there are more remote cauſes which procure this injuſtice: For in fine, all the company know a woman which would be very fair if ſhe was fat, to whom I have heard ſay that a Rival ſhe hath would be fairer then ſhe is now, if ſhe had ten or twelve fits of a feaver which might penance her body: And I know likewiſe one which becauſe that a Lady is anothers Confident, whom ſhe believes to have a deſign on the heart of a man, that ſhe would have for her gallant, found ſtrange defects in her, though ſhe had not any, ſo that when *I* met with theſe crittical chooſers of beauty, I enquired who loved ſuch an one? Whether her Husband or her Lover betray her not, whether ſhe is jealous, whether ſhe is envious, whether ſhe is wicked, whether ſhe is frantick? *I* ſhould never Madam, bring my diſcourſe to a period, if *I* ſhould relate to you all thoſe pleaſing things *Aricidia* ſaid on this ſubject, but not being to treſpaſs upon your patience, *I* ſhall deſiſt from mentioning them, but ſhall only tell you that night beginning to cloath the earth with her ſable mantle, the company returned to *Capua*, and *Aronces* and *I* returned thither with *Clelia*, and her company; but to tell you the truth, *I* was not a little ſurprized when that being returned to my lodging where I deſired *Aronces* to lodge, I found that inſtead of not being willing to hear *Clelia* ſpoken of, he would not ſpeak to me of any other thing.

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In effect, if *I* thought to tell him four words on any other ſubject, he would not anſwer me, but began to ſpeak to me of *Clelia*: ſo that not being willing to contend with him, as far as *I* ſee, replied *I* ſmiling, you have changed your thghts ſince our laſt viſit, for you deſired to depart from the City, not to hear *Clelia* ſpoken of, and you now ſpeak nothing but of her: No, no, *Celeres*, ſaid he to me, *I* have not changed my thoughts, but the truth on't is, *I* was not the ſame *I* thought my ſelf to be, and that though *I* ſaid *I* would not love *Clelia*, *I* was reſolv'd alwayes to love her, and to ſpeak of her all my life; but if it is ſo, reply'd *I* more ſmiling, you muſt ſeek another Confident then me, and *I* likewiſe muſt ſeek another then you, for if you have reſolved alwayes to ſpeak to me of *Clelia*: At what hours and time may *I* ſpeak to you of *Fenice*? 'tis true, he that's ones Lover is not fit to be anothers Confident; but cruel Friend, you are not amorous in ſuch a manner as *I* am, your love *Fenice* when you ſee her, purſued he, and you do no more love, when you ſee her not, and your paſſion for her is rather a voluntary amuſement then a true paſſion: 'tis therefore not very difficult for you not to ſpeak ſo often of *Fenice*, and to let me ſpeak of *Clelia*.

Have you then abſolutely reſolved, ſaid *I* to him, not to think more of baniſhing her from your heart? On the contrary, *I* have taken a reſolution, replyed he, to conquer hers, if it be poſſible, and to acquaint her that ſhe is the only Saint, at whoſe Shrine I offer up my Devotion. In high thoughts, Madam, was *Aronces* at this time, and *Horatius* as *I* have ſince known, ſeeing *Clelia* give a favourable cenſure of thoſe Verſes; the Maid on a ſudden when ſhe oblieged him to ſing to the Eccho, where we found him reſolved to diſcover his love to *Clelia* on the firſt occaſion which preſented, and theſe two Corrivals, though friends, not in the leaſt imagining one anothers love, jump'd on one deſign when *Clelia* without thinking of it gave them the means to execute it: For know Madam, ſhe being deſirous to have thoſe verſes *Horatius* had made, and which ſhe could not retain in her memory, *Horatius* having but twice ſung them, demanded them of him the next day; but as he would make uſe of this occaſion, inſtead of giving them to her at that time, he could tell her he would ſend them. On the other ſide, you muſt know, Madam, that as things change very much, by paſſing from one mouth to another, principally if it is to recount little news of *Cabals*, where one word altered changeth all: It happened that *Arieidia* having told ſome company where ſhe was, and that which paſſed at the Eccho, thoſe which heard it miſrelated it to others, and thoſe others worſe to others, who told *Fenice* it was *I* which had made thoſe verſes at the Eccho, but inſtead of telling her this Song was for *Clelia*, they only told her 'twas againſt her; ſo that being much incenſed againſt me, ſhe complains of me with much inveterateneſs, in a place where *Clelia* arrived a little after ſhe departed from it: So that *Clelia*, who is wholly compoſed of goodneſs, was very ſorry that the praiſes *Horatius* had attributed to her, had been the occaſion of a quarrel between me and ſo fair a perſon; therefore willing to acquaint me with the complaints of *Fenice*, that I might juſtifie my ſelf, and foreſeeing ſhe ſhould not ſee neither *Aronces* or I all that day, becauſe ſhe knew *Sulpicia* ſpent the remaining part of the afternoon in a place where we did not go. She wrote a Letter to *Aronces* to oblige him to adverti ſe me of the anger of *Fenice*, for as ſhe had been educated with him, and that *Clelius* would have her live with him with the ſame familiarity of a Siſter, ſhe made no difficulty to write to him, which ſhe had done before in divers occaſions, ſo that following thoſe motions of goodneſs ſhe had for me, ſhe wrote a Letter to *Aronces*, as *I* have already told you, which was ſomewhat nigh theſe termes.

CLELIA to ARONCES.

AS I know you love *Celeres* as much as I esteem him, and that *I* dare not write to him, I believed I ought to acquaint you that *Fenice* accuses him wrongfully of an injury he hath offered her in praising me, to the end he may appease that faire person, to whom I willingly yield the Priority of Beauty; and I consent that *Celeres* should make some Verses, in which he should as much prefer *Fenice* before me, as *Horatius* by his flatteries hath plac'd me above her, for I declare, its not by the small beauty I have, I would be esteem'd; but there is something in my heart, that merits praise more then my eyes, and in fine, there remains no more but to call you my Brother, that delightful name my Father hath commanded me to give you, may hide those blushes which stain my Cheeks when I write unto you. Adieu, let not *Celeres* hate me for a quarrel I have innocently caus'd him, and use all the power you have over him to hinder him from complaining of me.

See then, Madam, the Scheme, and nigh the words of *Clelia*'s Letter that *Aronces* received as he was ready to depart, but as he received it in a time when his passion violently transported him, and in a time when he had resolved to discover it to her, which caused it, he believed he ought not to let slip this occasion which presented it self, and that without staying to see *Clelia* he ought in answering her to tell her clearly that he was amorous of her, and in effect without any Hesitation, and without one raze in all his Letter he wrote with a strange precipitation, all the inspirations of his passion; for 'tis certain this Letter was rather a production of his heart then spirit, but after he had wrote it, he gave it to a discreet and faithful Slave, with order to attend *Clelia*'s return, and to give it her without *Sulpicia*'s seeing it, so that this Slave being very exact, executed it without much difficulty, for those which were with *Aronces* were in *Clelius* his house, as if they depended on him; so that 'twas very easie for his Slave to perform the command of his Master; and *Clelia* believing he wrote to her to inform her of *Celeres* quarrel, took the Letter without difficulty, but as she thought 'twas a simple answer to hers, she read it not at that time, because she was called at that instant to go to her Father, and their conversation being somewhat long, she forgot *Aronces* his Letter in her pocket, and did not remember it untill she was retired unto her Chamber, and when one of her Maids had given her another, which she said one of *Horatius* his Slaves had brought, so *Clelia* believing that he had sent her those Verses she demanded of him, and that Letter putting her in mind that she had one from *Aronces*, which she had not read, she put her self in estate to read them both; but as she had without doubt much more inclination towards *Aronces* then *Horatius*, she opened his Letter first where she was astonished to find these words.

ARONCES to CLELIA.

YOu have given *Celeres*, such singular demonstrations of your Nobleness, that if *I* did not hope you had the same for me, *I* would not speak to you of him, and had rather give new matters to that high vertue which gives so many Charms to your Beauty: but charming *Clelia*, as there cannot be testified more Nobleness then in pardoning a Crime in which ones self is solely interested: I must acquaint you that *I* have committed one which reflects on none but you, to the end that taking the generous resolution to pardon it, I may afterwards innocently commit it all my life, for not to draw a vail over my thoughts, the Crime I have committed is,

it, that *I* love you more then you would be beloved, and the glorious name of Brother you bestow on me, is so little agreeing with my thoughts, that I can no longer accept of it, permit me then to bear the title of your Slave if you wil accumulate glory on me, but to the end my passion offend you not, know you have such an absolute power over me, that I shall not desire any thing but what you will not refuse me: In fine, I love you, but in so pure a manner, that if you could see my heart, you would never have the injustice to deface your Image from it; I know amiable *Clelia* that I am *unfortunate*, *an unknown One*, but if you knew my flame and the purity of my thoughts, you would not be offended to be belov'd in the manner I love you; take then the pains to know them, and condemn me not without it, I pray you, but to the end I may know if you consent to my demand, I declare to you, that if you answer me not I shall believe that you favourably entertain my love, and that I shall have nothing but to render you thanks for it: but on the contrary, if you take a resolution to treat me rigorously, I had rather receive a cruel Letter then receive none, I pray you make me not despair, for in the passion I have for you, I cannot loose hope without loosing my life. The reading of this Letter so much surprisd *Clelia*, that she could not tell what she felt in reading it, for as she much esteemd *Aronces*, and had much inclination towards him, she could not entertain a disobliging anger against him: Nevertheless, her naturall modesty checkt her to do it; tis true, as she knew her Fathers thoughts it was followed with some momentary grief, to see it was not permitted her to give any reasonable hope to the person in the world she believd most worthy of her, if she had known his birth, and if her Father had not had an intention never to marry her but to a *Roman*; so that this astonishment, anger, and grief so much possessd her spirit, that she thought not to read *Horatius* his Letter, & if her distraction had not made her open it without thinking on it, she would have slept without seeing it, but having opened it, without any design to do it, and seeing the Song, she demanded if *Horatius* was not there, and that it was only a Letter, she read it, but not without less astonishment then she had done *Aronces*: For in fine, Madam, I can shew you a Copy of it that I will read to you, seeing you will not be ignorant of any thing in which *Aronces* is interested.

HORATIUS to CLELIA.

I Send you not those Verses you demanded of me, because having perusd them, I found they did not merit your sight, and (if I dare say so) they were even unworthy of me, but there is another reason which hinders me from obeying you; for in fine; amiable *Clelia*, I fore-see I go to be so cruelly usd by you, that you would not sing a Song which I made, tis not but that I use all means possible not to be rigorously treated, but I sensibly feel that when I tell you now I love you, you will soon divine it, tis therfore I had rather declare it to you my self, to the end, you have some obligation to me to have conceald it so long from you: Know then, divine *Clelia*, that the first minute I saw you, was the first of my passion, and that the last of my love will be the last of my life; I know I have not great quality enough to merit you, but I know I have divers things which may hinder me from being ill usd: for in fine, I am a *Roman*, I am belovd by *Clelius*; my love and hate runs in the same current as his, I am an Exile as he is, I am unfortunate, and I love you more then can be imagind; dispose therfore absolutely of my destiny, but if it is possible banish me not from your heart as I am from *Rome*, if you will not be more unjust then the Tyrant which banisht me thence, and render me infinitely more unhappy by this second and more rigorous Exile then I am by the first.

Clelia having finish the reading of this Letter, was much perplexed to resolve what she should do, for she found something so various in this mishap which had

made her receive two declarations of Love in one moment, that she knew not what to imagine of it. That which most troubled her, was, that *Aronces* and *Horatius* were freinds, and that they might both say they had obligations to her, so that having thought a little thereupon, it came into her mind that that which gave her so much inquietude was not it may be but a simple gallantry agreed on between them to perplex her, for in our *Caballa* we make an hundred malicious intents one to another in divers occasions: *Clelia* therefore finding some sweetnesse in beleeving it, to draw her self from that perplexity where she was, made as if she really beleeved it, and hath since ingeniously confessed to me, that though the Letter of *Aronces* much vext and afflicted her, yet she felt in her heart; that she sustained it more agreeably, then that of *Horatius*; but after she had confirmed her self in this beleif more by her will then reason, she took a resolution to answer those two Letters as if she had certainly known that these two freinds desired to deceive her, but as she was not assured of it she determined to write to both of them obscurely, to the end not to breed any contention between them if her thoughts deceived her, and not to discover to them that they had both discovered their Loves to her, if it was true they loved her. For in fine, (sayd this admirable mayd to her self) if *Aronces* and *Horatius* have plotted this invention they will understand what I shall tell them, and know that they have not deceived me, and if it is not a deceit, and that they have written to me without one anothers knowledge, I shall not embroyl them, and I shall not find my self in the necessity to answer seriously to two Letters, wherin I shall find my self perplexd to do it, for I should answer, it may be, too roughly to *Horatius* and too mildly to *Aronces*: After this *Clelia* taking a resolution to draw her self speedily from this perplexity, answered to those two Letters by two Notes that I shall tell you, for I think I never saw any of *Clelias* writing that I have not retaind, I so much esteem her: This, Madam, was her answer to *Aronces*,

CLELIA to ARONCES.

YOur deceit hath not succeeded, and him with whom you have contrivd it, shall not have no more joy then you to believe it would deceive me, believe me Aronces, *it suffices not to have spirit to be a Deceiver, but a certain maliciousnes of which I believe you incapable, therfore enterprise no more to deceive me, and to prove that your design hath effectually ill succeeded; I protest unto you, your Letter hath not angred me one moment, after this I think I need no more explicate to you my thoughts, and that you believe that I believe you are not amorous of me.*

You see, Madam, what was *Clelias* Note to *Aronces*, and so what was that she wrote to his Rivall.

CLELIA to HORATIUS.

'WHen two have joynd to contrive a Cheat tis easier to be found out, pretend not then I conjure you, that yours hath happily succeeded, and to testifie unto you, that I believe not to be so well with you as you may be evil with me; I pray send me the Verses I have demanded of you, but I likewise pray you to be strongly perswaded that you can never enterprise any thing that less resembles truth then what you have undertook: for in fine, to speak sincerely I live after such a manner in the world, that one must have lost on's sence and reason, if he thinks to procure my friendship and not my hatred, by discloseing his affection to me in an amorous Letter. I am

I am assured, Madam, you know that though these two Notes were written on one subject, and by one person, and that this person had an equal design in writing them, that that which addressd to *Horatius* was clothd with more rigorous and severe language then the other, but I must tell you the effect they produced in the minds of those which recievd them the next day; imagine then, Madam, that when *Aronces* receivd that which appertaind to him, there was a strange emotion in his heart, for as he writ *Clelia*, that if she answerd him not, he would believe she was favourable to him, he thought seeing she wrote to him he was going to receive his arrest of death, and that which made him think so, was, that *Clelias* Slave by the orders of her Mistress, had given him this Note without staying for an answer, so that he opened it with an extream Inquietude, but when he had read it, his spirit was a little more settled, but he was much perplexd to divine what *Clelia* would say, when she told him that he had contrived with another this deceit: Nevertheless after he had well considered on it, he believed that *Clelia* had purposely premeditated it, not to be obligd to evil treat him, and that it was I that she made him seemingly think which had part in this pretended deceit of which she spoke in her Note, so that looking upon this Artifice of *Clelia* as an obliging procedure for him, he found himself more happy then he hop'd, he likewise receivd me with much joy when I entred into his Chamber a quarter of an hour after he had recievd this Note, but as I was sufficiently troubled at the anger of *Fenice*, I hearkned not to him so attentively as he would have me, so that being angred at me: Ah, cruell friend, sayd he to me, you interest not your self in my fortune, you take so little part in mine, said I to him, that I have more cause to complain of you then you have of me, for after you have told me you are not so miserable as you thought your self? You demand not of me how I stand with *Fenice*, but for to make you see you are happyer then I to read the Letter I leave you, that this fair person hath wrote on the adventure of the Eccho, for I am pressd to go to a friend of hers to adventure to oblige her to justifie me to her. After I had left *Fenice's* Letter in his hands, I left him, but departing from his Chamber, I met *Horatius* who entred there, and who appeared to have somthing in his spirit which made him melancholy, for he took no notice of me: in effect, Madam, you must know that *Clelias* answer had highly perplexd him, for he knew he had not mentioned his love to any one, nor the Letter he had wrote to her, so that he knew not what to think of that she wrote to him, seeing that on whatsoever side he looked on the thing he found nothing of true semblance.

In the mean time, he felt I know not what in *Clelias* words, which made him believe that he had not any part in her heart, he was notwithstanding perswaded that he might have right to pretend therto, if it was not engagd; so that now thinking on what he never before thought of, he sought to find, if it was possible, whether *Clelia* lovd any one, but after he had examind it, he found that if this fair person had some particular affection in her heart, it must necessary be for *Aronces*, and that it must consequently follow *Aronces* lovd her. for he suspected her not to love without being belovd, this thought was no sooner formd in this imagination, but it excited in him a great disturbance: In effect, as *Horatius* is generous, and that he had many Obligations to *Aronces*, he had a strange agitation of heart, when he thought he might be his Rivall, it likewise raisd a War in his Spirit, and he effectually took a resolution to resist his passion; If he learnt *Aronces* lovd *Clelia*, so that endeavouring handsomly to cleer himself, he went to *Aronces* his house, and he arrivd there as I told you when I departed from thence, so that he had the Letter of *Fenice* in his hands I had given him and *Clelias* answer, but as soon as *Aronces* saw *Horatius* enter he conceald *Clelias* Letter, and still kept *Fenices* in his hands, for in this inopinate occasion he thought on nothing but his own interest and not mine, tis true, that this Letter was wrote in such a manner, that the Author of it could not be known if one did not know the writing, neither for whom it was, it having

having no superscription, and the reproaches of *Fenice* were in such a nature, that one would not divine the cause of them: *Horatius* then entred into *Aronces* his Chamber, with an intention to discover by a familiar discourse if he lovd *Clelia*, and endeavour to divert his love if it was so, he saw some emotion in his countenance, because his mind was then disquieted, and according to the nature of love which make Lovers fear the slightest things in certain occasions, he feard that *Horatius* should see *Clelias* Letter, and know it, so that this disguised Lover seeing some agitation on *Aronces* face, and seeing a Letter in his hands which was written in Tablets, he held open without thinking on it, he so little dreamd of me, and seeing they were made in a manner as Ladyes ordinarily use write to men, he demanded of him after some complements if those Tablets came from *Clelia*, *Horatius* having not any other design then to speak to him of that fair Maid on all sorts of subjects, to note either by his actions or words, if there was any suspition that he was amorous of that fair person, but *Horatius* had hardly demanded this of *Aronces*, but this Lover which was unprepard was much surprisd at it, because it was true as you know that he had one of *Clelias* Letters about him, and would not hinder himself from telling him this Letter was not from her, so as *Horatius* noting it, and not doubting but those Tablets were *Clelia's*, he spoke to *Aronces* beleeving it so; by your favour, sayd he to him, do not conceal the truth from mee, and tell me if the Letter you have in your hand is not from the admirable daughter of *Sulpicia*, as I do not doubt of it, shew it me I pray you, for as I am perswaded she writes as well as she speaks, I have a great desire to see one of her Letters, at least I very well know her Character is the faireſt in the world, for I have seen verses of her writing: at first *Aronces* beleeved, that telling a second time to *Horatius* that this Letter was not from *Clelia*, and telling it him very seriously he would beleeve it, and would presse him no more to shew it him, but it hapned otherwise, for *Horatius* reiterating his intreatyes with much earnestness, perswaded him he suspected something of his passion, so that fearing extreamly he should know it, & for feat he should acquaint *Clelius* with it, with whom he had a most inviolable amity, resolved to shew him *Fenice* his Letter, to make him a false confidence by shewing it him, to the end to frustrate his conceived opinion that he was amorous of *Clelia*, if it was true he thought so that the better to conceal his passion. I know not *Horatius*, sayd he to him, giving him the Tablets he held, from whence it comes you will not beleeve me, but to evidence to you, you have wronged mee by suspecting the verity of my words, see if this writing is *Clelia's*, but after you have seen this Letter do not speak of it I pray you, though I am resolved not to have any commerce with the person who writ it, therefore *Horatius* tell none, yet nevertheless I will not be indiscreet without any exception, that you have seen a Letter of this nature in my hands. As you tell me not her name who wrote it (replyed *Horatius*, after he had read it) I can hardly be unfaithfull to you if I would. For what can I say to those to whom I would tell it, but that you have shewed me a Letter: Since I know nothing else but that tis from an incensed Lady, who wrote you with such an high indignation, that I beleeve she will easily be appeased when you will, and that she hath more disposition to love then hate you, whatsoever it be speak not of it, I pray you, sayd *Aronces*, for in the thoughts in which I now am, I am assured I shall never mention love to that person: Whilst *Aronces* thus spoke, *Horatius* had an extream joy to beleeve that he was not amorous of *Clelia*, for though his freind told him hee would never have any commerce with the person, whose Letter hee had seen, he hearkned to that as the discourse of an angred Lover, who beleeved somtimes to hate when he loved most, he doubted not but *Aronces* had a great engagement to this Lady, whose Letter hee had seen, so that beleeving hee was not exposed but to be a mans Rivall to whom he owed his Life, and whom he very much loved, he expressed a greet resentment of joy by the only imagination of it, and least that mishap he greatly feared might happen to him, hee resolved whilst *Aronces* loved another to tell him that he had the same for *Clelia*, though he loved not to declare his secrets, for as he knew him to be very generous he thought that

after

after he had once made him his confident, he would not become his Rival, so that casting an obliging look on *Aronces*, for to demonstrate to you how dear your friendship is to me, said he to him, I will be more free with you then you have been with me; for in fine, I have almost stolen from you your secret, but I will voluntarily declare mine to you, know then, continued he, that time hath worn out many months since love seized my heart, and I every day feele my hatred against *Tarquin* increases, because I look on him as the cruel cause of those punishments which are prepared for me. *Aronces* hearing *Horatius* speak in this manner, imagined he had some Amoretta's at *Rome*, and did not fully comprehend that he hated *Tarquin* more then ordinarily, because it was his exile which had caused his passion for *Clelia*, so that willing to testifie to *Horatius*, that he would obligingly espouse his Interests, he commiserated his cruel passion, praying to tell him his adventure: alas my dear friend, said he to him, my adventure is declared in few words; for as soon as I shall tell you that I love without being beloved; I shall tell you all which hath happened to me, since I was amorous; but hath not absence, replyed *Aronces*, healed you of a love which hath been so ill rewarded: as he thus spoke, and that *Horatius* was about to tell him, that he was not absent from the Person whom he loved, and that he would have named *Clelia* to him; *Clelius* entred into *Aronces* his Chamber, and broke off the conversation of these two Rivals, which knew not themselves to be so; and they could not renew it this day nor a long time after, for as *Aronces* would not render secret for secret to *Horatius*, he rather avoided then sought him: *Horatius* on his side had his spirit so clouded with grief, that though he had a design to confide in *Aronces*, he could not do it, no occasion presenting it self. In the mean time, as he believed *Aronces* to be ingaged in another love, he clearly submitted his heart to *Clelia*.

But to return to the two Letters these Rivals had writ her, and the answers she return'd to them; you must know, that three days were fully compleated before *Aronces* had the happiness to see *Clelia*, though he sought for her in the resolution he had taken not to oppose his love, and had resolved to tell her, that that which he writ was positively true; for *Horatius*, though he resolved to love *Clelia*, he feared to see her, lest she would be displeased when he should tell her the contents of his Letter were true: but at last by a fortunate occasion these two Rivals met together after Dinner at *Clelius* his gate with one design, to see *Clelia*; *Horatius* said nothing particularly to *Aronces*, because he had with him a friend which he had found at *Capua*, called *Stenius*, whom he had brought to entertain *Sulpicia*, that he might discourse with her daughter, so that being entred without discovering their hearts to one another, they seemed as two men which had great friendship together, but they were very much troubled when they approached *Clelia*, and this fair person seeing them both at once, & seeing in their countenances an equal agitation, confirmed her self in her conceived opinion, that they both had contrived together those Letters they had writ to her, it happened that *Horatius* noting *Aronces* his change of Countenance look'd on him, and *Aronces* doing the same thing, look'd on *Horatius*, so that *Clelia* believing they made some intelligent sign to deceive her, determined with her self to tel them they were not come to their end: and thus smiling said, you see well, said she, to them, in the manner with which I receive you both that you have not deceived me, and that your fallacy hath not succeeded: therefore do not enterprise it once more, if you will not have the shame to be discovered, for if you could not deceive me when I did not distrust, judge then if you can do it now you have rendred your selves suspected.

Aronces and *Horatius* hearing *Clelia* speak in this manner, were strangely surprized, for her words agreeing with her writing, they knew by this both had written, and that both their Theams were love, since she used the same terms to them both, and not having power to hinder their surprisals, and their astonishments, they chang'd colour lookt on one another, and afterwards lookt on *Clelia*, as if they had desired to see her thoughts in her eyes, or what they should answer her: on the other side, *Clelia* seeing the agitation of their spirits, knew she was deceived; and

blasht by a modest thought mingled with confusion; but she did not judge it fit to retract what shee had sayd, and she continued to make war to them, as shee had begun, for after *Aronces* was come from his astonishment, For my particular Madam, sayd he to her, I protest unto you, I had no desire to deceive you, and *Horatius* very well knowes I never proposed any deceit to him, I confess what you say, replyed he, but confess likewise I never proposed to you in my life to deceive the fair *Clelia*, to the end, that as I shall make yours, you make my justification, the path which you tread to justifie your selves will render you more culpable then you imagin, replyed she, therefore if you will beleeve mee, divide the controversie betweene you, concerning the crime I accuse you. At least amiable *Clelia*, replyed *Aronces*, with precipitation tell me, if *Horatius* his crime is in the nature of mine?

I pray you, Madam, added *Horatius*, yeild not to *Aronces* that hee demands of you without doing the like to me, and without telling me if the fallacy of which you accuse him, is like that you accuse me off.

If I should consent to your demands, replyed *Clelia* prudently, I should give you honour to have deceived me, since I should take the paines to tell you a thing I suppose you know; but in fine, whether your termes be equall or no, speak no more of it, for in the humour in which I am, I cannot tollerate such abuses; take then some care to make me forget those you have done me, and never propound it more to me, if you will not have me fear or fly you, as if *I* had contracted much hatred against you.

I know not, replyed *Aronces*, what *Horatius* hath done or sayd which hath angred you, but for my part, Madam, *I* protest unto you, that if *I* have incurred your displeasure, *I* am disposed to displease you all my life. Those which have begun a thing, added *Horatius*, do not so easily leave it off, therefore Madam, you ought not to think it strange if *I* make use of *Aronces* his expressions, and assure you if *I* am Criminall, *I* shall be so till death. *I* shall suffer the rest of the day, replyed *Clelia*, seeming to beleeve, that in effect you have deceived me, but *I* declare to you my patience extends no farther, and that if to morrow you thus speak to me, *I* shall effectually act as if the deceit had succeeded.

As *Clelia* had finished these words, one of *Horatius* freinds entred, and *I* entred a little after with *Fenice*, with whom *I* had made my peace since *I* left *Aronces*; tis true, the better to confirm her, *I* was not very sorry to accompany her to *Clelias* house, to the end shee might hear from her mouth, that twas *Horatius* had made the song which was the occasion of our quarrell she accusing me to have done it, and *I* turned their discourse in such a manner, that *I* finished to *Fenice* my justification, but *I* was much surprized to see *Aronces* and *Horatius* both melancholy that they which used to be very civill, had some disposition to contradict one another: *I* assure you Madam, this *I* tell you surprizes you, for after *I* had told you that *Horatius* had a designe to discover if *Aronces* was his Rivall, to the end to endeavour to vanquish his passion; *I* am assured, *I* say Madam, that you are astonished to see this exasperation at first principally in *Horatius* his spirit, but *I* may say he is not culpable, because it is so naturall not to love a Rivall, that what obligation soever he had to *Aronces*, he would not look upon him as his Rivall, without feeling in his heart an extream agitation. *Aronces* on his part, not doubting but *Horatius* loved *Clelia*, had a most sensible greife, and as reasonable as he was, hee would not hinder himself from telling me afterwards, that he was as much incensed against *Horatius*, as if after hee had made him the confident of his passion, he was become his Rivall; hee therefore endeavoured to overcome the tumultuous resentments of his heart, and in effect those two Rivalls departed from *Sulpicias* house, as if they had nothing in their soules, which had begun to change their thoughts; but the most remarkablest thing in this adventure, was, that *Aronces* and *Horatius* both took an equall design, for *Horatius* resolved to acquaint *Aronces* with his affection, and *Aronces* to precede *Horatius*, resolved to discover first his passion for *Clelia* to him, so that those two Rivalls in stead of flying one another, departed together

together from *Clelias* house, as *I* have told you, and having proposed to one another to walk, they went into a publick garden where every one had the liberty to go, but they were no sooner there, but both being desirous to use one anothers confidence, they hindred themselves sometimes by their own impatience, and as soon as they were in the garden, *Aronces* thus sayd to *Horatius*, As J infinitely esteem you, J shall be very glad to acquaint you with the most important affaires which have hapned to me in the whole course of my life, J pray, sayd *Horatius*, let me first finish my discourse, for theres no reason, you should deprive me of that advantage, since J first begun to unlock to you the greatest secret in my heart, when J have told you *I* am amorous of *Clelia*, interrupted *Aronces*, then tell mee what you please. Ah *Aronces*, cryed *Horatius*, you have prevented me, and *I* have nothing now to tell you, but that I fear *I* shall be conscious of ingratitude towards you, & shal not have enough power over my self, as not to be your Rivall, what *Horatius*, said *Aronces*, is't true that you love *Clelia*, yes said he, *I* love her, and twas to endeavour to discover if you lov'd her, that *I* came to your house that day *Clelius* interrupted us, and when I entred into your chamber, I had taken a resolution if I could discover you to be my Rival, to vanquish my passion by all means I could possibly use; but truly I cannot tel whether my inclination induced me to do it, for since I have known you love *Clelia*, I have so terrible an agitation in my heart, that J do not know whether I should love *Clelia*, hate you or hate my self, neither would I enfringe our freindship or desert her, ah *Horatius* cryed *Aronces*, that which you would do is not possible; for if we both love *Clelia*, we must necessarily hate one another, I am so much obliged to you, replyed *Horatius*, that I think not, that the Love I have for her, and the freindship I have for you should be incompatible: If that which you say is true, replyed *Aronces*, it is for you to yeild *Clelia* to mee for it must consequently follow you love her lesse then I. Since tis true that I beleeve it not possible to look upon you three days as my Rivall without hating you: tis not, said he, that I am lesse generous then you, but tis assuredly that my love is more powerfull, ah *Aronces*, replyed *Horatius*, I oppose my self to that which you say, for you cannot have more Love then I, but tis that owing to me not so much as I owe to you, you are not so obliged to love me. No, no, answered *Aronces*, tisnot by that reason, for if I have defended your life, you have likewise defended mine, I declare likewise to you, that you owe no more to me then I to you, and if you renounce the pretentions you have for *Clelia*, I would count it as a thing you are not obliged to do, would to the Gods, replyed *Horatius*, I was in estate to do all which you say, for I should do it by another motive, but tis impossible for me to change my affection, and permit you to love her, tis true, I am no great obstacle to you, seeing that if I am not deceived, I have not much room in *Clelias* spirit, ah *Horatius* cryed *Aronces* you are not only the most accomplished man in the world but you are a Roman, and I am an unhappy unknown which cannot hinder you. Notwithstanding I hope, though I have no subject of hope, expect not likewise I can ever suffer you to love *Clelia*, though many reasons oppose my Love, if you will (replyed *Horatius*, after a little consideration) strive to divert the currens of your affection. *I* will do the same things if *I* should consent to your demands, replyed *Aronces*, we should find our selves in some dayes in the same estate we are now, since *I* am assured that *I* cannot cease to love *Clelia*, so that all *I* can do is, to recall my generosity to hinder mee from hating you, or to hate you lesse then one ordinarily hates his Rivall, for as *I* am sincere, my thoughts must fall in the compass of my words, let us then love *Clelia* pursued he, since our destiny will have it so, and be perswaded that there is nothing but my love to her can make mee hate *Horatius*, *I* am of opinion, added this illustrious Lover, that if you be not more happy then *I*, J shall not hate you, and *I* am likewise perswaded, that if *I* am not more happy then you, you will not hate me, and *I* may likewise say, that *Clelia* in disposing her heart, shall put in yours and mine, either hatred or freindship, according as wee shall be, either happy or unhappy, and we may draw from hence this advantage, that if *Clelia* loves you her affection will consolate you, for my

hatred,

hatred, and if I am preferred before you, I ſhall likewiſe comfort my ſelf for yours. As theſe two Rivals were thus arguing, fortune conducted me where they were, and having noted ſome alteration in their countenances, I preſſed them ſo much to tell me what had diſtracted them, that I became the depoſitory of the promiſes they had made not to oppoſe one another with *Clelia*, by any other way then by endeavouring to make themſelves beloved: they likewiſe promiſed one another not to diſcover it to *Clelius*, and to expect to heal themſelves when *Clelia* had choſen one of them, and in effect, they lived a little while with the ſame civility as they had formerly done, but I am aſſured their thoughts differed in their hearts, and if their generoſity had not reſtrained them, they would have quarrelled more then once, on very ſlight pretexts, they overſwayed their thoughts as I have told you, and lived ſo well together, that if *Clelia* had not already known their loves, it had been difficult for her to know they were Rivals, but they both took a different reſolution to act with *Clelia*; for after *Horatius* had diſcovered his love he continually preſſed her to be favourable to him: and *Aronces* on the contrary reſolved with himſelf to tell *Clelia*, that he would not deſire hope, nor demand any thing but the onely favour to be believed her Lover, though he pretended not to be beloved, but to be put in the number of thoſe whom *Clelia* called her tender friends, to diſtinguiſh them from many others, which had not ſo advantagious a place in her heart; ſo that *Clelia* finding *Aronces* leſs importunate then *Horatius*, avoyded him leſſe then his Rivall, but ſhee particularly forbid them both never to ſpeake of love to her, and though *Aronces* better obeyed her then *Horatius*, he more perſwaded her, and the importunity of the firſt did ſo evidence the diſcretion of the ſecond, that he was leſſe unhappy.

As things were in this eſtate, there arrived at *Capua* a Roman called *Herminius*, who merits much eſtimation, and is endowed with all thoſe qualities which compleat a perfect man; but Madam, as I have not the leaſure to play the Painter in deſcribing him to you, having many things to acquaint you with, by which you may draw his Character: it ſhall ſuffice to tell you, that as he was a Roman, and exiled by *Tarquin*, and one of *Horatius* his acquaintance, *Clelius* no ſooner knew that he was at *Capua*, but he preſently offered him all that which depended on him, and prayed *Aronces* to contract a friendſhip with this illuſtrious Roman; he brought him likewiſe to *Sulpicia* and his daughter; which had no great difficulty to reſolve with themſelves to uſe him civilly: but Madam, you muſt know, that *Herminius* was ſo touched with *Clelia's* merit, that though his affection was confined in *Rome*, and that it was not ordinary for them which have a violent love, to have at the ſame time a violent friendſhip: tis true, he had an earneſt deſire to acquire ſome place in the admirable *Clelia's* heart, and if *Horatius* had not told us, he knew his adventures, and that he had performed heroick actions for his Miſtreſs, we had nigh believed he was amorous of *Clelia*, for he praiſed her with a certain exaggeration which ſeemed to be peculiar to love, he ſought her with an extream care, he was raviſhed with joy when he was nigh her, and was much affli cted when he ſaw her not, and ſo ardently teſtified to deſire her friendſhip that *Aronces* and *Horatius* did not more paſſionately deſire her love.

In the mean time, though he indeavoured to divertiſe her in an hundred ſeverall manners, he eſſayed to divine that which might pleaſe her; *Horatius* nor *Aronces* had no inquietude, becauſe they knew he was amorous at *Rome*: *Clelia* likewiſe and all thoſe who ſaw him in *Clelia's* houſe infinitely eſteemed him. In the mean time, this admirable Virgin lived in ſuch a manner, that ſhe had no lover but he was obliged to conceale himſelfe under the name of a friend, and to call his love friendſhip, for otherwiſe they had been baniſht from her houſe, and *Aronces* and *Horatius* inrolled themſelves under that title, if it was not in certaine inevitable occaſions, where this laſt ſtrangely importuned *Clelia*, by his continuall complaints; for my ſelf which was amorous of *Fenice*, I was likewiſe *Clelia's* friend, and I remember one day amongſt the reſt, that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Fenice* and I were with *Clelia*, where there was many other perſons in conference with *Sulpicia*, for you muſt

must know this day was one of the most agreeable in the world, seeing the manner to which tended our discourse, in effect, as *Herminius* was a gallant of Friendship and commonly entertained *Clelia* with some expressions reflecting on tenderness: *Aronces* told him he could not chose a person which knew the nature of true tenderness better then *Clelia*; adding that if he could so far prevail with *Clelia* as to define it, he should be the happiest friend in the world, her definition of it much exceeding all others; if tis true, replyed she, that I can so perfectly decypher it, tis because my heart dictates it to me, and tis not therefore difficult to tell the Notions of it; but from thence I must not draw this conclusion, added this fair person, that all those I intitle my friends are my tender friends, for I have them in severall degrees. In Effect, I have half freinds, if *I* may so speak, that *I* call by another name, agreeable acquaintance, and *I* have some which have made a further progresse, and which *I* number in the Catalogue of new freinds. I have others which I simply call my freinds, and I have some that I call my customary freinds; I have others which I name solid freinds, and others which I name particular freinds; but for those I beautifie with the title of tender freinds, they are but few in number, and they are before so firmly seated in my heart, that they can hardly make any farther progresse, and I so distinguish all sorts of freindship, that I do not confound them. By your favour amiable *Clelia*, cryed *Herminius*, tell me where I am, *I* conjure you, you are yet in new freindship, replyed she smiling, and twil be long before you go farther, at least, replyed he, smiling as well as she, I should not be very sorry to know how I might go from new amity to Tender.

I am of opinion, replyed *Aronces*, that few men have ever seen a description of that country, tis a voyage many men would undertake, replyed *Herminius*, and who may deserve to have the way, by which they may be conducted to that amiable place, and if the fair *Clelia* would do me the favour to teach me it, she would bind me in an indissoluble obligation to her: may be you imagin, replyed *Clelia*, that there is but a short walk between new amity and Tender, tis therefore, before *I* engage you there *I* wil promise you to give you the Map of that country, that *Aronces* beleiveth hath none. I pray you Madam said *Aronces* then to her, if there is one that gives it me as well as *Herminius*, *Horatius* and I entreated the same favour. *Fenice* likewise pressed her to give her the Map of that Country which no person had yet described. we then imagined *Clelia* would have wrote some agreeable Letter, which would lay open her thoughts, but when we pressed her, she told us shee had promised it to *Herminius*, and that she would send it him the next day; and as we knew *Clelia* writ very gallantly, we had much impatience to see the Letter, we presupposed she would write to *Herminius*, and *Herminius* himself expected it with such an ardent desire, that he writ a note next morning to *Clelia*, to summon her of her word, and as twas very short, I beleeve it contained nigh these words.

HERMINIUS to the fair CLELIA.

AS I cannot go from new amity to Tender, if you do not performe your word I demand the Map you promised me, but demanding it of you, I engage my self to depart as soon as I have received it, to take a voyage, I imagine so agreeable, and that I prefer you before the sight of all the earth, though I should be to receive a Tribute from all Nations in the world.

When *Clelia* read this note, I have since known she had forgot the promise she made to *Herminius*, and that having hearkned to all those entreaties we made her, but as a thing which then brought us some delight, she had thought we would not remember it the next day, so that at first the note of *Herminius* surprised her, but as at this time a pleasing fancy entertained her thoughts she imagined, it would be delightfull to others, and without any further consultation, shee

took the Tablets, and wrote that she had so agreeably designed, and she so speedily executed it, that in half an houre she had compleatly begun, and finished her designment, after which having wrote a note, she sent it to *Herminius*, with whom *Aronces* and I then were; but we were astonished when that *Herminius*, after he had seen that *Clelia* had sent to him, shewed us a Map effectually designed with her hand, which taught us how we might go from new amity to *Tender*, and which so resembled a true Map, that there was Seas, Rivers, Mountaines, a Lake, Citys and Villages, and for to make you see it more clearly, behold a copy of that ingenious Map, that I carefully kept from that time.

At these words, *Celeres* gave a Map which follows in the next page, to the Princess of the *Leontines*, who was agreeably surprized at it: But to the end shee might know better all the devices of it, hee explicated to her *Clelia's* intention, which shee had done to *Herminius* in the Note, which accompanied that Map, so that after the Princess of the *Leontines* had it in her hands, *Celeres* thus resum'd his discourse.

You, doubtless Madam, very well remember that *Herminius* prayd *Clelia* to instruct him how he might go from new amity to *Tender*, so that he must first begin by the first City, which is scituated at the bottom of the Map, to go to the others, for to the end, Madam, you may be fully acquainted with *Clelia's* design, you see shee hath imagined tenderness may proceed from three different causes, either from a great Esteem, Recognisance, or Inclination, which hath obliged her to establish these three Cityes of *Tender* upon three Rivers, which derive their names from them, and to make three different wayes to go thither, so as we say, *Cumes* on the *Jonian*, and *Cumes* on the *Tyrrhene* sea, she makes us say, Tender on Inclination, Tender on Esteem, and Tender on Recognizance.

In the mean time, as she hath presupposed that that Tenderness which is produced by Inclination, hath not need of any conformation. *Clelia*, as you see Madam, hath not placed any Village along the banks of this River, which runs with such a rapid Course, that there can be no lodging along the shore for to go to new Amity to Tender, but for to go to Tender on Esteem it is not so, for *Clelia*, hath ingeniously put as many Villages, as there are small and great things which contribute to the production of it by esteem of this Tenderness, of which shee intends to speak: In effect you see that from new Amity, we pass to a place called great spirit, because tis that which ordinarily begins esteem.

In pursuit, you see those agreeable Villages of pleasing verses, amorous and gallant Letters, which are the ordinary productions of the greatest spirits in the beginning of Freindship, and for to make a greater progress in that way, you see Sincerity, Great Heart, Honesty, Generosity, Respect, Exactness, and Goodnesse, which are all against Tender. To make it evident, that there cannot be true Esteem without Goodness, and that we cannot arrive to *Tender* on that side if we are not endowed with that precious quality. After all that Madam, be pleased to direct your eyes to new Amity, to see by what way we may go from thence to Tender on Recognizance, see then I pray you, how we must go from new amity to complaisance, and from thence to that Village named Submission, and which is almost joyned to anot her called small cares, see I say, that from thence we must passe by Assiduity to make us understand, that tis not sufficient to have that small obliging care which give so much Recognizance, if we have them not assiduously. From thence you see, we must pass to another Village called Empressment, and not to do as those slow people which wil not hasten a moment what entreaty soever is made then, and which are incapable to have this impressment which sometimes so strongly obligeth from thence you see we must passe to great services, and for to note, there are few men which render such; This village is lesse then the others, from thence we must passe to Sensibility, to make us know that we must be lively touch't with the least afflictions of those we love, afterwards to arrive to Tender, we must passe by Tenderneese, for freindship attracts freindship. In pursuit we must go to obey Divine, there being nothing which more engageth the heart of those whom it obeys, then

to do it blindly, and for to attain in the end to our desired Port, wee must pass to constant friendship, which is without doubt the surest way to arrive to *Tender* on Recognizance: But Madam, as there are no wayes which we may not stray from, *Clelia* hath made as you may see that if those which are at new amity go a little more on the right or left hand; they will likewise deviate, for if we part from great spirit, we go to neglect, and we see opposite to that Map, that if we continue this deviation, we go to inequality, from thence to lukewarmness, lightness, oblivion, and instead to find our selves at *Tender* on esteem; we are at the lake of indifferency, which you see marked on the way; and which by its calme streams without doubt lively presents the thing of which it bears the name in this place: on the other side, if we go from new amity to take a little more on the left hand, we go to indiscretion, perfidiousness, pride, mischief, or obloquy, and in stead of finding our selves at *Tender* on esteem, wee are at the Sea of enmity, where all the vessels are shipwrackt, and which by the agitation of its waves, fitly agrees with that impetuous passion *Clelia* would represent: she likewise makes us see by these different wayes, that we must have many noble qualities to oblige her to have a tender friendship; and that those which have bad ones can only acquire her hatred and indifferency, and she willing to describe to us in this map that she never had love, nor would ever have any thing but tenderness in her heart, makes the River of Inclination cast it selfe into the Sea which is called the dangerous Sea, because tis dangerous for a woman to exceed the limits of friendship, and she makes in pursuit that beyond this Sea is that we call *unknown Lands*, because in effect we know not what they are, and that we believe no person can go further then *Hercules* his pillars, so that in this manner she hath morallized friendship by a pastime of her fancy, to make us understand in a peculiar manner, that she never yet loved, nor could ever receive any.

Aronces, *Herminius*, and I found this Map so exquisite, that we perfectly understood it before we departed; *Clelia* instantly prayed him for whom she had made it, not to shew it but to five or six persons whom she desired should see it, but as it was not but a simple delight of her spirit, she would not have it fall under the censure of those stupid persons, which neither know the beginning of it, nor are capable to understand the new gallantry, but she could not be obeyed, because there was a certain constellation, which so raigned, that though we intended to shew this Map but to few persons, it made such a noise in the world, that there was nothing spoke of but this Map of *Tender*; all the ingenious wits of *Capua*, write something in praise of this Map, either in Verse or Prose, for twas an excellent subject for an ingenious Poem, gallant Verses, very agreeable Letters, and very pleasant Discourses; but *Clelia*, said they, set too high an esteem on it, and there was no person who was not demanded whether he would go to *Tender*? it furnisht some such an agreeable subject of entertainment, that there was nothing more fit to exhilarate our spirits; at first *Clelia* was angry that there was so much spoken of it, for in fine (sayd she one day to *Herminius*) do you think I imagined this spective fancy had any thing pleasant, but for our *Cabala* in particular to become publick, and that I made to be seen but by five or six persons which have noble spirits, should be seen by two thousand who scarce have any, and who hardly understand the best things? I know well pursued she, that those which know it, began by a conversation, which gain me only time to imagine this Map will not find this Gallantry Chymericall nor extravagant, but as there are strange men in the world, I extreamly feare that they will imagine I seriously considered of it, that I have trifled away many dayes to find it, and that I believe to have designed an admirable thing, but tis a momentary folly, that I looke upon as a toy, which hath, it may be, either some galantry or novelty for those whose spirits are well tuned to understand it. *Clelia* had therefore no reason to disquiet her self, Madam, for tis certain that all in generall commended this new invention, which displayed the way how one might acquire tenderness from honest persons, except from some dull, stupid, malicious, wicked, whose approbations were indifferent to *Clelia*, whether they

they prayd it or no, yet it commonly drew some delight from the most stupid of those men, for there was a man among the rest who demanded to see this Card with a strange obstinacy, and after he had heard many prayse it, he dully demanded for what use it served, and for what profit was this Map? I know not (replyed he to whom he spoke, after he had diligently folded it up) if it will serve to every one, but I know it will never conduct you to *Tender*.

The Destiny of this Map, Madam, was likewise so happy, that those which were too stupid to understand it, used to divertise us in giving us subject to deride their follyes, but it seemed particularly to *Aronces*, because it prejudiced *Horatius*, for Madam, you must know that this Lover, which as I have told you, troubled *Clelia* with his continuall complaints, speaking to her one day of this Map, and willing to make use of it to speak of his passion, alas Madam, sayd he to her, I am more unhappy then all those which approach you, since tis true, that I do not see the way which may conduct me where I may go in that ingenious Map you have made: for I cannot touch your Inclination I have not sufficient Merit to acquire your Esteem, I can never oblige you to any Recognizance, and in fine I know not what way to take, and to say things as I think them, I know not if I may go where some other more happy then I is already arrived, and if that Country where you say no person hath yet beene, is not knowne to some of my Rivals; for Madam, from whence proceeds this durity of heart towards me, if you have it not Tender towards some others, you have naturally a gentle spirit, a sensible heart, I very well know you esteem me, you are not ignorant of my passiō you likewise know *Clelius* honours me with his friendship, there is no disproportion of quality between us, & if fortune changes at *Rome*, I shal have riches enough to make a Roman happy: But after all, Madam, added he, I am perswaded that far from having the power to pass to *Tender*, I shal never arrive there ah would to the gods som unknown be not already arrived near those *unknown Lands* to hinder me from going thither, and that your heart is not already too much ingaged to love him, of whom ——— You have done well *Horatius*, said *Clelia*, interrupting him (her anger planting blushes on her cheekes) to remember me that my Father loves you, for if twas not by that consideration, I would treat you in such a manner that it would be in effect easie to know, that you will never arrive to *Tender*, but the respect I beare him somewhat reraining me, I content my self to tell you two things, the first is, I absolutely forbid you ever to speak to me in particular, and the second is, that that unknown of whom you speak, is not in these *unknown Lands*, because no person is yet there, nor can never be there, but to the end you do not imagine I conceal the truth from you, I declare to you he is at *Tender*, & that he shal always be there both by esteem and recognizance, for he hath all the merit one can have, he hath saved my life as well as yours; but the difference that is between you and me, is this, that I am very acknowledging and you very ungratefull. In the interim, it seems to me not very judicious to appear ungratefull, when one desires to obtain favours from any one.

Horatius would have answered something, but *Clelia* would not hearken to him; and *Aronces* being arrived, he was constrained to depart from her, and to leave his Rivall with her, but hardly was he departed, but *Aronces* gave her account of divers small Commissions she had given him the day before, for she had prayed him to oblige *Aricidia* to recount to him that which passed in a great Assembly where she was, he was likewise charged to procure flowers to make Garlands for a great Feast, which hath some resemblance with the Feast of the *Terminales*, so solemnly celebrated at *Rome*, and hee had promised to give her some of *Sapho's* verses he had translated, for hee very well understood the Greeke, and she knew it not; so that willing to quit himself of all those things she ordained, he made at first, a pleasant Narration of that assembly where *Aricidia* had been; for in fine, Madam, said he to *Clelia*, I wil declare to you the very words of *Aricidia*; tel *Clelia*, said she to me, after I had acquainted her with your desires, that the Assembly was not faire, because she was not there, and that there had never been one where there was so much melancholly: for all those Ladyes which profess Galantry, were

unhappily

unhappy this day there for all the jealous Husbands were there, and above half of their Gallants were wanting, in pursuit. *Aronces* promised *Clelia* that she should have the next day four bushels of flowers to make Garlands, and began his Version of *Sapho's* verses, whose memory is very famous through all *Greece*, which were very amorous; as ye may judge by four verses which I shall tell you, which remains in my memory.

Love is a pleasing malady,
For which my heart no cure can find:
Yet if I could get remedy,
I'le rather dye then cure my mind.

But after *Aronces* had given her account of the Commissions she gave him, and that *Clelia* smiled at all that *Aricidia told him*, that she had thanked *Aronces* for his flowers, and that she had praised the verses he had given her, he said to her half smiling; at least Madam, permit me to hope that if I continue, I shall soon passe from that agreeable Village, which is called *Little-Cares*, and that if I cannot go to Tender on esteem, I may one day arrive to Tender on recognizance, not daring to pretend to go to the third, nor to think there is something above Tender; for those happy *unknown Lands* I can descry but at a distance, I find my self so comforted by being strongly perswaded that others cannot go thither no more then I, that I shall think my self happy when I shall arrive to Tender.

Clelia remembring the expressions of *Horatius* could not conceal her blushes, and *Aronces* fearing to have incurr'd her indignation demanded pardon of her, not knowing wherefore he demanded it: are my wishes too much to desire, Madam said he to her? If they are so, divine *Clelia*, I crave your pardon, but I demand it not having power to do pennance for such a crime; no, no, *Aronces*, said she obligingly to him, I do not condemn you for desiring my friendship, but on the contrary, am very well pleased you esteem me worthy of it; but to descend a little nigher, I assure you, you have as much part as your merit or obligations may claim: for in fine, I owe my self to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, and likewise to you, and I assure you, whilst you do not force me to change my thoughts, and conceal my freindship and my recognizance, I shall be very glad to evidence to you in any occasion that I am not ungrateful.

But Madam replied *Aronces*, what may I doe to preserve my self in that glorious state where you make me beleive I am? you must live with me, as you did formerly, replyed she; but Madam, replyed he, you desire an impossibility, for the means to live long without entertaining you, of that I dare not tell you but by my sighs and regards? I am resolved, pursued he, to endeavour to obey you, to obleige you, if I can, to desist from such an unjust command, for to testifie unto you, *Aronces*, said she to him, that I have a tender friendship for you, and that I will preserve it if I can by all means possible, I will unlock my heart to you, and rely on your discretion: ah Madam, said *Aronces* to her, but I fear this confidence will afflict me, and not at all obleige me; I know not if you are equitable, replyed she, but I am assured I shall not be unjust, if you do me justice, answered he, permit my love, and that I tell it you, and you will be satisfied that I love without hope: if the Gods had disposed your fortune and mine otherwise then they are, replyed she, I ingeniously confess to you, you are the only person on which I would wish my Father had fixt his eyes; but *Aronces*, things are not on those terms, for not to flatter you, if you are not a *Roman*, you must not pretend to *Clelia*, and there is great likelyhood you are not a *Roman*, neither that you shall ever know your extraction, content your self then to have acquired my friendship without pretending further; for if my Father should discover that you had other thoughts then those of a Brother, he would complain of you, he would forbid me your sight, and I should without doubt obey him, though I should do it not without some difficulty: but Madam, replyed *Aronces*, I will only tell you I love you, and *Clelius*, shall

not know it, but better to keep this secret, replied she, you must not tell it neither to me nor my Father; but *Aronces*, pursued she, this secret is not so secret as you imagine, for *Horatius*, who knows it may tell it to others, if he hath not already done it, and it may be for some reason he may acquaint *Clelius* with it, *Horatius*, without doubt hath cause to desire my unhappyness, replyed *Aronces*, but I have so good an opinion of his Virtue, that I do not suspect he will perform any dishonourable action, and I beleive he will only employ his merit to ecclipse my love: Though it should be so, said *Clelia*, seeing he knows you love me, *I* must give him no occasion to believe *I* suffer your love, and *I* conjure you to affirm your resentments; it *I* could do it, Madam replyed he, *I* would, but it is not possible, *I*, and all *I* can do, is to leave you to take a free election, love me then or leave me not, suffer my love or reject it; nothing shall obliege me to murmure against you, but nothing shall obliege me to alter my ardent affection, if you will not permit me to entertain you with it, added he, *I* will do it, but *I* am assured my vital faculties will fail when speech is forbidden me, and you may it may be, repent rather to have desired my death, then to hearken to my love; *Aronces*, propounded these words with such a passionate and respectful aire, *Clelia* remembring that hazardous attempt he performed to save her life, had not the power rigorously to treat that man she had seen so valiantly kill those which would have cast her into the *Sea*, and she took a mean, and told him without doubt all that decency and modesty dictated to her, in such expressions which savoured not of any severity, which evidenc'd to *Aronces* that only *Clelia's* virtue reviv'd her, and that he had no subject to complain of her, though he had not obtained the liberty to sigh; but after he had left her, *Clelia* had some discourse with her Mother, which gave her more boldness to abandon her heart, to the inclination she had for *Aronces*, for as *Sulpicia* tenderly loved him, that she had a secret aversion for *Horatius*, and that she feard that *Clelius* had a design to give his Daughter to the last, she confided to *Clelia* all the secret of her soul, and made her understand that she passionately desir'd she should espouse *Aronces*, and that she strangely feared *Clelius* would make her marry *Horatius*; 'tis not, said she, but that he is an honest man, but in fine, *I* have some secret reasons which would afflict me if you should espouse him, and *I* should be very glad if *Clelius* would turn his eyes to *Aronces*; *I* know very well, added she, that we know not his birth, but *I* know we are not strangers to his virtue, and that if he was not born at *Rome*, he hath at least the heart of a *Roman*, yea, of a generous *Roman*: Moreover, *Clelius* owes his life to him, and we likewise; *I* have likewise discovered without testifying any thing more of it, that he hath more affection for you then he shews, and *I* beleive *I* ought to tell you my true thoughts for fear if you had been ignorant of them, you would have blindly conformd yours to those of *Clelius*; *I* pretend not, pursu'd *Sulpicia*, to make you disobey him, but *I* would have you empty your addresses to dis-ingage *Horatius* from the design *I* perceive he hath for you, that you make no rudeness to *Aronces*, and that you endeavour handsomely to make known to *Clelius* that you have some aversion towards *Horatius*, and that you have none for *Aronces*, for as I know he loves you, if you do as I direct you, he will not constrain you; but above all my Daughter, added this prudent Mother, had your spirit alwayes no estate to obey him without any reluctancy, if he would have you recede from my directions, for *I* intend not to employ but address only, to make him consent to my desires: You may judge, Madam, that *Clelia* easily promised to her Mother to perform all her desires, and to give her one secret for another; she acknowledged to her that *Aronces*, and *Horatius* loved her, but by a sentiment of modesty she could not resolve to tell her the sequel of the discourse which passed between these two lovers and her. *In* the mean time, being become more bold after that *Sulpicia* had told she was more severe to *Horatius*; and more affable to *Aronces*, to whom in the end she accorded the permission, to tell her sometimes the thoughts he had for her, but she alwayes forbad him the hope to be happy, without the consent of *Clelius*; but, Madam, though *Aronces* liv'd with *Clelia* with much reservedness, *Horatius* nevertheless noted there was a greater familiarity between them then was usual heretofore; so that as *Clelius* more severely intreated him, since he mentioned

that

that ingenious Map, it was not for that alone, but that his Rival had made a great progress in her heart; so that consideration much exasperating him, he felt a strange disposition in his soul, to forget what he owed *Aronces*, and to hate him; his natural generosity oppos'd the injustice of his love, but it was in the end constrained to yield to it; 'tis true, that this particular friend he had, which was named *Stenius*, contributed to incense him, for as he was a man which naturally lov'd these things which were troublesome, then agreeable, he had no sooner perceived that *Horatius* delighed not to hear that *Aronces* was favoured by *Clelia*, but that he did nothing but tell him whatsoever his imagination fancy'd; for sometimes, he said, she cast a favourable eye on him at the Temple, another time that she pray'd him with exaggeration, or that she had whispered to him, and there was never a day but he made some new observation of this nature, and that he told not his thoughts to *Horatius*, so that this Lover remembring that *Aronces* and he had mentioned that they should not hate one another, and break their friendship till *Clelia* had chosen one of them, I now believed 'twas time to desert his friendship: Nevertheless to be fully satisfied therein, he sought the occasion to find *Aronces*, without going to his house, for in despight of the tumultuous resentments of his soul, he conceived he should act a strange part if he should go to quarrel in his own house with a man who had sav'd his life; but knowing that *Aronces* every morning recreated himself in the publick prementioned Garden, he went thither, and there found him alone: As they yet retained some civility, *Aronces* instead of shunning him, staid for him at the end of an Alley, for by a resentment of goodness and generosity, since he reciev'd some innocent testimonies of *Clelia's*, affection he commiserated his Rivals condition, and he would have alledged many reasons to him to cure his passion, only to mitigate the grief he fore-saw he would have, when he should know *Clelia* had prefer'd his affection before his; but whilst he had this generous thought, *Horatius* whose heart was touched with jealousie, saluted him with a constrained civility, and taking the word, no *Aronces* said he to him, is it not time to cease to be your friend, and is not *Clelia* so favourable to you, as to put a differance between us? You demand it of me in such a fierce love, replied *Aronces*, that I am perswaded if *Clelia* should much hate me, I should be obleiged in honour not to tell it you; but least you should think that the fear to make you my enemy makes me thus speak, I therefore tell you because I am sincere, that I am not happy, but after that I leave it to your choice to be my freind or my enemy: as it is not there to be modest, replyed *Horatius*, I know not whether I should be your friend or your enemy, because I do not positively know how you stand with *Clelia*; 'tis for you precisely to tell it me, for as I am a *Roman* I place sincerity above all other virtues: though *I* know not my birth, replyed *Aronces*, *I* know how to seat all virtues in their right place, therefore as *I* am perswaded that after that you have told me, it is more just to be fierce then sincere, *I* say to you, that *I* ever promis'd to tell you in what terms *I* should be with *Clelia*, and that *I* have not never pretended to know the like from you, you may therefore learn it from her mouth, or divine it if you can, and 'tis for me to tell you once more, that *I* give you your choice either of my hatred or friendship: *If I* may choose, replied *Horatius*, *I* would choose the last, because *I* owe my life to you; but it not being in my power, *I* gladly accept the other, and not to be altogether ingrateful (sayd he, with a piquing rallery, putting his hand to his Sword) *I* must put my self in estate to give you that you presered me, *Aronces* seeing him in this posture put himself in the like, and these two feirce Rivals began a Combate which had ended but with their lives, if *Clelius* and I had not casually arrived at this Garden, as they had their Swords in their hands; you may judge, Madam, what was *Clelius* surprise, when he saw two men whom he dearly lovd, and whom he thought lovd one another, to be in estate to kill one another, and he was so troubled at it that he ran as swift as I to separate them, for we both arrivd together, fury having so transported them that they knew us not, but when we were two paces from them, *Horatius* seeing his blood run down from an hurt he had received on his left side, became more furious, and casting himself on *Aronces*, Oh too happy Rival, said he to him, since thou hast vanquished *Clelia*, 'twill not be difficult to vanquish *Horatius*: *Clelius* hearing these words stayed himself one moment to look

look upon me, so he was so much surprized, but without staying my self or him, I put my self in a state to separate these two valiant enemies, and I did it more voluntarily, because the advantage was on *Aronces* his side, and in effect *Clelius* being joyned to me, in despight of his astonishment we separated them without much difficulty; for as soon as *Aronces* saw *Clelius*, he retired some paces, and put himself out of a fighting posture, so that having seized them both, and there being arrived other men which came to us and assisted us, we took from them the power to continue their combat.

In the mean time, as *Horatius* was hurt, and *Aronces* was not, *Clelius* accompanied the first, even to his house, and I followed *Aronces* as my particular friend, but before they departed, *Clelius* looking upon them both, thus said, What fury possest you? And whom ought I to quarrel with? for my self I have nothing to say, replyed *Aronces*, but that *Horatius* put his hand first to his sword, and that I am not the assayler: Yes, yes, *Aronces*, (replyed *Horatius*, in estranging himself from him) I am at once both culpable and unhappy; I am it may be more unhappy then you, replyed *Aronces*, but I am doubtless more innocent.

After that, *Clelius* not daring to examine the ground of their quarrel before so many men, because of those words he heard at his first arrival to them: those two enemies went with *Horatius*, as I have told you, and I went with *Aronces*, who was as much afflicted, as if his enemy had vanquished him, for he imagined what the event of this combat would prove, in effect, though *Horatius* was hurt and vanquished, he would tell nothing to *Clelius* of the subject of his quarrel with *Aronces*, because he had heretofore promised him never to tell him he loved *Clelia*; but he imagined a part of the truth, and was strongly perswaded in the opinion that *Aronces* and *Horatius* were amorous of his Daughter, but the better to know it, he return'd to his house, and taking *Clelia* aside, without telling *Sulpicia* of it, because he noted she did not love *Horatius*, I never beleived (said he to her to affright her) that you had been capable to breed a quarrel between my two friends, and I should never have thought that the Daughter of a *Roman* so little esteemed glory as you do.

By your favour, Father (said she to him) tell me what baseness I have committed? and what quarrel I have caused? You are the cause (replied he) that *Horatius* and *Aronces* have fought, and that one of them, it may be, is in danger of death: What (replyed *Clelia* hastily, who would not retain this first motion) have *Aronces* and *Horatius* fought? and is one of their lives in danger? Yes, Daughter, (said he to her) and you are doubtless the cause of this disaster:

Clelia would then have demanded of her Father, which of the two were hurt? but seeing her Father much disturb'd, and that he attentively look'd upon her, she durst not ask that question; but *Clelius* knew that she interested her self in the conservation of one of those two enemies, for a crimson tincture shaddowed her cheeks which sufficiently confirmed him, that she was not altogether insensible either for *Aronces* or *Horatius*: In the mean time, as he did not certainly know, for which of them two she had a tender heart, because he had not named him that was hurt, he resolved subtily to discover it, and concealing the truth, he told her that it was *Aronces* which was wounded, and that she had merited blame for what she had done.

Clelia hearing *Clelius* his words, was so much afflicted, that 'twas easie for her Father to know, that she had rather it had been *Horatius*, but though she said nothing whereon he might ground this conjectural opinion, her eyes betrayed the secret of her heart, and though she had power enough to hinder her from weeping, *Clelius* saw that it was only her prudence retained her tears, so that seeking no further confirmation, 'tis sufficient *Clelia*, said he to her, I know all the secret of your heart, and you will be glad when you know 'tis *Horatius* which is hurt, and not *Aronces*; for I am very certain you prefer *Aronces*, before *Horatius*, and that you affect rather an unknown person, then a *Roman*, yet I know not whether you suffer them both, though you love one better then the other: ah *Clelia*! cryed he to her, Maids

of

of your quality do not thus live at *Rome*; but to the end you may elevate your heart, and to adde more confusion to your weakness, remember, that your blood is of the most illustrious in the world, that the Nobility of your Race is ancienter then *Rome*, and if the famous City of *Alba*, yet subsisted, that Crowne should bee your Hereditary right.

But without seeking these markes of greatness from the Tombes of those Kings from whom I am descended, and in the ruines of a state of which I might have been the Master; to the end to screw up your thoughts to a sublimer pitch of greatness, it suffices you are my Daughter, to find very strange that you should be capable of that weakness I reproach you: I know, Sir, replyed she, that I ought to take all things at your hands, therefore have I suffered you to accuse me without cause, but after all, as I am obliged to justifie my self, permit me to tell you that I am not culpable.

What? (replyed *Clelius*) do you say that *Aronces* and *Horatius* are not amorous of you? and do you think to perswade me that you do not love *Aronces* better then *Horatius*? I do not positively know (replyed *Clelia*) if those you say are effectually amorous of me, but if twere so, I should not be culpable, since I never had any design to countenance their affections, and for the difference you say I put between *Aronces* and *Horatius*, I am not in that very Criminall; for in fine, I saw *Aronces* as soon as I injoyed the light: you have commanded me from my Infancy to love him as a Brother, and to give him that title, you have alwayes loved him with a Paternall affection, I have seen him esteemed by all those who knew him before I knew *Horatius*, tis not therefore strange that I have more disposition to have friendship for him then the other, though I have lived with an equall civility towards both of them.

If you have alwayes lived so (replyed *Clelius*) wherefore should they quarrell? wherefore should they fight? wherefore should *Horatius* be hurt? and wherefore should he say to *Aronces* in my presence, that he was more unhappy then he? I know not (replied she) the cause of their quarrel, but I very wel know, I contributed nothing to it, that I have no subject to complain of *Aronces*, and that if I had not feared your displeasure, I should have long since acquainted you that I had reason to accuse *Horatius*, because he persisted to give me marks of his pretended passion, though I had forbid it him, if you had defended it as severely to *Aronces* as *Horatius*, replyed *Clelius*, things would have never come to these terms; and if you had not made a secret of that Gallantry, order should have been taken to prevent these things.

In the mean time I have to tell you, that though *Aronces* hath merit, I forbid you to look on him but as one ungratefull, that hath forgot all that he owes mee, and I command you to dispose your self to live better with *Horatius*, if he escapes; for to tell you clearly my intentions, if he doth not esteem you unworthy of him, after that which hath happened, he is the only man in the world that I can consent you espouse: He is an accomplished Man, a Roman, and Son to a friend I very much loved; and in fine, he is *Tarquins* Enemy, which is the greatest inducement for me to desire his alliance; for *Aronces* I know he is indowed with transcendent qualities, but since he is both unknown and ungratefull, I will not onely forbid him to look upon you, but command you never to speak to him till you are *Horatius* his Wife.

After these words, *Clelius* left *Clelia*, griefe seizing all the faculties of her soul; after he departed from her Chamber, he went to find *Sulpicia*, to whom he made strange reproaches, accusing her not to have taken sufficient care in the tuition of her Daughter, since she suffered her to put some distinction betweene *Aronces* and *Horatius*; for after all, said he to her, if she must put any between them, it must be for the disadvantage of *Aronces* and not *Horatius*: *Sulpicia* hearkened to her Husbands words with an extream despight, because they confirmed her in the belief that his friendship towards him principally proceeded from his former affection to his Mother, so boldly taking his Daughters part, whose innocency she knew,

she took *Aronces*, in effect said she to *Clelius*, if *Aronces* is not a Roman born, he hath a Roman heart, and if *Clelia* had not lived well with him, she should have disobeyd the cómand that you and I injoynd her, if she had sufferd him as her Brother, replyd *Clelius*, I should have had nothing to reproch her, but she hath indured him as a Lover, and hath without doubt treated *Horatius* as an Enemy; by your favour (sharply replyed *Sulpicia*) blame not me indirectly by blaming *Clelia*, and be perswaded that she is altogether innocent, that she loves glory & vertue, that she hath not derogated from her birth, but you are so opposite to the pretentions of *Aronces*, because you do not know his Father, and favour those of *Horatius*, because his Mother hath been of your acquaintance.

At these words *Clelius* feeling himselfe touched to the quick at this reproach of *Sulpicia* (because in effect there was some truth in it) felt in his heart such a disposition to anger, that for fear he should not overpower himselfe, he departed not only from her chamber, but out of the house, and went to *Aronces*, for whom he had yet a tender affection, but against whom likewise he was much angred, though he was resolved to speak to him rather like an angred Father, then an enemy; for *Aronces* received him with his usuall respect, but with such a profound sadnes imprinted on his face, that it easily appeared that his soul was much disquieted, as soon as he was entred, *Aronces* thus sayes to him, with as much submission as if he had been his Father, I doubt not but you believe you have cause to complain of me, for that which hath passed between *Horatius* and I, but I protest unto you, he hath been the Assailer, if he had not forced me to act what I have done, the respect I beare you would have obliged me to suffer any affronts from him.

I am willing to believe, *Aronces* (replyed *Clelius*) that *Horatius* hath committed most wrong in that which reflecteth on your quarrell, and I am very much deceived if I do not make you confess, that you have beene more culpable towards mee, then hee can bee towards you; for in fine, you know *Aronces* what *I* have done for you, you know I found you in the Sea, that I exposed my life to save yours, and afterwards far from treating you as a slave the gods had given me, I educated you as my Son, and that there might be nothing deficient on my part to your advantage, I desired my Wife to love you as if she had been your Mother, and commanded my Daughter to love you as if she had been your Sister; but O horrible and unparralleld ingratitude! you use the familiarity I have given you in my house to cloak your affection to *Clelia*, and you pretend to enforce her from me, that she might not obey my commands, I therefore declare to you by a tender resentment which yet resides in my heart, and to teach you to acknowledge those obligations you have to me by a gratefull recognition to you for saving my life, I declare to you, I say, that if you will ingeniously confesse all that which is passed between *Horatius* and you, and swear to me never to pretend any thing to *Clelia*, nor once to speak to her till she shall be espoused to *Horatius*, I will preserve my friendship toward you, and I will bury in oblivions grave the cause you have given me to complain of you.

Would I had the power (said *Aronces* to him) to shew you all that which hath passed in my heart, for if it were possible for me to do it, you would easily seal my justification, and my infelicity would (it may be) receive a great diminution, but seeing you cannot divine my thoughts, permit me to tell them you, and do me the favour to believe that I will conceal nothing from you, I will then ingeniously confess to you, that *I* have received continually from you all things I could desire, and more then I could ever expect, and I have been, and I am yet linkt to you in such a chain of gratitude, that nothing but death shall be able to untye, and if I could but once reproach my selfe to have committed any thing voluntarily which might merit your indignation, I should esteeme my selfe the most ingratefull and perfidious of all men; but Generous *Clelius*, that love which hath made a deep impression in my soule, and which irritates you against mee is not of this nature: What have I not done to resist and banish this passion from my heart, and for being just to you, *Clelia* hath reason to tax me with injustice, for *I* have beene sometimes so

transported

transported beyond my self, that I have wisht with a strang desire neither to admire love, or esteem her; but my wishes were still in vain, for I observe, love, & admire her, more then my tongue (too weake an instrument to blazon forth her perfections) is able to express: but as I love without any hope to be happy, demanding no reciprocall affection, I cannot see how I should be conscious of any injustice towards you, and though my person should be your captive, yet I must tell you, that the respect I beare you, only hinders me from desiring to cease to be miserable, and I must therefore ingeniously confess to you, that I am not capable to see *Clelia* in *Horatius* his power without contributing to my own Tragedy: neither give her to me pursued this afflicted Lover, and I consent thereto, neither give her to *Horatius* if you will nor give death to a man whose life you have saved.

I very well know my words do not fall in the compass of Reason, and that you have some subject to impute injustice to mee, because I seeme to impose Lawes on him from whom I ought to receive them, I would not have unript my thoughts to you in this occasion, if I had not imagined to oblige you to compassionate my feebleness, I might have told you if I would, that as unknown as I am, there is something inshrined in my heart, which may merit the particular esteem of *Clelius*; but I declare to you without murmuring against you, that if you never give her me, I shal without doubt complain of fortune, but never of *Clelius*: and if *Horatius* shal not be more happy then I, I shall not believe my selfe to be the most unfortunate of all men.

That which you say (replyed *Clelius*) is so dissonant from Reason, that I cannot give you any positive answer, and all that which I may or ought to tell you, is, that my Daughter is under my power, that the Romans are not only Masters of their Childrens fortunes, but of their lives, and as *Clelia's* Father I shall bestow her on whom I please, and I shall never give her you, but according to all likelihood shall bestow her on *Horatius*, and I expressly forbid you either to see her, or speak to her.

After that *Clelius* departed from *Aronces*, and left him in such a grand despair, that I thinke there was never any Lover whose afflictions equalled his, at least, I know that when he told me his discourse with *Clelius*, so many markes of despaire were seated in his eyes, that I feared hee was not able to support such a cruell adventure, and that his griefe would act his lives Epilogue: who ever saw (said hee to me) any misfortune equall to mine? for in fine, I have not the consolation to accuse any one of those miseries which have drowned me in a Sea of desperation, for I know *Horatius* ought not to yield *Clelia* to mee, and that *Clelius* ought not to prejudice *Horatius* by giving her to me, whose birth he knows, and I suffer an affliction so much the greater, because I do not find it altogether unjust, and I am so miserable, that even the affability of *Clelia* towards me gives a continuall augmentation to my despair, for if I was not beloved of *Clelia*, and had lost all hope of gaining her affection, it seemes to mee, I should not so much hate my Rivall, nor so much murmur against *Clelius*, and despaire it may bee would then somewat mitigate my passion, but alas *Celeres*, I am not in this estate, for on *Clelius* and *Horatius* his parts I see an absolute impossibility to accomplish my designes, and on *Clelia's* I see such a seeming correspondency of affection which renders me more miserable, but not enough to make me happy; in effect, she would it may be without any repugnance obey *Clelius*, if he should command her to love me, but she doth not so much affect me as to disobey him, if he commands her to espouse *Horatius*: & the sweetnes she expresses to me, doth increase my misfortunes, I should not be therefore lesse unhappy by the cruelty of *Clelia* (added he) and all that I can desire for my consolation is, that my Rivall should alwayes be hated by her, and that she will alwayes affect me with a correspondent affection: thus you see, Madam, the affliction of *Aronces* in this troublesome conjuncture; nevertheless as hee durst not goe to *Clelius* his house, after that hee had told him, and that he desired to know *Clelius* his thoughts in this occasion, he prayed mee to goe to *Sulpicia's* house, but as I was knowne for *Aronces* peculiar friend,

friend, I found that *Clelius* had given order to all his Servants to tell me that *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* were not there, so that the unhappy *Aronces* found himself in an unequalld despair; *Clelia* on her side was not happy, for she sufficiently lovd *Aronces* sensibly to feel the privation of his sight, and she had a great aversion towards *Horatius*, to imagine she could never Espouse him without extream displeasure: on the other side, *Sulpicia* who had a jealous thought [illegible]oul, who hated *Horatius* and who tenderly lovd *Aronces*, was not without a quietude, for she would not directly oppose her Husband, neither would she suffer that he should pretend to give his Daughter to the Son of a woman, which had heretofore given her such a cruell jealousie; for *Horatius*, he was more unhappy, for besides as he was hurt, he knew that he was not affected by *Clelia*; tis true, he had the consolation to know he was by *Clelius*, and to the think this Father would employ all his authority in his favour, if he escapd the hurt he had receivd, which was less dangerous then *Clelius* had told his Daughter.

In the mean time, as Love is Ingenious, it made *Aronces* find the Invention to write to *Clelia*, but he was astonisht when she defended him by a Letter to continue his writing to her, this rigorous command was without doubt conceivd in the most sweet expressions imaginable, but for all that twas a rigorous command, and rude, and it was done in such a manner, that *Aronces* very well knew *Clelia* would have him obey it, and he was during somtime deprivd of all consolation, till that *Herminius* who more lovd *Aronces* then *Horatius* though he was a *Roman*, somwhat asswaged his grief, for as the true ground of the quarrel between *Aronces* and *Horatius* was now divulgd, and the prohibition he had made his Daughter never to see him. *Herminius* made a Complement to that unhappy Lover, and pity'd his condition as a man which had a tender Soul, who knew the most sensibility of love, who deplord all those which were miserable, and who usd all means he could possible to comfort them, and he so much endeavourd to comfort *Aronces*, that his endeavours provd effectuall; for as he sayd he had been at *Sulpicia's*, and that he had entertaind a long time her admirable Daughter, he extreamly pressd him to tell him if she did not mention him in her discourse; If I should tell you she spoke to me of you, replyed *Herminius*, I should tell you a lye, but if I tell she carefully avoided to speak of you, I shall tell you a thing which is more advantageous for you then you imagine: For in fine, I so cleerly know that that hindred her from speaking of you, was, that she felt she could not do it without expressing more inclination towards you then *Horatius*, that I cannot doubt of it: for I have seen her blush at her own thoughts, I have seen her seem not take notice what was spoken of you, yet I have seen her attentively hearken to it, and I have seen some marks of despight; when *Stenius*, who as you know is *Horatius* his friend, hath sayd somthing to her to his advantage. Ah, ah, *Herminius*, cryed *Aronces*, you would alleviate my miseries & seek to diminish that Malady cannot be heald: I protest unto you, replyed *Herminius*, that I speak to you with all the sincerity of a *Roman*: after that *Aronces* relying on the probity of *Herminius*, prayd him to repair oftner to *Sulpicia's* house, and faithfully to relate to him all that he heard *Clelia* say, reflecting on *Horatius* or himself, but he durst not entreat him to say any thing to her on his part, for knowing the modesty of her humour and prudence, he judged that she would never discover the secret of her heart to a third person, and in effect, *Herminius* did all that *Aronces* desired, and for some dayes he was the most agreeable Spy in the world for his friend, for he alwaies reported to him some favourable observation he had made to his advantage; for my part I had likewise prayd *Fenice* to report to me all that she heard *Clelia* speak of concerning *Aronces* and *Horatius*, that she then more frequently visited; so that either by *Herminius* or me, *Aronces* heard every day somthing which pleasd him, he was therfore much troubled to know that *Stenius* saw her more often then ordinary: but after all he had some consolation in that he learnt by us that his Rivall was not in estate to entertain her when he was forbid her presence.

In the mean time *Clelius* daily visited *Horatius*, and *Aronces* doubtless had no consolation

conſolation, but that *Herminius* and I gave him: but, Madam, we were not alwaies in power to give it him as accuſtomed, for neither *Herminius* nor I had any thing one day favourably to tell him, ſo that there are none more ſuſpitious then a Lover, and an unhappy Lover, he no ſooner ſaw us but he knew we had dolefull things to tell him. In effect, as he demanded of me if *Fenice* had not ſeen *Clelia*, I told him coldly, no; and as he demanded of *Herminius* if he knew nothing of *Clelia*, he anſwered the ſame thing, ſo that this equality of anſwer being ſuſpected by him, he looke upon us with eyes, which demanded us ſo many things, that once without having a deſign, told him more then he would know, for he ſaw griefe in mine, and he noted that *Herminius* turnd his head aſide not to encounter his, and not having power to remain long in this incertainty, I pray, ſayd he to us, tell me ſpeedily that you will not tell me, for if you do it not I ſhall go to *Clelia's* houſe in deſpight of the defence of *Clelius*, and I will perform ſo many things contrary to reaſon, that you will repent not to have made known to me my misfortune: at firſt we would have concealed the truth, but there was not the means, and we were conſtraind to tell him that which we knew; for my particular I told him that *Fenice* having been at *Clelia's* houſe, was very much ſurpriſed to ſee her ſo reſervd to her, and to hear her ſpeak of him in a manner which made her judge that ſhe thought to have cauſe to complain of him: for *Herminius*, he told him ſomthing which was more diſpleaſing, for he not only informd him that *Clelia* had ſpoken in ſuch a manner, that it evidently appeard her ſpirit was irritated, and moreover, that ſhe had in an obliging manner inquird of *Horatius* health, at the ſame time that *Stenius* came to her: So that *Aronces* having theſe two things, had almoſt ſenſible Dolour, and therfore not being able ro live in ſuch a cruell uncertainty, he was abſolutely reſolvd to ſpeak to *Clelia*, to know from her ſelf what obligd her to vary in her thoughts concerning him. That which puſled me in this buſineſs, was, that I did not know why *Clelia* gave ſuch cold entertainment to *Fenice*; for to think it was becauſe I lovd *Aronces*, and that I likewiſe was lovd by him, it were equally to wrong both the wit and generoſity of *Clelia*, ſo that I knew not what to think of it But in fine, Madam, after *Aronces* had conjecturd an hundred waies to ſpeak to this admirable perſon, he did ſo well that he met with one, it is true that he had it by the contribution of fortune, for there being a perſon of quality dead at *Capua*, and the cuſtom requiring that his wife ſhould be viſited, *Aronces* had the time ſo exactly watcht when *Sulpicia* ſhould make her viſit, therby to order his own, and that he might do what he had before intended, and he ſo well fitted all things, that he came to the door of this mourning houſe, at the ſame time that *Sulpicia* and her Daughter arrivd there: ſo that I being with him, and that I knowing his deſign, I led *Sulpicia*, which received us very civily, and *Aronces* preſented his hand to *Clelia*, who as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him bluſht, and received him not with ſuch a ſweetneſs as her Mother, or if ſhe had any it was very cold, and which had nothing of that obliging diſpoſition ſhe was wont to have for him; In the mean while, there arrivd to facilitate to *Aronces* deſign, that as we traverſd a Court which belongeth to the houſe where we were, and that we were under a magnificent Portall which is at the lower end of the ſtairs, there happned, I ſay, that *Sulpicia* met with a Kinſwoman of the deceaſed, which was going out when we entred in, and who following the cuſtom of ſome women, which alwaies tels more then they are askd, related unto her not only the ſickneſs of her Kinſman, but beſides all the diſtempers which had heated his blood, and had cauſd the diſeaſe which ended his life: In fine, continuing her diſcourſe, and relating what remedies had been given him, how he had diſpoſd of his means, and generally what had befallen this man, ſince ten or twelve years to his laſt breath: ſo that our deſign not permiting us to leave theſe Ladies with whom we were, I gave attention to this long Narration, during which time, *Aronces* entertaind *Clelia*: At firſt ſhe would have approachd *Sulpicia*, but as ſhe endeavoured to do it, *Aronces* oppoſd himſelf with ſuch a comly and civill manner, that ſhe could not manifeſt all the rigour, ſhe intended for him, I am nevertheleſs perſwaded, ſhe was

not angry to be constrained to speak to *Aronces*, who no sooner saw *Sulpicia* ingaged to hear the Ladyes Discourse, which she had met, said, by your favour, charming *Clelia*, I pray tell me from whence does it proceed that you not onely forbid me to write to you, but you speak of me as if I had offended you, and that I were not as innocent as miserable, though I am the unhappiest of all men: I thought (replyed she blushing) that you were in so good a correspondency with *Fenice*, that you did not care if you had none with *Clelia*.

What Madam, (replyed he greatly astonished, do you believe that *Fenice* hath a part in my affections, *Fenice* whom I scarcely ever see, *Fenice* which is fervently loved by the deareſt of my friends, and *Fenice* in fine, which is not considerable to me, but because I know by her partly what you do or say, since I have no more the liberty to be my self a witness of your actions and the admirer of all your words. Can you believe, Madam, that a heart which adores you can be able to adore another, and is it not sufficient that *Clelius* is offended with me, that he hath debarred me to see you, and that you have forbid me to write to you, and that I fear my Rival shall be happier then I, without your accusing me with an unjustice which never had its equal; I know not, *Aronces* (said she) whether you love *Fenice* or not, but I know you have receivd Letters from her, and that you have been enough conversant to have some familiarity with her, yet said she (not giving him leasure to interrupt her) that brings no alteration to your fortune, for since my Father hath forbidden me to let you love me, and that he hath commanded me to receive the affection of *Horatius*, there will be no other change in the thing, but that I shall obey him with lesse repugnance then I should have done.

What Madam, (said *Aronces*, with a mortall anguish in his eyes) will you obey *Clelius*? will you no more suffer my affection? and will you entertain my Rivall? ah! if that be so, you have nothing to do, but to prepare your self to rejoyce for my death: for in the thoughts in which you are, it will without doubt cause you joy; but because I may at least have the comfort to dye justified, accuse me exactly of my supposed crime, tell me when *Fenice* was loved by me, when we were familiar together, and if I destroy not all these Impostures, esteeme mee as the basest of all men, take from me wholly all hopes, that is to say, take away my life: speake then, divine *Clelia*, continued he, but speake without turning away your fair eyes, that they may see in mine all the innocence of my heart, and the fervour of my love.

Clelia hearing *Aronces* speak in this manner, began to doubt of what had beene told her concerning him, so that looking upon him with a more gratious eye then before, by your favour, *Aronces*, said she to him, justifie not your self, for I had rather be in wrath then in sorrow, wherefore because tis upon necessity that *I* must lose you, leave me in the beliefe that tis I which have lost you: No, no, Madam, replyed hee, I will not indure this injustice, and I must absolutely bee justified.

As *Aronces* ended these words, and that he was in hope to appease *Clelia*, *Fenice* followed by two of her friends came down stairs, at the foot of which we were, in so much that *Aronces*, who did not think she had been there, and who knew that *Clelia* had newly accused him to have born her some affection, was so surprized by the sight of her, that it was not in his power to conceal those marks which demonstrated the agitation of his spirit.

Nevertheless, as he intended to clear *Clelia* of her doubt, he saluted *Fenice* with more reservedness then ordinarily, in so much that this person not knowing what was the reason of the diminution of his wonted civility, and calling to minde the cold entertainment that *Clelia* gave her the last time she saw her, she could not hinder her self from making some reproaches for it: ah *Aronces!* (said she to him) tis too much to be at oddes both with you and *Clelia*; tis not, added *Fenice*, but that her beauty deserves your regards, but she ought not to be possessor of all your civilities, *Aronces* and *Clelia* were so surpized by what *Fenice* had said, and she passed by so suddenly, that they had not the leasure to answer her, yet they both began to

give

give her a reply, but as I have already I (said *Fenice*) gave them not the leasure to end it, nay, they were not able to say any thing to each other, and I could not goe after *Fenice*, who had not seen me, because *Sulpicia* ended her discourse which she had with that Lady, which had stayed her, by this means, *Aronces* thinking to clear himselfe, found himselfe in a new labyrinth, for the alteration of his countenance, and what *Fenice* had told him, renewed the suspicions in *Clelia's* heart, in so much that although he spake to her as he went up the staires, she gave him no answer, and she hath even acknowleged that she hardly understood him, you may then judge, Madam, that when they were in this mourning Chamber, it was not easie for him to entertain her, and when *Sulpicia* departed, *Clelia* carried herselfe so dexterously, that she ingaged me whether I would or not to lead her, it is true that *Aronces* was not prejudiced by it, for he found in *Sulpicia* whom he accompanied so much kindnesse, that it did in some measure comfort him, yet she nevertheless told him but very displeasing things, for she confirmed him in the beliefe which he had, that *Clelius* was very angry with him, and that he would not be easily reconciled: it is true that she testified to him a great deal of sorrow for it, which did infinitely oblige him.

But as she went about to joyne *Clelia's* thoughts with hers, and to make him know, that she also was very sorry for it: Ah Madam, said he to her, the equity of *Clelia* is far inferiour to yours, and I am far from having any subject by which I might equallize her goodnes with yours.

Certainly you take the modesty of my Daughter (replyed *Sulpicia*) as a Token of indifferency; but I assure you, shee gives your vertue its deserved praise, and that if my perswasions could be ever able to cause an alteration in *Clelius* his thoughts, you should see what testimonies she would give of the esteem she hath of you: *Aronces* durst not tell her what *Clelia* had told him, for feare of angring that fair person to whom I spoke, but as soon as I desired to know of her for what reason she would put *Aronces* to despaire, by treating him so cruelly: *Aronces* (replyed she) it may be, is not so innocent as you think him to be, and you may chance to be a better friend then you think for, in speaking to his advantage; *Clelia* told me that, in such obscure tearms, that as I knew not, that shee thought *Aronces* loved *Fenice*, I was far from understanding what she meant, and I likewise answered so ambiguously, and our conversation was so mysterious, that wee parted without understanding one another; so that when *Aronces* and I were alone together, wee knew not what to imagine, for he was so astonisht to see that *Clelia* should accuse him of loving *Fenice*; and I was so affrighted at it, when he told it me, that I knew not what to think of it, and the grief which *Aronces* had for it was so great that it could not be exceeded, for my part I knew well after that which hee had told me, what *Clelia* intended to tell mee, when shee told mee, that it may be I was a better friend than I thought, for believing that *Aronces* was amorous of *Fenice* whom I loved, she was perswaded that I did more then I ought in speaking in his behalfe.

In the mean time, we in vain searcht from whence should proceed *Clelia's* jealousie, the cause of which was very far off, for you must remember, that when I told you, that when *Horatius* endeavoured the first time to know whether *Aronces* was in love with *Clelia* or no, he found him with a Letter in his hand, which *Fenice* had wrot me, of which *Horatius* knew not the writing.

Now Madam, it happened that during the time that he had kept his Chamber for the hurt which he had received —— *Stenius* fortunately shewed him a Song which was written by *Fenice*, which he saw sometimes, so that *Horatius* remembring it to be the same hand as that which he had seen in his Rivals hands, he began to imagine that *Aronces* loved in two places, and that *I* was his Confident onely but by *Fenice*, so that relating this whole adventure to *Stenius*, he began to exaggerate the unjustice of *Clelia*, to prefer a man to him which only gave her a divided heart.

So

So that *Stenius* effectively believing that *Aronces* had some intelligence with *Fenice*, and thinking to tender *Horatius* a good office, he went without informing him of it to *Clelia's* house, and he so contrived his discourse, that he gave this fair person to understand, that *I* was *Aronces* confident near *Fenice*, though I went for her Lover, or if that was not that *Aronces* betrayed me, he even assured her, that he had seen a Letter from *France* to *Aronces*, and he did it without making any scruple of the likelihood of this lye, because *Horatius* had effectually told him that he had seen one in *Aronces* hands, it was not a considerable falshood to change one circumstence of this thing, so *Stenius* did what he intended, since he had put jealousie in *Clelia's* heart, which procured *Aronces* miseries, for it was not possible to imagine what was the cause of *Clelia's* illegall proceeding, so that he found himself e most wretched, principally because *Clelius* had forbid him his house that *Horatius* did mend dayly, that *Clelius* saw him assiduously, and that it was divulged through the whole Towne that he had promised him *Clelia*, *Aronces* knew well in himself, that being as he was so much obliged to *Clelius*, he ought not to contradict his design in disposing of his Daughter, and that equity permitted him not to seek meanes to destroy *Horatius*, since he lookt on him as a man which he would have espoused to *Clelia*, so that love and equity councelling different things, he found himself greatly perplext, but in the midsts of so many misfortunes, he resented *Clelia's* jealousie more then all things, so that the excess of his passion framd in his Cogitations the most elegant propositions in the world, though he was so equitable, for although he knew that I was sufficiently in love with *Fenice*, he would shew her some publike incivility, because *Clelia* knowing of it, should no more beleive he lovd her, he even would have me not see her during some daies, and he would in fine satisfie *Clelia*, not considering whether the remedies which he would employ were lawfull or not? But at last, after we had well considerd what might be done for him; we resolvd that he should desire *Herminius* to speak to *Clelia*, and to desire her from him, to tell him what caus'd his anger, and I perswaded him also to imploy *Aricidia*, to perswade *Clelius* that he should not be so obstinate as give his Daughter but to a *Roman*, for I was strongly perswaded, that if *Clelius* gave her not to *Horatius*, he would willingly bestow her on *Aronces*, though he was unknown; and in effect, Madam, we went to *Herminius*, and *Aricidia* who promisd us to perform our desires. But as diligence in this occasion was requisite, because *Horatius* was to go abroad (as it was reported within two or three dayes) *Aricidia* went the very next morning to see *Clelius*, and *Herminius* promisd to go to see *Clelia* in the afternoon. But to begin by the conversion of *Aricidia*, who had much affection for *Aronces*, I shall tell you that this officious woman was no sooner with *Clelius*, but entring in discourse, I know not, sayd she to him, whether you will take in good part what I shall tell you, but I am sure I have no interest in it, but that of your Families repose, *Aricidia* is so accustomed, replyed *Clelius*, to be a Promoter of the contentment of her friends, that I am perswaded she can never have but good intentions: Since it is so, replyed she, do me the favour to answer me, and that sincerely; I promise it you, answerd *Clelius*, and I promise it fairly, for I can never do otherwise: Tell me then I conjure you, replyed she, is it not true, that *Aronces* is one of the most accomplisht men in the world, that he is most courageous, most witty, most virtuous, and the most agreeable, and that he is, in fine, a man whom you esteem above all the rest in the world, and which hath been most belovd of you, I acknowledge it, answered *Clelius*, but since it is so, replyed she, why have you relinquisht your love, and what hath he done to merit your hatred: He hath had the impudence to love my Daughter, replyed *Clelius*, he hath been so ingratefull as to forget he owes me his life, and that tis I which have made him what he is, but I shal make him know, that the *Romans* know wel how to punish the ungratefuls. Go not so fast *Clelia*, said he to him & take heed that the *Romãs* in thinking to punish the ungratefuls, expose not themselves to ungratitude: tis true, you have savd *Aronces* life, but he was but a Child, so that it may be sayd, that he did not see what you did for him, but you

you beheld with your own eyes what he did for you, when he ſought to ſave your life, as you have your ſelf told me, ſo you muſt not count what he owes you without counting alſo what you owe him, and you muſt preciſely tell me why you will match *Clelia* with *Horatius*, who never ſavd your life, who though he hath a great deal of worth, yet is far ſhort of *Aronees*, and wherfore you refuſe her to the latter; I could tell you, replyed *Clelius*, in two words, that tis ſufficient that *Aronees* not knowing his birth, to make me take it very ill, that he durſt have an intention to my Daughter, but as without doubt you will tell me that he hath ſo noble a mind, that tis not poſſible to doubt of his quality, I had another reaſon to tell you, which admits of no anſwer; for, in fine, *Horatius* is a *Roman*, and by all likelyhood *Aroncet* is not; ah, *Clelius*, replyed ſhe ſmiling, this it not ſo ſtrong a reaſon as that which you alledge not, and for my part I cannot endure the humour of the *Romans* which ſet themſelves ſo boldly above all the reſt of the world, for when all is done, Virtue belongs to all Countries, and of what place of the world ſoever *Aroncet* is of, I eſteem him as much as a *Roman*, beleive me *Clelius*, added ſhe ſmiling again, be not more curious then your Fathers were, who for to get Wives, raviſht thoſe of their Neighbours, and be not more then one of your Kings who married a Corinthian Slave, though he was ſo great a Prince, not conſidering ſhe was not of *Rome*, and for to ſhew you that tis not ſufficient to be a *Roman*, to have all things to diſcover to be lovd by you, is not *Tarquin* a *Roman*, and Son of *Roman* Parents, yet I have heard you ſay, he hath not the heart of a true *Roman*, that he is the Tyrant, and not the King of *Rome*, that he is an ambitious, a cruell, and a Patricide, that his wife is an inhumane woman, which hath paſſd over her Fathers body, and that ſhe is the wickedſt perſon of her Sex, after which, durſt you maintain that tis good reaſon to alledge unto me that *Aroncet* is not a *Roman*, and that *Horatius* is of *Rome*, for as there are *Romans* without Vertue, I maintaine there may be vertuous perſons, which are not *Romans*, therefore you muſt not ſay, you ought to prefer *Horatius* to the prejudice of *Aroncet*, ſince the latter hath more worth then the other, and that you are more obliged to him, and that he is more eſteemed by *Clelia*, if you had received your birth at *Rome* (replied *Clelius*) you ſhould ſee what tis to be born a *Roman*, and you ſhould know, what is that invincible band, and that love to our Countrey which bindeth all its Citizens to each other, as for *Tarquin* I look upon him as a Monſter which hath uſurped the Soveraign Authority, which belonged not to him, and I neither conſider him as a Lawfull King, nor as a *Roman*.

But ſince *Tarquins* Vices (replyed *Aricidia*) makes him not to be conſidered by you as a *Roman*, let the ſame reaſon induce you to eſteem *Aroncet* by reaſon of his Vertues, as if he were one: no, no, *Aricidia* (replyed *Clelius*) you ſhall not perſwade me, ſince I am reſolved *Horatius* ſhall be the poſſeſſor of my Daughter, and that *Aroncet* never ſhall, and in effect ſince he is not a *Roman*, and that he is ungratefull, I muſt not looke upon him as a man capable to wed all my intereſts, for, in fine, *Aricidia*, I will have a Son in-Law whoſe love for his Countrey, and hatred againſt the Tyrant of *Rome* ſhall be in the ſame degree as mine, tis therefore that I find in *Horatius* the accompliſhment of all my deſires.

In the meane time, as I foreſee, twill be difficult for *Aroncet* to ſee *Horatius* crownd with the title of happineſs, whilſt this fooliſh paſſion predominates in him, I ſhall therefore oblige him before I reſolve on this marriage to return to the *Carthaginian* Prince, and command him not to returne hither till he hath eradicated this paſſion from his heart.

Have you then poſitively promiſed *Clelia* to *Horatius* (replyed *Aricidia*?) No, ſaid *Clelius*, becauſe I would have have him deſire her, but have only fed him with hopes, and I am reſolved, ſo ſoon as he hath left his Chamber, to ſalute him with this agreeable newes: but doe you know (anſwered *Aricidia*) that it will bee as pleaſing to *Clelia* as *Horatius*? I believe it, replyed hee, and preſuppoſe that her will is regulated by mine. In truth (replyed *Aricidia*) I did not believe you ſo diſeſteemed him, and that no Chymera of a *Roman* could come in competition with

the transcendent qualities of *Aronces*; for in fine, if *Rome* onely were illuminated by the Sun, it might plead, by that priviledge to have more virtuous persons then any other City: but as you know, the Sun spreads his beams through the whole Universe, and there are virtuous men in all parts of the world: I have heard say, continued she, that in all *Greece* there were but seven men, which above all the rest were calld wise, yet the *Greeks* think they are well furnished with wisdom, and you pretend that all *Romans* are wise; believe me *Clelius*, if you would diligently peruse the antient Records of *Rome*, you should find it ever since its being, infected with Vices, and if there be any difference between *Romans* and others, tis that their Virtue is more rude and savage, and I am fully perswaded, that since you will not be perswaded by me, that the over-ruling quality of the *Romans* is obstinacy, for if that were not, you would yeild to my reasons, to my prayers, and to your self, for I am assurd that during what I have sayd of *Aronces*. your heart hath confirmd that I had reason, and that you were to blame.

Clelius hearing *Aricidia* speak, and knowing her Franchise, would no longer dispute against her, and being resolvd to refuse her, he would do it with civility, wherfore he gave her thanks for the interest she took in his Family, but he still spoke to her so feircely of *Aronces*, that she knew there was nothing to hope for, and knowing it would be to no purpose to delude him, she gave him no hopes; on the other side, *Herminius* found *Clelia's* spirit so exasperated, that she would not so much as let him speak to her of *Aronces*, and she took it so ill that she should imploy others to speak to her still of one thing, for though he had been well with her, this very occasion had been sufficient to cause a disgrace from her, for the more she esteemd *Herminius*, she so much the more took it ill that he should justifie *Aronces*, so that this miserable Lover was in unspeakable despair, I had for my part some vexation, for as *Venice* hath humours, and is a little unjust, she taxd me of *Clelia's* coldness, and of *Aronces* want of civility which they had shewd her, when she saw them together, and she pretended that in consideration of her, I should fall out with them, so that we had a great contestation, which did almost cure me of my amorous disposition: But to return to *Aronces* who was far more miserable then before, because *Clelius* who being desirous that he should retire himself from *Capua*, before *Horatius* should marry *Clelia*, went to tel it him, & in effect told him so roughly, that he could not give him an answer, for as he was redevable to him for all things, and that he still considerd him as his Father, he durst not be violent against him, and withall knowing very well that it would have been to no purpose, he therfore endeavourd by all the tenderest words he could express, to compassionate his heart, and when he saw that he could not work upon him, he conjurd him to permit him to have the liberty to dwell with him, and if he would not, at least to suffer him to take his leave of *Clelia*: but whatsoever he could say, he could not obtain any thing of what he demanded, so that *Aronces* being transported with anguish, and not able to contain it in his soul; ah pityless *Clelius*, cryed he, wherfore did you save me my life, or why at present do you kill me; tis no matter, sayd *Clelius*, you must depart, and it must be without a second quarrell with *Horatius*, as also in not seeing my Daughter: Ah, *Clelius*, replyed *Aronces* hastily, I shall not satisfie you in any thing, except I have a command from *Clelia* to depart without assaulting *Horatius*, tis not but that I know the respect which I owe you, but my reason is weaker then my love, and if she which causes it does not command me to let my Rival be happy, I know not whether I shall not disobey you, since you must be commanded by *Clelia* to depart, replyed *Clelius* feircely, going away she shall command it you, but it shall only be but by a Letter, for I declare unto you that she shall not go out of her Chamber, till you have left *Capua*; you may judge, Madam, in what condition *Aronces* was, who a while after repented, for what he had hastily sayd to *Clelius*, yet notwithstanding his love he knew well that this Illustrious *Roman* was not much to blame in giving his daughter rather to *Horatius*, of whom he knew the birth, then to one whose true quality was unknown to him, and he saw also that he had no occasion to com-

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plain of his Rivall, and tis that which made him the more miserable: But that wch was to him most insupportable, was *Clelia's* anger, for he feard that the hatred which he thought *Clelia* bore him, should induce her to love *Horatius*, which above all things in the world he feard, and indeed he could not in the condition he was then in, harbour sweeter thoughts in his fortune, then to think that *Clelia* should hate his Rivall in marrying of him: In the mean while, *Clelius* according to what he had sayd to *Aronces*, made *Clelia* write a Note, in which were only these words.

IF within three daies Aronces *leaves* Capua, *and that without seeing* Horatius, *I shall pity his misfortune, and if he obeys not the Command which I make him to depart, none ever hated so much as I shall hate him.*

You may easily think, Madam, in what a despair *Aronces* was then, after he had read these cruell words, it was so great, that *I* thought his anguish would have deprivd him of his life: But in fine, forcing himself with an extream violence, he answerd *Clelia* in this manner.

ARONCES to CLELIA.

I will, Madam, depart within three dayes, if my grief will spin my life so long as to obey you, but I will not go, but for to dye of love and despair, and I assure you that the end of my life shall antidate your Nuptials, and I shall never have the grief to hear that my Rivall hath possessed you, but you shall, it may be, soon know the death of the most faithfull of Lovers.

This was, Madam, the answer of *Aronces* to *Clelia*, who saw it not so soon; for as it had been her Father which was the cause of her writing, he hindred *Aronces* Letter from being deliverd unto her, for fear it should mollifie her heart; for although *Clelia* was angry with him, *Clelius* nevertheless perceivd that she hated him not, and that she had not any affection for *Horatius*. Things being in this manner, I saw *Aronces* an hundred times almost resolvd either to kill *Horatius*, or to dye himself, and if I had not in part retaind his violences, I know not what he would have done; there hapned a thing which did much embroyl these two Rivals, for as *Aronces* was going pensively along through a street which is neer *Horatius* Lodging, this Lover was going forth as being the first time, and expresly to see *Clelius*, to whom he was going to make his first visit, for to thank him for the good will he bore him, though he had not yet promisd him any thing, so that these two Rivals encountring, they approchd together with different thoughts, for *Horatius* who thought he should be too happy, had less anger in his spirit, and he still acknowledged his Liberator in the person of his Rivall: for *Aronces* as he was miserable, although he was generous, he only saw his Rivall in the person of his friend, they both nevertheless saluted each other, for I had forgot to tell you, that their friends during the time that *Horatius* kept his Chamber, had made a kind of agreement between them, without disclosing of their quarrel. But in fine, to begin where I left off, they saluted one another, and *Aronces* speaking to his Rivall the first, for ought that I can see, sayd he to his Rivall, by I know not what Sentiment which he could not retain: It is sufficient to be both a *Roman*, to become happy, and the greatness of my passion availeth me nothing, you should have done better to have sayd your merit, replyed *Horatius*, thereby to exaggerate your misery, for as I think my self to be as amorous as you, tis not in that that we differ, nevertheless I can assure you, that my reason is not at present troubled with

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feare that I shall be perfectly happy, since I cannot be without rendring you altogether miserable.

Ah *Horatius* ! (replyed *Aronces*) tis not of these things you must speake to comfort a generous Rivall : on the contrary, you remember we made a bargaine one day that we would not hate one another, till *Cletia* (to the prejudice of one of us) had made her choyce, therefore as you are going to be he, I think I am fully dispensed of all the friendship I had promised you, and I am verily perswaded that I may without breaking the lawes of generosity hate you. Hate me then unjust friend (replyed *Horatius*) for as it is not easie to love who hates us, think it not strange if I have no affection for him that loves me not ; far from taking it ill (replyed *Aronces*) you cannot doe any thing which may seem to me more just, then to hate me, for I declare unto you, that if the respect which I bear unto *Clelius* did not retaine me, *Clelia* should never be yours as long as my heart should beat within me, and I know not, added he, if *Clelius* should be sufficient, if *Clelia* did not meddle in it : although you have vanquisht me, replyed *Horatius*, fiercely, if things were in that condition, I should know how to defend *Clelia* with the same valour that one of my Predecessors defended *Rome*. That *Horatius* of whom you speake (answered roughly *Aronces*) overcame three men tis true, but it was more by pollicy then valour, and though you should have his valour, I should not be the sooner overcome.

As they were in these terms, and *Horatius* who prepared himselfe to give him a sharp answer, *Herminius* and two more came to them, who knowing what pass'd betweene them, and seeing some alteration in their eyes, did not leave them till they were parted ; in the meane while, as this intervene was known by *Clelius*, he sent again to *Aronces* to tell him, he would have him be gone, so that in effect he was fain to resolve himselfe to depart, at least, he did as one who intends to depart, for his followers were ordered to have all things in readines, there were for all that, moments in which he thought more in killing of *Horatius*, then in departing ; but when he considered that the death of his Rivall would not procure him his Mistres, he a little refrained his violence, which he knew was not grounded on a lawfull foundation, for *Horatius* had been in love with *Clelia* before him, *Clelius* intended her for him, and would not have *Aronces* have any thoughts that way, and in fine, *Horatius* was not very Criminall towards *Aronces*.

In the mean while, *Clelia* on her part was not without griefe, for she doubtles had an inclination in her heart powerful enough to cause in her a great difficulty to ove come it, princ pally since she knew that *Aronces* prepared himself to be gone, and to obey her, for she then knew well, that if he had loved *Fenice* he would not have left *Capua*, so that her jealousie suddenly ending, her affection for *Aronces* gathered new strength, and her aversion for *Horatius* increased so much, that she knew not how to obey *Clelius*, and if a resentment of glory had not resisted her designes, she would have done things that she had never yet done : on the other side *Sulpicia* who was horribly perplexed to thinke her Daughter should espouse *Horatius*, sought all means to hinder these Nuptials, but after she had well considered on it, she believed that as he was generous, it might happen that if *Clelia* should tell him freely that she could not affect him, and that she should intreat him not to thinke on her, hee might resolve himselfe thereto ; so that telling her thoughts to *Clelia*, and *Clelia* thinking nothing difficult to doe, so that it might conduce to the rupture of her marriage, told her Mother that she would fulfill her desires, and *Sulpicia* by a resentment of her former jealousie, assuming more boldness at this time then she should have done at another, told her Daughter, that she should the better to accomplish her design, write a Note to *Horatius*, to be at a certain houre which she should appoint him in that Garden which as I have told you is common for all, there to acquaint him of an important businesse : *Sulpicia* adding that she should tell him that it was without the knowledge of any that she writ to him, because *Horatius* should not imagine that it was by her instigation that she did this, at first *Clelia* told her Mother that she thought it would be as well

well to speak to him in her Chamber when he should come to see her, but *Sulpicia* told her twould be more easie to discourse with him privately in a Walk, then in her house, adding withall, that *Horatius* would be better perswaded she had no inclination to love him, by this extraordinary action, as was this of giving him an assignation.

So that *Clelia* obeying her willingly, writ a Note to *Horatius*, and gave it unto a slave, to deliver it him, and as she concealed it as a great secret, told him softly, that he should carry it to *Horatius*: but as this slave had formerly carried divers to *Aronces*, and never but one to *Horatius*, he thought she had said *Aronces*; and withall not knowing how to read, he knew not that it was directed to *Horatius*, and trusting to what he thought to have understood, he delivered it to *Aronces*; who had at first (seeing this slave with a Letter) an extream joy, but when he read it and that he knew it was directed to *Horatius*, and not to him, it caused in him an extream dolour, nevertheless as he knew the slave was mistaken, he made no signe to perceive it, and onely told him he should not faile to doe what *Clelia* ordained him, but this slave was no sooner gone, but *Aronces* came to my Chamber, to shew me this Note, in which were only contained these words.

CLELIA to *HORATIUS*.

PRay doe me the Favour to meet me precisely about the Evening, in the great Walke of the Myrtles, for I have some thing of great concernment to communicate to you, and withall a great favour to demand of you.

Well *Celeres* said *Aronces* to me (after I had read this Billet) what say you of my fortune? and what councell you me to doe?

I councell you to go to the assigned place as if you were *Horatius*, and with an intention to make *Clelia* a thousand reproaches, and if you can to make her change her thoughts, or else to change your owne, if she alters not hers: this counsell is easier to give then to follow, (replyed he) at least as not to love *Clelia*, as for going to the place she has appointed to speake with *Horatius*, I am already resolved, but that which terrifies me, is, that I know not what she would have with my Rivall, I likewise fear added he, that the slave which brought me the Note will acquaint her with his mistake, when he shall tell her that I will not faile to meet her at the appointed place.

But said I to him you have not writ to her: no, replyed he, and that which hindred me from it, was, that I thought by not writing to her, it was not impossible but that this slave in telling her that I should do what she desired might tell it her so, that she should not find out the mistake.

And (Madam) it happened according to their expectation, for it fell out so, that when this slave was returned home, there was a great deal of company in her Chamber, so that she would not let him give her an account of his errand, for feare he should bee understood, but asked him aloud whether he had done what she had ordained him? and he answering, yes, she made him signe to be gone, *Clelia* not doubting, but that *Horatius* would come at the assigned place, thought on nothing else but to meet him.

Nevertheless there happened a thing which had almost obstructed her going, for *Clelius* would have had *Sulpicia* gone to a place where she should have beene the whole afternoon, but *Sulpicia* who fervently desired that the marriage betweene *Horatius* and her Daughter should bee broken, did so well that shee caused her Daughter to be with one of her friends, whom shee knew did commonly walke in the place where *Horatius* was expected, and when she left her, she perswaded her

as much as possible she could, to put *Horatius* into such a despaire that he should never hope to have her.

But whiles things were thus favourable for *Aronces*, and so contrary for his Rivall, this Lover who was ignorant of the agitations of *Clelia's* heart, was in a strange perplexity, and in such an inquietude as I cannot represent unto you, for his impatiency would not permit him to stay till the appointed houre, but he repaired thither long before *Clelia* came; for my part, as I had a great desire to know what this interview would produce, *I* went also in the Garden, and walkt in an Alley from whence I might see those which went into that place where *Aronces* was, where in fine, *Clelia* came with one of her Mothers friends, with whom there was three other Ladies.

As soon as *Clelia* saw *Aronces* her blood leapt into her face, tis not but that she thought twas Fortune onely which guided him thither, but that she was perswaded *Horatius* would come also, and that shee feared shee should meet them together.

On the other side, *Aronces* who seeing the alteration of *Clelia's* countenance, and imagining that she stayd there for his Rivall, and that the commotion which hee saw in her eyes proceeded from her despight to see him there, raised his griefe to so high a pitch, that he resolvd to go either into another Alley, or else to make *Clelia* a thousand reproaches: but in fine, his reason overpowering his passion, he became Master of himselfe, and he so dexterously disguised his sentiments, that the Ladyes with whom *Clelia* was, could not perceive he had any particular designe, for he saluted them very civilly, and without addressing himself to *Clelia*, he discoursed with the Conductress of this little troup, so that according to the freenes which we injoy at *Capua*, he fell in conversation with these Ladies, and sometimes entertaining one, and then another, he at last spoke to *Clelia*, who was much surprised not to see *Horatius*, and that in all likelihood *Aronces* was not to leave them very quickly, and there happened an occasion which gave *Aronces* as much leasure as he could desire to entertain *Clelia*, for as this company came to a great *rotundo* of Trees, which divides this great walk of the Myrtles, and the Ladies having seated themselves, it happened that the places casually were before almost all taken, so that there was no place left for *Clelia*, who seeing onely a little Bench which was on the other side, where there could set but two, she went thither, and *Aronces* took his place by her.

But when shee saw him approach, the feare which shee had that *Horatius* should come, that he should finde her in a particular conversation with his Rivall, and that it should hinder her from perswading him what she desired, caused her to speak softly to him; by your favour *Aronces* (said she to him) if it be true that you have formerly had some friendship for me, I conjure you not to desire any private discourse with me to day, for since I durst not recount unto you my life, it is not needfull you should think of speaking with me in secret.

No, no, Madam, (said he to her, looking attentively on her) it concerns you not so much as you thinke, for I assure you *Horatius* shall not come hither by your orders, and if fortune guide him not hither, I shall have the leasure humbly to intreat you to tell me, what *I* have done to merit your hatred, and what he has done to gain your love, and from whence proceeds, that when you deny me the comfort of a last farewell, you writ him Notes and gave him assignations in a place from whence you would have me be gone, because you stay for him: but Madam, to deliver you from the unquietude which I cause in you; I must tell you that the slave whom you ordered to deliver your Note to *Horatius*, did mistake, for tis I which have received it, and I am come hither to conjure you to tell me, if I am worthy to know, that you had resolved to tell *Horatius*: you may judge, Madam, how *Clelia* was surprised, when she heard *Aronces* use these expressions, nevertheless, as her spirit was free from jealousie, and that the love which she had for *Aronces* was stronger then ever, and he lookt on her in such a manner, which mollified her heart, that she endeavoured not to disguise the truth of that which she perceived he knew,

and

and she was not very sorry to make him understand that this assignation was not to be advantageous for *Horatius*. Also when *Aronces* had desird her to tell him what she intended to tell *Horatius* whom she had stayd for: *Aronces*, sayd she, then to him, if you know what you demand, you would soon gain-say your self, and you would desire me not to tell you that which you seem to desire of me.

Tell me at least then answered he, what you would have me do; if it be true, answered she, that you love me yet, I will have you resolve your self to love me no more but as a Sister, and that you will be so equitable as not to accuse me of your misfortune, since I am enough my selfe, not to accuse you of mine: But, Madam, replyed he, things are not alike between us, for I may justly accuse you of all my misfortunes, but for my part, what is it that I do which may contribute to your unhappiness? You are the cause, answered she, blushing, that I have a horrible repugnancy to obey my Father, you are he, which makes *Horatius*, who is a very d serving person, altogether insupportable to me, as soon as I consider him as to be my Husband, and in fine, by all appearances, you are the cause that the rest of my life will be miserable: Ah, Madam, by your favour, replyed *Aronces*, permit me to give so advantageous a sence to your words, that they may, if not make me happy, they may at least render me less miserable: I consent thereunto *Aronces*, replyed she, but I also conjure you to tell me no more any thing, for as things stand now, I can no more innocently receive any particular mark of your affection, nor give you any of mine; you might nevertheless, Madam, if you please, acquaint me with that which you would have told *Horatius*, I would have told him; replyed she, so many things advantageous for you, that I ought not to tell it you; if I could effectually desire you should love me no more; for in fine, *Aronces* I would have seen *Horatius*, by the command of my Mother, to tell him freely I can never love him, and to endeavour by a resentment of generosity to induce him not to obstinate himself to render me miserable, since I can never render him perfectly happy: but to tell you the truth, I think I shall never perswade him; you now see *Aronces*, added she, the subject of this Assignation, for which you have reproacht me. If it were permitted me, replyed he, to give you thanks, and to require your pardon, I should prostrate my self, divine *Clelia*, at your feet, to testifie unto you my acknowledgment, and for to conjure you to tell me if you would have me in case I should disobey *Clelius*, who will have me depart, and seek all means possible to forget you: I know not, replyed *Clelia*, whether I should hate you, but I know I should live with you as if I lovd you not. In effect, added this prudent Virgin, I shall do what *I* can, not to espouse *Horatius*, but when neither by my prayers nor inventions I shall not prevail there must be no more of any thing done, but to prepare never to see each other, for without any equivocation, I must tell you that though my Father should not oblige yout o be gone, I should, tis therfore, that if the design which I have does not succeed, as I believe it will not, you must conform your will to my Fathers, because you should not necessitate me voluntarily to impose upon you a rigorous command.

As *Clelia* had ended these words, *Horatius* who heard by chance that she was in that Garden, came thither, so that this fair Maid spying him a far off, in an Alley which came in to that where she was, advertisd *Aronces* therof, and desired him to leave her alone, to the end she might perform that which *Sulpicia* had enjoynd her to do; But, Madam, replyed he, who shall assure me that this conversation shall be such as I desire it to be; that which I have had with you, replyed she, going away, promise me at least, replyed he, that whatsoever happens you will still have a little love for the miserable *Aronces*, I promise it you not, replyed she, with an alteration in her colour, in casting a favourable aspect upon him, but I know not whether I shall not do it without promising you of it.

After that *Clelia* rejoynd the Ladyes, with whom she was, and after *Aronces* had saluted them, he went into another walk, without being perceivd by *Horatius*, and came to me in that where I was walking: But it was with an extream difficulty that he left his place to his Rivall; but after all when he considerd that she spoke

to

to him, only but to tell him that she could not love him, and to pray him to think no more on her, he had an unspeakable joy, though it was not accompanyed with tranquility, and having an extream desire to know the success of this conversation, he desird we should walk in the Garden, till it was ended, because if *Horatius* should leave *Clelia*, he might know of her how his Rivall had receivd what she had told him: but, Madam, it was easie to forsee what would be the event of this busines; for *Horatius* was very amorous, and he was perswaded that notwithstanding what *Clelia* had sayd to him, she would obey *Clelius* who thought though he had not promisd her would give her to him, and in effect though this amiable person employd all her subtleties and eloquence to perswade *Horatius*, to banish her his thoughts, twas altogether impossible for her to do it, neither was it in *Aronces* his power to come any more to *Clelia*, for *Horatius* left her not, but went away with her.

In the mean time, as he could not resolve himself to depart till he knew the succes of this discourse, he engaged me to go and speak to *Clelia*, who then knew that all *Aronces* secrets were known by me; so that leaving him behind, I went and mingled my self with the Troop, where this fair Maid was, who was then going away; so that there being no other men besides *Horatius* with these Ladyes, when they were to pass a difficult place, by reason of a great heap of stones, which were layd there to support a Terrase which was to be built there, he was obligd to present his hand to one of them which passd the first, hoping after he had done so to all, to lead *Clelia*: But making use of this occasion to speak to her, I lead her over, and left her not till we were out of the Garden, and not for to loose any of those precious moments I whispered to her, and told her, Madam, the miserable *Aronces* sends me to you to know whether he must live or dye, you shall tell him (replyed she, with a most obliging sadness) that I will not have him dye, but that if he loves me, he shall ever be miserable, and that he has nothing to do but to depart from *Capua* as soon as he can; I was going to tell her that she was too blame for not opposing her self more strongly to *Clelius*, but she answered me with so much wisdom, and in so tender a manner for my friend, that all I could do was but to admire her, it is true, that when we came to the Garden door, I was constraind to leave her and *Horatius* likewise, so that we were alone together, and as he knew me to be *Aronces* particular friend, his hatred did extend it self almost as much to me as it did to him, and having his spirit exasperated with that which *Clelia* had told him, we parted with small demonstrations of friendship, but as I was returning, I found *Clelius*, who was entred in this Garden by another door, who had newly joyned himself with *Aronces*, whose departure he urgd so strongly, that he gave him but one day more to be in *Capua*, as I knew that *Clelius* could not tell him any agreeable thing, I made no great difficulty to interrupt them, but as I came neer them, *Aronces* who had an extream desire to know what *Clelia* had told me, demanded it of me by his eyes.

So that not having any favourable answer for him, I made a sign to him, whereby he might perceive his hopes were utterly destroyd, to the end he should suddenly resolve to be unhappy, and should not feed himself with an uncertain and vaine hope, which brought much confusion in his spirit, for it seemd to him he had fallen to a less miserable estate, if *Clelia* told him nothing advantageous this day, and I had no sooner joynd my self to them, but *Clelius* left *Aronces*, and went to find *Stenius*, *Horatius* his friend, who expected him in another Alley. I will not tell you, Madam, what *Aronces* sayd to me after *Clelius* had left him, and that I had accounted to him the discourse I had with *Clelia*, for twould give you much compassion, but that which made him quite despair, was, that he must now resolve to depart, if he had followd the tumultuous resentments of his heart, he would not have left *Capua* till he had killd *Horatius*, but as he could not do it without offending both *Clelius* and *Clelia*, and without putting himself in a condition never to see his beloved Object, this consideration more then justice bridled his fury, and though night began to vayle the Sky with a sable mantle, *Aronces* could not resolve

ſolve to depart from this Garden, but ingaged me inſenſibly in ſuch tedious exaggerations of his miſhap, that it was more then halfe an houre ſince *Scynthia* guilded this Garden with her reſplendent rayes, which gave birth, as it were, to a new day, ſo that we hardly knew twas night, his diſpleaſure ſo much poſſeſſed him; but in fine, the exceſs of his own grief impoſing ſilence on him and me, becauſe I could tell him nothing which might comfort him.

We walkt ſometime without ſpeaking one word in a little Alley, along the ſide of an indifferent thick Wood, which is incloſed in that Garden, and it happened *Aronces* going faſter then I, was ten or twelve paces diſtant from mee, but as he went alone he heard on the other ſide of a Palliſſade, which was between him and that little wood, two men who thinking themſelves to be alone in that place, ſpoke ſomewhat low, one of which raiſing his voice, addreſſing his ſpeech to the other, I know well (ſaid he to him in the *Roman* language) what we have promiſed to *Tarquin* is unjuſt, but ſince tis promiſed, we muſt obey, for in what place can we remain, if after we have aſſured him to bring the head of *Clelius*, we violate our words?

You may judge, Madam, what was the ſurpriſall of *Aronces* when he heard theſe expreſſions from an unknown man, and though *Clelius* had pronounced to him the moſt rigorous ſentence imaginable, he did not looke upon him in this occaſion as a man which baniſht him, which eſloyned him from *Clelia*, and which rendred him moſt unhappy, but he conſidered him as the Father of his Miſtreſs, to whom hee owed his life, and attentively liſtening to heare the diſcourſes of theſe unknown men, he heard, that he which had hearkened to him who had firſt ſpoke, answered him in theſe terms: I very well know (ſaid he to him) that *Tarquin* is the violenteſt man in the world, that hating *Clelius* ſo much as to deſire his head, he would very much hate thoſe who inſtead of bringing it to him ſhould advertiſe him of the deſire he hath to deſtroy him; but it ſeems to me, not returning to *Rome*, tis eaſie to flye his fury, & the difficulty wilbe to know if *Clelius* is in eſtate to inrich us, if we prove what we may tel him; ah too ſcrupulous friend! (haſtily replyd he to who he ſpoke) why do we thus trifle time? doth it not ſuffice that the Prince to whom we belong hath commanded us to kill one of his enemies, and that he hath promiſed us a great recompence, without expoſing our lives and fortunes to danger; by diſcovering it to *Clelius*, he will make, it may be, as though he believed it not, becauſe he would not recompence us, but will keep himſelfe on his guard, and prevent us from executing our deſign? therefore without ſtumbling at theſe unprofitable intentions, let us onely ſee if our Ponyards are ſharp enough to act to morrow the command of *Tarquin*.

Ah Villainous Wreth! (cryed *Aronces*, going on that ſide where the Aſſaſſinate was by an overture he accidentally found in the Palliſſade) I will fruſtrate your barbarous deſign, and you ſhall never ponyard *Clelius* before you deprive me of my life: *Aronces* pronounced theſe words ſo high, that it rouzed me from that Lethargick ſlumber in which my melancholly had buried me, and I went directly to him, whom I ſaw hold a man which was ſtruggleing to get from him, and that there was another who holding a Ponyard, told him that if he would not leave his Companion, he would kill him; but he had hardly the time to doe it, for having ſuddenly ſeized his arme, and ſtayd his hand in which he held his Ponyard, with which he menaced *Aronces*, I prevented him from acting his intention.

In the mean time *Aronces* having taken from the hands of him, he held the Ponyard he drew, when he caſt himſelfe upon him, ſaw himſelfe in eſtate to be Maſter of his life; but as he thought twas important to diſcover to *Clelius* all he knew, he did not kill him, principally ſeeing that I held the others arme, and knowing by that he had overheard that him I held was the leaſt impious, he believed twas eaſie to know by him all that which was requiſite for *Clelius* to know; and *Aronces* ſeeing that I was without doubt ſtrong enough to hinder this man from uſing his Ponyard, but that I was not able to take it from him, he threatned to kill him, and cried to him, if he would render it, he would recompence him magnificently for

the good design he had to tell *Clelius*, but whilst he thus said, the other whom *Aronces* had disarmd, watching his opportunity, drew a second Poyniard he had, thinking to sheath it in his heart, but as *Aronces* saw it glister, by the reflection of one of *Cynthias* beams on it, he guarded himself and warded the blow with the other he held, and no longer sparing the life of that Traytor, he seizd his right arm with his left hand and gave him two blows with the Poyniard, which made him fall half dead at his feet.

In the mean time, him which I held, endeavourd to disingage himself, but I held him so strongly that he could not finish his intent, but as soon as he saw his companion fall, he let go his Poyniard that I took, and emplord the clemency of *Aronces*, whom he saw to intereſt himself so much in the life of *Clelius*, and the better to obtain it, he drew the other Poyniard he had, and casting it at the feet of *Aronces*, I pray, Sir, sayd he to him, since you heard what I sayd to my companion, do not treat me as him, I promise it you, replyed *Aronces*, but you must discover to me all you know, and all which may assure the life of *Clelius* which I will defend as my own: As *Aronces* had thus spoke, *Clelius* and that friend of *Horatius*, with whom he walkt, as I have told you, arrivd in this place; so that they were very much surprised to find us in this estate, and to see a man half dead at our feet, and another which seemd to demand pardon, and to see *Aronces*, and I with each of us a Poyniard in our hands, but the Father of *Clelius* was much more astonisht, when I first speaking see *Clelius*, sayd I to him, see what *Aronces* hath done to save your life, and if he merits death at your hands; for I had perfectly understood that twas for the Intereſt of *Clelius* that he assaulted these two men, *Clelius* being amazd at my words, could not tell what to answer me, but *Aronces* drawing him from this astonishment, told him in two words, without any exaggeration what was newly hapned, so that *Clelius* was so sensibly touchd, to see that ni a moment after he had pronounce the sentence of his banishment he had hazarded his life to assure his, that he could not hinder himself from testifying to him the admiration he had for his virtue, and without demanding any thing of that which concernd him, ah, *Aronces*, cryed he, your generosi y charms me, and *Aricidia* had reason to say, that if you were not a *Roman*, you had a Roman heart, therfore seeing I have not yet promisd any thing to *Horatius*, I must leave *Clelia* to dispose of her self, without intermedling with it, *Aronces* ravisht with joy to hear *Clelius* speak in this manner, rendred thanks to him in few words whilst *Stenius* privatly murmurd at it, but after that *Aronces* telling him that this place was not fit to entertain tho e Assassinates, and some Slaves of *Clelius* who sought there Master being arrivd, they gave order to carry this person to a mans house which depended on me, to have his wounds dresst, and we brought the other to *Clelius* his house, who would have *Aronces* and I go thither, for *Stenius* he left us at the Gate, and went to advertise *Horatius* that his affairs were not so prosperous as he imagind, but arriving at *Clelius* his house, we met *Sulpicia* and her Daughter who were much surprisd to see us, and to hear *Clelius* say, he owd his life a second time to *Aronces*, and that he was the most generous of all men, and these two persons easily giving credit to the words of *Clelius*, receivd *Aronces* with an extream joy.

In the mean time, as he was impa ient to know the contrivancy of that plot, the execution of which *Aronces* had hindred, they enclosd this Conspirator in a Chamber where we were going to interrogate him, when *Herminius* arrivd, who told *Clelius* he had a business of great Importance to acquaint him with; But as *Clelius* told him, that he might now tell all he knew before *Aronces* and me, he shewd him a Letter he had received from *Rome*, wher amongst many other things there were these words.

THe *proud* Tarquin *is more diffident cruel and vindicative then ever, for he had no sooner known that* Clelius *was returnd from* Africa, *and that he was at* Capua, *but he beleivd he approachd* Rome, *to plot some conspiracy against him, and one of my intimate*

intimate friends hath told me, that he believes the Tyrant hath a design on his life, at least I assure you, that few dayes have been added to the age of time, since two of those he uses to imploy in such horrid executions, departed from Rome, *and having taken way of the Company, if you think fit advertise* Clelius *to take care of himselfe.*

After *Clelius* had read aloud this fragment of a Letter, and that *Herminius* had named him who wrote it, and told him that hee was a man well informed in all things, and that he had councelled him not to go forth but well accompanied: I am much obliged to you said he to *Herminius* for the advice you have given me, but *I* shall be infinitely more, if you help me to set forth the praises of *Aronces*, for in fine, he hath nigh kild one of those of whom your friend speaks, and if you please, you may hear from the mouth of the other the confession of his crime, and after we had recounted to *Herminius* in two words that which was passed, we entred together into the Chamber where this man was. from whose mouth wee would know the cruell intentions of *Tarquin*, but to the end he should more ingeniously declare all he knew, *Aronces* confirmed to him the promise he had made him magnificently to reward the repentance he had had, and he effectively spoke with very much ingenuity; tis true, that which the more obliged him was, that *Herminius* knew he was heretofore one of his Fathers slaves, and making himselfe known to him, what miserable wretch (said he to him) hast thou learnt this Trade thou practises, in the house where thou wast brought up? No Sir (said he to him) but changing my Master I have changed my conditions, since tis true that as long as I lived with a vertuous Master, no crime could be imputed to me, but as soon as your illustrious Father had given me to a Man who is become *Tarquins* favourite, I degenerated to what you see, tis true said he, the remembrance of the beginning of my life hath stirred up much compunction in me, and him who promises to recompence me for my repentance, heard, I would perswade my complice of my crime not to commit it I remembred you, and imagined those reproaches you would make me, if you should know the life I led.

Sure tis so, (said *Herminius*) make an ingenuous confession, and in effect, this man told *Clelius* that *Tarquin* had commanded him and his Companion not to return to *Rome* without bringing his head, and he assured him they had resolved to kill him the next day in that Garden, where *Aronces* had ore heard their contestation, for they had known twas the custome of *Clelius* to go thither every night, and oftentimes alone.

This man likewise said, that when *Aronces* heard them, some remorse invaded his Conscience for that barbarous action he was going to commit, but as his companion was the most resolute of all men, he was assured he would not have admitted of any perswasion, but executed *Tarquins* command the subsequent day, though he should have done it alone, and he appeared so repentant for his crime, and demanded so many pardons for his fault, that *Clelius* effectually knowing by *Aronces* that he opposed his companions Intentions, generously pardoned him aand gave him a recompence sufficient to carry him to the wars without *Tarquins* power, but for the complice of his crime he used him in another manner, for he would not have his wounds dresst, and when by force there was plaisters put upon them he would tear them off, neither would he take any nourishment, and whatsoever could be said to him he would not answer neither *Aronces* nor *Herminius*, who interrogated him to see if he did not know more then the other: on the contrary he used all the means he could possible to dash out his braines against a wall, and in the end, died as an inraged man, to whom the regret not to have executed the crime he promised to commit, and the sight of an approaching death hurried on to such a furious action.

In the mean time *Sulpicia* not losing such a favourable occasion, told *Clelius* so many things to oblige him to acknowledge the vertue of *Aronces*, that in the end he was resolved to leave *Clelia* to a free election, since hee had not yet promised her to *Horatius*, and that he had onely given him hopes to obtain her, whilest these things

things were acting, that Lover which had beleived to be happy, no sooner knew by *Stenius* the adventure of the Garden, but fearing it might make *Clelius* change his thoughts, he went at the same time to find him, but as *Clelius* would have some time to settle his resolution and thought, he had some tenderness and recognizance for *Aronces*, he had some difficulty to give his Daughter to an unknown, he carefully shund *Horatius* this day, which hapned to be the Eve of that day *Clelia* celebrated for her birth, for though she was not born at *Rome*, *Clelius* nevertheless made her observe all the *Roman* Ceremonies, therfore as her birth was the next day, he would have the Feast be more magnificent then usuall, because it had been preceded by one in which he had shunned death, and he found that this day was not numbred amongst those dismall ones, carefully observd by the *Romans*, and not finding any unhappiness in this favourable day, *Clelius* would have it solemnly celebrated; *Clelia* on her part who knew the alteration of her Fathers mind, and who had little before thankt *Aronces* for saving his life, had an extream joy to hope she should not espouse *Horatius*, *Sulpicia* was so glad that she thought of nothing but magnificently to solemnize the Feast of her Daughters Nativity.

For this effect as twas a custom in such like occasions to offer an innocent Oblation to those Divinities the *Romans* call *Genij*, every person as they beleive having a particular one: *Clelius* made an Altar to be adornd with Vervine and Flowers, in a Temple where the *Romans* residing at *Capua* perform their Ceremonies, and all the principall Ladies of the City being invited to accompany *Clelia* when she went to the Temple, where they came in their most Gorgeous Attire; for *Clelia* as it is the custome at *Rome*, as well for men as women, to be invested in white on their birth-day, she had a white Robe, but for to beautifie the simplicity of that Vestment, *Sulpicia* adornd her with those stones she had heretofore casually found, when that after she was shipwrackt she had been saved by a faithful Slave, and had again found *Clelius*, to whom the Gods had given a Son for him whom they had lost; and though the Habit of *Clelius* was not at all magnificent, it receivd a great embellishment from them: for as in these occasions Ladyes are not coverd as usually they are, and that they are dresst like those which are marryed, she had part of her faig hairs hanging on her shoulders negligently curld, for the others they were pleated in many rings along her Cheeks, and tyed on the hinder part of her head by a rose of precious stones the fairest were ever seen: Moreover as her Neck was shadowed but with a thin Vail of Tiffany, it transmitted the lustre of her beauty through it, twas likewise encloſd with a Collar of Diamonds, her waſt being surrounded with precious stones of an inestimable value, her sleeves of her Robe which were great and hanging down, were fastned on her shoulders by two knots of Diamonds.

In fine, her Habit was so gallant and rich, that *Clelia* in this posture could do no less then attract all eyes, she had such a pure tincture, such sparkling eyes, and such a charming and agreeable ayre in her looks, that *I* can assure you my eyes never met with a fairer Object.

Clelia being such as I have represented her to you, went a foot from her house to the Temple, without any discommodity, for the streets by which she was to pass were large and very dry, and the Sun had stole behind a Cloud least he should be out-vi'd by the splender of her eyes.

Moreover, as tis the custom that those persons which celebrate their birth-day, should offer an innocent Offring to the gods, *Clelia* carryed in her fair hands a sumptuous Basket in which was her Oblation, but this Sacrifice was so coverd with Orange and Jasume Flowers, that it disperced ore all places where she passd an odoriferous Odor; she went alone, her Father and her Mother followed her, all the Ladyes of the City preceded her, going two by two, and all the friends of *Clelius* following him in the first rank, wherof were *Aronces* and *Horatius*: but, Madam, as *Clelia's* beauty was divulgd through *Capua*, and this Ceremony being different from ours, and that novelty excited the curiosity of the people, the streets were thronged where *Clelia* should passe, as if there was to be seen enter one of our Cap-

tains

tains Crownd with a Triumphant Laurell, but *Clelia* seeing this concourse of people of all conditions, which lookt from their windows, doors, and streets, only to behold her, and hearing all the acclamations they gave her, was surprisd with such a modesty, that it much heightned her beauty, for blushing at her own prayses, her tincture appeard more resplendent, her eyes more lively and tempting. *Aronces* and *Horatius* this day so contemplated her beauty, that their love augmenting, their hatred encreasd towards one another, they spoke nothing together whilst this Ceremony lasted, for as *Horatius* his hope was not quite extinct, because *Clelius* had not spoke to him in particular, and that *Aronces* would not destroy his, they both thought not to irritate *Clelius* by a new Combate, and though they were Rivals they assisted at this Ceremony as though they had been friends; tis true, that twas not very strange they should master their thoughts in this occasion, for the admiration they had for *Clelia*, without doubt, suspended a part of the hatred that was between them.

But in fine, *Clelia* went to the Temple to offer to the gods the Offering she carryed, and she put it with so good a grace on the Altar adornd with Garlands of Vervine and Flowers, that she seemd rather to be the goddess to whom the Sacrifice was offerd, then her which offerd this Oblation. I shall not, Madam, weary your patience by telling you all those Ceremonies which were performd in this occasion, for tis not for that intent I mention this Feast, but I shall acquaint you that amongst this great multitude of persons who lookt upon and admired *Clelia*, I take notice that a man and woman who bore the characters of persons of quality, casually saw her as she came from her house, and I likewise noted when I was nigh them, that they beheld her with an extraordinary attention, that they whisperd together, and when they saw *Aronces*, they testified so much admiration, that they followed them as if they had been invited to the Feast, and fortune was so propitious to me, that I saw them once more in the Temple very attentive, somtimes looking on *Clelia*, somtimes on *Aronces*; I likewise noted that this Lady whom I did not know, and who had a very good presence for a person of her age, passd by many others to come nigh *Clelia* when she was at her devotion, but I was astonisht to see her more attentively to look upon the precious stones then *Clelia*, and it seemed to me she lookt with a more curious eye on that which was on the hinder part of her head, where was the rose of Diamonds, and not to admire the beauty of her face; nevertheless thinking it was a curiosity usuall with Ladyes to look more upon that which adorns, then those which are adorned I diverted my eyes otherwayes; and I lookt upon *Fenice*, which except *Clelia*, was without doubt the faireſt in that company.

But in fine, when *Clelia* had finisht her prayers, and was going to place her selfe in that order in which she came, this man and Lady whom I did not know, and who had lookt so much on *Aronces* and *Clelia*, approached to me, and demanded civilly who that beautifull Virgin was? and who was *Aronces*? whom they shewed mee with their hands, not knowing his name, for that admirable person, said I to them, she is called *Clelia*, and Daughter to an illustrious exiled *Roman*, but for him you shew me, all that I can say, is, he is the most vertuous in the world, and he is called *Aronces*, for he doth not himselfe know his birth: what (cryed this Lady changing colour) doth not he know his Parents? he is far from knowing it answered I, since the Father of *Clelius*, found him floating in a Cradle after he had been shipwrackt himselfe, and whose life he saved, without knowing to whom this child belonged, which he hath carefully nourished as his own.

By your favour (added this stranger, which was with this Lady) tell us on what Sea, and in what place this child was found in a Cradle? It was nigh *Syracusa*, (replyed I) if my memory deceive me not: at these words these two persons lookt upon one another, shewing many markes of astonishment and joy on their countenances, and demanded of me if I did not know from whence *Clelia* had those stones which adorned her? so that telling them the same shipwrack which had taken a Son from *Clelius*, and which had given him *Aronces*, had likewise given him these stones.

We need not doubt (said this Lady somwhat low to him which was with her) but *Aronces* is the same we imagine him to be: What! (said I to her transported with joy, do you know the birth of *Aronces*? I pray (added I looking upon them both) if tis so, tell it the dearest of his friends: for as I cannot doubt that he should not be worthy of his great heart, I make no difficulty to demand it of you: That which you demand (replyed this Stranger) is of so great consequence, that *Aronces* ought first to be acquainted with it, but least we should commit an indiscreet action, I intreat you to tell us all you know how he was saved?

And as I had often heard *Clelius* tell it, I told him the day of this shipwrack, the place where it happened, and I described to him the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found, for *Clelius* had shewed it me, when we found him in the Pirates Vessell, I told him likewise that a Casket full of stones then came into his power; and in fine, all I knew of this adventure, giving many prayses to *Aronces*, which evidencing to him that I effectually was his particular friend, obliged him to speake more freely before me, ah *Martia!* (said he to this Lady, who as you know is his Wife) I do not doubt but *Aronces* is the child we lost, for the day of his shipwrack agrees with that when we thought wee should perish, the place where it happened is the same, the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found is like it, the stones *we* see *Clelia* have are those we had in our power; but that which clears all suspition, is, that *Aronces* is the very Picture of the Father of that Childe *we* lost, so that we must necessarily conclude he must be his Son.

I confess, Madam, the discourse of that man (who is the same *Nicias* now in this Castle) much perplexed me: for in the beginning when he spoke to *Martia*, and told her that *Aronces* was assuredly the Child they had lost, I believed he was their Son, but when he said he was his Fathers image, that belefe soon vanisht, when I perceived he did not resemble him which spoke; so that dying with desire to be satisfied in that I would know, I pressed *Nicias* and *Martia* to tell me who *Aronces* was? but they answered, twas first to him they must disclose this secret, and they earnestly prayd me to bring him to the sight of them, and without deferring the time any longer, I knew the place where they lodged, and I promised them to bring *Aronces* thither before the day was past.

And I presently went to *Clelius* his house to rejoyn my selfe with that faire company I had left; for tis the custome at *Rome* that the day that one celebrates for their birth, there is prepared a feast to entertain those friends which are invited to accompany them at this Ceremony, so that finding the Tables covered, and the company ready to sit down, I at first believed that I ought to attend the end of this repast, before I told to *Aronces* that I knew, but this great secret seemes to me so difficult to keep, that I could not resolve my selfe thereto, and drawing *Aronces* handsomely apart, can you believe (said I to him) that *Clelia's* Birth-day is that which is destined for the discovery of yours, and before night you shall know who you are? No *Celeres*, said hee to mee, I doe not believe it, for by what strange adventure can I know it? as I saw he gave no credit to my words, I spoke to him more seriously, and in few words recounted to him that which had happened to me, so that dispelling that doubt, I saw in his face different motions, at first I saw joy a little after I noted inquietude & fear, & a moment after impatience to know that he feared to learn; nevertheless the greatness of his Spirit re-assuring him, and that which I told him of those stones, giving him some certainty that he must be of illustrious birth, he remitted himselfe so well, that as he would not now depart without causing some disorder, he resolved to expect the end of this repast to content his curiosity, and in effect it was executed as he had resolved, for as soone as the Tables were uncovered we stole from the company, and went to find *Nicias* and *Martia*, who expected us with an impatience, which could not be equalled but by that of *Aronces*, he stayd two or three times going to finde them, for though he believed he should not fear any thing which might trouble him, the love for *Clelia* made him fear, that his Parentage would not be worthy of her, but in the end, being arrived to the Lodging where *Nicias* and *Martia* were, they met us with the greatest

greatest demonstration of joy in the world, for the more they look upon *Aronces* the more they saw him resemble the King of *Porsenna*, but that which redoubled their satisfaction, was, that when he began to speak, they found he had the sound of his voice so like to the Queen *Galerita* his Mother, that they could not doubt but he was the same Child which was committed to their charge, whom they had lost by a shipwrack. In the mean time, *Aronces* no sooner saw them, but he thus sayd to them, after what my dear friend hath told, I know not what I ought to say to you, knowing not who I am, neither do I know whether I ought to wish to know it; Nevertheless as the incertainty in which I have lov'd is the cruellst torment imaginable, tell me I intreat you who I am, though you tel me, my heart soares higher then my birth, and do not feare if it please you to reveal this secret in the presence of him to whom you have spoken of me, for all my secrets are his, and you cannot tell me any thing in particular which reflects on me, but I shall tell it him a little after: Since tis so, sayd *Nicius*, I have two favours to demand of you, before I tell you any thing, the first that you permit me to look upon your left hand, the second that I will shew those two knots of Diamonds to *Martia*, we have seen that beautifull Virgin wear, which is the cause of your discovery, since if she had not been adorn'd with those Jewels, to give us the curiosity to look more attentively on this Ceremony, we had not, it may be, seen you: for in fine, if you are he I wish you are, you have on your left hand a little black mole, like to one we believe to be on your Mothers face, and which becomes her admirable well; and if those stones we saw are those we imagine, there is two Portraits in the two knots of Diamonds, that I pray you to shew my wife, for the mole whereof you speak (replyed *Aronces*), shewing him his hand) you may see its such as you tel me it should be, but for the two knots of Diamonds you would have me shew you, I have sometimes handled them, and I did not perceive they opened, neither that they had Portraits inclosed in them; if they are those we think, replyed *Martia*, you may handle them an hundred times before you can perceive they open. But in fine, added she, that which I say is not so necessary to know, and after I have precisely known the day of your shipwrack, and what manner of Cradle in which you were found in, and after I had seen you and heard you speak, and have found in your hand the mole which ought to be there, and seen the Jewels of *Clelia*, there is no question to be made but you are the Son of the King *Porsenna*, and the Queen *Galerita*, and him which hath put *Nicius* and I to the expence of so many tears; yet, Sir, added *Nicius*, you are assuredly the Son of a great Prince and Princess, and would to the gods you were more happy then they.

Aronces hearing *Nicius* and *Martia* speak in this manner, was so surprisd at it, that his astonishment appeard in his eyes, but it appeard there without causing any transportment of excessive joy in his heart, and I may very well say, that never any person gave such an Illustrious mark of moderation. In effect, the first motion which came into his spirit, was, to give me a new demonstration of his friendship: For tis true, as soon as *Nicius* and *Martia* had related to him his birth, he beheld me with an obliging eye, in which there appeard without the confirmation of any words, that he was glad to see himself in estate to requite my affection by effectuall courtesies. In the mean time, he learnt to *Nicius* and *Martia* all that I had already told them, and they learnt to him all that I have recounted to you in the beginning of this History; that is to say, the War of the precedent King of *Clusium* with *Mezentius* Prince of *Perusa*, the imprisonment of *Porsenna*, his love for *Galerita*, by what means he had been delivered his marriage, the death of *Nicetale*, the second imprisonment of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, his birth, the manner how he had been conveyed from the Willow Island to put him in their hands, their flight, their imbarquement, their Ship-wrack, and the resolution they had taken to go to *Syracusa*, and not to declare to *Porsenna's* friends, that the Child was trusted to them, had perisht, not because they did not positively know he was dead, but because they durst not tell it, for fear it should abate the hearts of the friends of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*; but though, it is possible, said I then to *Nicius* and *Martia*, that the Child of *Porsenna* and *Galerita* hath not appeared so long, and how could it be concealed so many years, that they did not know where he was? the thing hath been very easie, replyed *Nicius*, for you must know, that having a veare very carefully concealed the loss of this young Prince, the friends of *Porsenna* making a secret League, resolved

solved that they must have this Childe in their hands to endeavour to excite an insurrection among the people, so that one amongst them knowing where we were, came thither, and as we must necessarily confesse our ship-wrack to him, and as tis naturall to flatter our selves with hope, and to diminish as much as we could the misfortunes of others, we told to this friend of *Porsenna*, that this Childe would bee one day, it may be, found, and that there had so many escaped ship-wrack, that it may be this Child should be escaped as well as the others: whether it should be so or no, replyed he to whom we spoke, wee must not publish his death, if it were not for no other reason, then not to give joy to the enemies of *Porsenna*, and griefe to his friends, and conforming our selves to his will, published it not, and since that have alwayes said that *Porsenna's* Son was not dead, and to endeavour to excite the people to rebellion, we spread a bruit that *Mezentius* had taken him from us by force, and that he kept him prisoner as well as his Father. In the mean time, as we durst not return into our Countrey, because of the *Perusian* Prince, we alwayes remained at *Syracusa*; but as *Martia* hath had a long and grievous sickness, from which she hardly recovered, we agreed to leave *Sicily* for some time, and to chose a more healthfull aire, and finding no place more agreeable then *Capua*, we came hither, and we came hither without doubt conducted by the gods for to find you here, since that in the state in which things are, your presence is wholy necessary to save the life of the King your Father, for *Mezentius* is more incensed then ever, *Bianor* hath alwayes love and ambition, the Princesse of *Perusia* his sister doth all she can that he may obtain his ends, and *Mezentius* despairing to have other Children then *Galerita*, seems resolved to put to death *Porsenna*, to the end to enforce this Princess to re-marry with *Bianor*, for though she is your Mother, she hath not compleated above thirty six years, and is yet as I have heard one of the faireſt persons in the world; you may judge Madam, with what attention *Aronces* harkened to the discourse of *Nicius*, and how many different thoughts possessed his heart, for he was glad to know he was a Kings Son, he was afflicted to learn in what a deplorable estate the Prince was to whom he owed his life, the certainty of not being a *Roman* gave him some inquietude, because of *Clelius*, the thought that he could not espouse *Clelia* without doing something contrary to exact prudence, gave him displeasure, and his soul was strangely agitated, but at last joy got the victory. In the mean time, as there lackt the shewing of the two knots of Diamonds to finish the discovery of *Porsenna's* Son, though it was not necessary; *Aronces* after hee had said a thousand obliging things to *Nicius* and *Martia*, and after he had recounted to them the obligations he had to *Clelius*, and a part of that which was happened to him, except his love for *Clelia*, hee left them to return to *Clelius* his house, but returning thither we met *Herminius* who came from thence, and who told us that it was accounted a very strange thing we should so suddenly leave them, adding that a part of the Company was already gone: in effect, when we entred *Clelia's* house, there was but foure or five of her friends with her who walkt together in her Fathers Garden, for we went so timely to the lodging of *Nicius* that it was not so late when we came from thence but we might walk without any incommoditie, so that *Clelia* no sooner saw *Aronces*, but she made war to him for leaving her when shee celebrated her Birth-day. If you knew what obliged me to do it, (replyed he to her) I am assured you will not murmure against me; it may be (replyed she to him) and shall not accuse you of it, but you cannot hinder me from complaining of you: that which you say is so glorious for me (replyd he) that if I should have gaind nothing by leaving you, I ought to be consolated for leaving you: but in fine, Madam, (said hee to her, separating her five or six paces from the Company) I must tel you that which hath obliged me to leave you, and that you know I have not done it, but to cease to be that unknowne *Aronces* without name and Countrey, who hath sometimes been so cruelly treated by *Clelius* for that reason. What *Aronces!* (replyed she blushing) do you know your birth? Yes Madam, (layd he to her) I know it with some joy, though I am not a *Roman*, because that as Son to the greatest King of all *Etruria*, I can pretend with more boldness to the possession of the perfectest person in the World; permit me then I conjure you that now I know my selfe to be Sonne of the King of *Clusium*, whom *Mezentius* detaines Prisoner, I offer a second time to you my heart, and that I assure you when I shall be peaceable possessor of an estate, that my Grandfather hath nigh intirely usurped. Ile lay my

Crown

Crown at your feet, and without leaving those chains you have given me, I will boldly publish, it would be more glorious to be your Slave then to be King ore many Realms, and because I see, added he, that which I tell you ought to surprise you, and that I perceive you are surprised: I shall not tell the whole narration of my Story, but leave it to *Celares* to acquaint you with it, whilst I shall go to seek *Clelius*, to the end, to learn him my adventure, and to conjure him to suffer those Knots of Diamonds you wear to be seen by those who have learne me my birth, and likewise to entreat him to prefer me before *Horatius*.

Clelia was so surprisd to heare that which *Aronces* sayd, that she knew not what to answer him, tis not that she suspected the truth of it, but the thing was so surprising, that she could not imagine it to be possible, though she did not doubt of it, she therfore answerd to him as a person infinitely prudent, for without affording him so much time as to think she doubted of what he sayd, she gave him cause to make known to her all the particulars of his adventure, and *Aronces* going to seek *Clelius* who was in his house, I remained in this Garden, and whilst the friends of *Clelia*, either entertaind themselves together, or with *Sulpicia* who then came thither, I told her in few words all that *Nicius* and *Martia* had told *Aronces*, and I gave her a most sensible joy, to know that her Lover was of such an Illustrious birth; I saw in her eyes that she feard this greatness would be an obstacle to her felicity, but she did not tell it me. In the mean time, *Aronces* went where *Clelius* was, and telling him he had an important business to communicate to, he entred into his Cabinet, where he told him all he knew, but he told it him with the same respect he accustomd to have when he knew not his birth, and *Clelius* having consented to his desire, I returnd to find *Nicius* and *Martia*, from whose mouthes the Father of *Clelius* learnt all they had told us, and to confirm that which they sayd, those two knots of Diamonds being shewed him, they demanded to see, they opened them, and in one there was a Portrait of a very beautifull person, and in the other a Portrait of a very handsom man, who so much resembled *Aronces*, that one could hardly think but this Picture was made for him and *Nicius* seeing our astonishment, told us that the Portrait which resembled *Aronces*, was the King his Fathers, and that the Picture of that fair woman was the Queen his Mothers, and that those Portraits were made a little after *Porsenna's* first Imprisonment, and since his marriage they remaind in the hands of *Galerita*, and that this Princess having desired to gain all her Jewels to her Son, and thought not in the trouble where she was then, to take those two Portraits from those two knots of Diamonds, which were made with such artifice, that one would not perceive they opened, at least not to know the secret to open them: and *Clelius* seeing all these circumstances concur together, could not harbour any sinister thoughts of the truth of what *Nicius* and *Martia* had declared unto him, it appearing by so many indubitable conjectures, so that *Clelius* now looking on *Aronces* as the Son of a great King, would have usd more civility towards him then ordinary, but *Aronces* oppos'd it, and told him with much generosity, that his birth should not change those Obligations he had to him, neither should it change his heart, nor any thing between them: In pursuit of which *Nicius* and *Martia* sayd, that twas not yet time to publish the birth of *Aronces*, and that this great secret must be conceald sometime, but the principall business was to think of saving the King his Fathers life, and to hinder *Metellius*, as I have told you, from forcing his Daughter to marry *Biasor*, adding that it was necessary they should speedily go to advertise the friends of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, that the Prince their Son was living, and that he should a little after follow them, to the end, to advertise with you what is best to be done, *Nicius* exaggerated with so much eloquence, the danger in which the King of *Clusium* was, that *Clelius* joynd himself to him, to perswade *Aronces* to come speedily to *Perusia*. In the mean time, as he had a passion in his Soul which would not agree with this Voyage, though he had resolvd to take it, and sayd he would, it was easie to see that he had something in his heart which contradicted his words: But in fine, Madam, without tying your attention with any trivial relation, I shall tell you *Sulpicia* was admitted to this secret, and *Clelius* and she forcd *Nicius* & *Martia* to leave their lodging and to lodge in their house, where they stayd but two dayes, for they had so much impatience to carry this agreeable news

they knew to the friends of *Porſenna* and *Galeria* that they would not deſer it longer, but before they went they told *Aronces* the place where he might hear of them when he came to *Peruſia*. I ſhal not tel you, Madam, what were the diſcourſes of *Aronces* and *Clelia* thoſe two dayes, for it is eaſie to imagine they containd much delight, but when *Nicias* and *Martia* were departed, and that *Aronces* ſaw both honour and nature would have him go; he felt in his heart an inexpreſſable emotion, and he told me in fine after a long agitation of ſpirit, that if *Clelius* would not give him *Clelia*, he would not go till he had forced *Horatius* from *Capua* as wel as he; tis not, ſayd he to me, but I know that I do not follow the direct courſe of reaſon, by thinking to eſpouſe *Clelia*, now I know that I am ſon to a Prince to whom I owe ſo much reſpect as not to marry without his permiſſion, but *Celeres*, tis *Aronces* which is amorous of *Clelia*, tis *Aronces* which ardently wiſhes her poſſeſſion, tis *Aronces* which cannot ſuffer his Rivall to enjoy her, and tis not the Son of the King of *Cluſium* who hath this diverſity of thoughts. In effect, I ſhall not paſs for ſuch, but when I ſhall have ſaved his life, and if this beatitude happens to me, it will be eaſie for him to ſeal my pardon, for having a paſſion in my ſoul which is unknown to him, and to have loved more then all the reſt of the world, the moſt amiable perſon of the earth.

I muſt likewiſe ſee if *Clelius* is in the reſolution to leave *Clelia* the liberty to diſpoſe of her ſelf, for if he is ſo, I dare hope ſhe will prefer me before *Horatius*, and that I ſhall not go to *Peruſia* till after I have rendred my Rivall unhappy; but, Madam, whilſt *Aronces* thus reaſond, *Horatius* who ſaw a great change in his fortune, ſince *Clelius* owed his life to *Aronces*, went to find that Illuſtrious *Roman* for to demand of him if he would change the hope he had given him, to give him *Clelia* for an effective fruition; but as *Horatius* hath an heart ſenſible and feirce, and that he was nigh aſſured he demanded a thing he ſhould not obtain, ſpoke to *Clelius* in a manner which incenſd him, and ſeeing the difference there was between the proceedings of *Aronces* and *Horatius*, twas the cauſe that he anſwerd leſs favourably to the laſt.

I know wel, ſayd *Clelius* to him, after this Lover had alledged all the reaſons he could imagine, that I have given you hope to obtain my daughter; but I likewiſe know I never promiſd you her, and that the leaſt I can do after the laſt obligation I have to your Rivall, is no more to force *Clelia* to eſpouſe you, and to leave her the liberty to chooſe between *Aronces* and you, and not to be unjuſt towards her by being favourable to you: I thought, feircely replyed *Horatius*, that though tis long ſince you reſided at *Rome*, that you had not forgot that the *Romans* never uſed to give their Daughters to their Slaves, and that *Aronces* might never pretend to *Clelia* with your conſent. Ah *Horatius*, interrupted *Clelius*, *Aronces* is not a Slave, and you and I ſhould have yet been the Pirates Slaves if he had not deliverd us by his valour. You are now more acknowledging, replyed he coldly; you are now more ingrateful, replyed *Clelius*, and I cannot comprehend what obliges you ſo ill to requite the Obligations you have to me, for ſo ill treating *Aronces* for the love of you; you treat him ſo well now, replyed he, that I ſhould think my thanks ill beſtowd if I ſhould thank you in a time when you think to render him happy, and me miſerable, but *Clelius* fortune, it may be, will revenge me on your Injuſtice, and you will one of theſe dayes know that you have given *Clelia* to the Son of ſome *Roman* Enemy, and it may be likewiſe to ſome miſerable ſtranger, without Birth and Virtue: yet once more *Horatius*, replyed *Clelius*, ſpeak not of *Aronces* as you do, if you will not have me tell you, you degenerate from a *Roman*.

I ſhould too much, Madam, treſpaſs on your patience if I ſhould relate to you all the diſcourſe of theſe two men, and it ſuffices that you know they ſeparated ill ſatisfied with one another: and this converſation made *Clelius* reſolve not to give his daughter to *Horatius*, though he ſhould not give her to *Aronces*, as in effect he did not beleive *Aronces* ought now to eſpouſe her, though he ſpoke to *Horatius* as if he beleived it, but he ſoon changd thoſe thoughts, for after that *Aronces* had had conference with *Sulpicia*, and that ſome paſſionate expreſſions had paſſd between him and *Clelia*, he went to find *Clelius*, to conjure him to give him his Daughter, and to let him eſpouſe her before his departure, but he ſpoke to him in the preſence of his wife; at firſt *Clelius* told him that he too far extended his generoſity, and though he had reſolved to give

him

him *Clelia* when he last saved his life, he believd to be obligd now he knew him to be a Kings Son, not to give her to him; tis not sayd he, but *Clelia* is of an illustrious blood sufficient to enter in allyance with all the Princes in the world, but since you have a Father I ought not to give you my Daughter without his consent: you must then permit me to kill *Horatius*, replyed *Aronces* with precipitation, for I declare to you I cannot depart without doing that if you give her not to me, therfore if you will not let me dye my hands in the blood of a man which hath been my friend before he was my Rivall, and let me renounce all sentences of nature and honour, give me *Clelia* I earnestly intreat you, for if you do it not, I shall be criminall towards all the world. I shall be unworthy of my birth, and that goodness you have had, and have yet for me, *Horatius* shall have reason to hate me, and *Clelia* even shall have, it may be, cause to despise me; commisserate therfore an unhappy Lover, who feels Vertue will forsake him if you do not satisfie his love, and think after that as *Nicius* hath recounted to you of the life of the King my Father, and since he believd not to have done an unworthy action by engaging himself to espouse *Galerita*, when he was the Prisne of *Pernsias* Prisoner, who was the King of *Clusiums* Enemy: think I say, that if I am so happy as to deliver him, he wil not easily pardon me, for having espoused a Virgin which possessed my heart before I knew I was his Son.

In fine, without deferring any longer, to tell you the good hap of *Aronces*, *Clelius* who had his spirit irritated against *Horatius*, resolved to render him happy: tis true, that *Sulpicia* who had an extream joy to see things in this estate, was she which gui'ded them, for she handsomely told *Clelius*, that if *Aronces* espoused their Daughter, it would bee the meanes to see himselfe one day in power to give a redoubtable injury to *Tarquin*, so that this puissant reason for the interest of revenge, having fortified all those of *Aronces*, he consented he should espouse *Clelia* before his departure: but to the end it should be privately done, he was resolved that the Nuptials should bee kept at an house of pleasure I had nigh the River *Vulturnus*, about halfe a dayes journey from *Capua*, and as twas necessary for *Aronces* speedily to depart, and that *Clelius* was glad that this marriage should be made before *Horatius* knew of it, he was resolved it should bee solemnized but with a small number of persons, and this voyage should bee presented with a simple design to injoy the pleasures of the Countrey, and in effect there was at this little feast, but three or four of *Clelia's* friends, and *Herminius* and two others who knew of it, and who were invited to the Nuptials.

I shall not stay my self, Madam, to tell you the satisfaction of *Aronces*, nor to recount unto you in what terms he expressed it, for it would be needless, but I shal onely tel you, that this little Troop whom joy conducted, went where these Nuptials were to be kept, they were no sooner there, but the River *Vulturnus* over-flowed its banks, as you have known without doubt, and made such a strange disorder, that they must necessarily stay til this innundation was passed before they could make a Feast. After this, Madam, I shall not exagerate to you the terriblest adventure in the world, by recounting exactly how the morning after this innundation was passed, (which was the day which should have preceded the Nuptials of *Aronces* and *Clelia*) there was a terrible Earthquake, for you are not ignorant of the effects of it, since twas known further then *Sicily*, and by consequence further then *Persia*; but shall only acquaint you, that this terrible day where the windes, flames, and burning stones made such an horrible disorder during this Earth-quake, was an unhappy day for *Aronces*, since he was separated from *Clelia* by a whirl-wind of scorching flames, just as he perceived his Rivall, that he a little before believed to have been at *Capua*.

But in fine, Madam, to conclude his mis-hap, Fortune cast *Clelia* in the armes of his Rivall, he not knowing who had brought *Horatius* in that place, or how *Clelia* came into his power, and all that wh ch I know is, that *Aronces* saw her no more, but when this great disorder was passed, he believed she was dead, that he returned to *Capua* with those which had escaped so great a danger, and I did not so much afflict my self for the losse of my house, as for the grief of my friend whom I followed to *Capua*, where he soon knew that *Horatius* was not there, and that *Stenius* had received a Letter from him, and in pursuit he went to find him to indeavour to discover if he knew nothing of *Clelia*,

that

that he refused to tell him that *Aronces* forced him to fight, that he vanquisht him, that he took from him the Letter he had receiv'd from *Horatius*, by which he knew he had *Clelia* in his hands, and that he carried her to *Perusia*, so that seeing his Love, his honour, and Nature commanded him to go thither, he resolved with *Clelius* that he would depart, which he did, for *Herminius* as he had some affaires which induced him to leave *Italy*, *Aronces* and I gave him Letters for *Amilcar*, and I would not desert my friend, but leave *Venice*, of whom I was not too much satisfied, and of whom I was but a little amorous.

But after that, Madam, imagine what was the grief of *Aronces*, when he saw upon the Lake *Clelia* in a Barque which *Horatius* defended, and what was his astonishment to see in the other the Prince of *Numidia*, whom he did not believe to be his Rival; imagine, I say, his grief to see he could not go to assault *Clelia's* Ravisher, and succour him which assailed him; imagine the deplorable estate wherein he was, when he knew by a Slave, that they would assassinate the Prince of *Perusia*, whose death would have delivered the King his Father and the Queene his Mother: and in fine, imagine the miserable condition in which he now is; for Madam, *Aronces* knowes not where *Clelia* is, he knows she is in the power of his Rivall, and he hath found one in the person of his deareſt friends.

The life of *Porsenna* is in danger; *Galerita* is still a Prisoner; *Mezentius* saith, she shall never depart from prison if she will not re-marry: there is danger to hazard to make *Aronces* known to the Prince of *Perusia* for *Porsenna's* son, he is at present incapable to act because of his wounds; *Sextilia* alwayes favours her Brother *Bianor*: *Tiberinus*, who is now *Mezentius* his favourite hath more then one Interest to induce him to desire the losse of *Porsenna*, and to oppose the discovery of *Aronces*, and though he hath saved the *Perusian* Princes life, his without doubt would bee in great danger, if he was known to be *Porsenna's* Son, and what ought he to hope if he is not so. Madam, *Aronces* is every way unhappy for honour, nature, and love assault him with most rigorous thoughts, when that fortune mingles it self to make continuall Combates in the heart of a Lover; therfore I dare hope, Madam, that being sensible of the mishaps of so generous a Prince, you'l render to him all the Offices which are in your power.

Doubt not of it (replyed the Princess of the *Leontines* seeing *Celeres* had finisht his Narration) for I am so touched with his misfortunes that I shall forget nothing that lyes in my power, to testifie to him that I have a true compassion, therfore I conjure you to pray him to inform what I shall do or say, for though I have an inveterate hatred against *Tiberinus*, I will constrain my thoughts in this occasion, and indeavour to put him in his interest, though as things are twill be a difficult enterprise, you have so much address and so many charms, replyed *Aurelia*, that we must despaire of nothing; you are so generous, added *Sycanius*, that we ought to expect all things from you in such an encounter.

In truth replyed she, I merit no great praise to be capable to have compassion for anothers misfortunes: for you so sympathize in mine, and have thereby brought me so much consolation, that I should be armed with cruelty, if I should but seem to refuse mine to an illustrious unhappy person.

After that *Celeres* seeing twas late, rose up and went to *Aronces*, with whom he found *Nicias* and *Martia*, who assured him the next day the principall friends of *Porsenna* would come to the Castle where he was, to the end to consult what was expedient to bee done in such an important conjecture.

The end of the first Book of the first Part.

CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK. II.



LOVE being the most predominate Passion in the heart of *Aronces*, it prompted him to be a most assiduous visiter of *Clelia*, and finding her interest to be the only square of all his actions, it may very well be said, That she was the only object of his minde, and that his thoughts ran wholy upon her, and nothing else besides. The Prince of *Numidia*, as well as he, was wholy taken up with thinking upon the most admired *Clelia*, and he did most passionately wish for a sight of *Aronces*, that he might cheer up himself a little with some amorous discourses. As for the Princess of the *Leontines*, she had so many various discourses with her self, that had she not been of an infinite generosity, she would not have spared so much time as she did to think upon the miseries of *Aronces*. *Celeres*, for his particular, his heart being not then infested with any violent passion, and being composed more of friendship then Love, his whole thoughts were how to cheer up the wretched *Aronces*; so as complying with *Silanus*, *Aurelia*, *Nicius*, and *Martia*, whose minds ran all upon the same business, all of them were wholy busied in descanting upon the present condition and state of the matter.

But at last the expected friends of *Porsenna* being arrived, *Sicanus* presented them unto *Aronces*, as soon as *Nicius* and *Martia* had informed themselves in all such circumstances as made it evident that he was really the son of *Porsenna*; so as then seriously considering the State of the business and falling into council about it, there grew a very great contest amongst them; some thought that the sooner the better, if *Aron-*

ces were made known unto *Mezentius*, considering the services which he had done him: But *Sicanus* was of a contrary judgement, and said, that if they did so, they should too much put *Aronces* in danger: and that, to go prudently to work they ought to tarry untill the Prince of *Perusia* had some affection to him, grounded upon his merit; and also that it was requisite to keep close; they not being in a capacity to oppose *Mezentius*, in case he should prove unjust.

Others of the Company, arguing after another method, advised, that *Aronces* go into *Clusium*; there make himself known: and after he had there secured himself, then to send unto *Mezentius*, and let him know he was there, and demand of him the life and liberty of the King his Father. *Aronces* no sooner heard this advice, but he did utterly disgust it, because he conceived that by this way he should stand too much upon his own safety, and too much hazard the safety of *Porsenna*. Also being perswaded that *Clelia* was within the Dominions of the Persian Prince, he had no genius to be far from thence: So as after a very serious consultation upon the matter, the result of their arguing was, that as soon as *Aronces* was recovered, he should go unto *Perusia*; that he should Court al occasions to win upon the affection of *Mezentius* and all his Court; that in the interim, he should make sure of all *Porsenna*'s friends, and prepare them to unite themselves and take up arms if need were: that they should hold intelligence with some in *Clusian*. That the Princesse of the Leontines should use all her indeavours to ingage *Tiberius* in the service of *Aronces* upon all occasions that should present themselves: And in order thereunto, she should he intreated to quit her melancholy way of life, and go into *Perusia* as soon as *Aronces* was in a capacity of going thither.

After the Session of this private consultation, all these friends unto *Prosenna* separated themselves, and each one in particular went about the execution of these resolutions, except *Nicias* and *Martia*, who sculked in the house of *Sicanus* untill a fit time of shewing themselves usefull in the service of *Aronces*. In the interim, this Prince was strangely perplexed that no tidings could be heard of *Clelia*; and the more, because the Prince of *Numidia* was also concerned in it: But in spite of all these fretting inquietudes, which in probability might have retarded his recovery, yet recover he did, and that sooner than could be hoped. The Prince of *Numidia* also began to mend upon his first dressing: So as *Celeres* now seeing nothing which could hinder these two Rivals from seeing her, he began to be exceedingly perplexed; for he knew that the Prince of *Numidia* was ignorant that *Aronces* loved *Clelia*; and his heart longed to impart himself unto his friend: On the other side, he was sure that *Aronces* knowing how *Adherbal* and he adored one and the same Saint, *Aronces* would no longer continue a lover of *Adherbal*: He did apprehend some danger in acquainting the Prince of *Numidia* with the truth of this matter, and in trusting the secrets of one Rival unto an other; Also he conceived that this confidence would be to no purpose, and that when *Adherbal* should know both the quality and affection of *Aronces*, it would not at all alter the thoughts of *Clelia*: therefore the advice which he gave unto *Aronces* was, to dissemble his thoughts from that Prince: For truly (said *Celeres* to him) what will it concern you, though *Adherbal* do love *Clelia*, as long as he cannot come to the sight of her, nor so much as know where she is? let him therefore be puling and telling you of his love to her: And to set him packing further off from you, give me leave to infuse some false intelligence unto him concerning *Clelia*, to the end, he may be wandring in quest of her; and you be thereby rid of that vexation which his presence causeth you. How's this *Celeres*! (said he to me) can you think I am able to endure *Adherbal* should ever come and tell me that he loves *Clelia*? That he will do so for ever; and that he intends to seek her all the world over; that he will pull her out of the arms of *Horatius*, and never yeeld her unto any? Would you have me *Celeres*, suffer you to part from me with false intelligence, and perhaps send him nearer unto *Clelia*; for since you know not where she is, how can you tell but that you may direct him the way to find her. No, no *Celeres* (added he) I have other thoughts then these; and though sometimes I would be contented withall my heart, never again to see the Prince of *Numidia*'s face, since he is my Rival; yet I would never have

him

him out of my sight, untill I know where *Clelia* is. In the mean time, it goes against my soul to dissemble with him, I neither know how I should speak to him, nor whether it be expedient to let him know my thoughts; therefore if you will, let us leave the matter at hazard; for when I do see him, perhaps I shall not then be able to speak what I now think I am able to do.

Truth is Madam, some two days after this discourse, though the Prince of *Numidia* was much weaker and unable then *Aronces*, yet he gave him a visit at his Chamber; and he came in such a nick of time that he found *Aronces* alone, for I was then gone with the Princesse of the Leontines and *Aurelia*. You may easily imagine how *Aronces* was surprized, yet for all that he received him very civilly, but did not answer the carresses of the Numidian Prince, with his usual freenesse; he began to thank him for the pains he had taken in comming to see him, but *Adherbal* obligingly interrupting him: No, no (said he unto him) my dear *Aronces*, you need not thank me for what I have done; but if you saw into my heart perhaps you would complain against me, for this visit is not a visit of bare friendship, since my love unto *Clelia* hath a share in my affection to you, and I come as well to make you the confident of my Passion, as of my sorrow for so much sadnesse in your looks, both the last time you came to visit me and now. Sir, (replied *Aronces* faintly) I am so far unfit to be the confident of your love, that if you will be ruled by me, you shall never make choice of me for it. And yet replied *Adherbal*, you are furnished with all the qualities requisite in a most agreeable and faithfull friend; for you flow in wit, ingenuity, and spirit, you have a most tender soul, you know *Clelia* as well as I do, you are her friend, and doubtlesse yet you love me; for since absence hath not diminished the least spark of my affection to you, I will judge of you by my self, and beleeve that your affection answers mine: That I may trust you with the whole secrets of my soul, and discover all my infirmities unto you. 'Tis true Sir (replied *Aronces* that indeed I have a tender heart and do know *Clelia*; but alas (added he, out of his excesse of love, sincerity and jealousie) it is not so true that I am her friend.

How, replied *Adherbal*, what alteration is this? How is it possible, you should ever hate that most transcendant person? Nay, nay, mistake me not (replied he) for I do love her in the same degree you do: Now judge, whether or no I am fit to be your confident, and whether I could possibly give you a more heroick testimony of my friendship then this, in acquainting you with my love of *Clelia*. Oh *Aronces*, (cried out the Prince of *Numidia*) it is a most cruell testimony, for truly, since I see that you do love *Clelia*, I need not ask any further why I am not loved my self. Upon this *Adherbal* was silent, and so a while continued; in the mean while, *Aronces* was something pleased in thinking that his Rivall did not now look up on him as the confident of his love; so as growing a little bolder, I know not Sir (said he unto him) whether you may accuse me for being the cause why *Clelia* doth not answer your affection, but I am very certain, that I my self am not in the Catalogue of the happy, nor in all likelihood shall be a long time. Yet I conceived, that being acquainted with your generosity, it was a piece of my duty to tel you ingeniously, that I have loved *Clelia* ever since I was at *Carthage*: That I did love her at *Capua* and that having had the happinesse to do *Clelius* some considerable services, he freely bestowed *Clelia* upon me, and I was upon the very point of marriage, when a most horrid Earth-quake did make a separation between us. Thus, and with reason looking upon her as my own, since *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* gave her unto me, and since never contradicted their wills, I conceived it fit to acquaint you with the state of the businesse, and that to dissemble with you, did derogate from the maxims of true generosity.

How *Aronces*! (said *Adherbal* then unto him) hath *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* both made a promise of *Clelia* unto you? and hath *Clelia* given her self unto you? Yes Sir (replied he) and that is it which renders me the more miserable. But Sir you know that you are no Roman replied *Adherbal*; and when she was at *Carthage*, *Clelius* then would not bestow her upon any but a Roman, but talked as if he would give her unto an ordinary Citizen of *Rome*, before the greatest King upon Earth. 'Twas so

indeed, replied *Aronces*, when we were at *Carthage*, but it is as true, that though I am no Roman, yet I had been a moſt happy man, had fortune been pleaſed. Since you have thus far informed me Sir, replied *Adherbal*, I know very well how I ought to anſwer, but to tell you truly *Aronces*, I doubt I cannot; I am ſo greeved to meet with a Rival in the perſon of my friend, and to hear I ought not in reaſon pretend any more unto *Clelia*, that I dare not anſwer for my own thoughts. And I am ſo little maſter of my ſelf (added he in riſing up) that leaſt I ſhould vent ſomething in my tranſport of greef, that might make me repent it all my daies, I will take my leave of you not knowing what I ſhall think when wee meet next. Sir, replied *Aronces*, your virtue makes me aſhamed, and I will uſe all the virtue that I have, to be both your Rival and your Friend: my deſign is the ſame, replied the Prince of *Numidia*; but I cannot ſay that I am able to execute it, nor do know whether I am able to be both at once, the moſt miſerable and the moſt generous man. Upon this *Adherbal* retired, he himſelf not knowing his own thoughts of *Aronces*, for his ſoul was ſo ſadded to hear that he could not pretend any more unto *Clelia*, as he was not the maſter of his own mind. *Aronces* himſelf could not chuſe but greeve that he had ſuch a brave man to his Rival: But *Horatius* being then the moſt legitimate object of his hatred, and finding no likelihood that the Prince of *Numidia* could ever prejudice him, his virtue ſurmounted all motions of any averſion towards that Prince, and over-comming himſelf, he went to viſit him the next morning betimes. The Prince of *Numidia* emulating the generoſity of his Rival, and unwilling to yeeld unto him in point of generoſity, he gave him a moſt civill reception, and ſuch high diſcourſes paſſed between them, as made them admire each other, though their hearts did beat ſuch a pulſe as ſecretly moved rather to hatred, then love of each other. After this, theſe two Rivals did meet at the Princeſſe of the *Leontines* Chamber and at *Aurelia's*, but they met not without many ſtanders by.

The truth is, they continued not long in a power of ſeeing each other, for both being perfectly recovered together, they were forced to ſever; for *Aronces* was conſtrained to go into *Peruſia*, and tranſact about the preſervation of the King his fathers life: And the Prince of *Numidia* ſeeing no rational hope for himſelf, reſolved to wander up and down the world, and not to be any longer in queſt of *Clelia*, ſince now he had no preſence unto her; and the principal reaſon of this his reſolve was, becauſe he would try whether change of place would work a change of mind, and whether he could recover that tranquility which he had loſt. But finding it a piece of difficulty to take a handſome farewell of his Rivall, he opened his heart unto *Celeres*, who being very deſirous that two ſuch great Princes ſhould part fair without a quarrel, he did approve of his intention in departing without viſiting *Aronces*, who being ready to go unto *Peruſia* was mightily perplexed: For not knowing where *Clelia* was, he could have willingly wiſhed, that though the ſight of a Rival was a more in his eye, yet he would have had the Prince of *Numidia* there as well as himſelf. But that wiſh was in vain: For *Adherbal* went that night to take his leave of *Sicanus* and *Aurelia*, and giving them thanks for all favours received from them, he gave order that all his equipage ſhould be ready by break of day; but before he went he left two Letters with order to be delivered unto *Celeres*, one for *Clelia* the other for himſelf, which contained theſe lines,

Adherbal unto *Celeres*.

FOr all you are an intimate friend unto my Rivall, yet I have ſeen you ſo paſſionately grieved at my miſery, that I will deſire a favour from you. 'Tis true, it is a favour of a ſtrange nature, ſince I heartily wiſh that you may not be able to do it; for I conjure you, to keep this incloſed Letter, for the moſt admirable Clelia, *but that it may not be any breach of that fidelity which you owe unto my Rival, I do not deſire you to deliver it unto her, untill ſhe hath made my Rival moſt happy. This being all I ask of you, I dare hope that you will not deny me this office, ſince I do not deſire it may be done me untill fortune*

tune hath put me into a capacity of meriting the compassion of my Rival. I hint not a syllable to you of him; for what can you or I say of him, who hath found in the person of Aronces, *all that can possibly move the highest friendship, and the highest hatred?* Adieu. *Pity me, since you may safely do it without offence unto my Rival, and your Friend; and believe, that you could never pity a person who doth more merit it than my self.*

When *Celeres* had received and read this Letter, he was much surprized, and the more because that directed unto *Clelia* was sealed: however, since he was not desired to deliver it untill *Aronces* was first happy, he did not scruple at the doing of this Office for the Rival of his friend. But as he was ruminating upon this adventure, *Aronces* comes suddenly into the Chamber, and sees *Adherbals* Letter unto *Clelia* upon the Table; this sight much amazing him, he asked *Celeres* in all haste whether he knew where she was, and how it came about that the Prince of *Numidia* directed this Letter unto him, for he knew his hand. *Celeres* perceiving the agitation of his spirits, & *Adherbal* not having obliged him to conceal it from *Aronces*, he shewed him the Letter of this unfortunate Lover, and acquainted him with his departure, for til then he knew not of it. *Aronces* recollecting himself by degrees, as he read this Letter; Alas, alas *Celeres* (said he unto him after he had read it) I am afraid that you must never deliver my Rivals Letter unto *Clelia*, since you must not deliver it untill she hath made me happy: No sooner had he said so, but a fresh gust of apprehension rowsing his thoughts, he lamented the absence of *Adherbal*, in a thought that perhaps he might come to find out *Clelia*. Yet notwithstanding *Celeres* so convinced him, that he was perswaded the absence of *Adherbal* would be advantageous unto him. For truly Sir, (said he unto him amongst many other reasons) there is not a more intollerable torment under the Sun, then to have a Rival whom virtue compels one to love, and whom love compels one to hate, to be perpetually in ones eye. 'Tis right *Celeres* (said he unto him) but this is not the first time that such a Passion as mine, hath hurried a man into unreasonable thoughts.

Whilest this Prince was thus talking, he held in his hand, his Rivals Letter unto his Mistress, and looked upon it, as if his looks would have broke open the Seal: after, restoring it hastily unto *Celeres*, take it *Celeres* (said he) and keep it, least a spark of jealousie should force me to open it: And that my fidelity may be the more manifest I will be faithfull unto an unfortunate Lover and Rival, let my desire of seeing what he hath written unto *Clelia* be never so great: So *Celeres* took the Letter and told his friend, that had he offered to have opened it, he would have given a stop to his curiosity. After which, *Sicanus* being come, and telling them that the Princesse of the Leontines prepared her self to go next morning unto *Perusia*, and transact in the service of *Aronces*, they went both together unto her Chamber, where *Celeres* related all passages, shewing them the Prince of *Numidia*'s Letter, and applauded the power which *Aronces* had over himself, in not opening that Letter which his Rival writ unto *Clelia*, though he had a most strong desire unto it. Were it possible to esteem *Aronces* more then I do (replied the Princesse of the Leontines) doubtlesse I should, for I doe think no quality under Heaven more laudable then fidelity is; especially when it is preserved in such cases, wherein it is easie to be otherwise, or where good excuses may be had, or examples to authorize infidelity. How many men are there in the World, who never make the least scruple of opening all the Letters which come unto their hands? who invent devices how to open and then shut them again unperceivedly? and who have such a general curiosity to be prying into all manner of Lettets, that no Seal escapes them: As the Princesse of Leontines was saying so, *Aurelia* entred; and no sooner entred but *Sicanus* addressed himself unto the Princess of the Leontines; Madam (said he unto her) if you desire to be informed further of their curiosity who love to be opening Letters, I beseech you intreat *Aurelia* to tell you; for she is acquainted with a fair Lady, whom you Madam also know, that put such tricks upon her; and therefore since she is better able to inform you then I am I will leave it unto her to tell you all the passages of it.

So

So *Sicanus* having Letters to write unto *Perusia*, he went out, and left *Aurelia* to supply his place who did become it excellently well; for she apprehending at first the businesse, did smilingly ask the Princesse of the Leontines, whether it was concerning the opening of any Letters; for if it be (added she) none in the world can give a better accompt of such a matter then my self unlesse I have forgotten; though for my part I have renounced ever making any use of such waies, as heretofore have brought upon me abundance of delight and as much sorrow.

The Question (replied the Princesse of the Leontines) is not concerning the opening of any Letter, but whether we ought absolutely to condemn or excuse such men as are so inquisitive as to open them; such as make a mock at those who are so scrupulously faithfull, as not to open the Letters of their very enemies, although they were perswaded they contain'd some concernments of themselves. Madam, replied *Aurelia*, I am able to give you all those fond and false reasons, which are alledged by those who are so inquisitive, for a friend of mine hath instructed me in the art: *Aurelia* had no sooner said so, but the Lady of whom she spoke entred, for she living within three miles of the Thrasimenian Lake, towards the Isle of Saules, she used often to visit *Aurelia*; also she had seen the Princesse of the Leontines two or three times. Yet this Princesse never before knew of her humour in opening Letters; because no occasion concerning it did present it self, but as soon as she was entred, *Aurelia* knowing her humour, and also knowing that she affected rallery, and that she did not think she did ill in opening all the Letters which came under her hands, she told her that she came in a very good time to help her out in the maintenance of a good cause: For truly (said she unto her) as I was boasting of my skill in opening and shutting of Letters, they would needs perswade me that I put my self unto a great deal of trouble, which could hardly ever procure me any great delight; and besides, they would make me beleeve, that such an act was neither just nor generous.

For matter of justice and generosity (replied this Lady whose name was *Statilia*) perhaps it will be a little difficult to prove that it is; but for matter of pleasure (added she) I will maintain that there is nothing fuller of delight then to make ones self Mistresse of anothers secrets unperceivedly, and never be beholding to them for it: and I am perswaded, that alwaies there is some kind of pleasure in knowing that which others know not, and which they do not know, that others know it, be the thing of what nature it will.

For my particular (said the Princesse of the Leontines) I am not of your opinion, for there are a thousand sorts of secrets, which never move the least curiosity in me. For my part, added *Aronces*, my mind is not at all inquisitive after such things, as in which, I have no interest, and as I should not think well any should dive too far into my heart, so I will never offer to dive into the hearts of others; and I am so far from opening their Letters (said he and smiled) that I think if their hearts were in my hands, I should not screw any thing out of them; alwaies excepting the heart of my Mistresse and the hearts of my Rivals. For my part (replied *Statilia*) I should not use the matter so: and since it is more easie to open Letters then hearts, and since sometimes in opening the one, the other is discovered, I will never omit any opportunity of satisfying my curiosity; but that I may never be taxed with any malicious curiosity I assure you, that though I have opened almost all the Letters which ever came unto my hands, yet I never raised any mischief between the parties or set them at variance. But I beseech you tel me (said then the Princes of the Leontines) to what purpose is it that you are so desirous to open Letters, since you make no use of the Contents? To do so once out of an humour of gallantry, I confesse some small delight may be taken in it; but to make a matter of care and continual practise for nothing, I must confesse that I cannot understand it: First, this must be an infallible position, that of a hundred Letters which you open, there is not one wherein you have any concernment, nor wherein you can take any pleasure in seeing, for those who have a mind to speak of you, will not trust the mention of you in their Letters; such as hold any intriques of gallantry will not commit them to such hands as come within your walk; Domestique businesse never diverts; general news can be no subject for your curiosi-

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Sir, since that is known to you as well as them that write; common Complements cannot be any pleasure to you: and for Letters of Wit, they will be shewed unto you without your opening them; so as I must conclude, that you commit a very unjust act for a very poor pittance of pleasure. And I am perswaded, that nothing in the world ought to be more inviolable then the fidelity of Letters; so as though I had in my hands a Letter which came from one of my professed enemies, directed unto a person whom I neither loved, nor he loved me, yet I would let it passe without an opening. Indeed the facility in committing this kind of Crime, is an argument to me, that it ought never to be committed, and that nothing ought to be more inviolable then Letters.

For my part (said *Stratilia*) I conceive it may be with this, as with Theft in *Sparta*, where they punish onely those who steal ill-favouredly, and are taken in the act. So as I must conclude, that when one hath the art of handsome opening them, so as it shall never be perceived; and that when one knows how to conceal the Contents of the Letter opened, it can be no great crime to open them. This were reason enough to keep you from it, replied *Aronces*, that oftentimes you put your self to abundance of trouble about the opening of a Letter, wherein you find nothing, when as you might imploy your time and pain much better. If that consideration would have corrected her (replied *Aurelia*, she had been long since corrected: For such an adventure happened unto her one day, which I shall relate unto you, if she will give me leave. I consent, (said *Statilia*) provided you will give me leave to relate some adventures which have passed, and which have accustomed me to open Letters. This Condition is so just (said *Celeres*) as I beleeve *Aurelia* will not be against it. I shall not be against any thing, answered *Aurelia*, which may excuse *Statilia*. But since it is my turn to speak first, (pursued she, and addressed her self to the Princesse of the Leontines) be pleased to know Madam, that there was in *Perusia* some four or five years, a Lady and a Widdow, whose beauty was in competition with *Statilia's*, this is sufficient to make you think there was no great love between them. I must tell you in general terms, that both of them had beauty enough to divide between themselves, all the hearts that were in a most gallant Court. They were perpetually making usurpations upon one another, and could never keep within the limits of their own Empires. I beseech you (said *Statilia* and interrupted her) come to the businesse of Letters, if you will have me let you go on with your story. I shall come to it presently (replied *Aurelia*) but you must give me leave to tell you as much as may make it appear that you were very handsomely catched: Know therefore Madam (added *Aurelia*, and turned towards the Princesse of the Leontines) that *Statilia* passionately desiring to know the secret thoughts of this her pretended Rivallesse, received a Letter which was not directed unto her, but was amongst many others which were directed unto her. As soon as she saw the Superscription, she knew it to be the hand of that Lady whom she loved not; and she saw written upon it, the name of a man who was deeply in love with *Statilia*, and whose fidelity she suspected; for of late he was lesse assiduous in his visits to her then ordinary, but more unto the other Lady. So that musing upon the matter, and considering all circumstances, she beleeved him to be in love with this Lady; she concluded it upon a hundred consequences, which she beleeved to be infallible, as upon conjectures, which she thought to be unquestionable. I comming into the Chamber, she acquainted me with the adventure, and with her resolution of opening the Letter; but said she, I must use all my art in the opening of it; for I would by no means have the two interessed persons to know that I have seen it; but on the contrary, it being delivered without any suspition of me, I may carry it so as she who did write it shall think her new lover hath revealed all unto me; and as for him to whom it is directed, I will indeavour to make him beleeve, that I know of it by some other of this Ladies Lovers. Therefore it is requisite, I use extraordinary care in the opening of it, that it may be done and not perceived.

At the last *Statilia* after a two hours muse upon it, and after two hours more spent in experiments upon other Letters, to try which way was the best, she opened this Letter which procured her so much anger and curiosity. And that you may the better

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apprehend her astonishment, I must acquaint you, that this Lady who writ this Letter had a very pleasant house in the Country: In this house, there was a man who had an excellent faculty in certain curious works. This man by an odd piece of fortune was called by the very same name of him that was in love with *Statilia*, though their qualities were much different: So as in lieu of finding matters of Courtship and gallantry, as she expected in this Letter, she found several orders relating unto the Gardens and works of this Lady; in some places she desired he would have a special care to plant rows of Orange trees, in another place she desired might be a Fountain circled about with a Palizado of Myrtles, and many other things which were absolutely impertinent unto the imagination of *Statilia*. However, she never went about to undeceive her self, but still would needs have it, that this was a Letter of some private correspondency, which had in it some amphibious sence; for as you know, since the famous *Sybil* who came unto *Tarquin* at *Rome*, and writ a book of Verses called Acrosticks, which by taking the first Letter of every line makes up perfect sence on the side, many after her example made use of this invention. *Statilia* was above an hour in turning and winding the words and lines of this Letter every way, in hopes to find some sence fitting to her fancy; but as she was thus busying her self, the Slave who brought it unto her amongst many others, came to ask for it, and to tell her that it was directed unto a certain man who had the oversight of such a Ladies works. Upon a more strict examination and consideration of the businesse, *Statilia* perceived that all her descants and conceits upon this Letter were upon false surmises; that she had taken a great deal of pains to no purpose, and that she was not a jot the wiser in that thing which she most desired to know. Yes replied *Statilia*, I drew thus much advantage out of my curiosity, that I knew there was nothing in the Letter worth the knowing, for had I let it passe without a sight, I should have beleeved all my life long that this Lady had written a Letter of gallantry, and that this pretended gallant was perfidious. But Madam, added she, the better to acquaint you, how I came unto this humour of opening Letters, be pleased to know, that the first person I ever loved, was the most cunning wench that ever was, and after a hundred testimonies of my affection to her, I took a journey into the Country for eight days, where we were almost continually together at an Aunts house of hers, who was my Cousin. In this solitude we were never a sunder, and as in friendship nothing is so sweet as to be talking unto each other upon what we think of all our acquaintance, so did we, she being naturally ingenious, and loving me very tenderly. I did truly tell her my opinion, of every one she named unto me, not withholding my most secret thoughts from her. At last, I was to return unto *Perusia*, and leave her in the Country; she sent above twenty several Letters by me, she shewed me many of them before the sealing, and I did not suspect there was any of the rest which she shewed not unto me that any waies concerned me; for she carried it so cunningly, that I beleeved she would have shewed me all, if I desired. So as taking into my charge these Letters, as soon as I came into *Perusia*, I thought of delivering them according to directions: But as chance would have it, one of them was unsealed, and I must confesse I could not seal it before I read it; it chanced to be one of those which she had not shewed unto me, and it was directed unto a man who at that time did not hate me, and was her cousin. I having spoke much good of him unto her, I found that she acquainted him in her Letter with all I had spoke in his advantage, and gave him the greatest hopes in the world: I blushing for anger, and finding what I expected not, I resolved to open all the rest which I had not seen; and truly, I did not repent it, though she moved me to be extreamly angry. For I found in one of them (which was directed unto a woman, who was owner of as many bad, as good qualities) that she had imparted unto her, a great part of what I had said of her: I found in another of them a notable piece of Rallery, which she had put upon me. And to be short, I discovered, that she was the most crafty Wench upon earth, and the least worthy of my friendship. In the heat of my anger, I sent her back all her Letters open; and I made a solemn vow most religiously to be observed, that I would open every Letter which came under my hands, which I did not see before sealing, because I would never expose my self unto any such disasters, as then by good fortune I prevented: Ever since

since my curiosity hath been so well satisfied, that I knew not how to repent of it.

I perceive, replied the Princesse, you have found out an invention not to be deceived your self; but is it not worse to be upbraided with deceiving others, then it is to upbraid others with deceiving you? Having had experience of both (replied *Statilia* and laughed) I can assure you Madam, that in these matters it is much better to deceive others, then to be deceived by them. Truth is (added she) that if I could charge my self with any wicked action, I should be ashamed; but I cannot think the opening of a Letter to be a crime so hainous. For if there be no matter of consequence in it, then I do no harm unto any: If there be any matter of mirth in it which relates not to my self, I can laugh at it in a corner; and if there be any injurious matter which reflects upon my self, I have injured them onely, who would have injured me: So as I must conclude, that of all the sins which one can commit, this I speak of is the least, the most easie to be acted, and the most pleasant. You cannot perswade me with all the wit you have (replied the Princesse of the Leontines) but that the opening of Letters is a most dangerous habit; it is so much against the maxims of justice and generosity, that I dare maintain it is a violation of all manner of rights, and that it is a lesse folly to rob another, to usurp Kingdomes, and to be revenged upon ones enemies by sword, or poison, then to blemish ones fidelity by such things as those. For by robbing one may inrich himself; by usurping a Kingdome, one may satisfie his ambition, and by revenge upon enemies one may gust the sweets of it; but there is neither pleasure nor profit gotten by opening of Letters, at the least not by one in a hundred. Yet experience makes it manifest that it is the crime of many, and the custome of it so easily gotten, as I cannot tell how *Aurelia* could break her self of it. Alas Madam, replied *Aurelia*, I was easily broken of it, for I think never was any one more severely punished then I was for my curiosity: But I am very much obliged unto that charitable friend who was my punisher and corrector. Oh I beseech you (replied the Princesse of the Leontines) tell us how you came to leave off that trick which *Statilia* taught you. Since you command it Madam (replied *Aurelia*) you must know, that after I had learned of *Statilia* all her inventions of opening Letters, and had practiced them five or six daies together, and did nothing else: After, I say, that I was grown very cunning, I made use of my skill upon several occasions; but having another friend besides *Statilia*, whom I loved very well, and was also loved again, I would have made her my Confident in a businesse of a Letter which I opened, and would have told her all. She being a person more scrupulous in such matters then *Statilia*, she resolved to put a trick upon me which might correct me, for a thing which she thought not just. For a whole moneth together I received abundance of Letters several waies upon several subjects, all directed unto men of my acquaintance, wherein I still found something which vexed me; for she who caused them to be written, knowing all the secrets of my whole life, she had contrived them so cunningly, that I burned above a dozen Letters after I had opened them, not suspecting that she had any hand in them. At last, I was so pittifully perplexed, that not being able to continue any longer, I went to empty my self unto this charitable friend; for though I loved *Statilia* very well, yet at that time there were some things which I could not impart unto her. As soon as I began to complain, she unto whom I made my moan, began to mock me, and said that I deserved no pitty, and that those who were miserable by their own folly, deserved no compassion. Alas (replied I) my misery proceeds from what others have written; but if you would not have seen their Letters (answered she) this had not been written of you. After this she would have perswaded me, that this was a punishment for my curiosity: But I was deaf in that ear, insomuch as she did not question, but that I would open the next letter I met withal: And indeed, in order to her design of converting me, she did write one Letter directed unto her self, though really it was intended for me, as being to passe through my hands, thinking that I would open that Letter, as soon as any's else: This Letter I received, simply beleeving it intended for my friend, and according to her hopes I did open it. But Madam, I was most strangely ashamed when after the opening of it, I found that in lieu of being to her it was from her, and intended for me, and more damped when I read it: For Madam, it contained all

the arguments that could be deviſed againſt that ill quality of opening Letters, and to make me aſhamed of it: the Letter was long, and full of wit, and concluded that it was a thing never to be excuſed, unleſſe it were done out of a reſentment of jealouſie. Therefore (ſaid ſhe in the end of her Letter) if you will ever go about to juſtifie this ill quality unto me, you muſt accuſe your ſelf of two things more, you muſt confeſſe that you are both in love and alſo jealouſe, and the ſuſpition which you have of every one, makes you look for that which you would never find. Thus Madam, was the cure of my curioſity, for from that time I made a promiſe unto my ſelf, never to open any more Letters; and I was ſo convinced with the arguments of my generous friend that I went and acquainted her with my reſolution, ſhe in recompence confeſſed that all thoſe Letters which had ſo perplexed me, were writ onely to correct me: but they had not the ſame influence upon *Statilia*; for ſhe hath opened ſeveral Letters which were directed unto me, and put her ſelf to much trouble in making them up again: After all this, *Statilia* being excellent at Rallery, did very ingeniouſly defend her ſelf againſt all the ſolid reaſons with the Princeſſe of the Leontines, *Aronces*, *Aurelia*, and *Coleres* brought againſt her, yet ſhe was forced to confeſſe that they were in the right and ſhe in the wrong; but withall ſhe proteſted, that ſhe ſhould for ever continue in the wrong, and as long as ſhe live never be broken of it; after this, ſhe concluded her viſit and went away. And the Princeſs of the Leontines continuing her applauds of *Aronces* for his fidelity even unto his Rivall, they began a moſt ſolid league of friendſhip. Indeed this Princeſſe according to her promiſe went into *Peruſia*, *Aurelia* went alſo: But as for *Sicanus*, he ſtayed with *Nicius* and *Martia* to give all directions concerning *Aronces*, when the time did require. In the mean time, *Aronces* finding himſelf in a fit condition to go, and ſeeing the intereſt of the King his Father, his own, and of his love, required that he ſhould go as ſoon as poſſible he could to *Mezentius*, he went two daies after the Princeſſe of the Leontines departed from the Iſle of *Saulo* and he was entertained with ſo much honour, that *Mezentius* lodged him in his own Palace, and would have every one look upon him as a man unto whom he owed his life: So that as it is the cuſtome of all Courts, *Aronces* had not onely the favourable aſpect of the Prince, but of every one beſides. *Bianor* and *Tiberinus* alſo did him all imaginable honours: And as *Aronces* was infinitely amiable, ſo it was an eaſie matter for him to get love. The heart of *Mezentius* was ſo much moved, as he ſpoke it openly, a few dayes after he came to *Peruſia*, that though he had not been a debtor to him for his life, yet he ſhould have moſt tenderly loved him, and think him worthy of his higheſt favour. Theſe advantageous words being reported unto *Tiberinus*, he began to be jealous of this growing favourite, ſo as to give him a handſome remove he told *Mezentius*, that it was a ſhame for him to keep a ſtranger ſo long in his Court, and that it were good to pack him away with ſome magnificent Preſent, to the end he might go about his buſineſſe. But *Mezentius* being of an apprehenſive wit, knew well enough the jealous thoughts of *Tiberinus*, and without giving any direct anſwer, told him that ere long he would do what did become him. Mean time, the Princeſſe of the Leontines, out of her zealous and generous devotion to ſerve *Aronces*, did force her ſelf to look upon *Tiberinus* a little better then ordinary, and indeavoured to make him love *Aronces*, ſhe did ſtill preſerve very carefully that amity which ſhe had gotten amongſt all the Grandees of that Court: And ſcarce a day paſſed without ſome ſecret conference with her, from the friends of *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, *Sicanus* and others who negotiated for *Aronces* did continually communicate unto him what each of them not in particular had done. But the greateſt affliction upon *Aronces* was, that he could hear a word of *Clelia*, though by order from *Mezentius* a ſtrict inquiſition was made for her throughout all his Dominions. So as ſince he could not then depart from *Peruſia*, conſidering the condition wherein the King his father was, nor knowing where to ſeek her, he reſolved to ſtay until he could better diſpoſe of himſelf, and in the interim to ſend ſecretly unto the Towns which were then enemies unto *Rome*; for he conceived that *Horatius* who was upon ill terms with *Tarquin*, could not ſeek a ſafer retreat then amongſt his enemies. So as in order to this deſign, he ſent unto al ſuch places, where there was any hopes to hear ſomething of her. After which, he did wholy devote himſelf to ſave the life of *Porſenna*. For *Mezentius* deſiring a Succeſſor, and to marry his Daughter,

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he having no children did accuse *Porsenna* that he went about to murder him, and did charge him indeed with some shews of probability. Indeed the man who would have killed him, and whom *Aronces* killed, was a friend of the Prisoner King, and if his vertues had not been apparent unto all the world, it might have thought, that desire of liberty might have prompted him to consent unto such an unworthy action. So as *Mezentius* having some colour to accuse him of such a crime, he made it be prosecuted, (and they began to proceed against him as a Delinquent. *Aronces* then being in great favour and familiarity with *Mezentius*, he talked one day with him concerning this accusation, and told him that he beleived it had no good foundation, and beseeched him to take a business of that great importance into his serious consideration. How *Aronces*, said *Mezentius* unto him, did you give death to him, who would by order from *Porsenna* have taken away my life, and would you now save his life, who would have been my death? Sir, replied *Aronces*, I desire to keep you from doing a thing which afterward you may repent of, when it is too late: And if an unfortunate stranger, unto whom you have given leave to utter his mind, may be still permitted to speak, I would ingeniously confess that I think there is nothing of greater consideration, then for a Soveraign Prince to be very cautious how he meddles with those of his own quality; for if he put them into the Rank of other men, then doth he lose his own priviledges, and makes himself capable to suffer that which he inflicts upon others. Therefore Sir, I beseech you be not too hasty in proceeding against *Porsenna*, but make a difference betwixt a great King, and a common subject. Your language, replied *Mezentius*, is indeed both prudent and generous; but the life of *Porsenna* is so great an obstacle unto all my designs, that since fortune hath given me a just cause to ruine him, I ought to do it, unless I be the most imprudent man upon earth. I do know very well Sir, replied *Aronces*, that *Porsenna* is accused; but I cannot tell whether there be any proofs against him: 'Tis true you were assaulted by a man who was tyed unto his interest; but Sir, you have kept him under such strict guards, as it is not credible he should ever have a hand in such a horrid act; And therefore Sir be careful, least in seeking for a pretence to ruine the innocent, you become guilty your self, and least you should provoke the just Gods to revenge his death: Sir I beseech you pardon the boldness of my language, for I take so great an interest in all that concerns you, as I hope that my zeal will plead my excuse: I thank you, replied *Mezentius*, and my love is so tender towards you, that you may speak any thing; but for this love to you, you are more oblieged unto me then you imagine; for you have so great a resemblance of a man, whom of all the world I most hate, as I wonder you can be deep in my affection. However, I must tell you, that I do not wonder you should speak as you do; for you are young, you know not the several interests of my state, nor the secret reasons which I have to ruine *Porsenna*: Therefore being neither angry, nor perswaded by any thing you have said, let me tell you, that if I do not ruine *Porsenna* he will ruine me, and in the choice of these two I had better ruine then be ruined. *Aronces* had further replied, if *Tiberinus* had not come in; who seeing them in such private conference, grew extreamly jealous; for he knew by the countenance of *Mezentius*, that the discourse was very serious, and concerned something of great importance. So as discontent appearing in his eyes, *Mezentius* perceived it, and was angry; and to punish *Tiberinus*, for taking it ill he should talk with *Aronces*, he spoke not a word unto him, but continued talking with that Prince: insomuch, as *Tiberinus* being extreamly nettled, he went out abruptly, and went unto the Princess of the Leontines. Mean time, *Mezentius* talked no more of *Porsenna* unto *Aronces*; but pressed him to tell, who and from whence he was. You know said he (unto him) that I have often asked you, and could never get a direct answer from you. 'Tis very true Sir, replied *Aronces*, and I beseech you let me be silent still; for truly Sir, I have several reasons to conceal my self; and all I can say at this time is, that as soon as I can, I will let you know it. Your answer doth a little stagger me, replied *Mezentius*, for it makes me think you were one of those children who were left in the street, exposed to the Will of Fate, and ignorant of your extraction. No Sir, replied *Aronces*, I am none of those, I know my Progenitors

are noble; but I know withall that I ought not to discover it, untill some matters be over, which perhaps will be very shortly. As *Aronces* was saying so, *Bianor* entred, who came to tell *Mezentius* that he had met with many circumstances which made conjecturable, that *Porsenna* was knowing to the design of him who would have assassinated him. But whilest these passages were at the Pallace of *Mezentius*, *Tiberinus* was with the Princes of the Leontines, inveighing against the new favourite *Aronces*; It is desired Madam, said he (unto her, after many other matters) I shall ere long be as much out of my Masters favour as out of my Mistrisses, and considering the fresh favours of *Aronces*, I shall be as unfortunate in my Ambition as in my Love. That I may remove half of your misfortunes (replied the Princess very wisely) I pray follow my councel. Your language Madam hath been more oblieging, replied *Tiberinus*, if you had said, I command you. Which you will (said she) if your case were mine, in lieu of crossing the growing favours upon *Aronces*, I would comply with him and his interests, and perswade him, that he was a debtor unto me for the good fortune he injoyes; and in order hereunto, I will take upon me to make this union betwixt you; for I cannot conceive that you can continue long in favour, unless there be some who is in favour with *Mezentius* about his pleasures, whilest you are about his great affairs: You know this Prince as old as he is, hath all the inclinations of a young man: So as whilest you are transacting in State affairs, the other may be the companion of his diversions, make choice of *Aronces* for it: He is young, he is a stranger, he is not in a capacity to move factions in the Court, nor any way hurt you, and in all likelyhood will be contented with a pleasant life, and injoy the sweets of his favours in that kind. But I beseech you Madam, replied *Tiberinus*, how can you tell whether *Aronces* will not supplant me in the place which I injoy, if once he enter into the heart of *Mezentius*; if you be in power to supplant him (replied the Princess) then do it; but take heed least in going about to ruine him you ruine your self. But on the other side by taking that course which I propose, you run no hazard, for by not crossing the favours of *Aronces*, but complying with his interest, *Mezentius* finding no stop to his inclinations, will of himself leave off those things which now divert him; but say he should not, however you have thereby oblieged *Aronces*; and it is not probable that he who seemes to be of a most notable generosity, will ever dishonour himself by any publick ingratitude, and therefore the best expedient is, as I advise, principally because he may not be looked upon as a new Favourite, but rather, his favours may be looked upon as an effect of yours. The Princess of the Leontines also used many other arguments unto *Tiberinus*; so as none being fitter to perswade then a Mistress, *Tiberinus* thought all her reasons to be very good, and he thought himself so happy that she would interest her self in his fortune, as he told her that he did absolutely put himself into her hands, and that she might tell *Aronces* what she pleased; so as *Aronces* coming in, to lose no time, she resolved to unite them before they parted; but to do it the more handsomely, and the better to deceive *Tiberinus*, she no sooner saw *Aronces*, but she began discourse; you come very happily Sir, said she unto him, to thank *Tiberinus* for those favours for which you are obliged unto him: For truly *Aronces* to be plain with you, you are a debtor unto him for all those favours which you receive from *Mezentius*: Truth is, that Prince intended to have packt you away with a Princely present, the next morning you came hither, for those who have seen *Porsenna* at your age, do say that you do extreamly resemble him; And *Mezentius* could hardly have indured the sight of you, if *Tiberinus* had not stopped his aversion, which he carefully hides from you, by reason of his obligations to you; which aversion he had never overcome without *Tiberinus*: I thought it to be expedient that you were acquainted with the state of things, to the end you might apply your self unto the fortunes of him unto w hom you are obliged, and so make your own the more secure. *Aronces* knowing the meaning of the Princess did answer her as handsomely as she spoke. Insomuch, as *Tiberinus* suiting with the intentions of that Princess did contract a league so great, as he discovered unto *Aronces* all the wayes that would most work upon the spirit of *Mezentius*. But that which was most remarkable in this business was, that to testifie the confidence in *Aronces*; and the more

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to ingage him in his interests, he told him, that above all, it was most expedient to hasten the ruine of *Porsenna*. For truly (said he) as long as that Prince is living the life of *Mezentius* is not secure: *Aronces* durst not at the first openly contradict *Tiberinus*, least he should render himself suspected: So as this conference ended with reciprocal protestations, never to prejudice each others unto *Mezentius*: And indeed they did negotiate together, as men who stood in need of each other. *Tiberinus* confessed unto *Aronces*, his love unto the Princess of the Leontines; and he perceived, that if he would be in the favour of *Mezentius*, he must comply with *Aronces*, so as he neglected nothing in order thereunto.

This being the state of things, the people of *Arezzes* and *Crotones* made such an unexpected eruption, and entred so far into the Country of him whom they took for their enemy, that *Perusia* was hotly allarumed: and *Mezentius*, as stout as he was, did think of leaving the Metropolis of his Dominions, and retire himself unto an Isle of the Thrasimenian Lake, untill he had mustered his forces. But *Aronces* who had great favour and familiarity with him, was against it; and perswaded him, that upon such occasions, it was very dangerous to flie, or shew any signs of fear, so as he resolved to stay, and make head against his enemies as well as he could.

There being some Forces still on foot, by reason that he was never a quiet Possessor of *Clusium*, he gave orders that they should be drawn into a body. The people of *Perusia* offered of themselves to Arm; and *Aronces* beseeched *Mezentius* for leave to go and view the enemy. And accordingly, he went in the head of 200 Horse only, to see what he could discover of their true force; he behaved himself so bravely in this imployment, that he defeated one Party which he met, and took many prisoners, from whom he knew the true state of things. So as returning to *Mezentius* after this glorious attempt he exhorted him to meet the enemy. And accordingly, as soon as their Troopes were mustered, and some discipline used amongst the fresh Souldiers, who were listed to defend their Houses and their Wives, he went out of *Perusia* followed by *Tiberinus*, *Bianor* all the Grandees of the State, *Aronces* and *Celeres*. But what necessity soever there were of Souldiers, the Guards upon *Porsenna* were not lessened a such fear there was of his escape; nor were the Guards upon *Galerita* diminished. But to be short, *Mezentius* marched towards those, who struck a terror all before them; and who were masters of the Field, and who carried themselves as in a Country which they intended to ruine, the better to subject it. *Aronces* knowing that it concerned him, to signalize himself upon this occasion, and that *Tiberinus* was not sorry in his heart that he would expose himself, it was an easie request, to obtain the most dangerous command. And indeed it was he who commanded a small party of choice men, designed for the Forlorn Hope, unto all the dangers and perills of the Army: *Celeres* was the faithful Companion of his Adventures in War, as well as in his Adventures of Love. *Aronces* did acquit himself so heroickly in this desperate imployment, that as it may be said, he saved the life of *Mezentius* many a time; for by his diligence he came to understand the state of his enemies, and he hindred the Enemy from having any knowledge of that Princes condition; for as soon as any party appeared, he assaulted and repulsed them, and he was the Actor of so many glorious exploits in this re-incounter, that if they were all related severally they would seem incredible.

At last, after several dayes of only facing each other, and both sides declining Fight, they were both equally forced to give Battel; which though it was not fought by such formidable Armies, as the very sight of them strikes terror; yet it was more terrible, then if these two Armies had been more numerous: For when a Battel is fought betwixt four or five hundred thousand men, commonly a great part of them are only spectators of the Fight, and the Victory is oftentimes gotten more by a Panick fear, or a tumultuous rout, which huge multitudes are subject unto, where order is hard to be kept, then by any true actions of Valour, or conduct of the Captains. On the other side, when two small bodies fight, there are none idle, all are in equal danger, death is in every Rank; all bestir themselves, all fight, and every particular Souldier, is the Carver out of his own glory, since chance of War here, is not to be

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expected, nor is the Victory to be gotten by the caprivous humour of Fortune, but by true Valour, and prudent Conduct. ut if ever great actions were done in a short time and between a few Troops, it was at this time, when *Mezentius* was ready to perish, if the valour and good fortune of *Aronces* had not rescued him. These two little Armies were no sooner in sight of each other, but without so much delay as to seek advantages, the fight began, and that with such animosity and fury, as useth to be amongst those who are desperate. At the first, the right wing of *Mezentius* was broken, and *Bianor* who commanded it was killed: But *Aronces*, whose Body upon that occasion was joyned unto that which *Bianor* commanded, he having taken his place he made Fortune wheel about, and rallying the broken Troops, he routed them who broke them. On the other side *Mezentius* being astonished to see that *Bianor* had made so poor resistance, he cooled the courage of his men, by his wonder at it: so as the enemy making use of this favourable opportunity, they charged through the Battel where he was. Insomuch, as things were in a very bad condition, when *Aronces* observing what passed, left *Celeres* to keep things in the condition he had brought them: He went then to help *Mezentius*, carrying only two hundred Horses with him, and infusing fresh spirits into the Souldiers, by a thousand actions of Valour, which they had seen him perform, he came to the place where *Mezentius* was; but he came just as that Prince, whom he found forsaken of his men, and invironed with enemies, was ready to render himself and be their prisoner. But *Aronces* assaulted his Enemies with such vigour, as the vanquishers became vanquished, and were forced to let go their prisoner of that great importance. And, as if Fortune was resolved that *Aronces* should have all the glory of the day; As soon as he had setled the Battel, he perceived that the Wing which *Tiberinus* commanded, had need of help: So as without more delay, he hasted to the place where necessity invited him, he altered the face of things, and got a most perfect Victory. For indeed the enemy losing their hearts, after they had lost their advantages, he broke them all; and did so absolutely defeat them, that those who died not at this bloody skirmish threw down their Arms, and implored the mercy of the Conquerors. It was most observable, that though *Aronces* commanded only a little Body, yet he commanded the whole Army, as soon as *Bianor* was dead. For his admirable Valour got him such credit in the minds of all the Souldiers and Officers, that they did both acknowledge and obey him. *Mezentius*, *Tiberinus*, and the whole Army did publish, that it was he onely who won the day: *Celeres* did highly signalize himself that day; and by high acts rendred himself worthy of that esteem, which *Aronces* had of him. In the mean time, the Enemies General being dead, and no Enemy appearing, *Mezentius*, after he had left the command of his Army, unto the Conduct of an old Commander, and taken order for the Funeral of *Bianor*, he conceived it best to return unto *Perusia*, to assure the people of Victory. And *Aronces* having no mind to leave him, lest he should attempt something against the life of *Porsenna*, he returned thither also; And he returned with such Trophies of Honour, as he was received with such acclamations, that they raised a most timely jealousie in *Tiberinus*, and did not over-well please *Mezentius*, as much as he was oblieged unto *Aronces*, and as well as he loved him: For indeed, the fright being very great in *Perusia*, every one looked upon him as the deliverer of the Town: Insomuch without a word of *Mezentius* or *Tiberinus*, nothing could be heard but the name of *Aronces*; every street was filled with multitudes of men, who pressed to behold him, as if they had never seen him. Those who had seen him in one street ran a backway to see him in another; Women with children in their arms, did shew him unto them, as the man who had saved the lives of their Fathers, and preserved their Liberties, and such glorious applauds were given *Aronces*, at his entry into *Perusia*, that his modesty made him blush.

Tiberinus yet dissembled the secret sorrows, and he went unto the Princess of the Leontines, as soon as he had lodged *Mezentius* in his Pallace. but he went with a most dejected look; thinking it a shame for him to appear before a Princess with whom he was in Love, since he could not bring with him the chief glory of the Victory. And he was no sooner there, but *Aronces* and *Celeres* came in also; so as *Tiberinus* striving

ving to constrain himself, he began to commend *Aronces*, (who modestly interrupting him) began to commend him again, and presently after to talk of something else, asking the Princess how *Sextilia* received the news of *Bianors* death: she received it, answered she, with much sorrow: Yet it is believed that it is not so much out of tenderness, as some resentments of ambition; for she is so confident that *Mezentius* will put *Porsenna* to death, and that *Galerita* will be married unto his Brother, that she may be comforted after his death. For *Mezentius* being old, she fears her Fortunes would not change if he should die before he put the King of *Clusium* to death, and before he had married the Princess his Daughter unto some of her relations. At the last, there is one that pretends to know her thoughts, did assure *Aurelia*, that these were hers. After this they talked of many other things; and much other Company comming in, *Tiberinus* could not speak a word of his Passion unto the Princess of the Leontines. But the day following, he found an opportunity, whether she would or no: Yet being of an infinite ingenuity, and knowing it was not a time to treat him ill, if she intended to serve *Aronces*, she carried her self with such a civility towards him, as did put him into some hopes, though her words did not signifie so much. In the mean time, as soon as the Victory of *Aronces* had put *Perusia* into a Calm, *Mezentius* began to think upon *Porsenna*'s death, and at the same time to marry the Princess his Daughter. But since there was no thinking upon the last of these, untill he had executed the first, he began to renew the examination of the businesse, and to draw up a charge against *Porsenna*, for complying with that Assassinate who would have murthered him. On the other side, all the friends unto that Prince, being advertised by *Sicanus* and *Nicias*, they began to negotiate secretly for the prevention of so great a mis-fortune, and to acquaint *Aronces*, who was then in a most miserable condition; for he could not hear any news of *Clelia*; and both honour and nature would not permit him to depart from *Perusia*, or if he should he knew not whither to go, nor where the person whom he loved was. Moreover, though he was much in the esteem of *Mezentius*, yet he knew that his hatred unto *Porsenna* was above it: And he conceived, that if ever he should acquaint him that he was his son, he would then change his mind, and hate him as much as ever he loved him. All he could do, was to try if he could prolong the matter, untill the friends of the King his Father, had some power to help him, when he should speak unto *Mezentius*, as the son of *Porsenna*. In order to that, as he was one day talking unto that Prince, concerning the weighty matter he asked him, whether it were not convenient to indeavour the discovery of the truth from the mouth of the Prisoner King? For indeed Sir, (said *Aronces* to him) if you should upon bare conjectures put a great Prince to death, you would eternally stain your glory by it; I would advise you to send some faithfull and un-byassed person unto him, who in a discourse which may appear to be without design, may indeavour to find out something, which may clear him, or justifie him; and if you would be pleased to permit me the liberty of seeing him, I am confident to make him speak more freely then otherwise he would: For seeming to enter into his interests, and willing to serve him, he may chance trust me so far as to impart something, which will either keep you from destroying him unjustly, or make it appear you may do it justly. At the first, *Mezentius* did reject this proposition; and told *Aronces*, that *Porsenna* had long since deserved death: That it was sufficient he was able to Ruine him, and that he was too blame for letting him live so long.

Do you not see that this Prince, is an eternal colour for Civil War, in all the mutinies in my Dominions? Sometimes reports are spread abroad, that *Porsenna* hath a son living and wandring up and down the World, and that he will ere long appear; sometimes again, that he was in my power, and that I kept him Prisoner, and there is nothing un-invented to draw upon me the hatred of my Subjects: And therefore to be rid of such a perpetual persecution, it were fit and expedient to destroy him, though he have no hand in the businesse of the Assassinate: And if he have a son living, I wish to the Heavens, I could at one blow, ruine both the Father and the Sonne: But to tell you truly, I am confident hee hath no sonne, but that hee is perish-

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ed, and all reports of his life, are nothing, but onely the fixions and deviſes of my Enemies.

Truth is, if this ſon be dead, he is more happy, then if he were living; and if he be living, he ſhall live no longer then he is out of my power. *Aronces* hearing *Mezentius* ſay ſo, was out of his exceſſe of generoſity and boldneſſe, in a hundred minds to tell him that he was the ſon of *Porſenna*; for ſometimes he had a fancy that *Mezentius* owing him for his life twice, and for a victory would not hurt him. But at laſt, reaſon telling him that he ought not to hazard a buſineſs of this importance, wherein more then he had concernment, he re-called himſelf and diſſembled his thoughts: Alſo thinking, that if he ſhould haſtily diſcover himſelf, the leaſt puniſhment would be impriſonment, then the intereſt of *Clelia* more then his own, reſtrained him from telling truth unto *Mezentius*: But according to his firſt deſign, which was to protract the matter, he did negotiate ſo well, as that *Mezentius* gave him leave to ſee *Porſenna*: And accordingly, ſome two days after, *Aronces* went unto the place where he was guarded, with orders unto him who commanded the Caſtle, to let him have the liberty of diſcourſe without any witneſſes: So this Prince not known to be ſon unto the King of *Cluſium*, went unto the place where this miſerable King was, who knew nothing of all the Paſſages againſt him; nor what *Galerita* did; nor whether he had a ſon or no: A place wherein he lived a moſt melancholly life, that his Conſtancy was high, and though he had a ſoul, that could look grim death in the face, without alteration of countenance; yet when *Aronces* entred into the Chamber, he was ſurprized; for beſides his being unaccuſtomed to the ſight of any but his guards, he found in the face of *Aronces* ſo great a reſemblance of himſelf in his younger daies, as he could not chuſe but be moved at it; but much more was his wonder, when *Aronces* telling him, that he had obtained liberty from the Prince of *Peruſia* to ſee him, and conferre with him about ſome matter which concerned him, he knew the tone of his voice; for being very like that of his dear *Galerita*, whom he did moſt tenderly love, in ſpite of ſo long an abſence, he changed colour, and was ſo moved, that *Aronces* perceived the turbulency of his ſpirit. *Porſenna* could not with-hold ſome expreſſions of joy to ſee him, though he knew him not. So as when the man who conducted *Aronces* unto the Chamber retired, he began to ſpeak, and looking moſt fixedly upon him, who ever you are honeſt ſtranger (ſaid he unto him) I am obliged to thank you; for I profeſs, the very ſight of you hath been the firſt pleaſure I have had ſince I came into this Priſon, though for ought I can judge by your face, I have been longer in it, then you have lived. Sir (replied *Aronces*) you are much in the right, in comparing the time of your impriſonment with my age and life, for having the honour to be your ſon, you may conceive there ought to be no difference between the length of the one, and the length of the other. I ſee Sir, added he, that my diſcourſe does amaze you; but if you will do me the honour to hear me out, I ſhall make that apparent to you, which at the firſt ſeemed incredible. Your face, your voice, and my own heart are ſo ſuitable to your words, replied *Porſenna*, that I am apt to beleeve it: Therefore ſpeak on I beſeech you, and omit not the leaſt circumſtance, which may perſwade unto a beleef of that which does infinitely pleaſe me, but which ſeems to be impoſſible; for if you be my ſon, how comes it to paſſe, *Mezentius* ſhould give you leave to ſee me? hath he repented of his injuſtice? is his reaſon returned? how came you to move his heart? *Aronces* ſeeing *Porſenna* in ſuch a good diſpoſition to hear him, he began to relate his birth; the manner how *Flavia* got him out of the Iſle of *Saules*, where *Galerita* was guarded; his Shipwrack, how he was ſaved by *Clelius*; his ſojourning at *Carthage*, and again at *Capoa*; the rencounter of *Nicias* and *Martia*; her acknowledgements, and every circumſtance concerning them two; and in general, all that was needfull to make him ſee that certainly he was his ſon, and that he was worthy to be ſo: For he related unto him, the deſign which he had to come unto *Mezentius* to deliver him; how he had ſaved the life of that Prince in a Wood, neer the Lake of *Thraſimene*, and what hapned unto him ſince; but he told him not of his love unto *Clelia*: On the contrary, though he though the was not able to relate what had happened unto him, without naming her, yet he was as carefull as he could

could to avoid it, thinking that if he did pronounce the name of that admirable Lady he ſhould diſcover ſome of his ſoules reſentments. But after he had told *Porſenna* of a thouſand convincing circumſtances, he ſhewed unto him a private mark which he had in one of his hands, and was ſo like that which *Galerita* had upon her face, that *Porſenna* ſeeing her in ſeeing *Aronces*, hearing the voice of his dear *Galerita* in hearing him, and uuderſtanding a hundred paſſages which were impoſſible to be forged, he embraced his Son with abundance of tender joy; but *Aronces* in lieu of joy, was extreamly ſad. *Porſenna* obſerving it, asked the cauſe? Alaſs, alaſs, Sir (ſaid he unto him) how is it poſſible but I ſhould grieve, to ſee that at the very ſame time in which I bring you joy, I muſt alſo bring you ſorrow? For, Sir, *Mezentius* beleeves, that the man whom I killed, and who would have killed him, would never have attempted it without your contrivance, and he is ſo extreamly incenſed, as he is ready to take any violent courſe. I my ſelf come now unto you under the notion of your enemy; and I took upon me to viſit you, under a pretence of pumping you, whether what *Mezentius* beleeves be true, or falſe. Since you are my Son, replyed *Porſenna*, I will think that you beleeve you cannot have a Father who would waſh his hands in the blood of your Grandfather; and I am ſo far from deſiring the preſervation of my life by a crime, as I charge you to attempt nothing upon the life of *Mezentius*, though there ſhould be no other way to prevent my death: For after the endurement of a priſon three and twenty years, with glory I am able to endure death, which is only a moment of pain. Therefore, deareſt Son, I charge you not to hinder *Mezentius* from puting me to death, ſo it be by juſt wayes; and be ſure never to commit any crime to prevent him. After this, *Aronces* gave him an account how all things ſtood, and of the deſign which *Mezentius* had to marry *Galerita*: For perceiving the great conſtancy of the King his Father, he did think it not fit to diſguiſe any thing, to the end he might have his advice. So as after a full conſideration of everything, they reſolved, that to gain time, *Aronces* ſhould tel *Mezentius*, that without all queſtion *Porſenna* was innocent in the buſineſſe of Aſſaſſination; but withall, he was perſwaded, that it was not impoſſible but that he might be induced unto a conſent that his Marriage might be broken off, provided things were not done with too much precipitation. *Aronces* did not yet leave the King his Father, until he had aſſured him, that he would ſooner dye, than conſent he ſhould; & until he had yeelded him all poſſible teſtimonies and expreſſions of virtue and generoſity. At his return he gave an account unto *Mezentius* according as it was reſolved upon. But though the Prince of *Peruſia* wiſhed to have found *Porſenna* rather guilty of the Aſſaſſination than innocent, yet he durſt not ſhew as much, but onely told *Aronces*, That though *Porſenna* ſhould conſent unto the breaking off the Marriage, yet he would not ſet him at liberty in a long time: For, ſaid he, Priſoners of his quality muſt not be dealt withall like others; they muſt never be ſet at liberty untill they be brought into ſuch a condition, as they ſhall not be able to take revenge. *Aronces* replyed unto all this, according as his great ſoul did ſuggeſt unto him; and he did ſo well know how to manage the mind of *Mezentius*, as he promiſed not to be too haſty upon the death of *Porſenna*. But as to the Marriage of my Daughter (added he, after many other things) I will doe as if *Porſenna* were already dead; for if he will not conſent that his Marriage ſhall be broken, he dies; and if he doe conſent, it is time that I think upon whom to beſtow my Daughter. Indeed *Mezentius* was ſo wholly intent upon this, that he reſolved to put it in execution, and to bethink himſelf upon whom to beſtow *Galerita*. *Sextilia* having a great power with him, he never uſed to doe any thing of conſequence without imparting it unto her, and therefore he asked her advice in this buſineſſe. But ſhe made a doe, and did not likeit; for her intereſt was to marry her unto one, who depended upon her, but not being beloved by the Grandees of the State, ſhe knew not whom to preferre, and therefore deſired ſome dayes of conſideration upon a choice of that importance. As for *Mezentius*, he did caſt his eye upon *Tiberinus*, not dreaming upon the violent love that he bore unto the Princeſs of the *Leontines*; for beſides the ignorance of it, he ſuppoſed that the ambitious conſideration of Raigning, would be ſo prevalent in him, as to make him quit all other pretenſions whatſoever. So as whilſt *Sextilia*

tilia was considering, he employed a friend unto *Tiberinus* with orders to know his mind. *Tiberinus* was put to a terrible perplexity, for his heart was divided between a violent love and ambition: So as not knowing which way to take, he gave an ambiguous answer which signified nothing: But presently after his Love did check him into repentance; yet for all that he was not fully reconciled in himself; for presently after he thought himself too hasty in returning an answer, that he did not consent unto the Proposition; at least he thought it good to be sure of satisfaction in his Love before he refused the satisfaction of his Ambition. Mean time, as chance was, *Aronces* came to know of this Proposition made unto *Tiberinus*, and he went unto the Princesse of the *Leontines*, beseeching her to be so generous, as to flatter up the passion of this Lover, purposely to keep him from consenting unto this Marriage; since the Princess was very tender of *Aronces*, and since it concerned her to promote his happinesse, and since she thought the desire of *Mezentius* to bevery unjust, she promised *Aronces* all he desired: So as when *Tiberinus* came to tel her what *Mezentius* had offered him, and to beseech her she would set a value upon this sacrifice which he made unto her, he did not at all surprise her, but found her prepared the most ingenious in the world; for without any engagement of her self unto him, she gave him some ground to think, she desired that he should not marry *Galerita*. So as expounding what she said unto his own advantage, he thought himself to be better in the opinion of the Princesse than ever he beleeved. At first she told him, that she would not give him any counsel in the matter, but bade him consult with his own heart: Yet after he had vowed never to think upon this Marriage, and that he demanded nothing from her, but that she would set a value upon this refusal, as done for the love of her; then this wise Princesse told him, that she esteeming him so much as she did, thought her self obliged to tell him, that this Proposition which was made unto him was more dangerous than he imagined. Then she told him, that it was not handsom to marry the Wife of a great and unfortunate King, who was to be forced to yeeld her, or dye the day before the Marriage. She told him further, that the common opinion being, there was a Son of *Porsenna* in some part of the world, it was not likely that ever he would let him raign in quiet; but upon the first occasion the subjects of *Porsenna* would revolt, and perhaps deliver him up unto the Son of that King, as the Murderer of his Father; and therefore she conceived it to be much better to refuse a thing which had in it nothing but a bare shew of Grandure. Adding, that it would be a thing absolutely impossible ever to esteem a man who can find a heart to marry *Galerita*. *Tiberinus* hearing the Princesse of the *Leontines* speak thus, did beleeve she could not give him any greater hopes, than by counselling him to reject this Proposition: So as his love flaming more violently, being blown up by these fresh hopes, he never stuck upon the matter, but vowed a thousand times that he would never Raign, unlesse he could Raign and not lose her favour. The Princess of the *Leontines* wished to have him still keep in that mind, and therefore she seemed as if she were obliged unto him, and without any further engagements, *Tiberinus* took his leave of her, fully resolved to refuse *Galerita*. He went unto the man who was employed by *Mezentius*, and told him he could not accept of that honour which was offered him; telling him after all that the Prince of the *Leontines* had said, purposely to prevent his further thoughts of it.

Mean while *Aronces* thinking that *Mezentius* out of his obstinacy of wil, would offer *Galerita* unto all the men of any quality in the Court, he imployed *Aurelia* and *Sicanus* (who were newly come to *Perusia*) to diswade them all from a thing which would be extreamly prejudicial to them, though it seemed advantageous. In order thereunto *Sicanus* and *Aurelia* told them confidently, that they were certain, the Son of *Porsenna* was not a Prisoner unto *Mezentius*, as reports went, but that assuredly he would ere long appear; adding what a shame it would be to consent unto such an unjust motion. And the businesse was transacted so handsomly, and with so much good fortune, that after *Tiberinus* had returned his refusal, *Mezentius* made the motion unto all that were in any capacity of marying his Daughter, but found in none of them that disposition which he desired; so as his mind being exceedingly incensed at it, he fully

fully resolved to put *Porsenna* to death, and to marry his Daughter as he best fancied, not doubting but then any one would with joy accept of the offer. So as consulting with *Sextilia* thereupon, she approved of the design, and both of them contrived how to put it in execution; and afterwards to serve their own interest: To that end, *Mezentius* gave order that the Princess *Galerita*, should be brought from the Isle where she was kept; and lodged in his own Pallace, yet not suffering any whosoever to see, or speak with her.

This Order being executed, that fair and virtuous Princess, who knew nothing either of her husband, or her son, or the cause of her being brought out of Prison, could not imagine whether she had reason to hope, or to fear; but the wonder was, she was never fairer in all her life then now, and none would have thought she had been above five and twenty, had they not known her to be much more. When she came unto *Perusia*, there was such an universal murmur amongst the people, against the injustice of *Mezentius*, for keeping so fair and good a Princess Prisoner, That this Prince resolved to make all haste possible in the execution of his designs, for fear of some commotions. To that end, he sent secretly his orders unto the place where *Porsenna* was kept, and he sent for *Aronces*, with such expres command to come presently, that he imagined some matter of importance was on foot, he was told by some of his intelligence about *Mezentius*, that this Prince had sent unto the place where *Porsenna* was guarded: So as all the friend of this Prisoner King, being then in a Condition to attempt something for him; and *Nicius* and *Martia* being come to *Perusia*, *Aronces* sent unto them by *Celeres*, all that he knew, and appointed them to assemble themselves at the Princess of the Leontines house, there to act further as occasion should require. *Celeres* would have dissuaded him from going unto *Mezentius*, but he could not, for he went, and was received with demonstrations of extraordinary joy. *Sextilia* was then with him, who treated him with more testimonies of amity then ever before. Then *Mezentius* began to speak, *Aronces* said he, I have hitherto been loadned with obligations to you, and obligations of that high nature as can never be sufficiently acknowledged; you have saved my life twice, you have made me victorious over my enemies, and have thereby preserved my State: For all these, I have not done any thing for you; but now, you shall receive a recompence so great as all *Italy* shall talk of it. Sir (answered *Aronces*, in a surprize) I have a soul so little interested, as that it values not the greatest gifts which fortune can give; I set a far greater value upon some demonstrations of your esteem, then I should upon all your treasures, should you bestow them upon me.

Your expressions (replied *Mezentius*) does speak you so worthy of what *Sextilia* and my self intend for you, as it were unjust any longer to detain you from the sight of it. After this, *Mezentius* called for the Captain of his Guard, and whispering with him, he went out, and presently returning again, he brought *Galerita* into the Closet where they were. *Galerita* was no sooner there, but casting her eye upon *Aronces*, she changed colour; for she saw he had such a resemblance of the King her Husband, as he was the last time she saw him, as that she thought it was *Porsenna* whom she saw. Yet this pleasing error lasted not long, nor hindred her from saluting the Prince her Father, with as much reverence, as if he had not been the cause of all her mis-fortunes. But as for *Sextilia*, the salutes between them were very hollow and cold. As for *Aronces*, as great as his wonder was at the expressions of *Mezentius*, yet was he most sensibly joyed to see the Queen his mother, for he knew by the behaviour of the Captain that brought her in, that it was she, and he knew it better, by the mark which she had upon her Cheek, resembling that upon his hand. So as looking, as earnestly upon her, as she upon him, one would have thought they had known one another, though it may (in a manner) be said, that they never saw each other.

At last, *Mezentius* began to speak, and looking upon *Aronces*; here generous defendor of my life (said he unto him) here is the recompence which I have designed for you, in testimony of my gratitude for all the services you have done me: This Princess whom you see here is my Daughter, she shall possess my estate, and you

shall possess it with her as long as the Gods shall let you live; you have assured me, that your birth is very Noble, your actions confirm me in the beleef of it; I do owe you my life, and my estate, and I do give you no more, then you have given me, in giving you my Estate, and my Daughter: And all, upon no other condition, but a promise to protect *Sextilia*, when I am dead: For *Porsenna* hath consented unto a Divorce from marriage, and there is nothing which can hinder yours now with *Galerita*.

This discourse of *Mezentius*, did so timely surprize the Queen of *Clusium* and *Aronces*, that it was a long time before they could recover themselves out of their wonder. *Aronces* was so affrighted, to hear they should motion him to marry his mother, that he could not well tell whether what he heard was real or a Dream: And *Galerita* did so wonder that *Porsenna* should consent unto a Divorce, that she knew not what to think. So as not being able to indure long in such a cruel incertainty: How Sir, (said she unto *Mezentius*, before *Aronces* could answer) Doth *Porsenna* give his consent, that I shall be no longer his Wife? Oh good Sir, if it be so, let me hear it from his own mouth; but if it should be so, Sir, never expect I will ever consent unto a second marriage: I have a son in some part of the World, who must one day be your Successor, and who perhaps will by his obedience, repair the infidelity of his Father, if it be so that he is culpable. For my particular, Sir, (said *Aronces* then unto *Mezentius*) I have such prevalent and powerfull reasons not to accept of this honour which you are pleased to do mee, as when you shall know them, you will say that you desire impossibilities. I perceive very well *Aronces*, (said *Mezentius* then unto him) that it is onely out of respect and generosity you speak as you do; and that because *Porsenna* is yet living, therefore you will not marry *Galerita*. But to remove that obstacle, know that *Porsenna* hath already either consented unto my desires, or else he is dead. Oh Sir, (replied *Aronces*) what do I hear? are you not afraid lest the son of this unfortunate King, should come and revenge the cruelties used upon his Father? Let him come (answered he) in a rage) Let him come, if he have a mind to be a sharer in the punishments, and die by the same hand that his father did, unless he have obeyed my last orders.

Oh Sir, (replied *Aronces* then) I should too long conceal the truth from you, if I did not tell you that the King of *Clusium*, is the most innocent and the most generous Prince in the World: And to manifest it unto you, know that I have the honour to be his Son: That when I saw him by orders from you, I discovered unto him who I was, and he did more commend me for saving your life, then he should if I had saved his: Send back Sir, send and recall your Orders, unless you will be branded with the Title of unjust. *Mezentius* and *Sextilia*, hearing *Aronces* speak so, were strangely surprized, *Galerita* was astonished, and so glad both, as that she was not able to testifie her wonder and satisfaction. Yet her heart told her, that *Aronces* spoke truth, and both *Mezentius* and *Sextilia* sought the same: For the resemblance betwixt *Aronces* and *Porsenna*, and the boldnesse of his language did convince all doubts of it: Also it chanced that as he spoke with much action, he shewed the hand which had the mark, so resemblant unto that of *Galerita*'s Cheek, so as it was apparent *Aronces* told the truth. However, this acquaintance in lieu of producing a favourable effect, it did the more incense *Mezentius*, who not knowing what to do, nor whether the orders to put *Porsenna* to death in case he refused the Divorce were already executed; he vented the most sharp and bitter expressions in the World against *Galerita*, and against *Aronces*, for all his tenderness over that Prince. Again, what satisfaction soever *Galerita* had in the finding of her son; yet she durst not shew any signs of joy, untill she were a little better assured, and untill she knew in what condition *Porsenna* was. Mean while, there being some of *Aronces* particular friends, in the Chamber of *Mezentius*, they heard how that Prince spoke in choller; and he who kept the door (who was also obliged unto *Aronces*) hearing the menaces and sharp language of *Mezentius*, went and acquainted the friends of *Aronces* with it, who went in all haste to impart it unto those who were at the house of the Princesse of the Leontines; all who began to bestir themselves in the behalf of that Prince, who for his part was in

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a moſt inconceivable perplexity. Yet maugre all the confuſion of his thoughts, he could not chuſe but think upon *Clelia*, and to fear that if *Mezentius* did arreſt him, he ſhould not be able to reſcue her out of the hands of *Horatius*; moreover, he knew not whether his Father were dead or living; he ſaw the Queen his Mother in a pitifull condition, and he ſaw himſelf in a likelihood of periſhing by the orders of his Grandfather, whoſe life he had twice ſaved.

Mezentius for his part was not at reſt, for the ſight of *Galerita* gauled his heart; and the remembrance of what he had made her ſuffer, made him aſhamed, but this ſhame was ſo far from moving him to repentance, that it did the more incenſe him. As for *Aronces* he had ſo obliged him, and he had ſuch inclination to him, as he would not acknowledge him for the ſon of *Porſenna*, though his heart told him it was true. However amidſt all theſe tumultuous thoughts, he moved *Sextilia* to ask *Aronces*, what proofs he could make of what he ſaid? but he would not ask that queſtion himſelf, leſt he ſhould ſeem inclinable to beleeve it; for whether *Porſenna* were alive or dead, he was reſolved not to acknowledge *Aronces*; for ſaid he, if *Porſenna* be dead, I muſt not acknowledge ſuch a Prince for my Succeſſor, whoſe Father I have put to death; and if he be living, to acknowledge a ſon of ſo much merit, would too much fortifie his party. But whileſt he was thus contemplating with himſelf, *Sextilia* comming towards *Aronces* and *Galerita* who were talking together, ſhe asked that Prince the queſtion which *Mezentius* deſired her, ſo as *Aronces* whoſe great Soul could never be ſhaken by any bitter b'aſt of Fortune, unleſs by the guſts of Love; did make her a conciſe relation of his birth; of his exile; of his ſhipwrack, and all the paſſages of his life. So as *Galerita* not doubting but that he was her Son, after ſo many particulars told unto *Sextilia*, ſhe broke out into the moſt tender and paſſionate expreſſions in the world, mixed with much ſadneſſe, for ſhe could not ſpeak of him, but ſhe muſt needs ſpeak of *Porſenna* alſo. *Mezentius* being more and more incenſed, called for the Captain of his Guards, and commanded him to carry back *Galerita* unto the Caſtle from whence he brought her, and afterwards to ſecure *Aronces* in ſuch a place as he might be very ſafe: As things ſtood upon theſe terms, a great hurley burley was heard in the Palace Court: Preſently after, the noiſe was heard on the Stairs, and in the Ant-Chamber; in an inſtant after this, the Captain of the Guard whom *Mezentius* had called, came into his Cloſet, and ſeeming much amazed, Sir (ſaid he unto him) behold the King of *Cluſium* in the head of all the Grandees in your Eſtate, and followed by a huge multitude of people comming all hither. Oh ye juſt Gods (cried out *Galerita* then) muſt I ſee that illuſtrate and unfortunate Prince once again? ſhe had no ſooner ended her exclamation which ſhe could not reſtrain, but *Mezentius* almoſt mad, cried out, is *Porſenna* living? Oh is *Porſenna* eſcaped? Then all my Subjects have betraied me, and my enemies come to murther me in my own houſe. I beſeech you Sir, replied *Aronces*, think better upon the King my Father, I think of him by my ſelf, (replied the Prince of *Perouſia* moſt fiercely) for as I would ruine him were he in my place, and I in his, ſo I cannot look for any thing but death, and therefore I will prepare my ſelf for it with courage, and will go and meet him.

Then he asked for a Sword, but none would obey, *Porſenna* followed by a croud of ſtrange men of all conditions, entred; and no ſooner entred, but *Aronces* going towards him. I hope Sir, (ſaid he unto him) you have no intention to be revenged upon the perſon of *Mezentius*, for what fortune hath made you ſuffer by him: Nay, nay, replied the Prince of *Perouſia*, never offer to flatter me in my miſery, and ſince my Subjects have betraied me, and ſince I have not a ſword to die by, I am ready, Sir, (ſaid he to *Porſenna*) to take upon me thoſe Fetters, which I have cauſed you to wear, and to take my death from you, as I did intend to beſtow it upon you. Since I never uſed to ſin by example (replied the King of *Cluſium*) I ſhall not do as you ſay. But though I am maſter of your life, yet I will content my ſelf, with giving liberty unto the Queen your Daughter, which taking my ſon and my ſelf out of your power; and with entring into my own Dominions, without any deſire of uſurping yours: I will promiſe you an everlaſting Peace betwixt us, unleſs you will force me unto a War.

And

And to make it manifeſt, that my words and my actions do agree, I do declare unto you, that though all your forces be at my command, yet I will continue in the head of them onely untill ſuch time as you have reſtored unto me thoſe places of mine which you hold from me; untill I have carried away my Wife and my Son, and untill you have given orders for all theſe: Then will I leave you to be Maſter in your own Dominions, and reſtore back all your Troops, without any other condition than not to puniſh any of thoſe who have helped me to my liberty.

Mezentius hearing *Porſenna* ſpeak with ſo much Heroique generoſity, was in a confuſion far different from that wherein he was before; and looking upon *Sextilia* (who ever did feed the fewel of his hatred unto that Prince) Oh you unjuſt perſon (ſaid he unto her in a low voice) why did I ever follow your opinions? But afterwards, perhaps higher, what is paſt cannot be recalled (ſaid he) but at the leaſt I muſt admire that Generoſity which I want, ſince the condition wherein I am is ſo miſerable, as I am not able either to doe or ſay any thing which can merit any glory. The truth is (added he, and addreſſed his ſpeech unto *Porſenna*) ſhould I tell you my heart begins to change, out of conſideration of what you have done, and out of my affection to *Aronces*, you would think I ſpoke it out of weakneſſe; but I am naturally ſo reſolute and firm, that I can never undoe a thing of which I doe not really repent. But ſince you are not bound to beleeve me, I will onely tell you that I will perform more than I will promiſe; and that I cannot think any thing unjuſt which you ſhall do againſt me. At theſe words *Galerita* began to ſpeak, and expreſſed her ſelf ſo paſſionately and tenderly unto the Prince her Father, unto the King her Husband, and unto her Son, as ſhe did almoſt eſtabliſh a confidence between theſe three perſons. Afterwards they cauſed that crowd of people who followed *Porſenna* to goe out of the chamber of *Mezentius*: *Sextilia* alſo went out into her own chamber: *Aronces* he ſtayed, and aſſuming the office of a Mediator between his Grandfather and his Father, talking one while unto one, another while unto another, to regulate their conditions, with the ſweet ingredient of *Galerita's* prayers, he compleated the pacification between them. But whilſt this Princeſs was talking, *Celeres*, who ſtayed in the chamber, acquainted *Aronces* with the manner how *Porſenna* got out of priſon. He told him how *Nicius* had quitted the Iſle of *Saules*, and was gone diſguiſed to acquaint all the Commanders in the Army in his name, that the Son of *Porſenna* would ſhortly appear, and that they ſhould all prepare themſelves to ſave the life of that King, in caſe *Mezentius* ſhould attempt any thing againſt it; and that ſince the Troops were quartered very near the Caſtle where the Prince was guarded, ſo it happed that thoſe who *Mezentius* had ſent that morning to make *Porſenna* either conſent unto the Divorce, or dye if he would not, did meet with *Nicius*, whom they knew very well, and their minds being troubled with the order which they had received, they had ſome conference with him about it. *Nicius* ayming at nothing more than to procure friends for *Porſenna*, he told them as much as he told all the reſt whom he deſired to gain; and he was more zealous with them, becauſe he underſtood they were to goe unto the Caſtle where *Porſenna* was kept. So as they, imagining what would be their deſtiny in caſe they ſhould put to death a King, whoſe Son ſhould one day be their Maſter, feares did ſo ſeize upon them that they beleeved *Nicius*; ſo as having made them change their mindes, they made uſe of a Letter of Credence which they carryed unto him who commanded the Caſtle, moving him thereby to let *Porſenna* come out; Theſe two men telling him, that *Mezentius* intended to have him carryed unto another place. The matter ſeemed the more likely, becauſe *Nicius* having all the Commanders of the Troop for him, there was four hundred horſe at the foot of the Caſtle, the Commanders ſaying that they had orders to conduct and guard this Prince. To be ſhort, the things was done, and *Porſenna* at his coming out, the ſame time that *Galerita* was carried unto *Perufia*, ſhewed himſelf unto the Army. And after a ſpeech to the Commanders and Souldiers, deſiring their aſſiſtance for the liberty of a Princeſſe who one day would be their Soveraign; they all did promiſe him fidelity. He went firſt with four hundred horſe onely unto the Gates of *Perufia*, appointing

pointing all the Army to follow, and his intention was to demand the Queen his Wife and *Aronces* of *Mezentius*. But as he was ready to execute this intention, *Sicanus* met him, and telling him that all the people at the ſight of *Galerita* were in a great diſpoſition to riſe, he changed his mind, and reſolved to enter into *Perufia*; and after he had ſent forth freſh orders unto the Army to make haſte up, *Porſenna* in the head of theſe four hundred horſe entred the Town, after that *Sicanus* had acquainted all the friends of *Aronces*, who were at the houſe of the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*; but as he related the buſineſſe unto them, they received intelligence of all the paſſages at Palace againſt *Aronces*, *Galerita*, and him, ſo as changing the deſign, they went to meet *Porſenna*, whom they adviſed to goe ſtraight unto the Palace.

This King from whom his Priſon had not taken away his brave mind and Majeſty, marching through the ſtreets of *Perufia*, followed with thoſe four hundred Horſe, and all the friends of *Aronces* and his own, which mounted to no ſmall number, did infinitely win upon the minds of the people; for he ſaluted them with all civility, and told them, that he looked for nothing but the liberty of *Galerita*. Adding, that *Aronces* was his Son, and that *Mezentius* knowing it, would have put him to death. The people were charmed with him, followed him to the Palace of *Mezentius*, as I told you, and would have helped him in the execution of his deſign. But to make it moſt manifeſt concerning the knowledge of *Aronces*, *Flaura* and her Husband deſired to enter, and did ſo; for then it was not a time to inſiſt upon Ceremonies. *Nucus* and *Marta* arrived alſo, and brought with them a man whom *Clelius* ſent unto *Aronces*, by whom he ſent the ſame Cradle in which he was found floating upon the Sea after *Nicius* had ſuffered Shipwrack. So as there wanted nothing concerning the knowledge of *Aronces*, and *Porſenna* doing all things with unparalelled generoſity. *Mezentius* was ſo moved unto repentance, that he would needs reſign the government of his Dominions unto him that gave him his life: But *Porſenna* being both generous and prudent, he would not let *Mezentius* ceaſe Raigning: But what repentance ſoever appeared, he would not for all that remain under the power of a Prince who had uſed him with ſuch rigour: nor would he let *Galerita*, *Aronces*, nor any that had a deep hand in his liberty remain there. So that after *Mezentius* had ſent orders unto all thoſe who commanded in the Towns which he had uſurped, *Porſenna* left him, and carryed with him the Queen his Wife, and the Prince his Son. 'Tis true, he did not goe out of the Town as ſoon as ever he was out of the Palace; for ſuch multitudes did choak up the ſtreets, by their eager deſires of ſeeing their Princeſſe and *Aronces*, that they could not paſſe. *Aronces* told *Porſenna*, that he owed his liberty chiefly unto the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*, and that he would never goe out of *Perufia* before he knew whether or no it was her pleaſure to go out with them: So as for all the preſſe he got into her houſe. and thanked her for all favours. Mean while *Galerita*, who was in the Coach, willed the people to obey *Mezentius*; that they ſhould forget the rigour which had been uſed unto her, and keep within the compaſſe of their dutyes. Whilſt ſhe was thus talking with much prudence and generoſity, the Princeſſe of the *Leontines* was entreating *Porſenna* to let her be protected in his Court, ſhe conceiving her ſelf not ſafe with *Mezentius*, conſidering how ſhe had tranſacted. Alſo conſidering the love of *Tiberinus* to her, ſhe could not counterfeit with him any longer, ſince *Aronces* had no need of her, and therefore ſhe was very deſirous to goe out of *Perufia*; ſo as without more delay, *Aronces* went to acquaint the Queen of *Cluſium*, and preſently after did fetch this Princeſſe whom the Queen received into her Coach: *Aurelia*, *Martia*, *Flavia*, and the women of the Princeſſe of the *Leontines* did follow in other Coaches. All being ready, this Illuſtrious company went out of *Perufia*; *Tiberinus* being gone into the Country for three daies, was aſtoniſhed when he returned at night, and heard all this news, eſpecially that his adored Princeſſe was not in Town; yet ſhe was not very off; for *Porſenna*, and all his Train paſſed away that night to a village, where they took thought for nothing but how the Princeſſe might paſſe it away with the leaſt inconveniencie that was poſſible; and in the morning they took the way towards *Cluſium*, where the news of *Porſenna's* liberty, and life of the Prince his Son was no ſooner heard, but all thoſe who

oppoſed

opposed the party of that Legitimate King went out of it, so as the joy was universal; and when *Porsenna* came thither, he was received with extraordinary acclamations. Thus it may be said, that this Prince did upon a sudden passe from the lower degree of adversity unto highest top of felicity; for he saw himself seated upon a glorious Throne, his Dominions were entirely restored unto him, he enjoyed his dearest *Galerita*, he found her still most rarely fair; and to summe up his felicities, he saw such a successor of his own as his own heart could wish. He offered publique Sacrifices in thanks to the Gods for his good fortune: The ancient magnificence of the *Clusium* Kings might be seen in the Palace of *Porsenna*; Feasts, Revels, and Pleasures revived, and the publique tranquility was so setled, that the Court had nothing to doe but divert, or be idle. The young Gallants of quality talked of nothing but delights, whilst the graver sort discourst upon the designs of the Roman King, who was upon sitting down at the siege of *Ardea*, of which various reports went throughout all *Italy*. But whilst every one according to his genius was talking of War or Love, *Aronces*, the unfortunate *Aronces*, amidst so many apparent felicities, esteemed himself the most miserable of men; for he was never so much in love with *Clelia* as now, and had never lesse hopes. All the consolation he had was in talking of his misery unto the Princesse of the *Leontines* and *Celeres*, who onely knew of his affection unto this admirable Roman. He fancied, that if he could but onely know where *Clelia* was, it would be a high comfort unto him, but he was not far from so much happinesse: For one of those whom he had sent unto all the Towns of *Italy* which were then Enemies to *Rome*, to enquire whether *Horatius* as the enemy of *Tarquin* was not retired thither, came and told him that he was at *Ardea*; that *Clelia* was there also, and that she was sick of a languishing disease. So as still he found himself in great perplexity; for all reports being that *Tarquin* was going to besiege *Ardea*, he knew not what course to take, He did not upon any terms think it convenient to acquaint the King his Father with his affection to *Clelia*, because as soon as ever he was set in the Throne, the King of *Rome* desiring to make sure of such a Potent neighbour, had sent his Ambassadors unto him, to renew that ancient alliance which formerly had been between those two States: And indeed, the King of *Clusium*, seeing that *Rome* was the most considerable Town of all *Italy*, and that there was none able to dispute against her, he was glad to accept of such an Allie, least *Mezentius* should close in to his disadvantage. Thus there was a renewing of the Alliance between *Porsenna* and *Tarquin*, which made *Aronces* not dare to tel the King his Father that he loved the daughter of one that was greatest enemy to the King of *Rome*, or that he was resolved never to marry any other; however he would not entertain the least thought of striving against his passion, but courted all possible opportunities to cherish it. If *Ardea* had not been besieged before he could get thither, there had been some hopes of a possibility to get *Clelia* out of his Rivals hands: But the Siege being begun already, he could not contrive his satisfaction any manner of way. All being secure in the Bed of Peace within the Dominions of the King his Father, the violence of his Love prompted him to goe out of *Clusium* without ever telling him, and try what he could doe to procure the liberty of *Clelia*, and make himself happy; but the great difficulty was what he should doe then; For truly (said he unto *Celeres*) what in any reason can I doe in this unlucky conjuncture? Shall I get into *Ardea*, and defend my Rival by defending her? Dare I attempt to kill him in a beleagured Town, where when I have done it, I cannot get *Clelia* out? For it is not credible that they who have given *Horatius* a retreat, will ever let me be Master of my self if I should kill him. Or shall I goe and fight under *Tarquin* who would have murdered *Clelius*? And shall I goe and help him to take a Town, which when it is taken will expose *Clelia* unto servitude? What, what shall I doe, unfortunate man that I am? And yet something I must doe, and I must doe it presently, if I mean to have it in my choice, whether I will go into *Ardea*, or into the Camp of *Tarquin*. *Celeres* knowing how he loved, he had no mind of fighting, but would have perswaded him to see the successe of the siege before he fixed upon any resolution. Oh fie *Celeres* (replyed he, after he had heard

all

all that his friend had to say) do you think I am able to be so tamely idle, as to stay in expectation of what will be the successe of the siege; especially since I know that *Clelia* is there, and that she is sick? If you think so, you think me to be a very calm Lover; but to remove any such thoughts, be assured, that though I know not whether I shall goe into *Ardea*, or whether into the Army of *Tarquin*; though I know not I say, whether I shall be Besieger, or Besieged, yet one of them I will be; and therefore I will depart, and that to morrow. Though it be not above two hours since I heard where *Clelia* and my Rival is, yet I think it to be an age; and that I should be the most unworthy of men, if I doe not goe immediately where my love invites me. But to let you see, my dear *Celeres*, how violent my passion is, let me tell you, that I am a little joyed to hear that *Clelia* is sick of a languishing disease; for flattering my self, I beleeve that her disease is not dangerous, and that I may look upon it as an effect of her hatred unto *Horatius*, and of her affection unto *Aronces*. I beleeve, I say, that onely melancholly is the cause; that my Rival is as ill as she; and such is the fantastical humour of my passion, I should be extreamly grieved, if when I see *Clelia* next I should not find her somwhat lesse fair than she was the last time I had the happinesse to see her. Doe you think after all this, my dear *Celeres*, that a man whose love prompts unto such fantastical conceits, is able to stay out the successe of a Siege? No, no, *Celeres*, my passion is not of so cold temper, and if you will continue the faithfull Companion of my fortunes, prepare your self to depart in the morning. *Aronces* pronounced these words in such a tone, that *Celeres* without any further contradiction assured him that he would never forsake him, but that his friendship unto him being as great as his love unto *Clelia*, he would follow him all over the world. *Aronces* then embracing him by way of thanks, consulted with him whether he should acquaint the Princes of the *Leontines* with his design, but fearing lest her friendship unto him should induce her to reveal the secret unto the Queen of *Clusium*, who loved her very well, it was resolved he should onely write unto her at parting, as well as unto *Porsenna* and *Galerita*. So as busying themselves onely in taking Orders for his voyage, he dispatched a messenger into *Capoa* to be informed of all passages from *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* and to know what was become of *Clelia* and *Horatius*; and for this he made choice of the same man whom *Clelius* had intrusted with such things, as might make him be known who he was. But to the end his journey might be the more private, he took with him onely two trusty slaves which he brought from *Capoa*. Then after they had provided themselves of all necessaries for such a design, *Aronces*, *Celeres*, those two Slaves and Guide went out at *Clusium* just at Midnight; for the Kings Palace being at the Towns end, there was a gate there; so as the two Slaves being gone out in the evening before, with such Horses as *Aronces* should need for the journey; he and *Celeres* went out at this private gate, by suborning the man who kept the Key, and unto whom he gave such recompence as might be a sufficient reward against the anger of *Porsenna*.

Thus after he had left Letters for the King his Father, for *Galerita*, and for the Princesse of the *Leontines*, he went out of *Clusium*, in such a night as when the glittering Starres use to dissipate the horror of obscurity, so as by that gloomy light comming neither from Sun nor Moon, they might very well travel, and know the way: But *Aronces* had not rid above three or four miles, before he found a great cordial in his sorrows: and how extraordinary soever the thing was which he did, yet he did it without any pain, because he did it for *Clelia*. And when he imagined, that perhaps the day would come when she should know what he did, and would thank him for it, he was ready to sacrifice himself and all the world unto his love: He thought also (so much did his passion flatter him) that *Clelia* did divine what he did for her; so as riding on with extraordinary speed for fear of being followed, and meeting with none upon the way, *Aronces* for all his fast riding, had leasure enough to contemplate upon his passion; but the end of the night drawing on, and as it is usual, growing darker than before, he was forced to ride a slower pace, untill such time as the clouds began to be gilded from the East; and bestow upon all the fields such a pleasing light, as imperceivably dissipating all obscurity, it seems to restore life unto all the beauties of

Nature; ſince there was that morning no miſts, and *Aronces* being upon the top of a little Mountain, when day was light enough to diſcern all the varieties of the earth, which offer themſelves to the eye, he diſcovered a vaſt extent of Hills and Valleys, and amongſt the Hills and Valleys, he eſpied a little Village, which *Celeres* ſeeing as well as he, the motion was made to reſt their horſes there ſome few hours, that afterwards they might make the more haſt from *Cluſium*. And indeed the guide told them that if they reſted not there, they could not reſt in any other within twenty miles: So as *Aronces* as forward as his love did prick him, conſented unto the Propoſition, and leaving the rode wherein they were, he rode to the left hand, to make towards this Village, which ſeemed as they rid to ſteal out of the Paſſengers eye, for the further they rid the leſſe they perceived it, by reaſon of ſeveral Hills which were about it. But he had not gone five or ſix hundred paces, before they diſcovered comming out of the moſt delectable Valley in the World, four Horſemen and ſome Slaves comming towards them: So as none being more cautious then a Lover who would conceal himſelf, *Aronces* asked *Celeres*, whether it were not better to take another way more on the right hand, aand ſo ſhun thoſe whom they ſaw, who had taken up their Inne, at that Town where he intended to ſtay, and who began their journey, as he had ended his. For *Celeres* (ſaid he) it would be very diſaſtrous, if theſe men ſhould meet us, and go afterwards unto *Cluſium*; there divulge which way we take, and you may well imagine that my departure makes a great noiſe in the Town, and when theſe men hear of it, they will inform, how they met two men with two Slaves and a guide. 'Tis true, and *Celeres*, all this may chance; but if we ſhould turn out of the way, we ſhall make our ſelves more ſuſpicious unto theſe men, then if we follow on our way; for ſince you ſee it is ſo little beaten, as if we take it, they muſt needs imagine that we took it onely to avoid meeting with them; ſo as *Aronces* ſeeing ſome danger in his over prudence, he went on the way he took; but he had not gone a hundred paces, before he heard one of theſe men ſing, and ſing very well. Ah *Celeres* (ſaid *Aronces*) certainly the man whom we ſhall meet is not in love; or if he be, he is much more happier then I am. But comming nearer, he ſaw him leſſe, though he heard him better; for the Rode turning in that place, the corner of a Hill did hide him though he was nearer; ſo as diſtinctly underſtanding what he did ſing, he heard that the Burthen, or *Chorus* of every verſe ended thus.

And if Deliſa *unfaithfull be,*
Barce *is ſo, as well as ſhe.*

Aronces no ſooner heard this verſe, but the name of *Barce*, and the voice of him who ſung it, being not unknown unto him: Oh, *Celeres* (ſaid he) I am extreamly miſtaken if he who ſings be not *Amilcar*; at leaſt, I am ſure he made the Song which I hear. *Celeres* not hearing it ſo well as *Aronces*, becauſe he was talking to the guide, he did not beleeve it, and ſaid, there was no likelihood of being him. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the way turning again, he did not onely ſee *Amilcar*, but *Herminius* alſo: So both being equally ſurprized, and equally glad to meet, they both alighted from their horſes together; for *Aronces* would not then paſſe for the Son of a King, nor be known for any ſuch by thoſe ſtrangers.

And he was alwaies wont to ſay that friendſhip equals all men be of what quality they will. So as being alighted ſooner then they, and he went more of the way to meet *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, then they did in meeting him. But in requital, *Amilcar* ſpoke the firſt; for as *Aronces* did very tenderly imbrace him, I am extreamly glad (ſaid he unto him in a low voice and ſmiled) to find ſtill the generous *Aronces* in the perſon of a great Prince; for after I had ſeen *Clelius* at *Capoa*, I was afraid, that I ſhould onely find you to be the Son of a great King, unto whom I could be onely a ſervant, and not find you any longer my friend. Oh my dear *Amilcar* (replied *Aronces*) you had no reaſon to fear that; but you ſpeak it in ſuch a pleaſant manner, as I am very ready to pardon you, upon condition, that you alwaies beleeve, I will alwaies be *Aronces* unto my friends, and will never be the Son of a King, unleſſe to recompence

compence them, when any occasion shall present it self. After this he imbraced *Herminius* with abundance of joy; and he imbraced him as a man whom he esteemed most of any man in the world. But in imbracing, is it your pleasure, Sir (said *Herminius* to him in a low voice) that men shall not reverence you so much, but that they may also shew their amity and friendship? *I* wish it, generous *Herminius* (replied *Aronces*) and shall do as long as I live, for should I not be the same unto you that I was at the beginning, I should be unworthy to be what I am.

After this *Amilcar*, and *Arminius*, presented unto *Aronces* two illustrious Grecians and who were with them, and assured him, that they were men worthy of his esteem and friendship. These strangers being of a haughty mind, *Aronces* did easily believe what his friend did tell him: One of these illustrious Grecians, whose name was *Zenocrates*, was very tall, the features of his face pleasing, and his Physiognomy so Noble, as it did invite all eyes at the first sight, to judge more favourably of him, then of the other Greek, whose name was *Artemidorus*, though the last of these was a Prince, and very handsome. But the greatest advantage of *Zenocrates* was, that he had more in him than he promised, though he promised very much: And *Amilcar* also spoke more advantagiously of him unto *Aronces*, then he did of *Artemidorus*, whilest *Herminius* was imbracing *Celeres*. After all which, *Aronces* began to speak; by what happy adventure (said he) hath fortune brought together an illustrious Affrican, a generous Roman, and two worthy Grecians? And what good fate made us meet them? For when I parted from *Carthage*, *Amilcar* was in a mind never to see *Italy* a second time: when I parted from *Capoa*, *Herminius* was gone into *Affrica*; and yet I meet them in a place, where I never could imagine to see them: But the worst is (said he still unto them) that you go towards the place from whence I came, I cannot return with you, and that my destiny doth call me on.

Since our business unto *Clusium* was onely to see you, Sir (replied *Amilcar*) we will go whither you will. As for *Herminius*, so he be not in *Rome*, where he dares not appear, he is willing to be where either you or I am. And as for *Zenocrates*, he is a Freeman of all the World, except one place only; and he hath this advantage, that he loves to be any where, where there is good company. 'Tis true, added he that for *Artemidorus*, he cannot meet with any happiness in any place, but onely one, where he cannot be: And there is some kind of magnetique thing at *Rome*, which makes *Herminius* think himself not very well any where else: But for all that, since they cannot be where they would, they had better be with you, than in any other place, in the World: And therefore it is you, Sir, that must shew us our way; for, as for me I am ready to face about, and for three Monthes you may dispose of me as you please. You may do the same, Sir (added *Herminius* and smiled) without any great obligation unto the incomparable *Amilcar*, for his humour is such, that he is well any where, and it may well be said, that he can make his own felicity. After this, *Aronces* asked some news of the Prince of *Carthage*; and then all taking Horse, they went unto that Village where *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and those worthy Grecians did lye the night before. And though the soul of *Aronces* could not be at rest until he was further from *Clusium*, yet he was very desirous to talk with *Amilcar* and *Herminius* in private, whilest their Horses rested. During which time, *Celeres* whom *Amilcar* had imbraced, did entertain these illustrious Greeks, for he spoke their language.

As for *Aronces*, he being the most oblieging person upon earth, and knowing that every one had rather relate their own adventures, then hear others, he did very obliegingly desire to know the fortunes of these two friends; but they had no mind to satisfie his curiosity, untill he had satisfied them why he left *Clusium*, and travelled in this private condition: For they understood by *Clelius*, that he was the son of *Porsenna*; and they heard by the way, that he was owned to be so. So as he acquainted them in as short a manner as he could, with all passages since his departure from *Capoa*, for *Amilcar* saved him the labour of relating what had happened since he came from *Carthage*, by telling him that *Herminius* had related it to him. But as great a care as *Aronces* took to shorten his relation, the time which they designed for resting thei

Horſes was expired before he ended: So as he could know no more of *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, but that the laſt of theſe met the firſt upon the Sea, who had thoſe two illuſtrious Greeks with him, and that the Prince of *Carthage* who had reconciled himſelf with that Republique whoſe name he bore, had ſent him into *Italy*, upon a deſign which concerned *Cicily*, and which he ſhould know when they had more leaſure. After which, all taking Horſe, they took their way towards *Ardea*. And yet they would not come too near it until they knew the ſtate of things: So as finding a little Town in their way, which was not above ten miles off it: they ſtayed there to inform themſelves: for ſince *Aronces* was not well reſolved whether he ſhould go into *Ardea*, or unto *Tarquin*, who was yet at *Rome*, though he had ſome Troops already about the Town, it was requiſite for him that he ſtayed there: Alſo *Herminius* could not follow him neither unto the Camp, nor into *Rome*: He was willing to go into *Ardea*, both as a friend unto *Aronces*, and as enemy unto *Tarquin*, but he would not venture himſelf in the hands of a Prince, with whom he would not be reconciled if he could. So as after they came to this little Town where they ſtayed, they reſolved that ſince *Celeres* could not be known in *Rome*, and ſince he had no enemies, that he ſhould go and know certainly whether that Prince had any real deſign of beſieging *Ardea*: At the ſame time *Aronces* ſent one of his Slaves, who was both witty and truſty unto *Ardea*, to know whether or no *Clelia* was there ſtill; for he was affraid to reſolve upon any courſe, which in lieu of bringing him nearer that perſon, it ſhould ſet him further off.

So as *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar*, and *Herminius*, reſted in expectation within that Town, where nothing was talked on but the power of *Tarquin*, his violences and injuſtice. But how is it poſſible (ſaid *Artimedorus*) that this Prince can be ſuch a one as Fame ſpeakes him, ſince it appears that he bears ſome reverence unto the Gods; for he ſent two of his ſons unto *Delphos* with offerings, And I have heard ſay, that he hath built a ſtately Temple in *Rome*, which he did dedicate unto *Jupiter*. Did you know *Tarquin* replied *Herminius*, you would not wonder he ſhould make a ſhew of ſome reverence to the Gods; for then you would plainly ſee, that all the Religion he hath is to ſerve his policy. Not but that there are ſome men who ſay that he is not very well reſolved in his own thoughts; and that he does not well know whether he ſhould, or he ſhould not beleive there are any Gods. And for my part, I can never beleive, that a Prince whoſe ambition hurries him to violate all manner of rights, and to commit all ſorts of crimes ſo long time together, can believe there are any Gods. Men queſtionleſs may ſometimes out of weakneſs fail, (ſaid *Zenocrates* then) but when they do obſtinately continue in a long courſe of wickedneſs, I think it may well be concluded that thoſe who live ſo, do not beleive there is any thing above their heads which they ought to fear. Truth is (ſaid *Herminius*) did *Artemidorus* know what the actions of *Tarquin* are; what are his Laws, and by what wayes he came to the Throne; how he maintained it, and what are his maximes, he will with me believe that he never thinks of any Gods, ſince happily I may have ſome negotiations with that Prince, ſaid *Amilcar*, I ſhould be very glad to know all his life; for my particular, ſaid *Artemidorus*, I am extreamly full of curioſity to know it. And for my part added *Zenocrates*, I ſhall be glad alſo to hear it, though I know very much of him already. As for me, ſaid *Aronces*, though I have heard him diſcourſed of a thouſand times unto *Clelius*, yet I muſt confeſs I do not know the whole *Series* of his Hiſtory, aud *Herminius* would much obliege me the telling of it; for ſince I know not yet whether I ſhall be on his ſide or no, I ſhall be very glad to know him a little better then I do; eſpecially ſince we have now leiſure enough to hear his Hiſtory. For my particular (ſaid *Artemidorus*) I would if I durſt deſire a little more, for I muſt confeſs, that I do as much deſire to hear the Hiſtory of *Rome*, as the Hiſtory of *Tarquin*. The Story of that Prince is ſo mixed with that of *Rome* (replyed *Herminius*) as one cannot tell the one, but he muſt alſo tell all that relates unto the other. Since ſo (ſaid *Aronces*) I beſeech you ſatisfie the curioſity of *Artimedorus*, and addreſs your ſpeech unto him, ſince he hath the leaſt knowledge in the things which you are to tell. *Zenocrates* approving of what *Aronces* ſaid, and *Herminius* con-

consenting unto what these three illustrious persons desired, he recollected into his memory all that was requisite for their better understanding the life of a Prince whose name made such a noise through all *Italy*: And after he had shut the chamber door, to the end none should interrupt him, he began in these terms, but he spoke in his own language, which *Artimedorus* did understand, though he spoke it not.

The History of Tarquin *the Proud.*

I Am to relate such great, such excellent, and such terrible things unto you, as I cannot tell whether I am able to order my method so, as shall make my relation pleasing; for I know not very well, how I can in few words contain the History of a great City, which hath been governed by six Kings, which seemed to have shared among themselves all the vertues; and after them, I know not how I should speak of a Prince who is branded with all manner of Vices and Crimes. I know not, I say, how I should in a short time acquaint you with the most dismal effects that ever Love and Ambition caused these many ages: and yet I am resolved to touch upon all that is necessary to make the injustice of *Tarquin* to appear, or at the least to pass so slightly over the Reigns of those Kings who did precede him, that I may have time enough to aggravate all the crimes of a Prince, who can never be enough hated. I will not therefore insist upon a previous discourse of *Romes* Original; for is there any man at *Athens* that knows not the prodigious adventures of that famous *Remus* and *Romulus*, who are said to be sons of *Mars* by a Vestal? Who knows not, I say, unto what they were exposed by the Commandment of the King their Uncle, called *Amulius*, who had usurped that Kingdome which belonged unto their Mother? who knows not also that the Cradle wherein they were, and which was left in the midst of a Desart, was found out by a shee Wolf, which the cries of these two infants invited thither? Who knows not how it is said, the Wolf did let them suck her under a Fig-tree, which at this day is called the Romulian Fig-tree? and that others say, a Shepheard finding them, did carry them home to his Wife, who nourished them? However it be, they lived, and came to be great and brave men. *Remus* was taken prisoner and delivered by his Brother; after which they both of them joyned in the killing of him who had usurped the Kingdome which belonged unto them. After this, they made a peace with *Numitor*, Brother unto him whom they had killed, and leaving him quiet in his own Dominions, a desire took them to build the famous City of *Rome*, which *Tarquin* at this day would destroy, and they built it in the same place where they were left in the Desart, and where they were found: These two brothers began to build it the one and twentieth day of *April*, in the eighteenth year of their age. Indeed Generous *Artimedorus*, since I suppose you know, how that the desires of reigning did divide them, and that the death of the one, did establish the Throne of the other, I shall not trouble you with any more. But let me tell you, that in a very short time, this new City unto which *Romulus* gave his own name, was as potent as any of the most ancient about it. The cause of its being so soon populated was, because *Romulus* established an inviolable Sanctuary between two little Groves, which were held for sacred, and whither whosoever retired was in safety. So as by this means he drew subjects unto himself from all the neighbour Towns, where any men were, who feared punishment for any crime. Moreover, it is well known that he did worship all those Gods, which those of *Altes* adored; and that he would have *Hercules* reverenced, as he is in *Greece*. Afterwards that famous plundering of the *Sabines* made him talked of through all *Italy*: He established the excellent orders in the Town: he did wonders in feats of War; he defied all his enemies; he killed the King *Tatius* with his own hand; he triumphed in *Rome*: The Wars with the Cernebans, the Crustivanians, the Antimians, the Sabines, were all glorious unto *Romulus*, though the power was divided for a while. Afterwards the War with the Fidenations began; then the Vientanians followed, and in both *Romulus* got eternal glory. But after he had punished the injustice done unto his Mother; after he had established several

good Laws; after he had performed many glorious feats of War, killed Kings, Triumphed solemnly, and given peace to his people, he ceased to Reign, in ceasing to live. Some thought that the hundred Senators whom he had established, procured him to be murthered that they might Reign: Others said, that he only vanished; but the opinions of such as do not use to follow the vogue of the blind vulgar was, that there was one whose name was *Proculus*, who seeing the people ready to fall upon the Senators; to appease them, came and told them, that *Romulus* did appear unto him ascending up into Heaven; and assured them that their Town should be Mistress of the whole Earth. So as the immortality of *Romulus*, and this happy presage qualifying the people, their whole thoughts were, how they should render such honour unto him as unto the Gods. This *Artamidores*, was the original of *Romes*, and this was their first King, who doubtless was both valiant and wise, and fully accomplisht for the establishing of an Empire. For my part, it is such a terror to me when I consider how the same people who never were governed, but by valiant, wise, and vertuous Kings, can brook the government of a Tyrant, that I tremble at it. And to induce you into my opinion, before I satisfie your curiosity, I would speak something of all those who preceeded him. Know then, that according to the first Law which *Romulus* had established, which was, that the people should chuse their Kings, and that this election should be confirmed or refused by the Senators which he had instituted: A man of high vertues called *Numa Pompilius*, was chosen King of *Rome* by universal consent; and certainly most deservedly, for he was indowed with all the vertues of the ancient Sabines, from whence he was he was descended. He was prudent, pacifique and religious; and it may well be said, that the Gods would by his Prudence and Piety establish that Throne which *Romulus* had erected by his power and courage; he spent the whole three and forty years which he reigned, onely in regulating matters of Religion, making of Laws, extinguishing those vices which the War had introduced; in teaching vertue, in woing men to peace, in building Temples, in doing justice unto men, and in reverencing the Gods. It was he who set up the Vestals in *Rome*, the institution whereof was before at *Albes*: This was he who instituted the Salian Priests and all their Ceremonies: This was he who did regulate the Monthes; it was he who built the famous Temple of *Janus*, which is alwayes open in time of War, and alwayes shut in time of peace; this was he who to testifie his love to the Sciences and Arts, did consecrate a Grove unto the Muses, unto which he would often retire himself. It was said, that it was there where a Nymph named *Egeria*, came to inspire him in all things he did. But after a three and forty years peace had given him leasure to inspire his people with the love of Wisdom, he died; and one of the most valiant men upon Earth was chosen in his place: But this Prince being a greater Souldier then *Romulus*, he began the famous War of *Albe*, which had such glorious success, that he ruined one of the greatest Cities upon Earth, or to say better, he joyned it unto *Rome*, and of two peoples, made but one: The famous Combate of the three *Horatij*, against the three *Curatij*, was fought during his Reign; after which the Fideates and the Vecentines, incited by those of *Albe*, renewed the War: But *Tullu*, maugre all opposition, vaaquished his enemies, destroyed the famous City of *Albe*, and augmented the glory of *Rome*; He had after another War against the *Sabines*, whom he vanquished; but after he had bestowed half his Reign in imitation of *Romulus*, he bestowed the other half in imitation of *Numa*; for he did not only become Religious as he was, but even superstitious.

But at last, a thunder-bolt having ended his life and his Reign, another man, called *Aricus*, *Martius*, who was Son unto a Daughter of *Numa Pompilius*, was chosen King of *Rome*, so as emulating the glory of resembling his Grand-father, he began to cause all his Ordinances to be observed: But fearing lest his neighbours, should draw some advantage from his piety, he began to bestir himself in matters Military, wherein matters of Religion had no share, that his enemies might see, he thought of War in time of Peace. And indeed the people of *Latium* falling upon him, he vanquished them, and also the *Sabines*, and afterwards he lived in peace: It was he who built the first prison in *Rome*, and who built a Bridge over *Tiber*; it was he who inclosed

sed the Mount *Aventine* and of *Janicula* within the Wall of the Town, and who built the City of *Ostia*; but after a Reign of four and twenty years, he died: But after he had prohibited all his Subjects from setting up any new Religions of their own fancy, and commanded them to be conformable unto that which was establisht in the State. Hitherto, Generous *Artemidorus*, all I have said hath no relation to the story of *Tarquin* the Proud: nor would I have related it, but because it was your desire. But now I am to treat of the fifth King of *Rome*, I must tell you, that if he had not been King *Tarquin* who Reigns at this day, had never been her Tyrant. And therefore it is requisite I speak a little larger upon the first of the *Tarquins*; who as he was a Greek originally, and Ambition made him do many brave things, so it is the same Passion which caused so many Crimes in his Successor, and for divers reasons I must inlarge my self upon this Subject: Know then, that a man called *Demarathus* of the City of *Corinth*, being forced to leave his Country, because it was divided, and the side which he took proved the weaker, he came to dwel in a Town called *Tarquinia*, where he married, and where he had a son called *Lucumo*, and another who died.

Mean time, *Lucumo* being heir unto his Father who was very rich, he married a Woman of great quality and high spirit, who was called *Tanaquil*. And not induring that her Husband should dwel in a Town where Ambition was an unprofitable Passion, she perswaded him to go and dwel at *Rome*, where vertue was recompenced, and where the happy might happily become Kings, as experience had shewed. And in order to this, they setled their affairs and came to *Rome*. But in comming *Lucumo* a happy *Omen*, which is known over al the World; also supposing you have heard what happened unto him as he was in the Coach with *Tanaquil*, I will onely tell you, how an Eagle hovering in the Ayr, came gently to him, and took off his Head a Cap which he wore, according to the *Tuscan* mode, and after the Eagle had soared with it as high as the Clouds, she came down, and put it upon his head again: And I must tell you that *Tanaquil* being a *Tuscan*, and having some skil in Acquiry, she was so extreamly joyed at this happy Presage, and so assured her self it would be seconded with happy effects, that she imbraced her Husband and told him, that there was no Grandure so high, but he might hope for it. So as *Lucumo* suffering his Ambition to be flattered by such sweet hopes, he entred *Rome*; where he no sooner was, but he went to the King, and offered him his person, and all he had for the service of the State; and the truth is, he dis-bursed much towards the Wars upon divers occasions. And to be suitable every way unto the Custome of *Rome*, he quitted the name of *Lucumo*, because it was the Roman Custome to have two names, whereof one is particular, and the other is the name of the family.

So he took the name of *Lucius* for the first name, and of the Town *Tarquinia* where he was born, he made the name of *Tarquinius*; so as he called himself *Lucius Tarquinius*, and left of the name off *Lucumo*. Moreover, he was affable, civil, and Popular; he Courted occasions, to do men courtesies, to the end he might oblige them; and he got such credit during the Reign of *Ancus*, that this Prince determined upon nothing without him; also he was very powerfull in the Senate, and extreamly beloved of the people. The King left him Guardian of his Children by his Testiment. So as making use of this favourable conjuncture to satisfie his Ambition, he did openly labour for the Crown before *Ancus* was dead: Declaring that though he was a stranger, yet that ought not to be any obstacle, since *Tatius* and *Numa* were such and yet Reigned. But to the end his design might take effect, the day that the people were to elect a King, he sent the young Princes unto whom he was Guardian to a Hunting, lest their presence should put the People in memory of the great qualities of their father, and invite them to elect one of them two. And the common opinion was, that but for this trick, *Lucumo* had not been King as he was: The truth is, he was a very glorious King, for he acted nothing but great things ever since he was chosen. His very pleasures were magnificent; for it was he who instituted the Circensian games, so famous throughout all *Italy*, and who built that which we call the Circle, which is between the Mount *Palatine* and the Mount *Aventine*. He was wont to say, that in all things there ought to be a difference between Kings and

and Subjects, even in their very Pleasures; and that it was absolutely necessary, there should be a character of Royalty upon every action of a King, be it in great or little matters. As for Martial matters, he is eternized, for his Acts against the Latines were all glory; he triumphed over the *Sabines*, and brought the City of *Collatia* into subjection, as he had before the City of *Appiola*; afterwards understanding a second War against the people of *Latium*, he became Master of all their strong places one after another; for he took *Cornicula*, *Ficulnia*, *Cumeria*, *Crustumeria*, *Ameriala*, *Medulla* and *Nomenta*.

After all this, he imployed himself in building publick places of eternal memory; and he built one purposely to keep the People from being idle: After many great and good works which he did, either for the conveniency or Ornament of the Town, he layed the foundation of the Temple of *Jupiter*, which is within the Capitol, onely to fulfill a Vow which he made during the War against the Sabines. But before I speak of his death, I must tell you several Passages, purposely to make you the more hate *Tarquin* the Proud when I shall come to relate his life, and acquaint you with his Crimes. Know therefore, that at the taking of *Cornicula*, there was among the Captives, a woman (whose Husband died at this Siege) who was said to be very handsome and of good quality, and who was preferred unto the Service of *Tanaquil*; also she being big with Child, she was brought to bed in the Pallace, for being both fair and witty, and vertuous, *Tanaquil* did love her, and took a care of her: So as being delivered of a Son, he was brought up in the Pallace; where they said this Child whose name was *Servius Tullus*, had his head al invironed with a flame alwaies when he slept. This Prodigie making a great noise, The King went to see it and *Tanaquil* also; who would not suffer any Water to be cast to quench the flame, but assured her Husband, out of her knowledge in Presages, that this Child should one day be the light of the State, and the greatest support of the Royal Family. The King remembring what *Tanaquil* said concerning the Eagle, and that all came truly to passe; he gave credit unto her this second time, as at the first; he took so great a care for the good education of the young *Servius Tullus*, that he grew to be so excellent in every thing, as the King gave him his Daughter in marriage. But after this, the Son of the Predecessor unto *Lucius Tarquinius*, who pretended that he had hindred him from Reigning, being much incensed to foresee that *Servius* was like to Reign in his prejudice, he resolved upon a revenge for him, from whom they thought the injury proceeded: And indeed, they caused him to be murthered by pretended people, who upon a pretence of going to ask Justice of the King, did kill him in his own Pallace; but since all the assassinate fled after the fact, *Tanaquil* not using any fruitless Complaints caused the Gates of the Pallace to be shut, to the end this News should not be divulged, she incouraged *Servius Tullus* to mount the Throne; she spoke unto the people out of the Windows, and told them that the King was not dead; but that he recovered, and that ere long they should see him; and that in the mean while *Servius Tullus* should do them Justice. And *Servius Tullus* being gone out of the Pallace in the Robe Royal, which we call *Trabea*, he did render Justice unto each one in particular, seeming as if he referred all to the King, as if he were not dead; indeed, both *Tanaquil* and *Servius Tullus* did carry all matters so cunningly, as the death of the King was concealed many dayes. During which time, the Children of *Ancus Martius*, who had caused the Successor of their father to be murthered, retired unto *Pometia*; for those whom they imployed in the Crime being taken, and perceiving the power of *Servius Tullus* established, they knew not what course to take: And the truth is, *Tullus* having all the Patricians for him, was declared King, without any insisting upon the Suffrages of the people. 'Tis true, he was in very great esteem, and so generally beloved, that this Ceremony was useless. Thus *Tullus* mounted the Throne; and with so much glory, as none of his Predecessors did ever exceed him. For it was generally agreed by all sides, that he was owner of all the virtues, and not of one vice. He had also the good fortune to have the advantage in Martial affairs; For he won a famous Battel against the Vejentines. And at his return to *Rome* he did an act which merited immortal Praise: For hearing how those who envied the Grandure of his

his fortune, did say that he was only chosen by the Patricians, and that the people had not contributed their suffrages, he resolved, though those who said so were not in any capacity to hurt him, yet to surrender his Authority; and publickly declared, that he would not stand upon the legs of Patrician election, but that if the people would not have him Reign he was ready to quit the Crown. But beleive it, in thus descending a step lower, he ascended a step higher upon the Throne; and by submitting to quit a Crown, he fastned it upon his head.

For the people being alwayes much taken with surprizing actions; the people of *Rome* were so charmed to see a King submit unto their suffrages, that he was proclaimed King the second time, with more acclamations and applauds then ever any of his Predecessors. However, as soon as he was setled in the Throne he shewed his Authority; for it may be said that he shook all the foundations of his State, by the several Laws which he made, be it either by regulating all qualities, or distribution of goods, or contribution of all particulars towards publick affairs, or Military Discipline, or by the general rule of the whole Kingdom. He inclosed the Mount *Viminal*, and the Mount *Quirinal* within the City; he built a Temple unto the honour of *Diana*, and many other publick edifies.

All this while, he found great happiness in the society of *Tanaquil*; and much more in the rare vertues of the *Queen* his wife: But his sorrow was, that he had only two Daughters; and to hear that *Tarquin* the proud, who *Reigns* at this day, and a Brother which he then had, should murmur in secret, that they being children of the late King, should be so far from the Throne. So as *Servius*, being all goodness, generosity, and prudence, he began to look upon them with a very favourable eye, and to speak, as if he intended to bestow his two Daughters, upon those two Brothers. But before I tell you any more, I must describe unto you these four persons, of whom this History is composed, to the end you may the more clearly see the Crimes of *Tarquin*. Know then, that the two Daughters of *Servius Tullus*, were then both of them very fair, though they were different one from another in every thing, yet the name of them both was *Tullia*; but for distinction in our Court, the Elder was called the Princess without her name, and the younger the princess *Tullia*. But to tell you truly, the Elder was the Elder in all things; for she was fair, full of wit, sweetness, modesty, civility, virtue, and infinitely charming. Her Beauty was brown, but lovely; especially, by reason of a certain kind of sweet langrue which she had without any affectation, which inspires tenderness, and moveth love, far sooner then a sparkling and sprighty Aire. *Her* stature was of the middle size, her eyes sweet, all the Composure of her face was lovely, and there was an unconceivable charm in every part of her person. *Her* humour was equal, and her Soul tender; she affected glory, and she would not buy any Grandure, at the rate of any baseness; for she did not think it impossible, but one might be happy, and not be a Queen. The Princess *Tullia* was nothing like her, for she was big, fair, and that very fair, but her beauty had that fierceness in it, as resembled an Amazonian Aire, and it may be said, she was fair, but not lovely; her looks were bold, her action disordered, her voice shrill, her spirit imperious, her soul ambitious, and she was so naturally inclin'd, never to submit unto any, that from her infancy she alwayes made her Elder Sister stand in awe of her, whose disposition was rather to obey, then obstinately to resist. Moreover, the Princess *Tullia* was ever full of dissimulation, malice, and disguisement, and above all she was ambitious; so as though the Princess her Sister was one of the most sweet and charming persons in the whole world, as *I* have heard a cousin of mine say, who had the honour of her acquaintance, yet she did most horridly hate her, without any other reason in the world, but only because she was Elder, and because she imagined that *Servius Tullus* loving her the better, her fortune would be better. And on the other side, *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, they also were very unresemblant, and as much unlike, as these two *Princesses* were unto each other. But it was after another manner, for the younger of these, was fair, handsome, of a sweet, mode rate, and agreeable spirit, and all his inclinations were noble; and though he did affect glory, yet ambition was not the predominate passion of his heart, but was more inclinable unto

Love then that turbulent passion. But as for *Tarquin*, he did not resemble him in any thing; for he was big, though far from a handsome stature; his Physiognomy was gloomy and fierce, his looks were melancholly and disdainful, his mind base and poor; but he had the boldest heart in the World, the greatest spirit upon earth, and the most prodigiously Ambitious, that ever was any. Moreover, his fancy was quick and ready, which made some turbulency appear in all his actions, so as one would say he was alwayes upon some grand design. As for matter of pleasure he never seemed sensible of any, and doubtless his supream felicity consisted only in this, that he could see nothing above him; so as it may very well be said, that he loved Grandure only for it self, and not at all for those diversions which follow it. He would alwayes make use of any thing which might conduce to the satisfaction of Ambition; when he thought it convenient to express some signs of his Piety, to blind the people, he would then send offerings unto *Delphos*, he would build Temples, and his prophane intentions would imploy all sacred things, when he he thought them conducing to the execution of his designs. But on the contrary, when he thought there was no need of any pretences, Cloaks, and colours to dazle and blind the people, then he would make no scruple at ruining of Orphans, and both by Steel and Poyson, murther Innocents; and indeed he never thought, that to be a Paracite, and ungrateful, were crimes. This *Artimedorus*, is the true character of *Tarquin*, as he was, and as he is: The Elder of the two Princesses was fair and vertuous; the younger fierce and Ambitious: And in contrary to this order, the Elder of the two Princes who were designed for them was ill favoured, proud, and wicked; and the younger was handsome, pleasing, and vertuous. So as according to the order of nature, he who had no vertue, was to marry her who was vertuous; and he who had all noble inclinations, was to marry her who had all the ill; but to take the matter a little further off, be pleased to know, that before the King had explained himself concerning this Marriage, *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, had ever a great familiarity with these two young Princesses. For the Queen, who was the Daughter of *Tanaquil*, had so dearly loved the first of the *Tarquin's*, who was her father, that she took a particular care, these two young *Tullia's* should live very respectfully with these two young Princes, who were of the same house. But there being a great suitableness between *Tarquin*, and the Princess *Tullia*; and the like also between the Princess, and the Brother of *Tarquin* (who was called the Prince of *Ameriola* because he had preserved that Town by discovering a conspiracy) so it was that the Vertuous loved the Vertuous, and Ambition had a natural inclination unto Ambition. Yet notwithstanding since he was the Elder, and she was not; and since he observed that the King loved the Princess, better then the Princess *Tullia*, he concealed his inclination. But on the contrary, the Princess *Tullia* conceiving it would be more advantagious to her to marry *Tarquin*, then the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he was the Elder, and more Ambitious then his Brother, he used all her indeavours to get him for her Husband. In the mean time, there being a simpathetical conformity of humours between the Prince of *Ameriola*, and the Princess, they knew that they loved one another without any telling of it; and there was such a violent inclination to each, that they were not able to hide it. And indeed, there was alwayes such a conformity of mind between them, as they were never seen to differ in any opinion. On the contrary, *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were alwayes so opposite unto them, that no two contraries could be more; for never any conference hapned, though of matters never so indifferent, but the Princess *Tullia* would be sure to contradict her Sister, and the Prince of *Ameriola*; also *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother were never both of one opinion.

I remember one day, above the rest, when these two Princes and Princesses were all together, that the conversation of that day were upon such subjects, as made the various opinions of these two Princesses and these two Princes most manifestly appear. You must know, that the King who bore a particular veneration unto the Vestals, finding that those four who were already instituted, had much ado to keep in the sacred fire, would have two more added unto the number. And this Ceremony not being often to be seen, the two Princesses had a mind to see, and did so the day before the

conversations

converſation which *I* am to relate unto you. Indeed this Ceremony was worth the ſight, and therefore worthy of my relation unto you. At the firſt, the high Prieſt makes choice of twenty Virgins of qualitie, all under ten yeares of age, and all without any defect either in body or mind: Then caſting their names into a Lottery, the firſt who is drawn is the new Veſtal: Then the Parents committing her into the hands of the High Prieſt, they cut her hair off with a great deale of Ceremony, and after do go and receive her at a certain Tree, deſtined unto this uſe, which we call *Lotos*. And afterwards they put upon her the habit of a *Veſtal*, which is; a great, long and high Caul, from which hangs negligently, variety of Ribbands and Taffals: then they put on her ſuch a vail as the Veſtals uſe to wear when they ſacrifice, which is buckled under their Chins with Lockets of Diamonds: As for their Robes, they are white, plaited, and very ornamental; and over all they wear a Purple Mantle, which renders their dreſs very handſome and noble. And this habit being given them with a great deal of Ceremony and obſervance: There are alwayes much company to ſee them. And when the Veſtal is once within the Temple of *Veſta*, no more of any paſſages is to be ſeen; for they only are priviledged to enter, except the *High* Prieſt. So there being two *Veſtals* choſen at once, it was the whole diſcourſe; and the two Princeſſes according to their ſeveral inclinations diſcourſed upon this Ceremony. For my part, (ſaid the Princeſs *Tullia*) I conceive, that ſince they will have *Veſtals*, they did very wiſely to make choice of them under ten years of age, and before reaſon had imprinted it ſelf in them; for maugre all the fine priviledges they injoy, and all the honours which are done unto them, I had rather be any thing then a *Veſtal*. For my particular (ſaid the Princeſs then) I am not of your opinion; for I do find ſomething ſo noble and glorious in the Function of the *Veſtals*, that I never ſee them, but *I* do envy them. For it is only in them, that our Sex is held in any *Rank* and Conſideration, ſince in all other Conditions, they do not hold their own *Rank*, but only that of their Parents: If a woman be not married, then ſhe is more or leſs valued according to the rank of her father; and if ſhe have a *Husband*, it is according to his quality that ſhe is more or leſs honoured. But as for the *Veſtals*, their Conſideration is from themſelves; and they are honoured by all that are greateſt in *Rome*, ſince they are honoured by the King. What the Princeſs ſaith (replied the Prince of *Meriola* is ſo judiciouſly ſpoken, as *I* conceive, none can contradict her. Though there was no other reaſon (replied *Tarquin*) to make me think the *Veſtals* but a ſort of miſerable things, then that they muſt dream out thirty years, and ſtill be nothing elſe but a Veſtal, and never aſpire higher; this *I* ſay keeps me from envying their condition; for I care not for a dry and unprofitable paſſion, which can never be ſerviceable to me. For my part; (ſaid the Princeſs *Tullia*) I am clearly of *Tarquins* mind, and ſay again, that ſince they will have Veſtals, they do very well to take them before reaſon comes into them; for I am ſo far from eſtabliſhing new Laws and Slaveries, as *I* do freely allow the ſame Liberty unto all which Nature and *Cuſtome* hath allowed women: And if I ſhould freely ſay what *I* think, perhaps *I* ſhould tell you, that were it in my choice, either to be a valiant Souldier, or a Veſtal, or even what *I* am, I ſhould make choice of being rather valiant, then a Veſtal or a Princeſs as *I* am: ſo little am I ſatisfied with my Sex. How Madam, (replied the Prince of *Amariola*) can you renounce your beauty, and the Empire which it gives unto your Sex over the hearts of men, to be a ſilly Souldier, rather then a great Princeſs? Yes (replied ſhe ſharply) and I am ſometimes ſo aſhamed at my being born a Slave, that were my fetters ſuch as could be broken, it ſhould not be long before I would break them. Oh Siſter (replied the Princes) doubtleſs you know not what you ſay; for me thinks our Sex hath a thouſand advantages above that of men; for firſt, it injoyes an eternal peace, ſince we are not obliged to go unto the *Wars*; and the ſame honour which invites men unto it, forbids us. Beauty, as the Prince of *Meriola* well obſerved, is our ſupream prerogative; we have the Deſtinies of men in our hands: alſo we are diſpenced with for taking the pains in obtaining the Arts and Sciences; ignorance in us is no fault, there is no neceſſity of being valiant; a little wit, and much modeſty will ſerve to make a compleat woman; but on the contrary, to make a compleat man, there muſt be a thou-

ſand great qualifications both natural and acquired. *It* is confeſſed (replied *Tarquin*) that there is much wit in your language; but for all that I am of the Princeſs *Tullia*'s mind, and had rather be a private Souldier then any woman. For to tell you truly, a Souldier may become a King, but a woman can never become free. I pray tell me (ſaid the Princeſs *Tullia*) in what condition can we find liberty? When we are firſt born, we are not only Slaves to our *Parents*, who diſpoſe of us as they pleaſe, and make *Veſtals* of us when fancy takes them; but we are Slaves alſo unto Cuſtome and decency; for as ſoon as reaſon begins to make us diſcern things, they tell us that we muſt ſubmit our ſelves unto the Cuſtome and Faſhion. Alſo we are more miſerable at *Rome* then any where elſe, where the Ladies have a fancy, that becauſe the Romans are more valiant then other people, therefore their women muſt be more ſevere, more reſerved, more ignorant, and more ſolitary; it is true, as my Siſter ſaid, that a few good qualities will ſerve one of our Sex to get much reputation; but it is as true alſo, that this is an infinite ſhame unto us; for it is as much as to ſay, that we are not capable of more: Oh Madam, replied the Prince of *Meriola*, I muſt needs be the defender of your Sex, againſt you; for I am fully perſwaded, that Ladies are capable of all the vertues, and that they have more wit than we. For if we do carefully obſerve both men and women in places where their education is alike, as in the Country we ſhall find much more wit in the women then in the men; and conclude, that Nature hath given more unto you then us.

I do grant all this to be true (replied *Tullia*) and to ſpeak in general, we have better fancies, and fuller of imagination then men; but it muſt be confeſſed withall, that we do want courage and hearts; we are contented to be the chief Slave of the houſe, and oftentimes worſe uſed. Nay we have not ſo much liberty as to make choice of our Maſters, for we are oftentimes forced to marry againſt our inclinations; and it is commonly ſeen that all the great wit which the Gods have given us, is imployed only in trivial talk, and thoſe who are moſt eſteemed amongſt us, do make leaſt uſe of their wit; but conceal it as careful as they can, and indeavour to be owner of only one vertue, which in my opinion is very difficult to be practiſed. Mean time, becauſe the world hath a fancy that women are weak, and that they are put to a great deal of pains to keep themſelves from loving thoſe who love them, they are forced to live with ſo much conſtraint and warineſs, as in my opinion, this vertue which is thought ſo requiſite amongſt them, is no great glory to them: Truth is, they muſt ſet a guard upon their own eyes, they muſt ſhun the company of thoſe men they like, and they muſt not go any whither alone. Lying abroad is forbidden us, ſolitude it ſelf is ſometimes ill interpreted; and we are ſo unfortunate that when it is not known what we do, they think we are doing ill; and we muſt alwayes have ſome body to anſwer for our actions, or elſe they will be ill interpreted. So that as the world goes, we are born with paſſions which inchain us; for we are not allowed either to love or hate any thing; Ambition is unto us of no uſe, obedience only is our ſhare; judge therefore whether I have not reaſon to chuſe rather the being of a valiant Souldier, then what *I* am; and I aſſure you there is not a day paſſeth, in which *I* do not envy the Sex of which *I* am none. When I ſee a man walking alone, I envy his liberty; when others travel, my envy goes along with them alſo; nay ſome that are angry, and can revenge themſelves, have my envy; for men may revenge, but women be they never ſo much wronged, muſt not complain; or if ſhe do, it muſt forſooth be ſo tamely, that her complexion muſt not alter, nor her eyes loſe their languor, as if Nature had made us inſenſible; and all by vertue of the Laws of decency, which *I* aſſure you *I* cannot chuſe but murmure againſt, and thoſe that made them. For my particular (replied the Princeſs) *I* do think my ſelf very happy in the calm mediocrity of my ſpirit; and I find that my Sex hath a thouſand advantages over the other, ſince of all the vertues the leaſt difficult are required from us; and I do find it much more glorious to raign without force, then by violence; and that it is the eaſieſt thing in the world to ſubmit ones ſpirit unto matter of decency. It is unqueſtionable, that Ambition is not a paſſion fit for Ladies; but it is a paſſion ſo full of tumultuous turbulencies, that *I* think it a great advantage to be without it. As every one loves to be arguing according to

their

their own humours (replied *Tullia* sharply) so *I* do not think it strange we should not be of one opinion. For as you Sister, do find diversions in walking under shades, in gathering of Flowers, in making Nose-gayes, in hearing the Birds sing, and listning to the murmure of Rivers; so *I* am often tyred with that which diverts you.

The *Princess* being accustomed to indure a hundred such contradictions from her Ambitious Sister, she turned her discourse another way, lest *Tullia* should have uttered more then she desired to hear; for she was acquainted with the impetuosity of her humour. So as insensibly falling upon other discourse, they began to talk of passions, and to examine whether Love was a more Noble passion then Ambition; and in case both chanced to be in one heart, one of them must yield unto the other.

So as since this question had some congruity with the Fortunes of these four persons, because *Tarquin* was in love with *Tullia*, yet his Ambition required that he should marry the Princess her Sister, rather then her; and on the other side the Princess loved the Prince of *Meriola*, yet Ambition and conveniency required she should marry *Tarquin*; each of them having a secret interest in the business, they spoke according to the present state of things, rather then according to their own thoughts; for had they spoke their thoughts; the Princess would have said that Ambition ought to be made a sacrifice unto love: The Prince of *Meriola* would have said the same: And the Princess *Tullia* doubtless would have said that Love ought to submit unto Ambition.

But since she would, that *Tarquin* should marry her, though she was the younger, she found her self a little gravelled in this reincounter. Also she spoke less then the rest, but as for him, he did not dissemble his thoughts, but maintained against his Brother, that Love ought to yield unto Ambition. For said he, Love is to be looked on, only as a fading Passion, which seldome lasts out a life; but Ambition is a Passion which continues unto the last gasp of breath, and it is glorious to dye so; and it hath this particular quallity, that it is a remedy against Love; for it is so busied, and hatcheth so many several designs, as the other *Passion* which is both hatch'd and nourished by idleness, can hardly ever subsist with it. But though perhaps Ambition does not quite extinguish Love, yet it ought alwayes to sacrifice it self unto Ambition, since one is not alwayes certain to love his Mistress, but sure alwayes to love Grandure. For the favours of Love are limited, beyond which there is no pretending, and as soon as one is come unto the highest point it can arrive at, Love lessens; but it is not so with Ambition; for Fortune is a Mistress whose favours are inexhaustible, who as she satisfies her Lovers, augments their desires; and who hath no sooner given them one thing, but she shews them a thousand more; which still are in her gift: so as continually shewing them gilded baits to catch new desires. Ambition hath alwayes the force of a new passion. 'Tis true (replied the Prince of *Meriola*) that Fortune hath more to give then *Love*. But let me tell you, her favours are not so sweet, and the torments which she causes are not accompanied with a thousand secret Consolations, which unhappy Lovers have in the midst of their sufferings. Oh Brother! (replied *Tarquin* hastily) these Chymerical Consolations which you talk of, are not considerable in comparison of that pleasure which one finds in trampling ones enemies under his foot, and raising himself over the heads of others; and did you know what sweetness there is in plotting an Ambitious design, to see it thrive happily, you would not speak as you do. I who have a heart sensible of this passion, I must confess I do wonder how any can be without it, and how one can disclaim it for matter of Love; for *I* will affirm, that few miserable people ever make any Lovers, and to speak rationally, Love ought to be the consequents of happy Ambition. And truly, if Love be without its pleasures; if the sports, the mirth, and all its graces, do not accompany it, it is a very pittiful thing. And I think it to be extream folly in those who cannot satisfie both their Love and their Ambition, not to prefer the last before the first; what joy can be expected from a poor Lover who wants an estate? How is it possible his Mistress should discern the sighs for the poorness of his Fortune, from those sighs which are caused by his Love? How miserably does he divide himself between his cares to please her, and his cares to maintain himself? He cannot be liberal, but he beg-

beggars himself; he cannot be merry unless forcedly; he dares not oft times thwart his Rival, lest he should prejudice his Fortune; and he entertains in his fancy so many things which are not within his reach of Gallantry, that of necessity he must needs be a troublesome Gallant. So as I must conclude, that it appertains only unto Ambitious, happy Ambitious men, to have any thing to do with Love: and those who quit the interests of their Fortune, to content their Passion, deserve to be forsaken by their Mistresses, for whom they have forsaken all things: And were I a Lady, and should see at my feet one of those faithful Lovers who would sacrifice all the interests of their Ambition unto their Love, I would advise him to go and get the favour of Fortune, before he pretended to get mine; and would tell him, that a greater injury cannot be offered unto a Lady, then to desire she should love him before he be happy. At the least I know (said he and looked upon *Tullia*) that were I in Love with a person of a high and heroick heart, and could not enjoy her unless *I* ruined my Fortune; I will tell her ingeniously, that both for the Love of her and the Love of my self, I would think no more upon her; for I am sure, if she be such a one, she will esteem me the more, and in her heart prefer me before such Lovers as will tell her they had rather live in a Cottage with one they Love, then upon a Throne without her. *But* for my part, *I* am none of those, and openly declare, that I could never be happy, if I could reproach my self with an act of that nature. For my particular, said the Prince of *Ameriola*, *I* must confess that I have no thoughts so Ambitious, since *I* think it not impossible but one may be happy in the poorest Cottage with a person I could Love; and since I could not be so upon a Throne, unless she were upon it with me. Whilest these two *Princes* were talking so, the two Princesses, who heard them, had thoughts very different: For the Princess thought the Prince of *Ameriola* was in the right; and she gave such an interpretation upon his words as he desired she should.

But as for the Princess *Tullia*, though her ambitious humour did concur with the opinion of *Tarquin*, yet she was angry with him, because what he said was not consonant with her designs. Her *Wit* did not furnish her with any arguments against what he had said, but since she would contradict him in something, she agreed with him, that one ought to sacrifice all unto Ambition; but she said after, that the great difficulty was to know, what one should do to content it. For there are sometimes some Loves which may serve Ambition as well as prejudice it, if all advantages be well considered. *Tarquin*, hearing what *Tullia* said, he made a right application of it; but he seemed as if he did not understand her, because he was not then perswaded that it was advantagious for him to prefer her before the Princess; and that on the contrary he beleived, that if he married the elder Sister, he should the sooner be King: Not that the Crown which *Servius Tullus* wore was a right of Succession, and that Eldership was any nearer Title to Reign.

But *Tarquin* was perswaded that the tenderness which this Prince did bear unto his Eldest Daughter, would move him to get the Senates consent for him unto whom he should marry her; and that this would be a shorter, and more sure way to get upon the Throne. Also the people loving the Elder much better then the other, he preferred her out of Ambition, before her whom his own inclination did prefer as most amiable.

And therefore without any direct answer unto what *Tullia* said, he said that there needed no examination of any particular adventure; for he maintained only in general, that it was requisite to sacrifice Love unto Ambition. And *I* maintain the contrary (said the Prince of *Ameriola*) that one ought to sacrifice Ambition unto Love. For my part (said the Princess and turned aside, lest she should meet the eyes of the Prince of *Ameriola*) since I have nothing to do either with *Love* or *Ambition*, I know not what to say unto this dispute: all I can say is, that if any loved me, *I* would not be sacrified unto any other interest. You are so fit to satisfie both Ambition and Love (replied *Tarquin*) that you are not in any danger of such an adventure. *Tullia* hearing what this *Ambitious* Lover said, she was in such a chafe, that she rose up and broke off the discourse: And imagining which way she might be

revenged

revenge upon *Tarquin*, and satisfie her own Ambition, she conceived her self mistaken, when she thought that it would be more advantagious to her to marry him, then to marry the Prince *Ameriola*. For (said she, in that angry mood) *Tarquin* is indeed more Ambitious then the Prince his Brother. He is more busie and daring, and able to surmount all considerations that may bring him to his proposed end; but he would be his own chooser of the way by which he would come to the Throne: And if he rest upon his own choice, perhaps he may be mistaken and lose his way, for in all probability he will not know how to manage those opportunities which Fortune shall present unto him: Whereas, on the contrary, the Prince of *Ameriola* is of a more sweet temper, and more agreeable to the people then *Tarquin* is, and *I* may become Mistress of his spirit, either by the way of Love or fear: And when *I* be in that state, *I* shall make him do as I please, and shall be then much more happy then if I were tyed to the Fortune of this Ambitious Lover. For the Prince of *Ameriola* is questionless accomplished to Mount a Throne.

Tullia arguing thus with her self began to flatter the Prince of *Ameriola*, and to disguise some part of her thoughts. Yet he stood constantly faithful unto that Princess, who also entirely reserved her heart for him: but the fidelity which they had unto each other conduced to render them the more miserable; for they understood presently after, that *Servius Tullus* was fully resolved that *Tarquin* should marry the Princess, and that the Prince his Brother, should marry *Tullia*. Not but that this wise King knew well enough, that there was no great correspondency of humour between the Princess and *Tarquin*, nor between *Tullia* and the Prince of *Ameriola*; but in lieu of joyning Vertuous with Vertuous, and the Ambitious with the Ambitious, he thought on the contrary, that since he made these two marriages only out of Policy, and to keep these two Princes from raising any stirs in the *State*, he ought to seperate interests, the Ambitious from the Ambitious. And he resolved upon it the sooner, when he knew the discourse which I have related unto you, for by it he came to know what the humour of *Tarquin* was. If *Tarquin* and *Tullia* be joyned together (said he one day unto a Senator) there is no violence which they will not attempt; and unless I should set them upon the Throne upon their marriage day, it were folly to make the match; for both of them are Ambitious spirits, both violent, bold, and scruple at nothing: but in separating them, perhaps I shall correct their tempers; and in giving unto the Ambitious *Tarquin* a person who hath no Ambition, who is fair, sweet, and vertuous, one who loves and fears the Gods, it is probable she will sweeten the harshness of his temper, and will keep him from all attempts against justice: Also it is likely, that in giving unto the Ambitious *Tullia* a Prince who is handsome, generous, and incapable of any injustice, he will win upon her heart and alter her mind. Also he having a legitimate authority over her, she cannot attempt what she would, as she might if she had a Husband of her own temper, *Servius Tullus* being thus resolved, the Prince of *Ameriola* seeing all hopes of changing his resolution, taken away, he was in extream despair.

On the other side, the Princess having imployed the Queen her mother, to indeavour the alteration of the Kings resolution, she found by her that the King was unalterable, so as she was extreamly sad. But the most particular of all this passage was, that though the Prince of *Ameriola* did most passionately love the Princess, and though the Princess had exceeding tender thoughts of the Prince of *Ameriola*, and though they knew each others thoughts, yet they did never tell one another that they loved. For the Princess was so full of modesty, her lover was so full of respect, they both of them saw so little hope of happiness; *Tarquin* kept such a vigilant eye upon his Brother, the two Princesses were seldome asunder, that the Prince of *Ameriola* never met with any favourable occasion to express his thoughts unto his Princess. He had told her a thousand times, that she was the person whom he most esteemed; he had told her that she was the most lovely Princess upon earth; but he never told her in plain terms that he loved her. However, when both sides had received such intelligence as put them out of all hopes, then melancholy did so much damp their spirits, as they were scarcely knowable: Yet they set the best faces upon

the

the matter that they could, and did the same things they were used to do. Not long after, the Princes using to walk almost every evening in a Gardene which was in the Pallace of *Servius Tullus*, by the Mount *Pallatine* which he built, because he thought his lodging at that house near the Mount *Esquiline* was not convenient, so it happened, that they going thither to walk according to their Custome, the two Princes whom they were to marry were there also; and as chance would have it, *Tarquin* which ingaged to talk with *Tullia*; for he knowing her to be extreamly ambitious, though he had no mind to marry her, and though he was resolved to sacrifice his love to her unto his ambition, yet he desired to appease her a little.

Tullia, as fierce as she was, had a desire to see whether she could work any change in his mind by a private conference: So as having ingaged *Tarquin* to talk with her, he durst not deny her; and by this means, the Princess and the Prince of *Ameriola*, whose sorrows were extream, had the liberty of talk together. But being both of them equally melancholly, they were no sooner separated some paces from those who were the troublers of their felicity, but looking upon each other, they saw so much sadness in each others eyes, as the Love which they had unto each other was thereby much augmented, for they did easily divine the cause. So the Prince of *Ameriola* being grown more bold by the melancholly which he saw in the fair eyes of his Princess: Oh Heavens! Madam, said he unto her, I beseech you tell me truly, whether or no you think I may not wish, that those two persons which I see together, may never part; and whether you will give me leave to tell you, that if *I* have not my wish effected, the grief which I see in your eyes will be my death? and that a death most desperate, unless to make me expire the more calmly, you will permit me to beleive that I have some share in those sorrows which I see in you. For truly, Madam, you know that I love you; I think you cannot love my Brother, and I am so presumptuous also as to think, that you have less averſion unto me, then unto him. Your language doth so much distract me (replyed the Princes, and blusht) as *I* know not how to answer you; unless this, that at this time, I dare not tell you what I think.

Oh Madam (said the Prince of *Ameriola*) *I* am infinitly obleiged unto you for this answer. And *I* beseech you, give the most miserable lover alive, leave to imagine what those thoughts are which now you dare not tell him; and believe, that the pureness of my Passion doth merit so much indulgence from you. I know very well, that as the state of things stand it is hard to find a remedy, against that evill which afflicts me. But however, one may die more quietly, one way than another; and therefore Madam, I must conjure you, not to deny me this. Since *I* am very ingenious (replied the Princess) I will tell you, that *I* have a very high opinion of your vertue, and I think you are well perswaded of mine: I must confess that there is a natural antipathy betwixt your Brother and me, which makes me wish that the King had not commanded me to marry him; and I will confess further, that there is such a simpathy of humour between you and me, as *I* wish either that *Tarquin* resembled you, or that you were in his room. Also I am perswaded that you do hold me in some esteem; and I must tell you truly, that I do much esteem you. But when *I* have said this, I have said all, unless this, that when I have done all that Decency will permit me to break off my marriage with *Tarquin*, then I must resolve upon obedience, and to be the most miserable person upon earth. But *I* beseech you Madam (said he unto her) if Ambition be not the predominate Passion of your Soul, as it is in the Princess your Sister. Why should you marry my Brother? leave him to the Ambitious *Tullia*, let us not oppose their felicity, as they do ours; *I* am originally of *Corinth*, let us go and seek that security in *Greece*, which we cannot find in *Rome*: Do you abandon *Tarquin*, as I will *Tullia*, and take up a resolution worthy of the Love I bear you, and of your own vertue. For Madam, *I* am confident, that as soon as ever you are the Wife of *Tarquin*, he will move you unto such things which your generosity will never consent unto. I know very well, that as his Brother, I ought not to tell you thus much, but as his Rival, it is permitted me to tell you any thing, that may serve my self.

Also

Alſo, Juſtice requires it, that I ſhould not ſmother a truth from you, which may be of ſuch a conſequence, as the well being of the King may depend uponit. The truth is, Madam, I know that my Brother dares not love you, and that he doth love the Princeſſe *Tullia*: Nor would he ever marry you, but that Ambition hath a greater prevailence with his heart then love hath. Imagine then Madam what ſuch a man is able to do who can act againſt his own felicity. Expect and fear all that is ill from him, Madam, and beware whileſt it is time. Moreover, I know of an infallible certainty, that the Princeſſe *Tullia* doth love my Brother, and cannot love me; but I value not the laſt of theſe, for knowing that I ſhall never love her, and that I ſhall ever love you, Madam, I ſhould be unjuſt if I ſhould take it ill from her. But I beſeech you conſider, that I am in a moſt miſerable ſtate, for knowing that the King is fully reſolved that I ſhould marry *Tullia*, and that you ſhould marry *Tarquin*, I know not what courſe to take. If I refuſe this honour which he would do me in giving me his Daughter, then I muſt go out of *Rome*, and muſt never ſee you again: And if I ſhould ſtay with you, then I muſt marry a perſon who hates me, and whom I do not love, and muſt ſee you injoyed by my Brother, who thinks it no happineſſe to injoy you.

Imagine therefore, Madam, if I have not great reaſon to beſeech you, that you will be pleaſed to take theſe things into your conſideration, ſince they may produce ſuch dangerous conſequences: I do verily beleeve all that you ſay (replied the Princeſſe) but I beleeve them without ſeeing any remedy againſt them; for my honour will not permit me to go with you into *Greece*, and though a reſentment of glory ſhould not give a ſtop unto it, yet my tenderneſſe of the King and Queen is ſufficient. Alſo I think my ſelf obliged to adviſe you to marry my Siſter, becauſe I think ſhe ſtands in need of your virtue, to temper her ambitious humour, and to reſtrain her from any unjuſt attempts. Oh! Madam (ſaid the Princeſſe of *Ameriola* then) I perceive I was much miſtaken, when I thought you did not hate me; for where there is any tender affection, there cannot be ſo much wiſedome; but one ſhall have more compaſſion upon the miſeries of the perſon whom one loves. Since I have none for my ſelf (replied the Princeſſe) you would be unjuſt, if you ſhould murmur that I have none for you: Then Madam, I beſeech you (ſaid he unto her) reflect upon your own condition; ſhould I do as you adviſe, and marry *Tullia* who loves not me, nor I her, but ſhould ſtill continue my love to you, then *Tarquin* would marry you, but love *Tullia*; and it may ſo chance that you may love me then, more then now you do, and that I my ſelf ſhould contribute unto your miſery; for I cannot think it poſſible, you ſhould ſee me ſo full of miſery as I ſhoall be, and your heart nohting touched with Compaſſion: Think well therefore upon what I ſay, Madam, and afterwards favour me ſo far as to tell me, what courſe you would have me take; I would have you (ſaid ſhe) ſubmit your mind unto your Fortune, ſince you cannot make Fortune ſubmit unto your mind; and I would have you (if I could ſpeak it without a bluſh) be as miſerable as I ſhall be; that you ſhould marry *Tullia* with as much averſion, as I ſhall *Tarquin*, and yet live as well with my ſiſter, as I am reſolved to live with the Prince your brother. But I would have you to beleeve withall, that if I could baniſh you from me, I ſhould do at this very hour, and beleeve alſo, that this day is the firſt and laſt that ever you ſhould tell me of your Love. I ſhould take it as a ſingular favour if you would change your paſſion into amity and friendſhip, and to love me onely as a Siſter. Oh! Madam (replied he) it is impoſſible I ſhould ever love you any otherwiſe then as my Miſtreſſe; and you have brought me into the moſt pittifull condition in the world: For I muſt love you without the leaſt ſpark of hope; I muſt hate my Brother as a Rivall; and I muſt hate the Princeſſe your Siſter, as a moſt perfidious woman, all whoſe inclinations are oppoſite unto mine. Take heed, Madam, and fear leſt my virtue ſhould forſake me. I ſhould fear it in any other but you (replied the Princeſſe) but judging of you by my ſelf, I fear no violence, nor injuſtice to proceed from you; for I know very well (if I can ſpeak it for ſhame) that I can never love *Tarquin*, and that I can never hate you; but I know withall, that I ſhall never do any think but what I ought. After this, the Prince *Ameriola* talked un-

to this vertuous Princeſſe of many things, in a language full of paſſionate expreſſions, unto which ſhe anſwered with as much tenderneſſe and vertue. So as finding new cauſes of admiration at each others great and noble thoughts, they ſtill continued loving one another very tenderly. But for all that, their vertues were ſtill much ſtronger than their Loves; and ſay what this Prince could he could not obtain any thing further from this Princeſſe. And truly, though ſhe made him abſolutely deſperate, yet was he not tranſported ſo far as to attempt any violent reſolution. But whilſt theſe two were talking thus, the Ambitious *Tarquin*, and the no leſſe Ambitious *Tullia*, were diſcourſing after another manner: For they were no ſooner at liberty to talk, but *Tarquin*, (who knew that *Tullia* had intention to diſſwade him for her Siſter) he ſpoke the firſt, and began to complain of what he himſelf did: Well Madam (ſaid he to her) what do you think of *Capricius* fortune, who diſpoſeth of us in ſuch a cruell manner, and will have me (for your intereſt) deprive my ſelf of a thing which is infinitely dear unto me? Yet reſolve upon it I muſt, and yet there is no remedy againſt this miſ-fortune: Did I ſpeak unto one whoſe heart were inferiour unto yours, I ſhould not ſpeak thus; but knowing the Grandure of your Soul, I dare tell you how I am perſwaded, that all the Kings favours will follow him who ſhall marry the Princeſſe, and that the King hath as great an averſion to you, as he hath affection to her. So as if I ſhould let my Brother marry her, and I marry you, then we muſt both of us prepare our ſelves to be their Slaves. Therefore Generous *Tullia*, I muſt marry the Princeſſe, purpoſely to keep you from being her Vaſſal. And you muſt reſolve to marry my Brother; for he being naturally of a ſweet and compliant temper, you may mould him unto my intereſts which ſhall be always yours, for my marriage ſhall not keep me from loving you, as much as ever I did, and as between a Wife and a Miſtreſſe, the Miſtreſſe is alwaies moſt dear; ſo it ſhall be you who ſhall be really the Queen if I be King. *Tullia* hearing *Tarquin* ſay ſo, ſhe did not anſwer as her vertuous Siſter would, if it had been her caſe; but on the contrary, perceiving ſhe had yet ſome ſhare in *Tarquins* affection, ſhe uſed all poſſible expreſſions to flatter up both his Love and his Ambition: But ſeeing it would be more advantagious for him to marry her Siſter then to marry her, ſhe went not about to alter his mind. So as this moſt abhominable woman ſeeing ſhe could not be his Wife, and fore-ſeeing that perhaps ſhe ſhould have all the authority, ſhe reſted her ſelf contented with the hopes of being his Miſtreſſe, though he married her Siſter, and ſhe married his Brother.

Thus out of a reſentment both of Love and Ambition, together with their want of virtue, theſe two reſolved not to marry, and yet not to break off. After which, they went and joyned with the Princeſſe, and the Prince of *Ameriola* whoſe thoughts were quite oppoſite, ſince all that virtue could inſpire were theirs. In the mean time, ſince the intereſts of *Servius Tullus*, required that theſe two marriages ſhould be ſolemnized out of hand, they were married within fifteen days after this conference, and done withall poſſible magnificence Royal; but with ſuch ſenſible grief to the Princeſſe, and the Prince of *Ameziola*, as I have heard ſay, that the day before the marriage they thought they ſhould have died with ſorrow, and that they did bid each other adieu, in the ſaddeſt manner imaginable. But afterwards, their virtue being ſtronger, they recovered themſelves, and ſet the beſt face they could upon the matter, and behaved themſelves with ſo much Wiſdome, that few did perceive their deſpairs.

As for *Tullia*, her mind was full of tumultuous turbulence, but upon her conſideration of things, ſhe imagined, that perhaps ſhe ſhould be able to induce *Servius Tullus* to do as much for her, as for her Siſter: And at worſt, if ſhe could not reign in the perſon of her Husband, yet ſhe ſhould in the perſon of her Lover. As for *Tarquin* though he loved *Tullia*, yet he was glad his Brother had married her, becauſe he was ſure of her heart ſtill, and becauſe he looked upon his marriage with the Princeſſe, as many ſteps nearer the Throne. Thus this great ſolemnity was paſſed over with thoughts very different amongſt theſe four perſons. Mean time, though *Tarquin* loved *Tullia* in his heart, and *Tullia* him again, yet did they ſecretly prejudice

dice one another in things wherein there was any interest of Ambition. For if the Prince of *Ameriola* could be King, *Tullia* had rather been his Wife than *Tarquins*, because his mildnesse made hope to have all the Rule and Authority. *Tarquin* on the other side, who knew the humour of *Tullia*, was not sorry that he could be King without her assistance, yet they dissembled their thoughts (since their marriage) kept a great league of correspondency. As for the Princesse, and the Prince of *Ameriola* it was not so with them; for though this vertuous Lover asked nothing but the friendship of the person he loved, and though she would not grant him any more, yet as far as civility would give her leave, she shunned all occasions of speaking with him in private. On the other side, the King who equally feared both *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, was very cautious how he inclined more unto one side then another, and left he should incense *Tullia*, he shewed no greater favour unto *Tarquin*, than unto the Prince of *Ameriola*; (and left he should incense *Tarquin*, he shewed no more unto the Princes his Brother than unto him.

But in thinking to be very prudent, and striving to carry even on both sides, he contented neither *Tarquin* nor *Tullia*; for never were two spirits greater enemies unto all equality then these two. And indeed it was most insupportable unto them to see the King favour both alike: Mean time, since they perceived the intention of *Servius Tullus*, they gave no rest unto the persons whom fortune had tied them unto; for *Tullia* was continually persecuting the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he stirred no more both against the King, and against *Tarquin*; and *Tarquin* would never let the Princesse his wife be in rest, purposely to oblige and move her to draw some unto him and her self from that tendernesse which the King had over her; and would needs force her to negotiate against the Prince of *Ameriola*. So as by this means *Tarquin* was perpetually acting against his Brother, and against his Mistresse; and he would needs have his Wife act against her Sister and her Lover. *Tullia* for her part, her whole thoughts were how to ruine both her Lover and her Sister; how to pull the Crown off her fathers head; and to persecute her Husband, purposely to force him to do all he could against his Brother, and against the person whom he loved above all the World, and all to throw *Servius Tullus* out of the Throne: But let the Ambitious *Tarquin*, and the Ambitious *Tullia* do what they could, the virtue of these two illustrous persons did not stagger; for the Prince of *Ameriola* never did any thing which could displease the King, nor which might anger *Tarquin*, nor which was against the interest of that Princesse whom he loved. But as for that admirable Person, her vertue went further; for in such things as could not be done without injustice, and which were advantagious to her Husband, and disadvantagious to her Lover, she never medled with them; yet at the very same time, she bore a most horrible hatred against the one, and a most violent affection to the other; she served him whom he hated, and hurt not him whom she loved. 'Tis true, this was but upon certain occasions, where reason required it; for when *Tarquin* moved her to negotiate by any unjust waies, either against her Father, or her Sister, or the Prince of *Ameriola*, she denied him with incomparable Constancy; though yet it was alwaies with a sweetnesse full of respect, able to allay even cruelty it self. However, out of her excesse of virtue, and knowing that the thoughts of her husband were extreamly violent, that he stood not in any fear of the Gods, and that he scoffed at the Laws of men: She did much indeavour to get his love, and win some credit in his thoughts, in hopes to sweeten the sharpnesse of his humour. On the other side, the Prince of *Ameriola* who ever bore a violent affection unto the Princesse, and a most horrid hatred unto *Tullia*, did constrain himself; and for his own honour, because it should not be said he had a Wife who could be accused of any wickednesse, he did what he could to correct his, by a million of examples of goodnesse and complacency, which he dayly shewed. But it was in vain for these two virtuous persons to think of sweetning the natural fiercenesse of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; for do what they could it did dayly increase. So as *Tarquin* despairing of ever inspiring any Ambition into his Wife; and *Tullia* seeing no likelihood of ever making her Husband to commit any Crimes, though to get Crowns by it, they began to scorn and hate them, and all that were not of their own

minds. They began, I say, to love one another more then ever they did, and to repent they did not marry each other. But the chief reason of their repentance was because if they were married, then they should the sooner arrive at their desired ends; so as the fire of Love and Ambition both joining together in their hearts, it broke out in such violent and unjust flames, as the most innocent talk, they had never ended under a promise of committing some crime or other, to unite their Loves the more firmly.

Truth is, they talked of nothing but things most terrible; for sometimes they would say, that it was the most egregious folly in men, to lose a glorious design for a little scruple of virtue, or out of a fond Chimerical imagination of Glory; or for men not to establish themselves unless by actions of generosity, which are absolutely incompatible with the execution of great enterprizes. For my part (said *Tarquin* one day unto *Tullia*, as I understood by a witty Wench who waited upon this Princesse) I take this for a most undoubted maxim, that those who will keep themselves within those bounds which the vulgar use to prescribe unto Justice and Generosity, they shall never arrive at any great matters by the way of Fortune: And unless men will make bold with Laws they shall never exalt themselves above others; nor had there ever been any Kings, Kingdomes, or inequality of conditions. And therefore without any further dorring at Laws, which those who made them will not keep, let us make use onely of such as will serve our own turns, and never precisely insist upon it whether the thing be just or unjust.

These (Generous *Artemidorus*) were the discourses of those persons at that time, and many more such, which I will not now relate; because hereafter, I shall tell you of things much more execrable. Mean time, since they had not alwayes fit opportunities of talking together, they began to write very often unto each other: And as it is not easie for persons of their quality, that they should long conceal themselves, the Princesse came presently to know, that there was a secret correspondency held between her Sister and her Husband; and the Prince of *Ameriola* also knew the like between his Wife and his Brother. However, out of a resentment of virtue and prudence, the Princess would not acquaint the Prince of *Ameriola* with the irregularity of his Wives courses, because this perfidious Woman was her Sister, and because that Prince was her Lover. The Prince of *Ameriola* on his side, it was long before he would discover unto the Princess, the infidelity of her Husband, thinking it would grieve her to no purpose.

Thus was he in a pittifull Condition; for it went against his mind to discover the Crimes of his Wife; he could not think of any revenge upon his Brother, because he was Husband unto her whom he loved; who being all virtue, would never have looked upon him again, if he should kill her Husband. And therefore he did hide the matter as much as possible he could; yet since he knew the humour both of his Brother and his Wife, he was desirous to know the very bottome of their correspondency. And to that end, though he was never jealous, yet he imployed all his diligence to discover it, and he carried the businesse so well, that the Slave who carried their Letters was absolutely his. So causing a Seal like unto theirs secretly to be made (for their Seals were both alike) he met with a Letter of *Tarquins* unto *Tullia*, and the answer of *Tullia* unto *Tarquin*. But these two Letters being the most horrid Letters of Love that ever were writ, and also being made publick, there was not a man in *Rome*, who was a hater of *Tarquin*, which knew not of them. And I knew them better then any others, and more hated the injustice of them, then any whosoever.

But before I acquaint you with the Contents of them, you must know, that the Prince of *Ameriola* was so surprived, as now thinking it not fit to disguise any longer, but that it was absolute requisite, the Princesse should know the state of things, he resolved to go and acquaint her. And having taken Copies of these two Letters, he went unto the Princesse, though he did not use to visit her in private, because she had forbid him, and he went in such a happy hour that he found her alone. Also he had the advantage not to fear his being interrupted either by *Tarquin* or *Tullia*; for the

one was gone out to Hunt, and the other kept her Chamber, being a little Sick. So as finding the Princesse alone, according to his wish, he was very glad of it, though he had none but sad stories to tell her. But as for her, though she still loved him very tenderly, yet was she troubled at the sight of him: So as this Prince perceiving it I see, Madam (said he unto her) this my visite doth more displease then oblige you: But, Madam, I beseech you do not condemn before you hear me, and the cause of my comming: For truly I have so accustomed my self to obey all your commands, and to deprive my self of the happinesse in seeing you, that those respects I have ever paid unto you doth merit a grant of that audience which now I desire. Since the Princesse knew the great vertue of the Prince, and since she found something in his looks which told her, that he had some matter of importance to impart, she granted his desire; so as bidding him sit down by her, she began to lend an Ear unto what he would say.

It grieves me to the Soul, Madam (said he unto her) that what I have now to tell you, is of the most dismal consequence imaginable; but it doth so much concern you to know it, as I am fully resolved not to conceal it, that the discovery makes me ashamed. But before I explain this sad *Enigma* unto you, I beseech you give me leave to conjure you into a beleef, that I aim at no other advantage in all I shall tell you, but in preserving the life of the most fair and vertuous person in the World, in preserving yours.

Alas Generous Prince (said she unto him and sighed) I know not whether that be any great service or no: But however, I am much obliged unto you; and therefore I beseech you impart what you have to say. I will not tell you, Madam (replied he) that if *Tarquin* were not my Brother, nor your Husband, that you should have heard of his death before you knew his Crime; for I hope you are better acquainted with that heart wherein you have long reigned, then to beleeve it capable of so much baseneſſe, as to let Crimes of that nature, go unrevenged an hour. But Madam, to hold you no longer in suspence, I beseech you read this Letter from from *Tullia* to *Tarquin*, and also this Letter from *Tarquin* to *Tullia*. You may perceive, Madam, that these two Letters were preceded by many others, which perhaps treated concerning your life and mine. After this, the Prince of *Ameriola* giving the Copies of the two Letters unto the Princesse, she took them, and opening that of *Tullia's* first, she read these words.

Tullia unto the most Generous and most Ambitious Prince upon Earth.

SIR,

I Have told you a hundred times, that if you will Reign in my heart, you must make me Reign in Rome. *For as you would have me sacrifice all things unto your Love, so you must sacrifice all unto my Ambition: Not but that I know this Passion is as much in your Heart, as in mine, and that you love me more, as I am Ambitious, then as I am Fair: But yet me thinks you are a little too slow in your businesse. Make haste therefore and presently fix upon the day destinied for our Liberty: And beleeve it, that it cannot be sooner than I desire, and that I have me a greater desire to see you Master of* Rome, *than to see my self absolute Mistresse of your Heart. Be quick therefore, and sacrifice those two victimes, which must render both Love and Fortune equally propitious, and be assured, that for my part, I shall not fail in any thing which I have promised.*

Whileſt this Letter was reading, the Princesse changed colour above twenty times; and after she had attentively read it over again, she shut it up, and restored it back unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, who told all at night, unto him, who told it unto me. Then lifting up her eyes, and taking the other Letter, Oh! ye just Gods (said she) is it possible that my Sister should be so abhominably wicked? Afterwards opening *Tarquins* answer, she found thus.

Tarquin

Tarquin unto the Fair *Tullia*.

YES my dearest, and most Ambitious Tullia, *I shall ere long do all things requisite to make you Reign in* Rome, *that I may Reign in your heart: And before the next Ides be over, we shall be free, and in a condition to subject all others. Mean time, appoint you the day which you have designed for the sacrificing of those two victimes, which will secure our rest, for all things are ready for it. Adieu, be still your self, I conjure you, that is, incapable of any weakness, of any scruple, and of any repentance.*

Well Madam (said the Prince of *Ameriola* unto the Princesse after she had done reading the Letters) what do you think upon these two Letters? and what is to be done for the avoiding of those mis-fortunes which threaten us? for you may plainly see, that you and I, are the two Victims that must be offered, and who must set *Tarquin* and *Tullia* at Liberty. They cannot mean the King and the Queen, since if they were dead, they cannot be in their places, nor yet free; therefore I must conclude they mean both you and me. Since *Tarquin* is your Husband, and *Tullia* your Sister, I will not make my self a judge of their Crime, though *Tullia* be the most perfidious Wife in the World, and though *Tarquin* be the most wicked and ungratefull Brother upon Earth. Speak therefore Madam, I conjure you, and consider that it concerns your Life, as for my own intereſt, I do not value it; and if there were a way to save your life by exposing mine unto a thousand dangers, I would be sure to take it; and the truth is, since I must never injoy you Madam, death is as welcome to me as life, and I cannot die with more glory, then in dying to do you service. Speak therefore Madam, and speak quickly; for minutes are precious upon such an important occasion. Alas, Generous Prince (replied she) what would you have me say, or what can I say in this trouble, that I am in; for I am so affrighted at the Crimes of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, that did I not know you to be most sincere and generous, I could hardly beleeve what I see. How is it possible I should think the hearts of two persons so illustriously born can be capable of such black, wicked, and horrid thoughts? how is it possible Love should inspire them with designs of such a Nature? which way can Love (I say subsist with such a turbulent Passion as Ambition? who can beleeve that a Daughter of *Servius Tullus*, that is the most vertuous Prince in the World, should ever offer to pull her father from his Throne, and murther both her Sister and her Husband? how can the brother of the Prince of *Ameriola* ever contrive his death and mine? Alas, Madam (replied this grieved Prince) 'tis not now a time to consider how things are possible; but to consider how we should preserve your life. It is so hard a mater to find out harmlesse remedies (replied she) that I think the best way is to seek for none, but resolve to die. Oh! Madam (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) I am never able to consent unto your ruine; and if you do not find out some way to save your life, I will rather go presently and Poniard my Brother and my Wife; then hazard the seeing of you die by the cruelty of two persons who are so nearly related unto me. But Madam, there are examples of marriages being broken off; one of our most famous Citizens have authorized what I say; and if ever it were expedient to separate two persons whom Marriage hath united, it is most fitting to separate you from *Tarquin*, and me from *Tullia*: And therefore, Madam, if you please, we will take one of these two courses; either tell the King your Father all we know, to the end that by his Regal Authority he may break off your marriage and mine, and banish *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; or else without making any great noise of the matter which cannot help us, because the King is very slow in his resolutions, let us steal away from the violences of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; your marriage and mine may be broken as well when we are not here, as when we are: We have no reason to mistrust the Gods; and we have our own virtues to guard and comfort us against the cruelties and calumnies of men, if you will but be pleased to flie unto some safe Sanctuary. And to testifie unto you, Madam, how pure and un-intereſted my Love is, if

you

you think it not permittable I should be your Husband since you have been my Brothers Wife; I am contented to be with you as a Brother, who would protect and defend you as his Sister, and never pretend any further. Thus without shedding the bloud of an inhumane Brother and an unjust Wife, and without your consenting unto the Ruine of an Ambitious Husband and cruel Sister, we may sit safe in some Sanctuary where their cruelty cannot reach us; we may be there in security, and live happily, if you will hold me but in the degree of friendship; for I do find my Love so subjected unto my reason and your vertue, as it will never move me unto any thing that will anger you, nor say any thing that wil displease you. Consent therefore, Madam, I beseech you unto this happy exile, if you will not consent unto the ruine of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*. No, no, Generous Prince (said she unto him) I will neither consent unto the one nor the other. For if I should go as you propound, doubtlesse I might save my life; but since I cannot do it and save my reputation also, I must not entertain the least thought of it: For what Calumnies will not the unjust *Tarquin* aspersе upon me? and what scandal will not the cruell *Tullia* belch out against me? Pardon me, Madam, I beseech you, replied the Prince of *Ameriola*, if my zeal to your service will never suffer them to ruine you. To take the *medium* between these two extreams (replied she) we must indeavour to let the King my Father, see one of those Letters, either that from *Tarquin* to *Tullia*, or that from *Tullia* to *Tarquin*; to the end that by his Prudence and Authority, he may shroud us from these two dangerous persons. Perhaps he wil think it convenient to put me in some place of safety for a while, upon some pretence which he will invent, and will command you to travell into some Country untill such time as reason hath wrought upon the spirits of our enemies; or else he will find out some other way to secure us.

But, Madam (replied this Prince) whilest you are contriving ways how to let the King see these Letters, you may Perish; and not to deceive you, I beseech you do not think, that as things stand I am able to be far from you: And therefore, Madam, if you do not approve of either of these waies which I propose, you must let me go this very hour unto the King your Father, and impart all I know unto him; and I advise you that under some pretence or other, you do not eat at your own house, nor lie there; for I cannot tell whether it be by poyson or sword, that the inhumane *Tarquin* and the cruel *Tullia* would have us perish. But if you should go unto the King (replied she) and are not able to prove what you inform, you wil thereby make such a noise as perhaps will forward our deaths, in lieu of preventing them. And therefore, if you wil be advised by me, have a little patience: Perhaps those who desired our deaths have repented, and since the Slave who useth to carry their Letters is for you; since you have a Seal like unto theirs, and since you can see all they write, we are yet in safety. For *Tarquin* would know from *Tullia*, the day which she will design for our deaths; so as when you see that, then let us take heed unto our selves; and since it is lawfull for any to defend their own lives, I give you leave to use all your endeavours to save ours; but I will never allow of any violent remedies; for I had rather die for want of prudence, and by excesse of goodnesse, then to ruine others by too much unjust precipitation. But, Madam (replied he) can it be any injustice to prevent ones death? However (replied she) Death is not so terrible to me, that to avoid it people should say, I ruined my husband; and I had much rather that *Tarquin* should be eternally branded with my death, than I should be suspected to contribute unto his. And Generous Prince (said she and blusht) since my heart tells me, that it hath a tender share of friendship for you, I ought to be more circumspect than otherwise I should; and it is fit I conjure you to be gone, lest this long conference, (should it be known unto our enemies) should give them a colour to hasten their wicked designs into execution. However, I conjure you to take a care of your self, for it would grieve my soul to hear that I should have a Sister who was the cause of your death. Oh! Madam (replied the Prince) I beseech you never think of me; but think how to prevent I may never hear the dismal news that a Brother of mine hath been your death. After this, aboundance of tender expressions, passed between these two vertuous persons; never proceeded so many heroick, so many passionate, and so manly

innocent

innocent thoughts from any two upon earth, as from them; they reſolved at parting to communicate unto each other what they diſcovered: After which, the Prince of *Ameriola* went unto the King, in ſuch a profound melancholly as it was impoſſible for him to hide it, and it was obſerved by all the People, and the King himſelf. As for the Princeſſe, as ſoon as the Prince of *Ameriola* was gone, ſhe went unto her prayers, and prayed both for *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; and in lieu of praying for their ruine to hinder her own, ſhe onely prayed they might repent. But whileſt the Prince of *Ameriola* had been with the Princeſſe, it happpened unluckily, that *Tarquin* who was gone to Hunt, returned ſooner then he intended; and in lieu of going to his own houſe he went unto *Tullia's*, who kept her Chamber that day: The reaſon of his ſo ſuddden return was, that reſting himſelf under a Tree whileſt they were mending his Bridle, which was broken by riding through a thick Wood, he began to read over *Tullia's* Letter unto him; and in reading of it in the open light, he plainly diſcovered that it had been opened, and that there was ſome ſmall difference between his Seal, and that wherewith it was ſealed. So as being naturally ſuſpicious and violent, he made no queſtion, but that it was either the Prince of *Ameriola* or the Princeſſe who had opened it. And judging others by himſelf, he feared being prevented, if a remedy were not immediately applied. But leſt the buſineſſe he was about ſhould be too much noted, he ſeemed as if he intended to hunt out the day; as ſoon as his Bridle was mended he got on Horſe-back, and upon the firſt handſome opportunity, he ſtole away, and came with all ſpeed to *Rome*. In lieu of going home, he went as I told you to *Tullia*, where he heard, that the Prince his Brother, was with the Princeſſe his Wife. So as according to his natural impetuoſity, his thoughts ran upon nothing elſe but what Poiſon he ſhould chuſe to give them. With theſe thoughts he entred into *Tullia's* Chamber; he told her that his laſt Letter had been opened, and deſired her to look whether hers had been ſo alſo; and indeed this cruel woman with *Tarquin* looking upon it, they plainly ſaw that it had been ſealed with a counterfeit Seal; which no ſooner ſpied, but *Tullia* ſpeaking firſt, well (ſaid ſhe) had I not good reaſon to ſay that you were too ſlow in your courſes, and that you muſt make all haſt poſſible to remove all theſe obſtacles which hinder our happineſſe? Yes my dear *Tullia* (ſaid he unto her) you are in the right, and I am in the wrong; but to make amends I will make the more haſt, and therefore without any more delay, theſe two perſons who hinder our happineſſe muſt be poiſoned this very day. It hath been ſo long reſolved upon, and their ruine is ſo requiſite unto our reſt, and unto the Grandure of *Rome*, as it is injuſtice to defer the execution any longer. Make ſure work on your ſide, as I will on mine; be not ſo ſimply weak as to repent, and be ſure your eyes do not betray the ſecret of your Soul: Look unto your ſelf (replied the wicked and violent *Tullia*) be ſure the fair eyes of your Wife do not change your heart: Never think upon either Gods, or Men, or Laws; but think onely upon the Crown which you aim at: Remember how *Romulus* got the Crown by the death of his Brother, and that by this death the people will rank you among the Gods. Conſider how thoſe who make a long War to get a Crown, do ſacrifice many more victimes then you ſhall; and above all conſider, that *Tullia* will be yours, as ſoon as the enemies of our happineſſe are dead. For Generous *Artemidorus*, you muſt know, that though *Tullia* was not capable of any ſcruple, nor any religion, nor any virtue, yet ſhe would never let *Tarquin* injoy her, untill he was in a condition to marry her; for her fears were, that if he ſhould ſatisfie his Love, he would not be ſo diligent to ſatisfie her Ambition: And therefore deſiring that the paſſion of this Prince, might help on her Ambitious deſigns, ſhe was very reſerved in that point, though ſhe expreſſed as much affection to him, as he to her.

Mean time you muſt know, that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* having both of them impetuous ſpirits, and ſhrill voices, and their ſouls being wholly taken up with the grand Crimes which they were to commit, they were not ſo cautious, but a woman over heard them; one who had been brought up with the Princeſſes, and waited upon *Tullia* in particular, onely ſince ſhe was married, ſhe heard this diſmal diſcourſe; and plainly underſtood how *Tarquin* told *Tullia* at parting, that he would ſend her the

Poyſon

Poyſon as ſoon as he came home; inſomuch as this Woman who loved the Princeſs, and had ſome goodneſs in her, ſhe had ſo much horrour againſt the crime of her Miſtreſſe, as being deſirous to prevent the death of theſe two innocent perſons, whoſe ſentence of death ſhe heard pronounced, ſhe went unto her Chamber, where ſhe writ two notes, the one to give to the Prince of *Ameriola* when ſhe ſaw him, and the other to ſend unto the Princeſs. But ſince ſome time was taken up in writing, and ſome in ſeeking out for a Slave truſty enough to carry a note of that conſequence unto the Princeſs, her good intentions took no good effect, for you muſt know, that *Tarquin* after he had been a while with the King, becauſe he heard the Prince of *Ameriola* was there, and after he had obſerved that melancholly in his eyes which every one ſaw, he went home in all haſt to ſend poyſon unto *Tullia*, and to give it unto his wife. But as ill fortune was for that vertuous Princeſs, this Tyrant came in before ſhe was acquainted with the conference of *Tullia* and him; and he came in ſo juſt in the nick to hinder her, as the Slave (who had the note which would have ſaved her life had ſhe received it) was ſpeaking unto one of her women in the Anti-Chamber, as he came in. He offered to take the note from him, the Slave refuſed to give it, ſaying he was to deliver it unto none but the Princeſs; but *Tarquin* being naturally ſuſpicious, and thinking he was intereſted in all manner of whiſpers, he took it from him, and ſaid he would take upon him to deliver it; you may well imagine that the Slave and the Woman were much ſurprized.

Yet *Tarquin* was ſo terrible unto all that knew him, as that they durſt not murmur, though they were extreamly troubled; for the Slave knew the note was of ſome great concernment, becauſe he had ſuch a charge with it, and the woman thought ſo as well as he, ſeeing the obſtinacy of the Slave to part with it unto any but the Princeſs. However, they muſt be patient; the Slave went away, and the woman went into the Chamber of her Miſtreſs, whileſt *Tarquin* was reading of the note, where he found what he imagined; ſo as ſeeing that if the buſineſs were not quickly diſpatched, it would be difficult to effect, he preſently ſent away the poyſon to *Tullia*; after which he went into the Chamber of the Princeſs, who was not a little troubled, for the woman had told her what *Tarquin* had done. So as ſince the Prince of *Ameriola* and ſhe had agreed to advertiſe each other of all they heard, ſhe beleived, knowing this Slave who brought the note was his, that it was this Prince who had written unto her. So as being extreamly jealous of her glory, and valuing it above all things elſe, ſhe feared leſt this note ſhould induce *Tarquin* to think that ſhe held ſome criminal correſpondency with his Brother. But ſhe reſted not long in thoſe fears, for this cruel *Tarquin* intending to delude her, and judging by the ſorrow he ſaw in her eyes, that ſhe knew more then ſhe ſpoke, he went unto her with more freeneſs of ſpirit than uſual. And to execute the violence which he had uſed in taking away the note from him that would have given it unto her, he told her with a laugh, that he would have her gueſs from whom it came, and what it concerned, adding that if ſhe could not gueſs right, ſhe ſhould not have it untill the morning: The Princeſs ſeeing him ſo pleaſant, ſuffered her ſelf to be deceived, not but that ſhe knew *Tarquin* could diſſemble as well as any man living; but as commonly perſons that are highly vertuous can hardly beleive that any can be extreamly wicked, ſo ſhe thought the note to be of no great importance; and ſhe thought moreover, that the Prince of *Ameriola* and ſhe had given too bad an interpretation upon the Letters; or elſe that ſurely *Tarquin* had repented. So as ſetting the beſt ſide outward, ſhe indeavoured to gueſs from whom this note ſhould come, which he would not ſhew unto her though ſhe knew not who to name, for ſhe would not mention the Prince his Brother, and *Tullia* was not uſed to write unto her. But after this forced mirth had laſted a while, ſupper was ready; and *Tarquin* that he might have the ſatisfaction to ſee her take the poyſon, he would ſup with her. I have heard a man ſay, who ſaw her that night, that though ſhe was melancholly, yet ſhe never in her life looked fairer; and he aſſured me, that *Tarquin* himſelf was a little troubled, and that when ſhe called for drink, and he knew it to be the poyſon, which he had prepared, he changed colour. But when he found that the ſight of ſo great a Beauty did mollifie his heart, this cruel man turned away his head; that he

might not see her drink the poyson: And indeed, he talked unto one of his servant whilest she took it: after which, glorying that he had surmounted the weakne and foolish Qualm of his heart, he was so impudently inhumane as to look upon her as before, and so cruel as to jeast several times with her during this fatal repast. Bu to the end, that the poyson might have the more leisure to work its effect, h seemed to have some private business to communicate unto her; so as carrying her in to his Closet, he obliged her to be there near two hours, though she began to find he self ill within half an hour after she entered; for the man of whom he had the poy son, assured him, that if no Antidote was applied within one hour after the taking all remedies after would be in vain, and the party would certainly dye. So as thoug this fair and vertuous Princess did complain at first of her being ill, yet this Tyge *Tarquin* did keep her there, telling her it was nothing; and talking to her of diver things which he intended to tell the King. But at last, after he thought the poyson hac wrought its effects, he seeming very busie in helping her, he would be alwayes by her, lest if she should suspect the cause of her death, she should not discover any thing unto the by-standers. Thus this admirable person did, so her Murtherer seemed to interest himself in the pain which she indured. And indeed when she went out of the Closet, her women seeing a mortal paileness in her face, did perswade her to go to Bed: But she answered very mildly, that ere long they should carry her to her Grave. And as they were very earnest to send for the *Kings Physitians*; I pray do, (said she) see they bring intentions with them to make me die more easily; for to cure me (added she and sighed) they cannot, nor do I desire they should. Mean while amidst all the hatred which she might well have aginst her Husband and her Sister, and notwithstanding the Love she bore unto the *Prince of Ameriola*, yet she used not one sharp word against those who killed her, nor one sweet expression of him whom she tenderly loved; but she whispered one in the Ear, whom she trusted with all the secrets of her life, and commanded her to tell that unfortunate Prince, that she desired him not to revenge her death, but to preserve her memory: After which she asked twice to see the King and Queen; but though *Tarquin* said he had sent unto them, yet she never saw them, because he hindred any from going, saying it was too late of the night, and that he hoped the *Princess* would pass it over; and that she her self would be sorry they should obey her. The *Princess* having a great Soul knew very well she asked in vain, nor was she very earnest upon it, but lifting up her eyes unto Heaven, let me die then (said she with a deep sigh) in hopes long to stand in need of no consolation. After this her pain increased, and she grew very weak; but when the *Physitians* came, they did a little revive her, but they hoped never the more for that, but on the contrary they said they could not save her; and in saying so one might have seen by their eyes, that they durst not tell the cause of her death, and that they imagined *Tarquin* would not have them to tell it, but they spoke in ambiguous terms, enough to make it known. Mean while this cruel Murtherer stood by still; and he had so much dissembling inhumanity as to feel the pulse of this deplorable *Princess*, that he might guess how long she had to live: So as this excellent person did in a languishing manner pull back her Arm, and being out of all patience, turned towards *Tarquin* with a languor able to inspire compassion into cruelty it self; I aske you pardon, Sir (said she unto him and blusht) for being so long a dying, but it is not my fault (said she, and turned another way) for I took all the poyson that was given me, and never looked for any remedy; yet these words were not heard by any but *Tarquin*, and that Lady who knew all the secrets of this deplorable Ladeis heart. But she was so full of sorrow as she could not speak, and *Tarquin* who was as bold as wicked, beginning to speak, he said she began to sound, and that she would never recover out of it. And indeed, losing her speech, a little after, she fell into a Trance which lasted four or five hours. But as soon as *Tarquin* saw her sounded, and thinking she would never speak again, he sent to acquaint the King and Queen, who coming in all hast, were extreamly grieved to find the *Princess* in that condition; yet they never thought her to be poysoned, nor of any thing else but remedies, but all in vain, for she died some two hours after the Sun was up:

Afterwards,

Afterwards, the unjuſt *Tarquin* bethought himſelf how to render her all imaginable honours after her death. But whileſt this inhumane Butcher was ſacrificing this fair Princeſſe unto his Love and Ambition, the cruell *Tullia* was offering the ſame ſad ſacrifice that he was, and as ſoon as the Prince of *Ameriola* was returned home, and according to his Cuſtome went into a Bath, he began to find himſelf ill; for *Tarquin* had made up his Doſe of ſuch a Compoſition, as when *Tullia* had put it into the Bathe, the very vapour of it did ſtifle him, and took away the uſe of his reaſon as ſoon as he was in.

The two Servants who waited upon him, being privy unto *Tullia's* Conſpiracy, they had Antidotes to keep this vapour from hurting them; and *Tullia* had cunningly ſent away all others, that were not of the Confederacy: But after this Poyſon had wrought its effect, and the Prince in that condition, the cruel *Tullia* her ſelf took him out of the Bathe, and put him into Bed, cauſing thoſe who were of this horrid Plot, to ſay that he deſired to ſleep, and had forbidden any to enter into the Chamber. She her ſelf ſeeing he did not die ſo ſoon as ſhe deſired, ſhe would not go to Bed that night, and going often into the Chamber of this unhappy Prince, her impatience was ſuch as ſhe cauſed him to be ſtrangled with two of her hand-kerchers tied together, to the end there might be no ſigns of a violent death, and that it might ſeem he was choaked by a Fluction of Humours. However it was, this Prince died the ſame night with the Princeſſe whom he loved, which made ſo great a noiſe in *Rome*, that nothing elſe was talked of. Yet *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were ſo terrible unto all the World, that people durſt onely whiſper what they thought concerning the ſudden death of theſe two, both at one time, though none called the cauſe of their death, by the name of any diſeaſe: Theſe moſt cruel and inhumane Barbarians, did well enough foreſee, that cauſing them to die ſo both at one time, people would think as they did; but they foreſaw more danger to themſelves, in cauſing them to die at ſeveral times; for if the Princeſs had ſurvived the Prince of *Ameriola*, ſhe would have told the King her father what ſhe knew concerning his death: And *Tullia* would not Poyſon her Husband, untill ſhe was ſure that *Tarquin* would Poyſon his Wife; leſt after he was rid of him who might diſpute with him about the Crown, he ſhould not go on in his buſineſſe. *Tarquin* for his part would not poiſon his Wife, had he not been ſure of his Brothers death; for he was ſure that if his Brother ſurvived the Princeſſe, he would revenge her death, ſo as ſeeing much leſſe danger in the mutterings of the people, they reſolved to commit theſe two horrid Crimes both at once, with as much boldneſſe as cruelty.

And as *Tarquin* did render all imaginable honours unto the Princeſſe, as ſoon as ſhe was dead; ſo did *Tullia* unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, as ſoon as he was expired. This cruell perſon had the impudence to go and comfort *Tarquin* after the death of his Wife: And *Tarquin* alſo ſent this Complement unto her, that he was more ſorry for the Prince of *Ameriola's* death as he was her Husband, than as his Brother. All this while, the wiſe and prudent *Servius Tullus* was ſtrangely amazed; for though at the firſt, he did not ſuſpect that the Princeſſe his Daughter was poyſoned; yet he was of another mind after the Prince of *Ameriola's* death, and knew that *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, were they who ſent them into another World, which grieved this good King to the very heart: Theſe two virtuous Perſons who were dead, were extreamly dear unto him, and their deaths ſtruck deep into his ſorrowfull Soul; *Tarquin* and *Tullia* after this horrid Crime were a horrour unto him, but they were a terrour alſo; and he feared the ſame treatment to himſelf, which he ſaw uſed unto others. Yet this Conſideration had not kept him from publiſhing his reſentment, had not a reaſon of honour reſtrained him. For (ſaid he unto one whom he truſted with all the ſecrets of his heart, why ſhould ſtain my own glory, by accuſing my own Daughter, for poyſoning her Husband and her Siſter? Why ſhould I accuſe my ſon in Law for murthering his Wife and his Brother? When I have accuſed theſe two perſons, can I prove their Crime, or am I aſſured that I can puniſh them? for it is likely that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* would never have attempted a thing of this nature, unleſſe they were ſure of ſome great party in the Senate? Beſides, I know no further then by conjectures; and ſay

I had a certain knowledge, it is hard for a father to punish his own Children, unleſſe they be obliged unto it, for conſpiring againſt the Senate; for in that caſe the generall intereſt ought to be preferred before the particular, and ones Country before Nature. But this is onely to be revenged for the death of a Daughter, and a Son in law, *Rome* hath no intereſt in the buſineſſe, or if it have it is in a different manner: For I conceive it is a ſhame unto all Romans to have a King that ſhall convict his Son in Law for poyſoning his Wife, and that ſhall convict his own daughter for poyſoning her Husband. I conceive it better to diſſemble it, and to look upon *Tarquin* and *Tullia* as innocent. This certainly is the beſt, and moſt ſafe way for my ſelf, and certainly the moſt advantagious unto *Rome*; for unleſſe I ſhould Poyſon *Tarquin* and *Tullia* as they have others, they will raiſe a Rebellion in the City, which may hazard my Crown, and therefore it is the beſt way to diſſemble my reſentments. You may imagine, Sir, that the man unto whom he ſpoke, did not contradict what *Tullus* ſaid; for beſides the ſtrength of reaſon which was in what was ſaid, it had been a hard tale, to tell a Father that he ought to put a Daughter and a Son in Law to death; knowing well that there was no middle way to take, and the baniſhment of ſuch perſons was not enough. So as this being the reſolution, the King did diſſemble the matter ſo well, that all the World were conſtrained to diſſemble with him, and ſeem as if there was not any ſuſpicion either of *Tarquin* or *Tully*, for cauſing the deaths of that illuſtrious Prince and Princeſſe. But, Sir, not to relate what diſcourſes *Tarquin* and *Tullia* had, nor what kind of Love this was, which was begun by the impoyſoning of ſo great a Prince and ſo great a Princeſſe. Give me leave onely to tell you, that as ſoon as the time of mourning was paſt, which amongſt us laſts ten months, *Tarquin* did marry *Tullia*, and *Tullus* could not hinder it.

Not but that this marriage appeared moſt horrid and execrable unto him, as oft as he conſidered that *Tarquin* poyſoned his Wife purpoſely to marry *Tullia*, and *Tullia* poyſoned her Husband onely to marry *Tarquin*; but *Tullus* having begun to diſſemble and cover their Crimes, ſo he would continue it. Alſo ſince it was extreamly expedient for him to unite the family of the *Tarquins* with his own. Policy allowed of that which vertue and juſtice would not, ſo as ſuting himſelf to the times, this abhominable marriage was made up with all magnificence: For the King knew very wel, that *Tarquin* as wicked as he was, had gotten much credit in the Senate and minds of the People: Not but that, as I ſaid before, the Crimes of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were moſt horrid in the eyes of all the World; yet the people being inconſtant, changing every minute, and equally forgetting both virtues and vices, the memory of this curſed act, did inſenſibly wear out, as if the people of *Rome* had quite forgot it. For you muſt know, that ſince the death of the Prince of *Ameriola* and the Princeſſe, *Tarquin* ſeeing himſelf a ſtep nearer the Crown, and deſiring all might be forgotten, he became that out of Policy, which naturally he was not, for he grew exceedingly civil, and was more forward to ſalute the common people, than perſons of quality; he alwaies went through the moſt popular ſtreets, purpoſely to meet with more occaſions of ſhewing his civility unto thoſe, from whom he expected one day a Crown. Moreover, he would very earneſtly intereſt himſelf in private buſineſſe; he would needs be the onely *Pacificus*, and taker up of all Quarrels; he would be the Arbitrator and ender of all differences; he divided thoſe whom he thought might prejudice him, and united all ſuch as he conceived fit for his ſervice; he lent money unto ſome; he gave mony unto others; his Gates were open to al commers; he itched to ſerve ſuch as he called his friends, and was infinitely zealous to do al good Offices: Again, he would ſute himſelf moſt admirably wel unto the humours of any when he was in private with them: And unto ſuch as were religiouſly devoted he would ſeem religious, even to a very ſcruple; he was a very Libertine with the Libertines; he would ſcoff both at the Gods of the Grecians, and the Gods of the Romans. He was voluptuous with thoſe that were ſo, and he was a Philoſopher when he met with men of that profeſſion. Yet I have heard ſay, that for all theſe various forms into which he would tranſ-form himſelf. he was ſtill *Tarquin*, and when he would be the moſt ſweet and courteous, he had ſtill a ſullen, gloomy, and fierce look: But for all that the people looking more upon

on his Civilities than his Physiognomy, he deceived them; and this most abhominable *Targuin* did get great credit, under the Reign of the most virtuous King on earth. As for *Tullia*, it was not so with her, for her spirit was not able to vary into so many several shapes as *Targuin* was. But on the contrary, she thought her self above all she saw, that all the world was her Vassals, and that she owed not observance unto any; that Fortune owed her a Crown, and that she needed not to indeavour the pleasing of any, or getting their Loves. She did extreamly slight all Women, and would not admit of any Conversation, but men. As for her reputation she did not care for any; and when any told her that if she carried her self as she did, unto all the Ladies who did visit her, she would procure their hatred; she would then return answer, that so she could make her self feared, she cared not for being loved. And indeed, she never used any of those trivial obligements, which Custome hath established as a Law among Ladies. Not but that she loved to be commended, though she said she did not care for it, but she could not indure to commend or flatter any: And indeed, she was never commended or flattered by any, but out of fear; and certainly they had great reason to fear her, for her actions were all violences, and she was terrible to all the world.

It happened once that she put a most horrible affront upon the Wife of a Prime Senatour, who being of a high and sensible spirit, could not chuse but complain as soon as she was out of that Princesses Chamber. For meeting with one of her intimate friends, she no sooner saw him, but beginning to speak: Good friend (said she) rejoice with me, for being delivered during all my life from one of the most scurvy visits in the World; for I am fully resolved never again to go unto the Princesse *Tullia*, no not though she should become Queen. She is so accustomed to be uncivil (replied her friend) that you need not wonder at her; but I am so little accustomed to suffer incivilities (replied this incensed Lady) as I cannot indure them. But do you know one (added her friend) that ever went unto *Tullia*, who received no affront from her? and do you think it is a shame for you to indure what all others do? I think (replied she half angry) that such as do endure them are people of poor and base hearts, and that I am sure mine is none such. If I could not live unlesse I went unto *Tullia*, were I born her Slave, or at least, did my fortune depend upon her; were I sure she would do some great matters for me, then perhaps it might be said, I was too delicate and nice, and that I were too blame if I did not go unto her: But since none of these things are so, for I can live and never visit a Princesse who is void of virtue, I am none of *Tullia's* Slave; my fortune depends not upon her, nor will she ever do any thing for me, and therefore my best and shortest course is never to come at her; for I am not troubled with the disease of those Ladies, who when they have been with *Tullia* on one of those days, when she did not treat them very ill, can go all the rest of the day from house to house, bragging, whether to the purpose or no, that they were to see her, and that she spoke to them. And I remember one whose whole discourse was of that nature, and who had such an art of bringing in all she had to say, to make it beleeved she was high in *Tullia's* favour, as I wondred how she could link her discourse so together. For at every word, I came from the Princesse, the Princesse told me, I spoke of that businesse unto the Princesse, the Princesse took me unto the window to talk with me in private, the Princesse made me promise her to come again to morrow; and the Princesse did at every word so fill up her discourse; as if that word had been taken away all the rest had been non-sence. However she was very well pleased with her self, and thought her self very happy. But I who cannot pay any open respect unto any who are not virtuous; or such as affect incivilities, I will never visit any but such as receive me as I conceive they are obliged to do. And this is my way of behaviour, when I am amongst my inferiours, I am as carefull as I can to use my Civilities unto them; when I am amongst my equals I use to measure my Civilities with theirs, and I care not how they carry themselves to me. so there be no strangers in the Company, though I conceive that familiarity and affability, never ought to banish Civility; but when I am in the company of women whom fortune hath set above me: I am very circumspect

ſpect, and have an eye upon their very looks, I cannot indure to be Brow-beaten, and if thoſe of that quality be not civil, they have naughty hearts, and ill wits; for as the world goes it is ſo eaſie a matter for them to oblige every one that ſees them, or if they do not, it muſt be concluded they have no wit, or elſe ſo fooliſhly proud, that they think all their inferiours not conſiderable. And I do openly declare, that I would not be *Tullia* with all her Grandure upon a condition to have all her ill inclinations. This Lady being in the heat of her anger, did not take any notice, that ſhe ſpoke before ſome people who were not obliged to be faithfull unto her: And indeed, this diſcourſe being reported unto the furious *Tullia*, ſhe threatned her in ſuch a terrible manner, as the Lady was glad to go out of *Rome*, purpoſely to avoid an ill turn. However, the ſecrets of the Gods being inſcrutable, the marriage of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, as abhominable as it was, ſeemed to be Concordant to their Wills, for all things proſpered according to their very wiſh: *Tullia* had three Sons and a Daughter; abundance was in their houſe, *Tarquin* and ſhe were never ſick, and every thing proſpered unto them; *Tarquin* did ſignalize himſelf by his courage upon ſeveral occaſions in War; and one would have thought that the great Governour of the World had forgotten their Crimes, ſo happy did they ſeem in every thing, and yet it was but a ſeeming happineſſe; for becauſe they were not upon the Throne, and *Tullus* lived longer then they would have him, they thought themſelves very miſerable. And indeed *Tarquin* from the very firſt day of marriage with *Tullia*, never durſt attempt any thing againſt his father in laws life; but rather indeavoured to make the people forget that Crime which he was accuſed of, and get a ſtrong Party in the Senate. But the moſt cruell *Tullia* being of a more impetuous temper, and having leſſe prudence in her Ambition then he, ſhe thought the way which *Tarquin* took to aſcend the Throne to be too long; and that if he would have his deſign to proſper, he muſt take a nearer cut. She would have been glad if her Father would have been ſo good natured as to have given over the Government into *Tarquins* hands; But ſhe ſaw, quite contrary, that this vertuous King did not intend he ſhould Reign; and that if he did part from his Royal Power, as ſome reports went, yet he intended it ſhould be upon conditions, that he ſhould not be King: So as not ſeeing in *Tarquin* all thoſe virtues that were requiſite to be in a good Prince, he kept the Royal Power in his hands, and uſed it with ſuch moderation as deſerved to be a Pattern for all the Kings upon earth.

But as it is very hard for Kings to hide their thoughts, ſo *Tullia* quickly diſcovered that the King her Father did not intend to put the Crown upon her Head: So as being in a mighty rage, ſhe made it reflect upon her Husband, who did not act according to her mind in the ſpeedy compaſſing of her deſired ends; and not being able any longer to diſſemble the thoughts of her heart, ſhe began to look upon *Tarquin* with eyes full of extraordinary fury. And this Prince being of his own nature very ſenſible, he asked her from whence this alteration in her humour did proceed? It proceeds (ſaid ſhe) from your tame ſitting ſtill, and from your putting your ſelf into ſuch a ſtate, as you ſhall never be able to remove; for truly *Tarquin* to be plain with you, I did not conſent unto the death of my Siſter, nor Poyſon my Husband to become the Wife of a bare Citizen of *Rome*; for the Daughter of *Tullus* needed not to imploy ſuch violent means to find a Husband of that quality, but I thought to find in you a Prince worthy to wear a Crown, and one that would do all things neceſſary to get it. Know then that if your thoughts be high, you will remember that you are of the Blood of the firſt *Tarquin*; you wil aſpire to ſit in his Seat, and out of an heroick impatiency of Reigning, you wil force *Tullus* to ſurrender his ſeat unto you, and will ot tarry till death drive him out, or till old age make the Scepter to drop out of his hand. Know, I ſay, that if you do this day, begin to make the firſt ſtep up the Throne, if you do it with a firm reſolution never to retreat, but go on, and either die or Reign; and if you will do all I bid you, then I wil hold you for my Husband and my King. But know withal, that if your thoughts go leſſe I wil hold you for my Slave; for my Slave that is Criminal; for *Tarquin* I muſt repute thoſe culpable, who commit Crimes to no purpoſe: And therefore I conclude, that if we do not ſit upon the Throne, we

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deserve to be reproached with the death of those two persons, whom we sacrificed unto our Love, and our Ambition; but on the contrary, all Crimes will be blotted out, when they are followed with happy success. Make haste then *Tarquin*, and keep the promise which you have made when you marry me; you are in so fair a way, that I wonder you should go no faster. You came from *Corinth*, and are descended from *Tarquinia* to make your self King of a strange people, as the first of the *Tarquins* did; you are of a Royal Family, you see in every publick place, Statues erected unto the first of the *Tarquins*, you dwell in the same Pallace which he built, you see the same Throne which he did sit upon; you have the same heart, spirit, and ambition; you fear neither any thing above your head, nor about you; the authority of the Laws nor servile fear of imaginary Penalties do not affright you; you have friends in the Senate, and among the people, and if you had not been over prudent, you had been upon the Throne already; and if you should continue still upon this prejudicial Prudence, all that you have already done is to no purpose; what good will all your extraordinary civility, which you have used unto the most base and abject people do you? unto what end serves all your cringing complacency unto all the *Patricians*? Why have you lent out some monies, given others, and been unprofitably prodigal: will all your Ambition and turbulent pangs of Soul serve to no end? Truly *Tarquin*, if you will make no more haste, I will even advise you to return unto *Tarquinia* and *Corinth*, and to seek out for felicity, by some other way then by Ambition. But as for me, since *Tanaquil* who was a stranger, was so bold and happy as to dispose of Crowns, either in the person of her Husband or her Son in Law, I will see what I can do, and not stay till *Tullus* refer it to the Senate, who will not render it unto you; nor will I stay so long as till he dye, which perhaps will be a long time: Speak then *Tarquin* will you be a Slave, or will you be a King? In telling you that I will be worthy of you (replied he) methinks I tell you as much as needs; but to let you see that you accuse me wrongfully, I will discover unto you, those reasons which move me to defer the execution of so great a design. And indeed *Tarquin* told *Tullia* all his several plots, which he had in the Senate, and among the people, but say what he could to move her unto patience, and not to go precipitately to work, he was forced to promise her, to make more haste then well he could; for every minute seemed an age unto this Ambitious and cruel person, which was imployed in the advancement of her abominable design. However, she went unto the King, and asked and obtained favours for men unto whom she would not have done them, but upon conditions to serve her against that Prince who did them, whensoever she should need. Thus the vertuous King, did by his own benefits contribute to his own ruine; for not a day passed wherein *Tarquin* or *Tullia* did not obtain something from him for those whom they had ingaged in their wicked designs.

In the mean time *Tarquin* lived the most wretched life in the World, for he tasted neither night nor day; he had alwayes a hundred several matters in hand which tended all unto one end; for labouring to ingage all sorts of people in his design, he held all manner of correspondences, some men under pretence of eating at his Table came to confer with him, others whom he never saw but at the Temple, others also unto whose houses he went; and some in the Kings own Pallace, whom he treated with to ruine him: Moreover, scarce a night passed but he went out of his own house in a disguise, to confer with some of the Senators, who were of his intelligence; during which time it was given out that he was gone to Bed. Also he imployed the most sacred things to serve his abominable ends; for he ingaged some of the *Salian* Priests, and he made an under-hand proposition unto the Grand Vestal to enter into his interests, but she would not, though he promised to secure her from all danger. Mean while, the common opinion was, that he courted her to extinguish the sacred fire, to the end it might be said, that *Rome* was menaced with some great misfortune, and that this accident did signifie, the authority to be weak in the hands of so old a Prince as *Servius Tullus*; for he knowing very well the nature of the common people, he knew that matters of Religion make a deep impression in their spirits, and that a silly scruple aptly applyed to the multitude, will work more with them then all

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the ſolid reaſons in the World. Morever, though *Tarquin* was alwayes full of tumultuous buſineſs, though he ſcarely ever ſlept, though his mind was perpetually unquiet, and though he ſaw himſelf alwayes upon the very brink of a diſmal precipice, ſince if his deſign was once diſcovered he was utterly ruined; yet he was as healthy and as vigorous, as if he had injoyed the greateſt tranquility of any man alive. But for the better advancement of his deſign, he asked divers things of the King particularly concerning *Rome*, which were of ſuch a nature as neither ought nor could be granted, ſo as they were denied him, and he asked them purpoſely that he might have a pretence of murmuring againſt *Servius Tullus*; and at the ſame time that he began to complain, thoſe whom either he or *Tullia* had ſuborned began alſo to declaim againſt the government, and to belch out a thouſand bitter invectives againſt the beſt of Kings. And it is very obſervable, that *Servius Tullus*, who was the firſt of our Kings, who made mony, and brought in the uſe of it amongſt us, did thereby make the way of ſuborning thoſe whom *Tarquin* had need of, more eaſie: For thereby gifts might be given in private, and without a noiſe unperceived, which before could not be. Alſo *Tarquin* had ingaged abundance of all ſorts; there was not any Trade or Art, but he had ſome in it ready to do what he would; he had a party alſo working amang the very Slaves; ſo as it was eaſie for him to ſcatter what reports he pleaſed againſt the King, ſome ſaid therefore that he was but a Slave born of a Slave, who after the death of the firſt *Tarquin* had uſurped the Crown by the Artifice of a Woman, who got him made King without the ſuffrages of the people. Others told the Senators, that *Servius* ſmelling of the baſeneſs of birth, had taken the goods of all the rich Families, and divided them among the poor; others told the people, that the King had taken from them the nomination of all their principal officers, and beſtowed them upon the great ones, to the end they might oppreſs the weak: And others ſaid, that this Prince who had cauſed the particular eſtates of every one to be numbred, had done it only to know unto whom he ſhould addreſs himſelf, when he had a mind to undo his Subjects and inrich himſelf.

So as every one going the way of his own intereſt and cunning, diſperſing ſeveral reports amongſt the dull multitude (who are not able to diſcern juſtly, and who are alwayes apt to murmur againſt Authority, eſpecially againſt an old King) they were preſently perſwaded, that the moſt juſt Prince upon earth was Tyrannical. *Tarquin* and *Tullia* ſeeing ſo happy a beginning in their enterprize, they were beyond meaſure joyed; yet it was a joy not communicable unto others; for the diſcourſe at *Tullia's* houſe was only ſuch as were of the intrique. And I have heard ſay, that they would ſometimes paſs away a whole afternoon in nothing but whiſpers; for all that came thither had ſome ſecret or other to tell *Tullia*, or *Tullia* them.

But at laſt, the fatal *Punctо* of time deſtined for the ruine of *Servius Tullus*, and the Grandure of *Tarquin* being come, *Rome* wos a witneſs of the moſt horrid adventure, that ever happened in any place of the World. Be pleaſed to know, that this Ambitious Prince, having ordered all things for the execution of his barbarous deſign, and being fully reſolved to kill the King, he went that fatall day unto the Chamber of the Deviliſh *Tullia*, for he had paſſed away all the night in going from ſtreet to ſtreet in a diſguiſe, & from houſe to houſe, to make ſure of all thoſe who were of his damned Faction. He was no ſooner there, but that deteſtable Princeſs went to meet him with eyes full of joy; and ſpeaking firſt, courage *Tarquin* (ſaid ſhe unto him) you have but one ſtep now to make, before you are upon the Throne; aſcend it boldly, and render your ſelf worthy to be the Husband of *Tullia*, by an act ſo heroick: Leave tenderneſs, and pity, and ſuch puling qualities to the dull vulgar, and know that I permit you to ſacrifice all unto your Ambition, not excepting the King himſelf. Go then this very day, and with undanted reſolution, either aſcend the Throne, or deſcend into your grave; for as the caſe ſtands with you, there is no middle way to take. No, no, Generous *Tullia* (replied this Prince) you never need to fear I will ſtartle back, nor need you doubt the happy ſucceſs of my deſign, be aſſured you ſhall be a Queen before the Sun ſet, and you ſhall never ſee me again unleſs upon the Throne. After theſe expreſſions, this inhumane Prince left her, and

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went with a great number of armed men unto a place close by the great Theatre where all the publick Assemblies are held. But in going thither, the common Cryer who was gained by that Prince, did command all the Senators in a tumultuous manner to assemble themselves, and come before King *Tarquin*, to know his Will. Mean-time, you must know Sir, how that which the sooner advanced this Princes design was, that the first of the *Tarquins* had augmented the Senate unto a very great number; so as all the last addition of the Senators were of the second faction, and were much disposed unto a Revolt. And there was not one who did not obey the summons of the publick Cryer, and came to *Tarquin*.

Those of the ancient Senators who had been gained by him came, also the friends of *Servius* came likewise, some out of fear, others out of a perswasion that *Tarquin* did act by the consent of *Servius*, who during his life would have him sit upon the Throne; for they could not beleive that any Son in Law unto such a vertuous Prince would offer to pull the Crown so violently off his head. So as both friends and enemies did all equally obey, and follow *Tarquin*, who without more ado did sit down in the Royal Seat.

This action seeming very strange, and there being a great multitude of the conspiracy gathered together in that place, so it chanced that this great croud of men, and the great noise of the thing, did in an instant draw thither a vast multitude of people, and that which *Tarquin* did was so strange unto them, as those who were of his faction themselves, could not chuse but shew wonder in their Countenances; so as never such a general consternation was seen. Mean while, the Arrogant *Tarquin* assuming a new pride, as soon as he was set in the Royal Chair of State, he began to accuse *Servius Tullius* as a Usurper, and told the people all that he had caused to be infused into them before: After which, he began to aggrave the great vertues of the first *Tarquin*, he created *Servius* as a Slave, and spake in such bold and arrogant eloquence, as if *Tullius* had been the Tyrant, and he the legitimate King. So as there arising a great noise of acclamations amongst those who were hired to it, and a great murmur amongst those who did approve of what was done, the confusion of voices was such that *Tarquin* could not be heard. Things being in this Condition, *Tullus* being advertised of this disorder, he came upon the place, at the least to dye upon the Throne which he had so worthily injoyed. When this venerable King was within four paces of *Tarquin*, he looked stedfastly upon his Arrogant Usurper, who insolently took his place: and beginning to speak, *Tarquin* (said he unto him) how durst thou be so bold as to assemble the Senate, and to sit in my Seat? Thou art mistaken *Tullus* (answered this cruel Usurper) for the Royal Chair wherein I sit, belongs unto the first of the *Tarquins*, from whom I am descended; and thou art onely an old Slave, whom Fortune onely hath elevated, and whom I will put into Fetters, that I may take from the Romans the shame of having such a Master. At these words the noise redoubled, and there was such a hurley burley as *Tarquin* might plainly see, all the World was not for him. So as fearing lest the sight of this old and good King, should turn any of them who were for him, and lest so great a number of people should come, as that he should not be the stronger party, he resolved to execute his resolution, in case he found any resistance; for he being tall, young, nimble and strong; and *Servius Tullus* being old and weak, this Tyrant without any respect either unto the quality of a legitimate King, or unto his father in Law, or as the Grandfather of his children, he did most insolently lay hold upon him, and throw him down with a most horrible violence from the top of the steps to the bottome.

Thus the unfortunate *Servius Tullus*, as his last and greatest mis-fortune, saw himself forsaken by his Guards, and almost all his friends; except my own Father, who preserving a constant fidelity, did help this miserable King to rise, and to get unto his own Pallace, for he could hardly walk: But alas, he was so sooner got unto the end of that street; which then was called the Cyprian street (and which the people ever since called the detestible street, in spight of all *Tarquins* Tyranny) but this miserable King was pulled out of my Fathers Arms who defended him, as long as he could: And presently after was killed by some whom the cruell *Tarquin* had sent

purposely to that end. And my Father after he had striven in vain to incite the People unto a revenge of the Kings death was forced to retire home. Mean while, the cruel *Tullia* who had given orders to advertise her every moment of all that passed, she no sooner heard what inhumane *Tarquin* had done, but she took Coach in all hast, to go unto the place where the Senate was assembled; and sending to call her Husband, she told him, that she was come to render him the first homage, and salute him as King of *Rome*. But he having business of neer concernment in hand, he advised her to stay no longer among the croud of people where Peace was not yet established: *Tullia* returned to her Coach: And when the Coach came to the further end of the Cyprian street, and the Coach-man ready to turn upon his right hand towards the Mount *Esquilin*, he espied the body of *Servius Tullius* all blood and dirt. And Spying this pittiful Spectacle, he stopped his Horses; out of respect and humanity both, and turning to this cruel Princess whom he did drive, he shewed unto her the body of the King her Father, thinking the sight would have obliged her to stay: But the pittiless *Tullia* inspired with cruelty it self, did chide him for his respects, and with inconceivable inhumanity and anger, commanded him to drive on, without any stay, for any way unto a Throne was good; so the Coachman not daring to resist her, gave the Bridle unto his Horses, who being fuller of pity then the Barbarous *Tullia*, did out of horror at the sight of the dead Corps, avoid treading upon the feet of this great King; but the Wheels of the Coach touching the body of this great and unfortunate Prince were all bloody, this sad horrid spectacle not moving the heart of cruel *Tullia* unto the least sign of compassion. But on the contrary, when she was told that the Coach had gone over the body of her Father, she turned her head to look upon it, and was so far from any sorrow, as she looked upon it with joy. Thus smeered with the blood of her own Father, she was so impudent as to return unto her Domestick Gods; but to speak truly, *Tullia* regarded neither Domestick Gods, nor any other; and indeed it is not to be wondered at, for she being naturally cruel, and wicked, she was not capable of any humanity; but all signs of joy were to be seen in her eyes and all her actions. Mean while *Tarquin*, being the stronger Party, he imposed Laws upon the weaker, and commanded so absolutely the very first day of his Reign, as if he had been the peaceable possessor of that Throne out of which he had thrown his Father in Law, he could not have carried it otherwise then he did: But to shew his inhumanity in the height, he would not suffer a burial to be given unto the Corps of the late King, least it should move the people to compassion; saying in most cruel rallary, that *Romulus* who was ranked amongst the Gods, had none: And that his cruelty may appear beyond all that imagination can conceive, the Widdow of this unfortunate King went in the night (accompanied with my Mother, who was the only woman that did not forsake her) unto the place where the Corps of this Prince did lye, and being assisted with some old Domestiques, she got the Corps as far as the Pallace, which the most cruell *Tarquin* and *Tullia* hearing of, they sent to strangle her; at least, it is certain that this deplorable Princess having sent my Mother to take some course for the private Funeral of the King her Husband, she found her dead at her return, but could not discover any further, for the Kings Pallace was grown to be a desolate desart, presently after he was assassinated.

However, all *Rome* was in a most horrible consternation; for most of those who had served *Tarquin*, no sooner saw him upon the Throne, but they repented that ever they helped him up; and found that in lieu of having a King, they were like to have a Tyrant. For as soon as *Tarquin* was Master of *Rome*, he flattered the people only to get so much power from them as to lessen the Authority of the Senate; and therefore he was resolved not to augment either their Authority or their number; he made himself Master of all the strong Forts in the City, and kept alwayes a strong Guard about his Pallace. After which, intending to become terrible, and to Reign by fear, he put to death a great number of the most illustrious Senators, he exiled many, and became such a terror, as not any were able to oppose his will. Nor did he content himself with putting to death and exiling all those who were in a capacity to hurt him; but he charged divers Citizens with supposed Crimes, purposely to pick

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or make holes in their Coats, and so inrich himself by their Ruines. *He* took away all medling in matters of State, from the Senate; he made both Peace and War, as he pleased; he contracted *Leagues* and Alliances with his neighbours, according as he fancied; he was himself sole judge in all criminal causes, wherein the honour of many noble Families, and lives of many illustrious Citizens were deeply concerned; and he did so unite all the Authority in his own single person, that he was more absolute Master of *Rome*, than ever any was. This *Tarquin*, who was so sweet, so civil, and so courteous in appearance, who did salute the people so humbly, favoured so many men, helped so many poor, and was so complacential unto all, now he hath got upon the Throne, did not desire or indeavour to be beloved, but all his care was how to be feared: For (said he one day) it is the maddest folly in the world, for those who *Reign* to pretend unto love of the people, since it is the only way to be scorned; but on the contrary, Prudence and Wisdom bids him make himself a terror unto those from whom he expects obedience. For a people who obeys a Prince only out of love, will descant, and deliberate upon the Commands which are put upon them; but when the Commander is accustomed severely to punish such as do not obey, and hath rendred himself terrible, as soon as ever the command is heard of, the imagination is so taken up with the thought of punishment, in case of disobedience, as that the people for their own interest will blindly and presently obey, without any examination or deliberation upon the matter: And therefore I conclude, it is better to make himself feared then loved. And I am perswaded, that none do love any that are above themselves; but that which is called love among the people, is only a love of their own liberty, which is alwayes greatest when they have an easie and weak Master, one who is not absolutely enough, nor knows how to make himself feared and obeyed. This Sir, is the true character of *Tarquin*, unto whom, the surname of proud, was given; but it must be said to the shame of all Romans, that they all did sit still, with their hands in their Pockets, and all submitted themselves. For except *Clelius*, the Father of *Horace*, and my Father, and a man of noble quality called *Publius Valerius*, who courageously maintained the interests of the *Senate* and people, all obeyed the Tyrant. But at last, the three first of these, whose courages for two years together did resist against the violences of *Tarquin*, they were banished by this Usurper. But *Clelius* is there still; as for my Father, and the Father of *Horace*, they died presently after they went out of *Rome*. The truth is, that in dying, my Father did an act so extraordinary, as is worthy of a relation, which if *I* do, *I* shall do an act extraordinary also, since I needs must make an Elogy in praise of him unto whom *I* owe my life; and since the knowledge of his vertues will help you to hate *Tarquin* and *Tullia* the more, *I* shall without any scruple let you know them. Be pleased to know then, how that vertuous person whose name was *Sevilia*, was one of the fairest women in all *Rome*, & one who after she had been adored and courted by the most illustrious persons in all our City, did marry my Father, followed his fortunes, went with him into exile, with such admirable constancy, as she was not affrighted at the troubles of travel, nor the sufferings of such as are exiled. For besides that *Sevilia* had a great and high soul, and was so perswaded that her duty was to be preferred before all things, she never made any difficulty to do what she thought she was oblieged unto; especially when it was a duty which amity imposed upon her. And her amity was ever so un-interested, as she considered only the persons whom she esteemed, never considering her self; and if it was more advantagious for them, whatsoever it was she consented unto, she generously consented unto it; so joyning together, a great beauty, a great spirit, and a great wisdome, it is not strange, if when she went out of *Rome* with my honoured Father, the people should murmur and say openly, that *Tarquin* had banished vertue in banishing *Sevilia*. But to return from whence I digressed, be pleased to know that my Father falling sick, and perceiving he should not escape it, did speak unto *Sevilia*, like a man who feared not the approaches of death, so as my Mother seeing his constancy, and desiring not to dishearten him by shewing all her sorrow, she concealed a part of it, and striving with her self, she spoke to him with extraordinary constancy. It may be Sir, (said she unto him) that the Gods will hearken unto my prayers; but in case they are not plea-

ſed to let me injoy the happineſs of your life: I would gadly know what your pleaſure is, I ſhould do? And what education you would have me give unto your Children? For they being very young (added ſhe, and ſhewing me and two others unto, him) perhaps I may be able to inſpire them with ſuch thoughts as you deſire: Tell me *I* beſeech you, in what part of the world you would have me live, untill they are grown able to follow thoſe wayes of vertue which *I* ſhall ſhew them? I would have you return unto the place from whence we are baniſhed (replied my ather) to the end my Children may be affectionate unto their Country and may not learn ſtrange cuſtomes, which may keep them from hating the Tyrant of *Rome*. I would have you uſe all the ingenuity you can, to infuſe into their hearts, the love of vertue and the hatred of vice. But, Sir, (replied ſhe) ſhould we return to *Rome*, we muſt be known unto *Tarquin*, we muſt obey him, and ask his permiſſion to enter: Conſider well (I beſeech you) whether honour will allow me to do what you deſire, and whether it were not better to dye out of *Rome*, then enter into it upon ſuch conditions? However (ſaid my Father) I would have my Children brought up in *Rome*, to the end they may hereafter be Thorns in the ſides of the Tyrant; and that I may die with ſo much comfort as to hope *I* have left behind me, Children who will contribute unto the Liberty of their Country; as for the wayes of getting them thither, *I* do refer them unto your prudence, for I cannot divine what will happen when *I* am dead. After this, Sir, my Father grew weak upon a ſudden, and could ſay no more, for he died the ſame night. *Sivilia's* intentions, were to obey her dead Husband as exactly, as if he were living, and ſhe carried her ſelf with ſo much prudence and Wiſdom, that her kindred andfriends, who lived in *Rome*, did get her leave to return, and bring her Children, *Tarquin* himſelf not beleiving that ſhe deſired it, nor that ſhe was any thing oblieged unto him for it. Yet her firm conſtancy was ſuch, after ſhe returned to *Rome*, that ſhe would never go and ſee the cruel *Tullia*; and ſhe hath inſpired ſuch generous and noble thoughts into me, that I were the moſt ungrateful of men, if I did not publiſh and acknowledge it. *I* remember one day when ſhe underſtood that *I* had been ſolicited to be one in a plot againſt *Tarquin*, and coming to me in my Chamber when I was alone, you know *Herminius* (ſaid ſhe unto me) that hitherto I have punctually obeyed your Father, whoſe laſt words you did hear, and that *I* have laboured to inſpire your heart with the love of your Country But to tell you truly, my care hath been more to make you hate the *Vices* of the Tyrant, then the Tyrant himſelf: And I have ever thought, that attempts to ruine him are not lightly to be undertaken, leſt by indeavouring to ſet your Countr y at Liberty, you ſhould bring it more into Slavery. Do not therefore ingage your ſelf to no purpoſe, not ſo much for fear of expoſing your life, which is ſo dear unto me, as for fear of expoſing *Rome* unto a more cruel ſervitude; for Trees, that are only ſhaken with the wind, and not blown down, will take deep root.

This, Sir, was the ſage advice of *Sivilia*, which *I* did blindly follow, yet was ſhe but ill recompenced: For there was no perſecution which that vertuous perſon was not put to ſuffer; but the truth is, ſhe did not ſuffer alone; for to return unto *Tarquin*, it may truly be ſaid of him, that ſince the firſt day he aſcended the Throne, unto this hour, he never did any act in which there was not ſome injuſtice, or ſome cruelty, or ſome conſenage in it. All the Wars which he made have alſo the ſame character, and one may more properly call the Towns which he hath taken, rather theſts, then conqueſts; and ſubtile craft, and deceit have the greateſt ſhare in his actions during his Reign. After he had made Alliance with the Latines, he deceived them, in mixing their Troops with his own, when they had no Commanders of their own Nation. *He* cauſed a man whoſe name was *Herdonius*, to periſh upon a bare ſurmiſe, he cauſed him to be loaded with Chains, and thrown into a place where he was drowned. 'Tis true he took the City of *Pometia* with ſome honour, and he ſhewed himſelf a great Captain in that reincounter: But afterwards he took the City of the *Gabians* by ſuch a terrible piece of craft, as if it did not more relate unto the Prince *Sextus* his ſon, then unto him, *I* would tell you the whole paſſage; but after he had made that City deſolate, and put all the riches of it into the hands of the people,

ple, except what he reserved for himself, he indeavoured to taſt the ſweets of Peace, and to blind the people: And for a guiſe upon all his injuſtices, in ruining ſo many, he ſet himſelf to finiſh that ſtately Temple of *Jupiter*, whoſe foundation the firſt of the *Tarquins* had laid. But there being many other Temples in building near the Tarpeian Rock, where the foundation of this was laid, and *Tarquin* having a mind to make this greater than the Prince, who laid the firſt foundation intended, he made no difficulty of pulling down all thoſe Temples, and not to incenſe the people by it, he made a ſhew, as if he would firſt obſerve the flying of the Birds; but certainly the Augures were hired, and though the Gods had given ſuch an evident ſign as ſhould have reſtrained him, yet he would have done it. There was yet one Temple ſtanding which was dedicated unto the God *Thermes*, and *Tarquin* deſiring to make uſe of all, ſeemed to give credit unto the predictions of the *Tuſcans*, to the end, that giving this example, the people who alwayes follow the mind of the Prince, might alſo beleive with him, and be perſwaded of what he thought good; and as they were digging up the earth to lay the foundation of this ſtately Temple, they found the head of a man whoſe face continued ſtill in form; and *Tarquin* to make ſome uſe of this accident, he ſent into *Tuſcany*; and procured the Divines, with whom he conſulted, to ſay, that it was a moſt certain ſign, that *Rome* as *Tarquin* had ordered it, ſhould be the chief City of all *Italy*, and Miſtreſs of all the world; and indeed, they gave unto that place the name of Capitol, which it bears at this preſent. So as after this, he preſſed forward the building of this Temple; after this he made Seats and Scaffolds about the Theatre, at an extraordinary expence. He eſtabliſhed two new Collonies; but in doing all theſe things, he ſtill was doing injuries, injuſtices, and cruelties. He put the eldeſt ſon of his own Siſter to death, he had not married his own Daughter but with an intent to be perfidious, and he omitted nothing which might merit the Title of a perfect Tyrant. All this while, *Tullia* in the midſt of all her Grandure, ſhe never had any content ſince ſhe was upon the Throne; for ſhe was ſtill ſo jealous of authority, as ſhe did not think that *Tarquin* gave enough unto her, and that having more inhumanity towards *Tullus* then he had, ſhe thought that ſhe might at leaſt divide with him in the Soveraign power. So as time wearing out of her heart, that love which ſhe bore unto *Tarquin*, ſhe grew moſt horribly jealous; for as ſoon as ſhe ſaw this Prince regarded her no more than another woman, ſhe began not to regard him, and treated him ſo ill, that ſometimes ſhe made him go out of *Rome*. Alſo, ſhe was ſo horribly hated there, as when any took the liberty of ſpeech, they call her the deteſtable *Tullia*. As for *Tarquin*, in ſpight of all his Guards and Power, every one called him *Tarquin* the Proud. At the firſt he did not take this well, and did moſt ſeverely puniſh ſuch men, as had no other Crimes but calling him ſo; but afterwards he was ſo inſenſibly accuſtomed unto it, as he thought this Title not injurious, nor did he take it ill, men ſhould call him ſo. And to merit it, he grew ſo abominable terrible, as thoſe who were his moſt private Confidents of all his cruelties, were ſometimes ſo terrified themſelves, that they durſt not come near him. That famous *Sibil*, who came unto him, did yet bring him to her ends for all his cruelty, and it hath been wondred a hundred, and a hundred times, that a Prince ſo violent as he was, did not treat her as ſharply as he was uſed to do others who denied him any thing. Yet this *Sibil*, whoſe name was *Amalthea*, did bring him unto her Bow, though he thought to bring her unto his; for when ſhe had preſented unto him the nine Books which ſhe had compoſed, and which were ſaid to contain ſuch high matters, as ſoon as he denied her the price ſhe demanded, ſhe burned three of them: *Tarquin* thinking her to be out of her wits, and having a curioſity to ſee thoſe which remained, he asked her what ſhe would have for them? but *Amalthea* anſwering him that ſhe would have as much for thoſe ſix, as ſhe would for all the nine, this Prince took her for one that was abſolutely mad; but *Amalthea* without any aſtoniſhment at all, took three more of the Books and burned them as ſhe did the firſt; inſomuch, as *Tarquin* being more aſtoniſhed, he changed his mind, and admiring the conſtancy of this woman, he asked her the third time, what ſhe would have for th elaſt three Books? and ſhe anſwering as before, *Tarquin* did verily beleive that they did contain ſome great matters, here-

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fore he assembled the Augurers; for though he made a mocking stock of Religion, yet he still observed the Ceremonies. But those whom he had assembled thinking it fit, he should buy those Books at any rate, he gave the *Sybil* her demands from them, after which she went her way. Yet the people say, she vanished; and those who knew things best, did say that *Tullia* commanded her to get out of *Rome*. However it were, these Books were to be kept as sacred, and consulted with upon every thing; but that *Rome* might feel all sorts of miseries, it was infected with a most contagious disease, which was so mortal, especially amongst Children, as there was not a Family in *Rome* which had not some subject for tears. So as since *Tarquin* had alwayes the outside of Religion, he sent two of his sons unto *Delphos* with grand offerings. A Nephew of *Tarquins* called *Brutus* went with them, though his true name was *Lucius Junius*, but they called him *Brutus* because his blockishness did resemble that of *Brutes*. Yet he was in such a condition to be envied by those of the wiser sort, and his folly made him more safe under the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, then all their wisdomes could. He had a Father of a great spirit, whom *Tarquin* put to death, but for this man, he being harmlessly incapable of hurting any, *Tarquin* was contented to take his estate, which was very great, without sacrificing him unto his cruelty. I shall not insist any longer upon a particular relation of all his wickednesses, nor his reasons which moved him to banish me; for that would be to relate the whole History of my life, which *I* will not mix with the story of so wicked a man. Yet I must be so just, as to confess that of four Children which he hath, three of them deserve to have a Father less cruel, and a Mother more vertuous; for the second of his sons, who by his first name is called *Arruntius*, and afterwards named the Prince of *Pometia*, because he did signalize himself at the taking of that Town, is a Prince that is every way admirable; the third, who is called *Titus*, is also a man of very noble inclinations, and the daughter of *Tarquin*, who is married, hath all the sweetness and modesty of a good woman. But as for the Prince *Sextus*, who is also called the young *Tarquin*, he is much different from his Brothers, though he be not so very bad as *Tarquin* the Proud; for he is handsome, of a good mind, and a pleasant spirit, he is naturally eloquent; his Ambition is not unmeasureable; he is merry, frolick, and of a quick fancy; his inclination is to love all manner of pleasures, without any distinguishing of the innocent from the Criminal; and of the two, he loves those of a Licentious Debauchery, better then those who are not so. So as having a smack of his Fathers fierceness, and a little of his Mothers cruelty, and mixing these two with his own Libertinism and Debauchery, it may well be said, that he hath a hundred dangerous qualities for one good one: This, Sir, is the character of *Tarquins* Family at this day, and this is the character of *Tarquin* himself, who intends, to besiege *Ardes*; and who now maugre all his Crimes, is so terrible and considerable unto all his Neighbours, as no Prince in all *Italy* more; and this, Sir, is the original of the famous City of *Rome*.

Herminius having ended his relation was thanked by *Artemidorus*, by *Aronces*, by *Amilcar*, and by *Zenocrates*, for the pains he had taken, and the pleasure they found, in his History of the greatest City in the World, and the greatest Tyrant that ever was. After which, reasoning upon all they had heard, and considering that Love and Ambition were the chief causes of all these miseries; *Artemidorus* wished, that there were no passions in the hearts of men. Oh for *Heavens* sake (said *Amilcar* and smiled) make no such dangerous wish; since *I* conceive, that if men had no passions, in lieu of wishing to live, they would wish to dye; for nothing in the world is more odious then to have a sluggish luke-warm life, without either desires or fears, a life that is no more sensible then that which we see in Flowers or Leaves. *I* conceive indeed (said *Herminius*) that all pleasures have their rise from passions: That is so true (said *Amilcar*) that if all the wise men of *Greece* should rise again, I would make them all confess, that all their wisdom were not worth a straw, if there were no passions in the hearts of men, and that wisdom were a treasure which they knew not what to do with. I dare go further then so (added *Aronces*) for *I* am perswaded that all the heroick acts which have been done in all ages, had never been done had there been

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no Passions. I do agree unto what you say (replied *Artamenes*) but yet you must confess with me also, that without the same passions, few or none of all the great and abominable Crimes had been committed. I do confess that (replied *Amilcar*) but I must tell you withall, that as we do gather Roses, though they have some sharp pricks; admire the Sea, though she causes many Ship-wracks; love the light of the Sun, though sometimes it burns us, and love the earth, though she produces dangerous, as well as wholesome Plants; so I say the same of Passions and all the evils of them, that I should be sorry they were quite taken away from men, for if they were, all Pleasures and delights would be taken away with them, as *Herminius* well observed. But yet I would gladly know (added he, and addressed himself to *Zenocrates*, who had not spoke a word in this dispute) what opinion you are of? Had I known what my self (replied he very pleasantly and smiled) I should ere this have told you; but to be sincere, I know not, for since I am very sensible of Love, I would gladly reserve that Passion; but otherwise, I am so naturally lazy, as I should not be sorry if there were no other Passions in the world, because I fancy, that if there were none, all would slumber in a continual languor of spirit, and a pleasing phantasm of idleness, which would be exceeding charming. As for matter of idleness you are in the right, (replied *Amilcar*) for if there were no Passions, all brave men would have nothing to do; if there were no Ambition, millions of men would come and go in and out of the world without any thing they had to do in it: Take the passion of Love from a Lover, and he's but an idle creature; take from a brave man that which gets him honour, and he will never go to the Wars. Kings without Ambition might have subjects enough; valiant men not having the passion of getting glory would all sit still undistinguished from Cowards; I beleive likewise, that the Fields would all lye fallow, Cities and houses would not be built; men would remain dispersed in the Fields, not seeking for any other lodgings then Grots, such as Nature shall make them. And as for Ladies, if there were no Passions in the world, I know not what they would do; for they being the weaker Sex, if their beauty did not cause Love in the hearts of men, and that beauty hold them in obedience in lieu of force, I had rather be a handsome Butter-fly, then a fair woman; for besides their being certainly Slaves, they would live in a most irksome idleness, since they would not know how to spend away that time which now they imploy in dressing themselves; do but look upon a fair woman in a place, and at a time, when she thinks none will see her, nor she see any, that would be enough to make one think that if Ladies did know they could never cause Love, they would never take so much pains as to spend all the day in dressing themselves, to be undressed again at night. I once knew a woman in *Affrica*, whom I never saw but twice, yet I saw her very different; for the first time I saw her she was so well drest and so handsome, as she charmed me, though she was but of a mean beauty. But a while after, this Lady being gone into the Country, in a place where she never thought to see any, and being alone with her Husband, I happened to come upon a sudden, and I found her so negligently drest, so ill-favoured, and so different from what she seemed before, as I knew well she did not much care for pleasing her Husband; and that if all passions were taken out of the world, all handsomness, and all that makes women appear fair, would be taken away also. So as though I went with intentions to offer incense unto her, and perhaps my heart; yet I was cooled, and offered nothing, but brought away my heart and my incense again, of which I was very glad, for within a few dayes after, I knew not how to imploy them better.

But to return unto Passions, judge you, if it would not be the greatest loss that is imaginable, if passions were taken away; for if there were none, then all Ladies would be less lovely and never loved; but as they would not be loved (replied *Herminius*) so they would not be hated; for it is only love that makes them hated, and commonly only ill treated Lovers, or jealous Husbands do hate them. 'Tis true, (replied *Amilcar*) that they would not be hated; but yet if they be not loved their lives would be strangely tedious to them; and I am confident, there is not one woman that is young and fair, but she had rather be hated by a hundred ill treated Lovers, and

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as many jealous husbands, then not to be loved, by one compleat gallant whom she affects, or to be in such a condition, as to be neither in love nor be loved by any. Let us not complain therefore against Passions, since they are the whole business and the greatest delights of men. Yet I must tell you (replied *Artimedorus*) in this is a business of great difficulty to overcome them. 'Tis true (replied *Amilcar* in his usual freenesse) but since it is so difficult, do not strive against them, submit unto them, and in lieu of striving to overcome them, rather seek to satisfie them, and then you will not be so tormented. For my part I do not wonder that Passion should so tyrannize over the hearts of all men, for every one can say, they must strive against them, and subject them; the Lesson is written both in Verse and Prose, the Philosophers teach it, the Sages command it, Fathers teach it their Sons, Husbands their Wives, and Mothers their Daughters; so as these poor Passions seeing so many enemies, do more courageously strive not to be overcome, but to reign in the hearts of those who with so much injustice would drive them out. And indeed this is their original, they could not subsist otherwise, they afford infinite delights to those who seek to satisfie them, and seldome do any hurt, but unto such as would destroy them. For my part (replied *Zenocrates*) they never tormented me in that sort; for since I am perswaded that it is very difficult to overcome them, I had rather submit, so as my reason and my Passions never jar; for when my Passions are stronger then my reason, my reason submits unto them; and when my reason is stronger then my Passions, it flatters, but would not destroy them.

You know so little what great Passions are (replied *Herminius*, and smiled) that it appertains not unto you to speak of them; but if you were possessed with a very violent Passion of Love, or if your own desires had caused you to indure a thousand torments, or hopes had raised in you a thousand inquietudes, then you should be permitted to speak of the force of Passions; for had you but experience of one, you might easily imagine what is the tyranny of the rest. 'Tis true (said *Aronces*) that whosoever knows the force of Love, may easily comprehend that of Ambition, and all the rest of the Passions. Yet I am perswaded (replied *Herminius*) that one cannot judge of the Passion in others rightly, or ought to speak of any but his own; for though they are still Passions all over the world, and love is love in *Greece* as well as *Italy*, yet the hearts of men do differently resent it, and variety of tempers, do produce several effects out of the same Passion; for love in the heart of *Tarquin*, makes him commit a thousand crimes; and the same Passion in the heart of *Aronces*, makes him to perform a thousand heroick actions. 'Tis true (replied *Artimedorus*) but still I must maintain, that in what heart soever Passions do reign, they cause abundance of trouble to him that will content them; and I must maintain still (replied *Amilcar*) that without passions we cannot be happy. This dispute had not ended so soon, if a great noise of horsemen had not interrupted them, and caused them to look who they were, but they were quickly satisfied; for they understood, that there were Troops which were marching to be Posted about *Ardea*, on that side towards the Sea, within a mile of the Town.

They understood likewise that *Tarquin* was to set out of *Rome* the next morning, and would go unto the Camp: Meantime since *Herminius* would not be known unto those who commanded those Troops of that Prince, he would not look upon them: Onely *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, who since they could not be known, they saw them pass by. But after they were past, *Aronces* was extreamly impatient for the return of *Celeres*, and the Slave he went unto *Ardea*, because he feared, that when *Tarquin* was come to the Camp the Town would be so beset, that he could not get in if the interest of *Clelia* should require it. But to his happiness, his impatience did not last long; for *Celeres* who was the most diligent and zealous friend in the World, did return about midnight, and confirmed what he heard before concerning *Tarquins* departure; and told him further, that it was not believed *Tarquins* design was to force *Ardea*, but only to take it by famine, and therefore he might easily get into the place if he heard that *Clelia* was there. He added further, that the Prince *Sextus*, the Prince of *Pometia*, and the Prince *Titus* would follow the King un-

to this Siege; and that their Equipage of War, would be so magnificent, that every one was so full of Curiosity to see them go out of *Rome*, as if it were a Triumph. As for the Prince of *Pometia* (replied *Herminius*) I shall not fear being his Prisoner, for he is much my friend, and I am sure he will not expose me to the cruelty of his father, but would release me; as for *Tarquin* I would as soon take poyson, as fall into his Power. After this *Aronces* being pricked on by his love, he had a mind to be going towards *Ardes*, and not stay for the Slave; but *Amilcar*, *Herminius* and *Celeres* did so perswade him that the interest of *Clelia* required his stay untill the Slaves return, that he resolved to stay untill the next day towards night. But after that (said he unto them) I will not stay, for very probable the Slave is taken either in going or coming, by the Troops of *Tarquin*, and so will not return.

This being probable, the friends of *Aronces* did not contradict what he said, but gave themselves unto their rest that night. But *Aronces* was waked with joy; for when the Sun was an hour high, the trusty Slave whom he expected so impatiently did arrive; he knowing that his Master would take it well if he waked him, because his businesse did concern his love unto *Clelia*, he did awake him; but he awaked him by pronouncing the name of that admirable person, imagining that he could not interrupt his rest in a more agreeable manner. Sir, (said he unto him) I have seen *Clelia* in *Ardes*, and——how (said *Aronces* and interrupted him, rubbing sleep from his eyes) hast thou seen *Clelia* in *Ardes*? yes, Sir (replied he) I saw her in the Temple, and I know the house wherein she lodgeth, but I could not speak unto her nor let her see me, do what I could; for *Horace* being continually in her Company, I durst not approach; for as you know, he knows me, and I was in fear that had he seen me he would have Arrested me. However, I know that he carries himself with much respect towards *Clelia*, though he guards her very closely; for she goes no whither but unto the Temple, and then he follows her. She hath a woman with her who waits upon her very carefully, as I understand by those who informed me. They say also, that *Horace* is very earnest in perswading those of the Town to use all their indeavours for their own defence, which they seem resolved to do, that every day he proposeth some new fortification to be made, and he seems to be very angry with those of *Ardes*, for thinking that without all those, *Tarquin* can never take it; for besides his interest in *Clelia*, he is in great fear (as they say) to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*, who being an inveterate hater both of his father and him, will infallibly put him to death. And Sir, since I was afraid that if I stayed any longer inquiring after the designs of *Horace*, I should not have liberty to get out, nor you to get into the Town, I returned as soon as possibly I could.

After this, *Aronces* dressing himself with all haste, he began to consider with himself what he should do or not do; but at last, he resolved to intreat *Amilcar* (who had matters to negotiate in *Italy* concerning the interests of the Carthaginian Prince) that he would go unto *Tarquin* with those two Grecians, whilest he went unto *Ardes* with *Herminius* and *Celeres*; to the end, that if *Tarquin* did take the Town he might oblige that Prince to protect *Clelia*, not letting him know that she was the daughter of *Clelius*; for he pre-supposed that if *Amilcar* would, he might get the love of that Prince. And indeed, this resolution being pitched upon after serious advice, they went about the execution of it. *Herminius* and *Celeres* did well see that it was an odde businesse for *Aronces* to go and shut himself up in a Town where his Rival also was; but they hoped, that offering themselves to defend the besieged, they should be protected; and that since they had nothing to fear but *Horace*, *Horace* also was in as much danger as *Aronces*, since *Aronces* was no lesse valiant then he. So as then separating themselves, *Amilcar*, *Artenidorus*, and *Zenocrates* wended towards the Camp, where they pretended to meet *Tarquin*: *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres* took a blind way which their guide directed them, to the end they might sculk in the Woods which were not far from *Ardes*, untill it began to be dark conceiving it more easie to get in at that time then by day-light; but the time being come in which they hoped to get into *Ardes*, by a blind way where the Troops of *Tarquin* were not Posted, they went out of the Wood, and went down a little Valley full of Osiers, which grew by the side

of a little Brook, which turned and wended it ſelf through a pleaſant Meadow, they ſaw at a diſtance armed men fighting, and they heard the voices of women mingled with the noiſe of Horſes and Arms. *Aronces* thought he heard the voice of *Clelia*; ſo as riding on towards the place where they heard this voice, he ſaw two Coaches, and he ſaw *Clelia* under a Tree with four or five other handſome Ladies complaining in a very dolefull manner; whileſt ten men in the head of which was *Horace*, were fighting againſt twenty. *Aronces* never ſtudying what to do, went ſtreight towards *Clelia* being followed by *Herminius* and *Celeres*. He was no ſooner with her, but without any inſiſting upon Ceremonies, whoſoever theſe are that be fighting (ſaid he unto her) I beleeve they are all againſt us; and therefore, Madam, let me carry you away whileſt they are buſied in vanquiſhing each other, or elſe let me have the honour to die in defending you. *Clelia* being extreamly joyed to ſee *Aronces* whom ſhe loved ſo tenderly, and alſo to ſee two friends whom ſhe much eſteemed, did not ſtick upon it; but abandoning her ſelf to the Conduct of *Aronces* he ſet her upon one of his horſes; but for all this haſt, ſhe told thoſe Ladies who were with her that ſhe wiſhed them who fought for them victory, and deſired them to pardon her, if having enemies on both ſides, ſhe accepted of this releef which the Gods did offer unto her: After which, being mounted on Horſeback, and *Aronces* alſo; a woman who ſaw this and was given her by *Horace* began to cry out ſo loud that this valiant Roman hearing her, and looking about to ſee what the matter was, he ſaw *Clelia* on horſeback riding firſt and conducted by a Slave, and followed by three men on horſeback alſo, who by their Tires ſeemed to be men of quality, though he did not ſee their faces; when he ſaw this, he prepared himſelf to follow *Clelia*; *Aronces* and *Herminius* turning their heads to ſee if they were purſued, there chanced the ſtrangeſt accident in the World. For *Horace* knowing his Rival did ſpur his horſe, to take away *Clelia* the ſecond time, and cried unto thoſe of his Party that they ſhould follow him. In the mean time, a man whoſe name was *Hellius*, who was Commander in chief over thoſe who fought againſt *Horace*, and who was much in favour with *Tarquin*, he knowing *Herminius*, alſo knowing how the virtues of that excellent man were odious unto the Tyrant, he beleeved that he ſhould be a made man for ever, if he could bring him alive or dead unto *Tarquin*; and therefore commanding his men to follow after *Herminius*, at the ſame time when *Horace* did go to releeve *Clelia*, ſo it was, as without any compact between them, they changed their deſigns of fighting to go and fall upon the Protectors of the admirable *Clelia*, who then found her ſelf to be in a moſt pittiful condition; for when ſhe ſaw both *Tarquins* men, and thoſe of *Horace*, come thundring with all violent impetuoſity upon *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres*, who turned head againſt them, though they could not pretend unto any other glory then to ſell their lives deer, and to die with honour. So as the admirable *Clelia* ſeeing theſe three men who were ſo dear unto her, in a condition to be aſſaulted by thirty, and imagining them already dead, ſhe did an act which was worthy of her great Soul, for turning her horſe upon her left hand, and lifting up her Hood, O ye Cowards, ſaid ſhe unto them, are ye not aſhamed being thirty to fall upon three men, who have no other deſign but to ſet me at liberty? This great and generous action did ſo ſurprize *Horace*, *Aronces*, and the Commander of *Tarquins* men, and wonder did ſo ſuſpend their thoughts as they ſtopped, and ſtayed a while before they could reſolve what to do. But at laſt, *Aronces* putting on horſe, and followed by *Herminius* and *Celeres*, he advanced towards *Clelia* in the preſence of all his enemies, telling them with a menacing action, that they muſt kill him, before they carried away the fair Perſon as a Captive. *Horace* then finding himſelf ſeparated from his own men, and chance had mingled his with the men of *Tarquin*, he did not think himſelf in a capacity to fall upon *Aronces*, and take *Clelia* from him, for he conceived that *Hellius*, who indeavoured to have her in the Power of *Tarquin*, would take her from him again; and therefore he would have had *Hellius* begin the Combate, apprehending that *Hellius* aimed at *Herminius* as well as him; ſo as *Hellius* being much moved at this great action of *Clelia*, and the reſoluteneſſe of *Aronces*, he began to ſpeak, and advancing in the head of his men, whoſoever you are (ſaid he unto *Aronces*) who

thus

thus resolutely hazards your life upon the hazard of infallible ruine, I promise to treat you wel, and this fair person also; upon condition I may secure my self of an enemy unto *Tarquin* whom I see with you: *Herminius* hearing *Hellius* say so, began to speak before either *Aronces* or *Clelia*, and looking sternly upon *Hellius*; if thou desirest to carry my head unto the Tyrant thy Master, and not take me prisoner (said he unto him) I am contented it should be the ransome of that fair one; But as for *Aronces*, I advise thee to take heed what thou doest; for didst thou know him, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees and ask him forgiveness. *Horace* hearing what *Herminius* said, and fearing least he should make his Rival known, he fell furiously upon *Aronces*, who warding the blow, without any leisure to return answer unto *Hellius*, he returned another blow, whose weight made *Horace* to stagger. But whilest these two furious Rivals were fighting, *Hellius* gave command to make sure of *Clelia*, and that she should be guarded with the rest of the Ladies, which was an easie matter to do. For *Herminius* and *Celeres*, seeing some of *Horace* his men making towards *Aronces*, they went to him with their Swords drawn; so as *Hellius* then intending to compasse about both *Herminius* and *Horace*, there began such a confused fight as none could know friend from foe; for the men of *Horace* fought sometimes for *Aronces* and *Herminius*, in fighting against *Hellius*. *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celeres* they fought also for *Hellius*, in fighting against *Horace*; and *Hellius* he fought for *Horace*, in fighting against *Aronces*, and the confusion was so much the greater, because night came on, and would not let them know one from another, so as there was the most terrible disorder that is imaginable. For the interest of those who fought were so different, as it seemed they could not every one drive on their own: Indeed *Aronces* would if he could have delivered *Clelia*, both out of the hands of *Hellius*, and out of the hands of *Horace*, because it was more dangerous to be under the power of *Tarquin*, if she were known then under the Power of her Lover. Moreover, he had a mind to defend *Herminius*, and kill *Horace*. As for *Herminius*, his wish was that *Clelia* was in the hands of *Aronces*, that the two Rivals were at Peace, and were united to fight against one of the Ministers of unjust *Tarquins* cruelties. As for *Horace*, he wished himself dead, he was so desperate to see he was like to lose his Mistresse, and not able to kill his Rival, and also like to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*: As for *Hellius*, his aim was to take *Herminius*, to take *Horace*, to secure *Clelia* and the rest of the Ladies, and to know who *Aronces* was; however, night was the cause they could not do as they would. Things being thus, they all heard a great noise of horses coming as if from *Ardes*; so as *Hellius* fearing to lose all, in desiring to get all, he commanded that all the Ladies should go into their Coaches, and be driven towards *Rome*. *Aronces* hearing this, not being in a condition able to hinder it, nor to discern his Rival, he designed to dis-ingage himself and follow the Coaches, and to go and make himself known unto *Tarquin*, to protect *Clelia*, rather then suffer her to be a Slave. This design had many dangerous consequences in it, but the time and place would not let him examine them; so as being prompted to do onely as his love invited him, he disingaged himself, and so happily that *Herminius* and *Celeres* knowing his voice, they joyned, and made good their retreat fighting untill they got into a little Wood which secured them. They were not got a hundred paces within this Wood, but the Bridle of *Aronces* being broken, he alighted to mend it: During which, *Hellius* understanding that those Troops which he thought did come from *Ardes*, did belong unto *Tarquin*, he went unto them; but finding neither *Horace*, nor *Aronces*, nor *Herminius*, he was extreamly sorry that he had lost so fine an opportunity, and was forced to be contented with the taking of *Clelia*, and those Ladies who came out of *Ardes*, because they would not stay in a Town which in all probability would be taken. Thus *Hellius* sent them to *Rome*, supposing that *Tarquin* would not set out, before the next day. But in the mean time, the Moon rising, and beginning to shine, *Celeres* could the better help *Aronces* to mend his Bridle, yet it was not long before he could finish it, for commonly in such things, the most hast the worst speed; but during that time, *Herminius* asked *Aronces* what he intended do? and he answered that since *Clelia* was under *Tarquins* Power, he could not chuse but go unto him, and meet with *Ar-*

timedorus, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, to the end he might procure her liberty, not telling who she was, nor that he was son unto the King of *Clusium*, unless the interest of *Clelia* did force him to it. Not but that I consider (said he) it goes against the grain of my heart, to go and serve a Prince who hates *Herminius*, and who would have murthered the father of *Clelia*; but yet since that admirable person was under his power, he was forced unto it. You have good reason for it, Sir (replied *Herminius*) and the worst is, in all the design, that I cannot wait upon you to *Rome*. And therefore I conceive it my safest course to go into *Ardea*, and fight against him that seeks my life, and is an enemy unto all virtuous men. As soon as *Herminius* had said so, *Celeres* who helped *Aronces* to hold his horse did hear the voice of one who lamented; and all of them being the more attentive, they did plainly hear a man making most lamentable complaint. So as *Aronces* being got upon his horse, he told *Herminius* and *Celeres*, that he would go towards the place from whence the sad sound did come; for, said he, it is the duty of miserable people to help those who are in the like condition. The heart of *Herminius* being no less sensible of compassion then *Aronces*, he consented unto the motion, and *Celeres* did not contradict them, and so all three made softly towards the place, from whence they heard this dolefull exclamation. But at last, when they were so near as to understand what this Complainant said, *Aronces* knew it to be the voice of *Horace*. So as stopping his horse, and imparting his knowledge unto his friends, they all began to hearken, and plainly heard that indeed it was *Horace* who lamented. Alas (said he unto a friend who was with him) into what a miserable condition am I reduced? I am wounded by *Aronces*, and he knows not that he is revenged upon my ingratitude; for I knew him by his voice when he gave me such a blow, as made me stagger, and my horse being wounded, fel down dead in this Wood, where I found you in a worse condition than my self, since your horse is dead as well as mine, and you worse wounded then I am; and yet I must deny what I said, for I have lost my *Clelia* and am in danger to fall into the Power of *Tarquin*. Thus my Rival triumphs over me, my Mistresse is escaped out of my hands, and I am like to fall into mine enemies, not being able to rid my self from all these miseries by a generous death, since my sword is broken, and you have lost yours. 'Tis true (replied his friend) you are in such a miserable condition, as I am perswaded that if *Aronces* saw you in it, he would have Compassion upon your ill fortune. Oh my dear friend (replied *Horace*) you are much mistaken; for as Generous as *Aronces* is, I am confident he would carry my head unto unjust *Tarquin*, thereby to deliver *Clelia*. Thou art deceived *Horace* (cried out *Aronces* and went towards him) and to make it appear that my vertue is greater then thou thinkst, I will intreat *Herminius* thy old friend, to take thee up behind him, and carry thee into *Ardea*. *Horace* who was leaning against a Tree and wounded in the hip, was so surprized to hear the voice of *Aronces* and to see him (for the Moon shined) and both *Herminius* and *Celeres* did so admire the vertue of *Aronces*, as they were a long while before they could speak. As for the friend of *Horace* who lay upon the ground mortally wounded, he was so charmed at it, as striving to expresse himself; Oh *Horace*! (said he unto him) how happy are you in your mis-fortune in having such a enemy? No (replied *Horace*) but on the contrary, I am much more to be pitied; yes, *Aronces* (added he) I am so much ashamed by your generosity, as I should think my self more happy, if you would take your sword and run me through, rather then thus to loaden me with shame by your virtue. Were you in a condition to defend your self (replied *Aronces*) I should deal with you as with an enemy who hath done the most unjust act in the World in ravishing away *Clelia* from me; but being as you are, I will not upbraid you with unprofitable reproaches, but will keep you from falling into the hands of an enemy, who would spare neither your life nor mine. But (replied *Horace*) still I must say again, and again, that you do too much; for do what you will or can, I must still love *Clelia*, and shall love her untill I die. As long as she is not in your Power (replied *Aronces*) I care not if you do love her; but if ever fortune should give her you again, I would pursue you all the World over, though I owe you my life. Ah cruel *Aronces* (cried out *Horace*) cannot you remember what I have done for

for you, but you muſt alſo remember what you have done for me? No, no, you cannot but may upbraid me with ingratitude. After this, *Celeres* telling them that it was equally dangerous unto them both, to be long in that place, they took his advice; and though *Herminius* did love *Aronces* infinitely above *Horace*, yet he undertook to conduct his arrival into *Ardes*, and took ſide with the Party oppoſite unto that which fortune had ingaged *Aronces* to take againſt his inclination, and which both houour, revenge and virtue did ingage him to take. And as they were taking care for the help of him who lay upon the ground, they perceived that he was expired: So that after *Celeres* had ſet *Horace* behind *Herminius*, *Aronces* and he conducted them untill they came to a little blind path, by which *Horace* ſaid they might get into *Ardes* without danger, becauſe there was a little River between them and the enemy. Thus the friendſhip of *Aronces* unto *Herminius*, together with his own generoſity, moved him to be a Convoy unto his Rival. Afterwards, one taking the way towards *Ardes*, and the other towards *Rome*, they carried with them ſuch tumultuous thoughts in their hearts, as the way ſeemed much longer then it was. They never thought of thoſe dangers unto which they were expoſed by the way; for they had intereſts which took up their ſouls and ſpirits more ſenſibly, then any dangers could.

The End of the Second Booke of the First Part.



CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK. III.

THE Truth is, *Herminius* in carrying *Horace* back to *Ardes*, went from-wards *Rome* with extream repugnancy; for since *Aronces* was to be there, he could say that all the object of his friendship and love, was there also; for he had a most passionate affectionate to the place, he had a mother there whom he most dearly loved, and he had a friend there in the Person of *Clelia*, whom he esteemed infinite deerly. But for all that, his hatred of *Tarquin* was so great and well grounded, as it did surmount the all tenderness of his Soul. As for *Horace*, the virtues of his Rival were his greatest torments, except the love of *Clelia* which was above all, and though he did hate *Tarquin*, yet his jealousie was such, as he had rather be a Slave of that Tyrant, then to be delivered by his Rival. Again, *Aronces* as he drew near *Rome* his thoughts were confused; for he would never have gone thither, but that by serving *Tarquin* during the Siege of *Ardes*, he might oblige him to release *Clelia*: So as the aversion which he had conceived against that Prince, ever since he would have murthered *Clelius* at *Capoa*, and since *Herminius* had related the story of his life, did cause in him a strange repugnancy to execute his design, if the interest of his love had not surmounted it. On the other side, when he thought that *Clelia* perhaps would be treated as a Slave, and that if ever she were known to be the daughter of *Clelius* her self, would be in great danger, then he was almost out of his wits, and gave himself wholly over unto sadness. Nor as a Cordial to himself durst he hope that *Clelia* had preserved her affection intire for him, or if he had any glimps of such hope, it was so weak, as he was nevertheless miserable. He feared also that he should be obliged to make himself and his quality known unto *Tarquin*, that he might thereby be the better able to serve *Clelia*; for he conceived that if he should make his love appear, and that it should be known

known unto the King his father, who afterwards would know that *Clelia* was daughter unto the enemy of *Tarquin*, with whom he had renewed such a solemn Alliance, that his father would not approve of his love; but perhaps would make it known unto that Prince who she was purposely to ruine her. Not but that he knew the King his father to be a man of much virtue, but yet his love making him to fear every thing, he feared lest the beauty of *Clelia* should add unto her miseries; for considering how *Herminius* had described the eldest son of *Tarquin*, he thought it impossible, but he must fall in love with her if ever he saw her; so as the miserable *Aronces* went to *Rome* with such unquiet thoughts as *Celeres* had much a doe to comfort him. The reason why he went unto *Rome* rather then the Camp was, because he heard *Hellius* had commanded those who conducted the Ladies, to go unto that famous City. But that he might not be there without some acquaintance, *Herminius* at parting from *Aronces*, did give him such particular tokens to deliver unto the virtuous *Sevilia* his mother, as he doubted not but she would be ready to do him any good Office. Since it was not above eighteen miles betwixt *Ardes* and *Rome*, and the place where they parted being neer *Ardes*, they had arrived at *Rome* before the Sun had been up, if they had not lost their way, and been stopped; but having no guide they went much about, and were forced to rest their horses and themselves at least 3 hours. So as they arrived not at that Gate in *Rome* which they then called the Gate *Carmentale* until the evening. This Gate was not that, through which they use to go from *Rome* to *Ardes*, for that is close by the Capitol, quite contrary, but *Aronces* and *Celeres* having lost their way, they came in at this Gate, and went to lodge at a place where formerly they lodged, when they were at *Rome* only out of curiosity. They were no sooner alighted from their horses, but they went to inquire news of *Clelia*, and to find out *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, whom they thought to be in *Rome*, because *Tarquin* was there, though it was told *Celeres*, that he would set out the morrow after he was there. So as imagining (knowing the humour of *Amilca*) that they should find them about the Pallace of *Tarquin*, *Aronces* went thither with *Celeres*; but in their way thither, he was much surprized to see two Coachfulls of Ladies, guarded by Soldiers, who entred into *Rome* at the Port of *Janus*, and going to the Kings Pallace. The cause of his wonder was, that he spied *Clelia* in the first of them; it is true he saw her without her seeing him; for she being very melancholly no Objects invited her looks, not imagining that *Aronces* should be in *Rome*; for considering the danger wherein she left him, she imagined more probability of his death or being a prisoner, then to be in that place. However, notwithstanding all her melancholly, her beauty was of such a Lustre, as the people followed the Coach onely to look upon her. As for *Aronces*, he no sooner spied her, but he shewed her unto *Celeres*, and was joyed beyond all imagination, he was joyed to see her, and to see her sad, because he thought he had some share in her sadnesse. But also he was infinitely sad to see her a Captive, and a Captive unto the most mortal enemy of *Clelius* her father. As he was divided between his joys and his sorrows, he saw two Vestals, who walking with all the Ceremonies usual when they go through the Town, they stayed and asked whither they carried those Ladies? and being answered that they were Captives, and carried to be presented unto *Tarquin*; the elder of the Vestals whose name was *Verenia*, commanded the Officer who had the charge of them to stay the Coaches. The Vestals being held in great veneration at *Rome*, the Officer did as she commanded, and speaking very reverently unto *Veneria*, he asked what her pleasure was? My pleasure is (said she unto him) that according to those priviledges which have been granted unto us from the first Kings of *Rome*, and which have been confirmed by all their Successors, you set these Ladies at liberty; for since there were any Vestals they never met any prisoners, but they set them at liberty. I once saved the lives of some Criminal persons, and may much better release innocent Prisoners. I do beleeve (wise *Verenia* replied the Officer) that your priviledges are such as you say, and that they extend unto Captives as well as unto Criminals; but since you know it is not in me to decide a businesse of this importance, I beseech you come your self and maintain your right before the King, and let me wait upon you thither, as well as upon these Ladies; for I assure you that if I could release

releaſe them into your hands without danger of my life, I ſhould do it with joy. *Verenia* finding the Officer to ſpeak reaſon, and having conſulted a little with her Companion, ſhe went towards the Pallace which was not far off. But this conteſt laſting a little long, there flocked abundance of people about the Veſtals, and about theſe two Coaches; ſo as *Aronces* took hold of this opportunity, and preſſed ſo near, that at laſt, the eyes of *Clelia* found him out, who was ſo over-joyed to ſee him, as ſhe could ſcarcely contain her ſelf; yet ſince ſhe knew not whether or no it was expedient to take notice of him, ſhe reſtrained her ſelf, and was contented with ſhewing him the thoughts of her Soul by her eyes, alſo ſhe looked upon *Celeres* in a moſt obliging manner. Yet this mute diſcourſe laſted not long, for *Verenia* going on, the Coaches followed her. And this being a matter of Novelty, all the Croud that was gathered together in that place, did follow alſo, to ſee what *Tarquin* would do in the buſineſſe; ſo as *Aronces* and *Celeres* crouding in amongſt the reſt, they followed alſo, and not to be altogether uſeleſſe, they got as near the Veſtals as poſſibly they could; and as an incouragement unto them to inſiſt more ſtifly upon their Priviledges, *Aronces* and *Celeres* did applaud unto the Heavens their deſign of delivering theſe Ladies. Mean time, *Aronces* remembring that *Clelius* told him he had a ſiſter who was a Veſtal, he asked a Roman next him of what families theſe two Veſtals were? and the Roman anſwered, that the grand Veſtal, was ſiſter unto a baniſhed man whoſe name was *Clelius*, and that the other was of the houſe of *Aquilines*. So as *Aronces* now knowing that the grand Veſtal was Aunt unto *Clelia*, he conſulted with *Celeres*, whether it were not expedient to make it known unto this Veſtal, that *Clelia* was her Neece, before ſhe ſpoke unto *Tarquin*? and conceiving ſhe would be more zealous if ſhe knew it, they reſolved to truſt her with this important ſecret. To that end, when ſhe came near that great and ſtately Frontiſ-piece, before the Gates of *Tarquin*: Pallace, and deſcending from that Chariot wherein ſhe was carried, *Aronces* after he had asked leave of one that waited upon her, did addreſſe himſelf with all reverence unto her, and told her in a low voice and few words, that there was among the Captives one who was the daughter of her brother, and conjured her by the name of *Clelius* to protect her, and be ſilent. *Verenia* knowing how her Neece was ſtoln away, ſhe did more eaſily beleeve what *Aronces* told her, and the beauty of *Clelia* having attracted her looks, ſhe did find in her the Ayr of her Family; ſo as promiſing to be ſecret, and to inſiſt importantly upon the Priviledge, ſhe ranked her ſelf in the Front of all thoſe Ladies, who came out of their Coaches, and being Uſhered in by that Officer who conducted them, ſhe asked to ſpeak with *Tarquin*, who being then in the Chamber of the cruell *Tullia*, commanded that the Veſtals and the Captives ſhould enter. But though the Curioſity was very great, all thoſe who followed could get no further then the Anti-Chamber, except ſome few whoſe minds were too high to be denied entrance into the Kings Chamber. So as *Aronces* being as handſome a perſon as any was in the World, ſhe entred, and *Celeres* alſo. But they were much amazed when they ſaw *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates* cloſe by the King, eſpecially to ſee the firſt of theſe in ſuch great familiarity with him, though there were many conſiderable Romans with him; and that though *Collatine* and the Prince *Sextus* were preſent, yet the King talked onely with *Amilcar*, and that with as much familiarity, as if he had known them all their lives, though it was but two days ſince they came unto him. But as *Aronces* and *Celeres* were aſtoniſhed to ſee *Amilcar*, *Amilcar* was much more at the ſight of *Clelia*, *Aronces*, and *Celeres*; alſo *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates* wondred to ſee *Celeres* and *Aronces*, yet they concealed their ſeveral thoughts, and every one kept their places to ſee the buſineſſe. And indeed, the buſineſſe was worthy of Curioſity; for *Verenia* was a perſon who had been admirably fair, and yet had a moſt comely mind, the Veſtal who accompanied her was not above five and twenty years of age, and one of the moſt pleaſing perſons in the World; ſo as theſe two Veſtals approaching the preſence of *Tarquin*, all the Captive Ladies ranked themſelves behind her, in expectation of their doom, whether liberty or Fetters; ſo as this was a very delectable Object, for all the Ladies were fair and pleaſing; it is true the beauty of *Clelia* did ſo much dim the Luſtre of all the reſt,

as onely ſhe was looked upon. Things ſtanding thus, the grand Veſtal began to ſpeak with as much boldneſſe as eloquence, and addreſſing her ſelf unto *Tarquin*, Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) we addreſſe our ſelves unto you with a Petition ſo juſt, as I need onely to tell you what our Pretentions are, without ſeeking for any reaſons to uphold them; I ſhall not inſiſt, Sir, upon telling you our original; for you who are knowing in all things cannot be ignorant, that it is much more ancient then *Rome*. But I muſt take the liberty to tell you, that ſince *Romulus* brought us from *Alta* unto this day, no Kings that ever Reigned in this Town, did ever offer to infringe the leaſt of our Priviledges; and that we have ever been ſo conſidered by Kings and people, as both the one and the other have looked ſtill upon us as the neareſt cauſe of publick tranquility. The firſt of the *Tarquins* did rather adde unto our Priviledges then diminiſh them: We have received no cauſes of complaint ſince our firſt inſtitution neither from People, Senate, or Kings; and I am confident, Sir, that you wil give us none, but that you will grant liberty unto all theſe fair Captives, whom I met by chance; for you know, Sir, the law is, that if a Veſtal accidentally meets any who are carrying unto execution, ſhee ſaves his life, and releaſeth him; provided ſhee will ſwear that ſhee did not ſeek to meet him: And, Sir, I can ſafely ſwear that I never knew of theſe Ladies, untill I accidentally met them. I know you may tel mee, Sir, that theſe Ladies are priſoners of Warre, and not Criminals; but ſince they are innocent, they are more worthy of favour, and according to all Laws and reaſon, thoſe who can doe the greater things can doe the leſſe; and therefore I conclude, that ſince wee can ſave the lives of Criminals, we may ſave the innocent from impriſonment, and give them liberty. I know alſo, that the chance never yet was, when Veſtals met Priſoners of War, as divers times they have Criminals, but ſtill I ſay the Law ought to be expounded as I ſay, and the conjuncture is ſo favourable for us, as I cannot think you will loſe an occaſion of doing a thing of ſo great a glory; for I do not ask the liberty of any heroick Captain, or of any valiant Souldiers; but onely for five or ſix ſilly miſerable Ladies, who never did any thing againſt you, nor knows not how, if they would. Grant therefore, Sir, what we ask, we conjure you unto it, by the ſacred fire, which we ſo vigilantly preſerve, and by all that is moſt holy and venerable amongſt us. When *Verenia* had done ſpeaking, *Tarquin* who heard her with a mocking ſmile, anſwered her in theſe terms. As you are a Veſtal (ſaid he unto her) I have willingly harkned unto you; but as you are the Siſter of *Clelius*, all that you ſay is ſuſpected. It is very probable, that there is ſome craft in your Propoſition, for being ſure that I would deny you, you think that you may juſtly tell the people, I have infringed the priviledges of the Veſtals, that the ſacred fire wil quickly go out, and that the Gods in revenge wil ruine *Rome*; nor do I know whether out of a premeditated deſign you have let it extinguiſh already. But however it be, I do declare, that no Veſtal under my Reign ſhall ever deliver any Priſoners of War, and theſe Ladies whoſe Liberty you demand, ſhall not obtain it. Get you gone, and look wel to your ſacred fire, if you would not be under guard your ſelf; and in lieu of treating you as a Veſtal, I treat you as Siſter unto my moſt mortal, and ancient enemy. As I am a Veſtal, Sir (replied *Verenia* boldly) you ought to reſpect me; and as I am ſiſter unto *Clelius*, all the people of *Rome*, ought to arm themſelves in my defence; eſpecially ſince you would have oppreſſed my Brother, by your unjuſt violence and power. Though the Laws (replied *Tarquin* in a fury) do not condemn Veſtals to be buried alive, but for one kind of Crime onely; yet I ſhall make you try what puniſhment it is, for a Crime of another nature, if you continue inſolent a little longer. Get you gone, I ſay once more, and look to the ſacred fire unto which you are appointed; and beleeve it, that if *Clelius* or any that relates unto him, do ever fall into my power, and I ſend him or them into execution, you ſhal not ſave him, though you meet him with all your fellow Veſtals; go, go *Verenia*; for I find that if I ſee you any longer, the Purple Mantle which you wear, wil not hinder me from ſeeing the Siſter of my enemy in the perſon of a Veſtal, nor can I be any longer Maſter of my own reſentments. Oh, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) your injuſtice goes too far; and after I have ſpoke unto you as a Veſtal

I must tel you as the Sister of *Clelius*, that I think it a greater glory in being the Sister of him who opposed you, then if I wore the Crown of those Kings from whom I am descended. *Tarquin*, seeing the resolutenesse of this Vestal, and not daring to follow the impetuosity of his resentments, because there was nothing in greater veneration amongst the people then the Vestals, he onely commanded that the Captive Ladies should be carried into a Chamber in the Pallace, until he should further dispose of them. And without any more regard unto *Verenia*, he addressed his talk unto *Tullia*, *Collatine*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*; and scoffing at the Vestals, he made it appear, that though the sacred fire did extinguish yet he should not be troubled at it.

So that *Verenia* was constrained to retire, and leave her Neece under the Power of a Tyrant, who would infallibly put her to death, if he knew who she was, and yet there was no remedy. As for *Aronces* he was troubled beyond measure, and he admired the wonderfull Constancy of *Clelia*; for though she heard what *Tarquin* said, yet did she not change colour, but harkned unto all he said, as if she had no interest at all in it; and her spirits were so free that as she went out of the Chamber with the rest of the Captives, she did strive to passe handsomely by *Aronces*, to the end she might the better testifie by a sign with her head, that she had much Consolation in seeing him. As for *Aronces*, he was so sadly afflicted that he was not Master of his own spirits; and he was so taken up with sorrow, as he followed *Clelia* when she went out; and if *Celeres* had not restrained him, he had followed her unto the Chamber where they carried her, and would have made himself known to be of her acquaintance. Mean while, the Prince *Sextus* who had a general inclination to all beauties, he looked upon *Clelia*, as he was wont to look upon those whom he could not look upon with eyes of indifferency, and his mind was so much upon her, as he went out presently after her, to bid those who had the Conduct of those Ladies to treat them very well, and he came to *Clelia* who walked last; whosoever you are Madam (said he unto her) I do verily beleeve you give more heavy Fetters, then those you wear. Be they as light as they can (replied *Clelia*) yet they do much trouble me, for I am not used to carry any; and if those which you say I give, doe trouble those who wear them, perhaps they are miserable without any merit of pitty. *Sextus* had a mind to say something else, but *Clelia* being entred with the rest of the Ladies into the Chamber where they were to be, he durst not follow them, for fear of incensing *Tarquin* who was jealous of his Authority, even in the most trivial things. Mean while, *Aronces* and *Celeres* did walk before the Kings Pallace, expecting *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, imagining they would not stay long before they came out. But in expecting them, how full of doleful expressions was the sad *Aronces*? Good *Celeres* (said he) confesse by way of comfort to me, that I am the most miserable man in the World; do but consider how wilful is my wicked fortune, and in what danger *Clelia* is, were she lesse fair, there was some hopes she would not be known; but being so glorious a star as she is, every one wil be gazing and inquiring of her: Me thinks also, that though she spake the Romans language very well; yet one may know that she hath the accent of an *African*, though when we were at *Capoa*. I did not think so. I am afraid least those Ladies who are with her, should tel that *Horace* was with her at *Ardes*; nor dare I trust unto her great spirit and Prudence; for I fear that she wil not disguise her name, but that the name of *Clelia* wil make her known to be the daughter of *Clelius*; for doubtlesse the Tyrant is stil inquiring of him, and would have murthered him at *Capoa*; he knows that he hath a daughter, that she is fair, that her name is *Clelia*, and that *Horace* carried her away. Those that are so over Prudent (replied *Celeres*) are doubtlesse more miserable then any others; for in all probability *Clelia* will disguise her name. The Ladies with her perhaps knows not what it is, nor know who *Horace* is; and therefore the best way were to wait, till time tell you more.

As *Celeres* said so, *Amilcar* came out of the Palace, and came to them with *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates*, but he was as blithe and jocund in countenance, as *Aronces* was melancholy in heart. But comming to them come (said he unto him) come and

fear nothing; I have already tam'd the Tyger which put you all into terrour; it shal be long of your self, if you do not see what I say is true; and if you be not ere long in a condition to protect *Clelia*, if he would offer to hurt her, which I do not at all beleeve he will; for I am extreamly mistaken, if he do not think *Clelia* to be very fair, and if *Tullia* do not observe it as well as I. I left her telling *Tarquin* that he did ill in treating the Vestals so ill; and that since it was onely for the delivery of women, he ought to have consented unto it. So as since I know that *Tullia* is not over-scrupulous in matter of Religion, and observing that she sees as wel as I, how *Tarquin* thinks *Clelia* to be the fairest of all the Captives. I must needs conclude, that *Tullia* will ere long get her released. *Tullia* is so un-accustomed to make use of any harmlesse remedies (replied *Aronces*) as I fear, that if she be jealous, she wil rather put *Clelia* to death, then set her at liberty. To cure you of any such apprehensions (replied *Amilcar*) I wil get into favour with *Tullia*. That wil not be much difficult (said *Zenocrates*) for you have already so great familiarity with her, as I beleeve if you wil, you may quickly be the Confident of all her Crimes. For my part (said *Artimedorus*) I do wonder how it is possible *Amilcar* should in so short a time as since we came hither, do so many things; for he hath shewed us all the Town, he is very much in favour both with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and much more with the Prince *Sextus*; the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* do court him, he knows the names of all the beauties in *Rome*: The eldest of the Salians beleeve him to be a Salian, so wel is he versed in all their Ceremonies; and if you had heard his discourse with an Augurer you would have been affrighted. It is not possible (said *Celeres*) that *Amilcar* could shew the one half of *Rome* unto *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*. To shew you that they tell me no lies (replied he) ask them if I have not shewed them the four Ports of *Rome*, the Carmental, the Roman, the Pandane or the Romulide, and the Janiculan? ask them if I did not bid them observe how that City was a Quadrangle? if I did not shew them the Capitol and the stately Temple which *Tarquin* built? if I did not shew them the place where the Vestal *Tarpea* was buried? and if I did not shew them the little Temple of the God *Thermes*, whom the people would needs adore, maugre all the Power of *Tarquin*? ask them stil whether I have not shewed them the Mount Palatine, and the Mount Quirinal where the Temple of *Romulus* was built? whether I have not shewed them the Mount *Celius*, the Mount Aventine, the Mount Viminal and that of *Janicula*? ask them stil whether I did not let them see the Rumunal Figg-tree, where *Remus* and *Romulus* were found? whether I did not let them see the Sublician Bridge? whether I did not exactly shew them al the magnificence of the Amphitheater and Cirque? whether I did not carry them unto that Grove which is consecrated unto the Muses? if I did not tel them in that place some things that were uttered by the Nymph *Egerea*, such as aspired *Numa* with those admirable things which he did? ask them on, if I did not go with them into the famous Temple of *Janus*, which is seldom or never open but in times of War? if I did not shew them that Temple which *Romulus* vowed unto *Jupiter*, when he fought against the Sabines. Further, let them tel you if I did not shew them the first Prison which was ever built in *Rome* by *Ancus Martius*? if I did not shew them the sacred street, the street *Cyprienna*, where the Palace of King *Numa* is, and where *Tullia* went over the Corps of her father? if I did not shew them the place where the old *Horace* did barbarously kil his Sister, after he had overcome her Lover? if I did not let them see the Bulwarks which *Tarquin* finished? several Temples of *Vesta*, of *Jupiter*, of *Hercules*, of *Diana*, and of many other Divinities? For my part (said *Celeres*) I do not so much wonder you have shewed them so many things in so short a time, as I doe to see you in such familiarity with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and the Princes their Children; for they are almost all of different humours. That which did it (replied *Amilcar*) was my remembrance how *Herminius* described them; so as going confidently unto *Tarquin*, in the Prince of *Carthages* name, and presenting *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates* to him as two of my friends, not telling their names or who they were, I was so happy as at my first conference to get into some credit with him; for he having a desire of being instructed in the present condition of *Carthage*, knowing well there was some difference of intrest between *Si-*

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cily and that Commonwealth, I recalled into my memory all the Policies and intriques of thoſe who reigned the moſt abſolutely, and all that I had learned upon this ſubject in all my travels and books. I did highly applaud *Periander* King of *Corinth*, who knew ſo wel how to make himſelf obeyed by force; I preferred *Semiramis* above *Cyrus*, becauſe ſhe was more ſtern then that illuſtrious Conquerour, and mixing ſome ingredients of half prophanation with my politicks, in an hour I got to be high in the favour of *Tarquin*. As for *Tullia*, when I was alone with her, I let her underſtand how all the World ſaid that *Tarquin* was a debtor unto her for the Crown, and that ſhe merited a Million of Praiſes, for knowing ſo well how to ſet her ſelf above her own Sex, by not dotting at ſuch ſcruples as Ladies of low and common capacities uſe, who had not hearts ſo great as hers. As for the Prince *Sextus*, remembring his inclination unto all women, I talked unto him of nothing but our Affrican gallantry, and of the pleaſingneſſe in Grecian beauties. And knowing that he was not over regular in his loves, I made a Satyrical invective unto him, againſt all ſuch puling lovers who uſe to figh a whole year, before they wil tel they love, and who are ſo conſtant as to vow their ſervices unto one Miſtreſſe. So as he beleeving theſe to be my thoughts, he was as open unto me, as any voluptuous perſon who neither beleeved the Gods, nor feared men, could be unto his deareſt friend, when he would relate the manner of his life unto him. But he did open himſelf very pleaſantly, for one could never meet with a more amiable Libertine then *Sextus*; and my greateſt wonder was, conſidering his quality, that he was acquainted with all the handſome women in *Rome*, even from the Veſtals to the very worſt of Slaves. But after you had ſo wel gotten the opinions of *Tarquin* of *Tullia*, and of *Sextus* (ſaid *Arcones*) what did you to enter into the favour of the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*? theſe two Princes being of a contrary humours to their brother (replied *Amilcar*) they had no commerce together; ſo as ſeeing them a ſunder, I talked with them after another manner, and without any blaming of the Prince *Sextus* for his irregularity of life, I commended them ſo highly as they had a very good opinion of me; and falling into a diſcourſe of gallantry and love, I quickly obſerved the heart of the Pometian Prince, was full of ſuch great and tender thoughts, as did become a noble Paſſion: So as telling him all that I had gathered from others, and was ſenſible of my ſelf, concerning any amorous matters, he was ready to open his very ſoul unto me, and to tel me that he was in love.

As for the Prince *Titus*, he being naturally of a cold and reſerved temper, he did not ſo freely open his heart, and yet I perceived that he had a great diſpoſition to love me. *Amilcar* did one thing extraordinary more (replied *Zenocrates*) for there was one of the Kings Nephews, whoſe name was *Brutus*, who ſeemed to be a very Block-head, and in whom one ſhould never find the leaſt glimpſe of any wit; he being behind theſe Princes whileſt *Amilcar* talked unto them, did harken very attentively unto him, and *Amilcar* talking with a ſprightly and agreeable Ayr, *Brutus* did laugh twice ſo pertinently, as it was obſerved a great wonder, and a miracle of *Amilcars* wit. And a Cavalier did ſay unto another who ſtood by him, in a low voice, that *Brutus* was very happy in giving this ſign of his underſtanding when *Tarquin* was not preſent. It is moſt true (anſwered the other Cavalier) for I am confident, that if he had ſeen him laugh ſo opportunely and pertinently as he did, he would have put him to death as wel as his Brother; for he lets him live onely becauſe he thinks him to have no wit nor ſpirit. I muſt tel you (ſaid *Amilcar* then) that *Brutus* is not ſo ſenceleſſe as is beleeved; for I having an univerſal Curioſity to know all things, and ſometimes taking as much delight in ſeeing the ſeveral follies of men, as their ſeveral wiſdomes, I began to talk with him a quarter of an hour, and ſince every one had deſcribed him to be extreamly ſtupid, I put a hundred fooliſh queſtions unto him, which I perceived did diſpleaſe him, and unto which he would not anſwer. They ſay (replied *Artimedorus*) that he ſpeaks ſo little, as that it cannot be taken for an effect of his reaſon, but for an effect of his ſtupidity; for I have heard of men many times, who could hide their treaſures; but I never heard of any who could hide their ſpirits and wits. However it be (ſaid *Amilcar*) he hath more wit than he is thought to have: I know not that (replied *Zenocrates*) but I am ſure that you have more then is poſ-

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ſibly to be beleeved. Had you but heard him yeſterday you would have wondred (added he and ſpoke unto *Aronces*) when he diſcourſed with an Augurer near the place where the *Sybils* books are kept; for he made the man beleeve that he was far more knowing in matters of Divinations, then himſelf; and they were ſo great in favour together, as he promiſed to talk concerning the ſacred Chickens, and told him that he came from *Negrepont*, which is the place from whence they ſay, thoſe come, who are moſt able to preſage the truth. But (ſaid *Aronces* to him) ſince you are ſo cunning and happy in all things, I pray what can you do to help me unto a ſight of *Clelia*? It is requiſite (replied *Amilcar*) that to morrow I preſent you unto *Tarquin*, under the notion of a man whom I was acquainted with during my Travels, and as a man of courage who would be glad to ſerve him in the ſiege of *Ardes*; but we muſt indeavour to let *Clelia* know, that ſhe muſt give it out and ſay ſhe was born at *Noles*, and that *Celeres* is her Brother. And after this is hinted unto her, I will preſent *Celeres* unto *Tarquin*, who ſhall beg leave to ſee his ſiſter, and we will intercede for him, by this means ſhe wil not be thought the daughter of *Clelius*, but the principal difficulty is to ſpeak unto *Clelia*. I know not (replied *Artimedorus*) how it is poſſible to find away how to inſtruct her in all you deſire ſhe ſhould know. Perhaps more poſſible then you imagine (replied *Amilcar*) and when I return at night from the Pallace, I may chance find out an invention for it. When *Aronces* heard *Amilcar* ſay ſo, he conjured him, very importunately, to uſe his beſt indeavours, in doing him this good Office; and *Amilcar* taking the buſineſſe upon him, *Artimedorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* went with *Aronces* to viſite the virtuous *Sevilia*, who at the very name of *Herminius*, did bid them moſt heartily welcome; and *Amilcar* went to *Tullia*, where he found the Prince *Sextus* with whom he tampered as if he would be the onely Confident of all his pleaſures. And knowing that he ſhould pleaſe his *genius* if he talked of Ladies, he fel into diſcourſe concerning the fair priſoners, and extolling them to the skies, he asked *Sextus* if he would make a viſit unto them at night? For Sir (ſaid he unto him and laughed) in matter of love, it is good alwaies to be the firſt man; and therefore if there be any of thoſe Captives which pleaſeth your fancy, make haſt and tell her that ſhe hath given you Chains more heavy then her own. It being an eaſie matter to perſwade *Sextus* unto a buſineſſe of this nature, he told *Amilcar*, that he would go preſently with him, and accordingly making uſe of *Tullia's* name to ſee them, thoſe who guarded the priſoners did let them enter; but they found them in ſeveral humours, for two of them did ſo extreamly droop in their Captivity, as if they were almoſt dead, and another who being of a more blithe compoſition, was a looking her ſelf in a Glaſſe, and mending ſomething about her dreſſe, as pleaſantly as if ſhe had been in her own Chamber; alſo there were other two, who were not very melancholy. But as for *Clelia*, without either the diſpair of the two firſt, or the inſenſibility of the other three, ſhe was onely ſerious, and gravely ſad, and looked as if ſhe were a moſt perfect Miſtreſſe of her ſelf. All this while, *Amilcar* not deſiring to be known, he ſaluted her after ſuch a manner as at the firſt made her to underſtand that ſhe was to take no notice of him. And *Sextus* at the firſt entrance talking to one of thoſe Ladies who came from *Ardes*, and ſeemed the moſt conſiderable, he had time to make ſuch ſigns unto her, as ſignified his intention. And he had ſo much time alſo as to ask her in a low voice whether there was any of thoſe Captives whom ſhe durſt truſt? and *Clelia* pointing unto one who was called *Ceſonia*, he left her as ſoon as *Sextus* came towards her, and he went unto that Lady to whom ſhe pointed, unto whom he told all that was agreed upon with *Aronces*, to the end ſhe might tell *Clelia*. Thus he let her underſtand that if any asked who ſhe was, ſhe ſhould ſay that ſhe was born at *Noles*, and that ſhe had a Brother whoſe name was *Celeres*. But after *Amilcar* had ſaid all that related unto *Clelia*, he began to cheer up all the Lady Priſoners, and he was ſo pleaſant in talking unto thoſe who ſeemed ſo dejected at their Captivity, as he did ſuſpend part of all their ſorrows. Mean while, *Sextus*, unto whom the beauty of *Clelia* was infinitely pleaſing, let her underſtand (following the councel which *Amilcar* gave him) that he thought her fitter to give Fetters then to wear them. But ſhe anſwered him in ſuch a manner, as did ſomething cool the impe-

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tuosity of his fiery temper. So as this Prince, who till now never loved without hope of obtaining them, and who knew not what either fears or respect did mean, did find his heart so struken with a reverent and respectful fear, as restrained him from talking unto *Clelia*, as he used to do unto others; so as calling *Amilcar* to his aid, there began a discourse more general which was very pleasant; for as there could be no talk so far from any matters of Love, but *Sextus* would apply it that way, so after he had pitied the mis-fortunes of these fair Captives, and protested that he would protect them as much as ever he could, he began to say, he beleeved their Captivity did make many sad hearts both at *Ardes* and at *Rome*. Truth is, Sir (said *Amilcar*) since there is not one of these Captives, who is not fair enough to make Captives, I am confident there are many sad Lovers at *Ardes*, and ere long wil be many ill treated ones in *Rome*.

The Romans have such a reputation of glory (replied that person who indured her Captivity so well, and whose name was *Plotina*) as it is not credible there is any one of them that wil be a Slave to a Slave. Oh, Sir, (said *Amilcar* after his natural and sprightly freedome) this is the finest opportunity in the World for a Roman that hath a mind to make any gallant declaration of Love, and were I one, I would not let it slip; for certainly, there is nothing more difficult then to do it handsomely and gallantly; at least I am sure that since I was first a Lover, I think I have made a hundred, and amongst them all there was but two which ever pleased me. It is true (said *Sextus* and laughed as wel as *Plotina*) that for these regular Lovers who wooe in print, it is difficult for them, to find out such a happy minute, wherein they can, with a good grace, say I love you. But as for my part, I never wooe so; for I am so perswaded that the very thing it self is pleasing, as I cannot beleeve it wil make one angry be it told never so ill-favouredly; and therefore I use to out with it boldly, whensoever any occasion is offered. Were one a great Prince as you are (replied *Amilcar*) were one handsome and had wit at wil, then I think indeed, that the difficulty would not be great, to tel you love, and to tel it wel; but when one is no Prince, nor handsome, and but of a mean wit, and but indifferently in love, then I assure you it is a businesse more difficult then you imagine, to make Declarations of Love; unless unto fair Prisoners, for in such a case I find no difficulty. For indeed (added he and smiled) these words, Slave, Captive, and Prisoner, do furnish one out with a thousand gallant thoughts, and Fetters, Chains, and Torments are so naturally applicative unto what one would say; as one shal find out a thousand several wayes to expresse their minds. But when one is but cold in Love, and hath no great Talent of Wit, (as I said before) then there is no greater difficulty, then to say I am ready to die for Love. But (replied the pleasant Captive) if one be neither in love, nor have any wit, why should he ever torment himself with seeking for any Declarations of Love, and talk of that which he is not sensible off? Alas, fair *Plotina* (said he unto her) if one should never talk of Love, but when the heart is full of it, one should never talk of it above once in all his life; for one cannot be twice violently in Love. And all his discourse would be very cold and languishing, since to tel you truly, when any one is long with a woman, he must needs talk either of her Love unto others, or her causing others to be in Love with her; for I am most confident that the gravest and most demure Matrons of *Rome*, when they were young would be very weary of the best accomplished men, if they should never talk unto them of any thing but Divinity, of the Vestal Ceremonies, of the Laws of the Land, of the order in their families, or of the news of the Town: A fair and young Lady takes no delight in hearing one tel that such a one is dead, such a one hath made his Will, such a one is married unto such a rich man, this man is gone into the Country, that man hath a suit in Law, and this woman hath a very rich Gown; and therefore it is the onely way to be alwaies talking of Love, be it either in earnest or in jest; for follies of this nature handsomely spoken amongst Ladies; do please them better then any moral or politick discourse whatsoever, or any news. I am so much of your opinion (replied *Sextus*) that even in visits of Consolation after the death of friends, I would find out some invention or other to speak of Love; for be it unto a woman who hath lost her Husband,

band, whom she most dearly loved; she must be pitied principally because she hath lost him she loved; or be it so that she did not love him, she must be comforted by giving her some hopes of having a Husband whom she shal love. Yet I beleeve (replied *Clelia* modestly) that they use to talk of Love lesse in *Rome*, then any where else; they use to speak of it more mysteriously (replied *Sextus*) but for all that it is spoken of in all parts of the World; and it wil for ever be spoken of as long as there are such beauties as you are. It were enough to say (replied *Amilcar*) as long as there are any men; for since there are very few beauties comparable unto her you speak unto, you leave over little room for discourse of Love. Whilest *Sextus* and *Amilcar* were talking thus, there was one of those melancholy Ladies, who of her own nature was very Proud, and a little capricious, and who not being able to indure any discourse of this nature, she began to quarrel with *Amilcar*; but being very handsome, and seeming witty, he answered her very civilly, though in a very ingenious way of Rallary; on the other side, that jocund Lady whom *Amilcar* had much pleased, she opposed her friend, and told her that she was much too blame in offering to make *Amilcar* as melancholy as her self, so as there grew a very pleasant contest, yet it lasted not long; for it growing late *Sextus* and *Amilcar* went away; but *Amilcar* having done the businesse he came for, as soon as he had waited upon *Sextus* to his Chamber, he returned unto *Aronces*. Yet before he went from that Prince, he observed that *Clelia* had taken his heart; and he made him confesse, that he thought her very fair; and that the onely fault he could find in her, was that he thought her too good and over wise. However, the friendship which was between *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres*, would not suffer them to part Lodgings, but they al three lay together, as *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates* did: *Aronces* was not looked upon as a Kings son, nor *Artimedorus* as a Prince, for the state of their fortunes would not permit them; but *Amilcar* knowing them both, he desired they should know what one another were: So as after he had told *Aronces* what he had done, and had filled his heart both with joy and hopes, he obliged *Aronces* to discover himself unto *Artimedorus*, and *Artimedorus* to discover himself unto *Aronces*; who no sooner heard of his true Condition, but he knew him to be a Brother unto the Princesse of the Leontines, unto whom he was so much obliged; so as imbracing him then with aboundance of tenderneſſe, he begged his friendship, and promised his most faithful service, not speaking a word of the Princesse his Sister, until he knew what opinion he was of, and whether what he thought of the lovely *Zenocrates* was true or no.

However, it being very late, and having talked away most of the night without any sleep, they silently gave the rest unto their rest: And in the morning, as it was resolved upon the day before, *Amilcar* went unto *Tarquin*, to present *Aronces* and *Celeres* unto him, as two friends of his whom he knew very wel in his travels; and as two men who came to offer their service at the Siege of *Ardes*: Adding afterwards a most humble Petition for the releaſe of *Clelia*, whom he called by another name before *Tarquin*, then that she was called at *Ardes*, saying that she was carried thither by her lover against her will; and that being born at *Noles* in *Campania*, and being Sister unto a man who would die in his service, she deserved to be treated better than the rest of the Captives, who were Daughters, Wives, and Sisters unto his enemies. At the first, *Tarquin* received *Aronces* and *Celeres* very wel, and hearkned unto the Petition which *Amilcar* made in behalf of the pretended Sister unto *Celeres*; but *Clelia* seeming in his eyes to be very fair, and having a desire to keep her, he told *Amilcar*, that indeed his Petition was very just, and told *Celeres* that his Sister should not be a Prisoner; but withal told him, that he must desire a favour from him also, which was that she might remain as a Prisoner until after the Siege of *Ardes*: For (said he) it doth exceedingly concern me that it should not be thought, the Vestals have any right in releasing Prisoners of War, as they have of Criminals; for if this Priviledge should be granted them, there would be in every street a Vestal, when any considerable prisoners of War were brought into *Rome*. But Sir (replied *Aronces*) since this Prisoner for whom we intercede, is no inhabitant of *Ardes* you may releaſe her,

her, without any thought that it is by virtue of the Vestal Priviledge if you do declare, that you release her onely upon this account that she was not born among your enemies. What you say (replied *Tarquin*) is very judiciously spoken; but for al that the people wil think her to be released by the Vestal authority; and therefore it is absolutely requisite, that this fair one stay where she is, until after the Siege of *Ardes*: But left her Captivity should be troublesome unto her, or that she should passe under the notion of a Slave, I wil intreat *Tullia* to be civil towards her, as perhaps she may like being in *Rome*, as wel as in *Campania*.

Celeres, *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates*, did use many more arguments unto *Tarquin*, to make him change his mind, but he began to give them such sharp answers, as they fearing to incense him, and make him suspect something of the truth, they did not importune him any further; and *Celeres* carrying himself as *Clelia's* Brother, he gave *Tarquin* a thousand thanks for promising to release her after the Siege of *Ardes*, and in the mean while to treat her wel. And indeed, *Tarquin* commanded that some of *Tullia's* servants, should the very same hour go and wait upon her, and that they should let any see her who would: So as *Aronces* making use of that Liberty, he went unto her that afternoon, but was carried thither by *Celeres*, who went to see her as his Sister, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates* went also with them, to the end this visit should not render her in the least suspected.

Clelia was that day in her negligent dresse, but yet in the midst of negligence so handsome, as it was apparent that she was naturally so, and so when she had no company. There being then none with her but the Captive Ladies who loved her deerly, she had so much liberty as to receive *Aronces* as a man whom she was glad to see; yet she had restrained her self by reason of *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*, had not *Celeres* in presenting them unto her, hinted unto her, that she needed not to stand in fear of them. So as this meeting, notwithstanding the pittiful condition wherein they were, was very comfortable unto them. And to the end they might have the more freedome of discourse, *Amilcar* who had seen all the Ladies but the day before, began to talk with them as familiarly as if he had been acquainted all his life; for being between the pleasant *Plotina*, and the lovely *Cesonia*, who carried out their mis-fortunes with more Constancy then the rest, it was an easie matter for him to turn discourse in a more merry mood. As for *Artimedorus*, he durst not talk over much because he was no *Roman*: And as for *Zenocrates*, though when he pleased he could speak the language very excellently wel, yet it was never his custom to talk much upon the first acquaintance; yet he listned with such ingenious attention, as made it apparent that he knew what wit was, and that he was a Master of it himself. As for *Celeres*, he addressed himself and his discourse unto those Ladies who were of the most melancholy mood; so as by this means *Aronces* talked with *Clelia* in private, with whom he had not had a minutes discourse never since that terrible Earth-quake, which separated them upon the Banks of the River *Vulturnes*; and he was so transported with joy at the opportunity, that it did appear in his eyes, in his actions, and in his voice. I beg your pardon, Madam (said he unto her) for that joy which perhaps you find in my face; for considering the condition wherein you are, I may seem much too blame to expresse joys; yet I must needs tell you Madam, that at this time I am not a Master of my own thoughts; but am so over-joyed at the sight of you, to see you out of my Rivals power, and to find some sparks of goodnesse towards me yet in your eyes, as I cannot chuse but abandon my heart and soul unto joys. But Madam, to plump up joys into a fuller strain, I beseech you tel me whether you are any thing joyed at the sight of me, and in seeing me fuller of love then I was, when I had the happy honour to be the most amorous person upon earth. If the very sight of you did not please me (replied *Clelia*) truly Sir, I should think my self so unreasonable, as that I should be extreamly ashamed at my self. Oh Madam (said he and interrupted her) I beseech you do not Sir me so, for I am stil the very same *Aronces*, whom the fair *Clelia* was once pleased to call her Brother, when she began to cast a favourable look upon him as her Lover; and be confident, Madam, that I shal most joyfully renounce the

quality of a Kings ſon, rather then you ſhould take from me that glorious title of your Slave. Treat me not therefore, I beſeech you in a ceremonious manner; imagine your ſelf to be upon the Throne, and me in Fetters at your feet, and uſe no ſuch offenſive Sirs unto me; for my thoughts are ſo tender and ſo ful of reſpects unto you, as if you do not call me as you were wont to do, my joys at the ſight of you wil leſſen. Since you wil have it ſo, my dear *Aronces* (ſaid ſhe unto him) I ſhal live with you, as I was wont at *Capoa*, and I can aſſure you that you are to me no more conſiderable, ſince I know you to be a Kings ſon, then you were before; for truly, fortune in giving you a Crown, hath not given you any thing which I can put in compariſon with your vertue. Oh Madam (ſaid he unto her) I beſeech you commend me leſſe, and tell me a little more plainly, that you do love me as you were wont to do; and without any telling me of my virtue, tel me onely, that the tenderneſſe and conſtancy of my love, hath moved your heart: That my Rivals hath made no impreſſion in it, and that you would be glad to reign ſtill in mine. In telling you, I am the ſame at *Rome*, I was in *Capoa* (replied *Clelia* modeſtly) ſurely I ſhal tel you as much as you can deſire: After this, *Aronces* uſed the moſt tender expreſſions in the World unto *Clelia*; and in the tranſports of his Paſſion, he talked to her of compleating their marriage, though ſhe was a Priſoner, though *Clelius* could not come to *Rome*, and though he durſt not tell who ſhe was, nor think of carrying her unto *Cluſium*. Alſo he himſelf perceived that his reaſon was not ſound, and was glad that the Prudent *Clelia* did ſet ſome limits unto ſuch tumultuous deſires, as made him think upon things both unreaſonable and impoſſible.

After which, he gave a ſhort account of all the Paſſages which had happened: And ſhe alſo did tell him all ſhe knew; for ſhe told him how *Horace* went unto the place where the Earth-quake was, which gave him the occaſion of his voyage, that was ſo variouſly talked of at *Capoa*; ſhe told him how ſtrangely ſhe was amazed when ſhe ſaw her ſelf without any releef in the hands of *Horace*, who yet did treat her with very much reſpect; ſhe told him afterwards how when the Earth-quake was ceaſed, *Horace* carried her into a houſe which was not ſhaken down, which belonged unto one of thoſe that were with him, when he carried her away; that there he got a Coach, how he procured a woman to wait upon her; and how after he had written unto *Stenius* who was at *Capoa*, he was forced to ſeek his fortune: She told him afterwards, how *Horace* reſolving upon *Peruſia* for his retreat, he took that way. But Madam (ſaid *Aronces* to her) when I ſaw you in a Bark upon the Lake of *Thraſimenes*, and when *Horace* defended himſelf againſt the Prince of *Numidia* who aſſaulted him, then you were not in the way to *Peruſia*. It is true (replied *Clelia*) but chance ſo ordered it, that in this voyage *Horace* did meet with the ſon of him who commanded, in one of the Iſles of that Lake, which is beyond that, where they then kept the Queen your Mother; ſo as contracting friendſhip with him, and having truſted him with all his ſecrets, *Horace* changed his intention, and reſolved to carry me into that Iſle, where the man aſſured him to find a ſafe Sanctuary. And accordingly, he did put me into a Bark with him, his men and with thoſe of him he met, we were no ſooner upon the Lake but the Prince of *Numidia* appeared upon the ſhore with armed men, and having found another Bark he and his men went into it, and fel upon *Horace* as you ſaw; and I am moſt confident, that if theſe two had not ſtood in fear of hurting me, the meeting had proved mortal to them both. But I beſeech you Madam (replied *Aronces*) how came the Prince of *Numidia* ſo juſt in the nick with his armed men? I conjecture (anſwered ſhe) that I was the cauſe of it; for you muſt know, the meeting accidentally with a Penſil and ſome Paint, when I fell into the power of *Horace*, I writ upon all places where I paſſed on doors and walls, both my name, and the place where they carried me. And underſtanding that morning, we ſhould go unto the this Iſle, I writ theſe words in a Window.

If any Friend unto Clelius *chance to paſſe this way, let him know, that they carry* Clelia *unto one of the Iſles upon the Thraſimenian Lake.*

So as ſuppoſing and with reaſon that the Prince of *Numidia* paſſing by chance that

that way, and finding this writing, he took these men and followed me. However, after the Combate with *Horace* and this Prince who was wounded, we came unto this Isle where he presently recovered. But hearing of that expresse command which the Prince of *Persusia* had sent to seek me and *Horace* in all his Dominions. He who promised unto *Horace* a safe Sanctuary in this Isle, recalling his word, did oblige him to depart; so as then seeking out for a place of shelter from the violence of *Tarquin*, and for a protection against all the World, he carried me to *Ardes*, which he knew was in no correspondency with the King of *Rome*. And indeed, he was there very well received; but as for my part, melancholy was much my desease: yet I was so happy as to find much comfort in the Company of *Cesonia*, whom you see there with *Amilcar*, and whom I found to be a most generous friend; for when *Horace* saw that in all probability, *Tarquin* would be prosperous in the siege of *Ardes*, and resolved to get out, *Cesonia* at my request came out also, and perswaded all the rest of these Ladies come with her. So as when you met with us, we had been stopped by the Troops of *Tarquin*. As soon as *Clelia* had said so, the Prince *Sextus* entred, and caused the discourse to alter; but *Amilcar* knowing that *Clelia* pleased that Prince very much, and having a desire to take him off, he went unto him, and speaking in a low voice, Sir (said he) this fair Prisoner whom I see you look upon more then any of the rest, is indeed the fairest of them all; but let me tell you, that the pleasant *Plotina*, whom you see on my right hand, is far the jocundest, and more easie to be wrought upon: It is true (replied *Sextus*) but her beauty is infinitely more charming then any of the rest: I grant it (replied *Amilcar*) but the worst is in gaining her, you must sigh and cry, and cringe, and Pule, a long time for it; but in all likelihood the Conquest of the other will be obtained with a laugh and a pleasant jeast. After this, *Sextus* sitting down, and finding what *Amilcar* had said to be very pleasant, he made it the subject of discourse, but in such a manner, as it was taken onely for general discourse, wherein none of the Company had any particular intereest. After he had stated the Question in hand, it is not (said he) to know whether a fair and merry Mistress, be more amiable then fair and melancholy, or a fair, proud, and capricious Mistress; but the question is, which of them is the most fit to cause love? Oh Sir (replied *Celeres*, not knowing *Amilcars* design) a fair & merry Mistress makes men in love with her, but wil not be in love her self, and I know nothing more intollerable then a sprightly blithe humor, who wil oblige one with a thousand civilities; concur with one in a hundred pleasures, let you tel her what you wil, and wil her self be very free; who the very first day you see her wil laugh, sing, dance, and play with one, as freely, as if he were of twenty years acquaintance; who wil desire you to come and see her, who wil bid you extreamly welcome, and who wil give one the greatest hopes in the world, and al to no purpose. And as soon as ever ones back is turned, she wil never think on what he said, or what she answered. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I wonder why you should complain so; for I conceive nothing more sweet then to find some hopes growing with ones love; to find som recompence as soon as he begins to profess affection, to meet with that pleasure in the beginning of a Passion, which others never meet with but in the end; & al the while never to shed any tears but those of joy: As to that which you say concerning the forgetfulness of a fair and merry Mistress, I say, pay back oblivion for oblivion; and if she wil forget what you said, do you forget what she said. Were I of *Amilcars* temper (replied *Celeres*) I should without difficulty do as he says; but I assure you (replied he) the matter is not so easie as you imagine; for I have seen al sorts of Lovers; I have my self loved persons of a blithe, jocund, and frolique temper; I have loved melancholy, proud, fickle, fantastical Mistresses, I have loved the little, the great, the black, the brown, the fair, and al sorts. Since so said the Prince *Sextus*, you are the most experimentally able to tel us, whether it be more sweetness in loving a pleasant, merry Mistress, or a melancholy, or a fantastical. I is very true (replied *Aronces*) *Amilcar* is fitter to speak unto the question then any other; yet he himself is of so pleasant, equal, and merry a composition (said *Artimedorus*) as I fear his partialitie wil make more against the melancholy, then against the proud and fantastical fair ones. To shew my freeness from partiality (replied he and laughed) chuse which of these three you wil maintain, and I wil undertake to de-

fend the other. Oh, I beſeech you (ſaid the pleaſant *Plotina*) do not forſake the cauſe of the merry ones, and let him take part with the merry and fantaſtical; you wil defend that ſide ſo wel your ſelf, both by your beauty and agreeableneſſe of humour (replied *Amilcar*) as you need none to take your part, yet I conſent to be the Protector of the fair and merry ones.

For my particular (ſaid the Prince *Sextus*) I wil pretend to judge: As for my part (ſaid *Aronces*) I wil not put that in any doubt which my heart hath been ſo long reſolved upon. And for my part (ſaid *Zenocrates*) ſince I am yet much unreſolved in matters of love, I wil pretend unto no ſide, but onely to be an Auditor. Since ſo (ſaid *Celeres*) I wil make choice to defend the melancholy Ladies: And to undertake a task more hard then that (ſaid *Artimedorus*) I wil maintain, provided you wil pardon the defects of my language, that there is more pleaſure in being loved by a fair, proud, and fantaſtical Miſtreſſe then any other, though I muſt thus far agree that there is much more ſweetneſſe in being loved by a melancholy beauty who is not fantaſtical. As for your Grecian accent (replied *Amilcar*) I wil excuſe it, but I beſeech you give me leave to ſpeak firſt, for I cannot indure to take ſo much pains as to anſwer the reaſons of others. But conſider, I pray (replied *Amilcar*) that others had rather reply upon your reaſons; perhaps (replied *Plotina*) his reaſons will be found ſo good, as none will be ſo bold as to reply unto them, or ſhew their own. Since you are the onely ſhe in all the Company (replied *Ceſonica*) who can pretend unto this quality of mirth, perhaps others wil alſo find their Protection as wel as you. I aſſure you (replied *Amilcar*) it wil not be an eaſie matter to find it; for to enter in the argument, hath not love its riſe and life out of joys, out of pleaſures, and looked upon as the greateſt felicity in the World, the moſt amorous ſighers that are, never ſigh but for joy, all the ſobs and ſorrows of a Lover are cauſed by his hopes of being happy. Is it not much better then, to meet with love in delights and joys, then to ſeek it by ſad ſighing and difficult ways, in ſuch as wil never let one laugh but after they have cried? Had I been called unto Natures Councel when ſhe invented all theſe ſeveral ſorts of Flowers which ſhe produced, I ſhould never have given any Prickles unto Roſes; ſuch a Lover am I of all delights as I would have them without any mixture of ſorrows; and I am ſuch a profeſſed enemy unto all gloomy and melancholy Lovers, who wil always go the moſt painfull ways unto love, and had rather ſigh with the Turtle, then ſing with the Nightingale, as I cannot chuſe but ſigh to think upon their follies. Oh *Amilcar* (cried out *Plotina* and laughed) you defend our cauſe me thinks ſo faintly, as I fear you have a will to be baſed in it. Experience is ſo much above all reaſons (replied *Amilcar*) as we ſhall be able to defend our cauſe againſt all the protectors of the proud and melancholy Miſtreſſes; and if to give them a moſt ſenſible example, you wil be pleaſed to let me love you, and you love me again this wil be reaſon enough, to prove that it is better to be loved by a fair merry Miſtreſſe, then either a melancholy or a fantaſtical. When you have ſhewed your reaſons (replied ſhe and ſmiled) we ſhall ſee whether we ſhall authoriſe them by our example. I muſt tell you then again (replied he) that I know nothing more vexatious, then to Court a melancholy, or a proud fantaſtical Miſtreſſe, nor any thing ſo ſweet as to be loved by a fair and pleaſant merry Miſtreſſe: For firſt when one Courts a melancholy Deity, he muſt be full of all familiarity, he muſt pay all poſſible reverence, he muſt ſigh and pule a long time, he muſt be extreamly circumſtantial in the declaration of his love, he muſt pay both great and ſmal ſervices, he muſt be full of applauds, of ſweetneſſe, of tenderneſſe, of rapture, of aſſiduity, and amongſt all theſe one ingredient of deſpair. And when all is done, you muſt either be loved or not loved, if you be not loved then there is aboundance of time loſt; and if you be loved, commonly it is but a little; for of a hundred melancholy Miſtreſſes there are not two to be found who are not both jealous and hard to be obtained, and who does not drive into deſpair by their continual complaints. So that often one is much more miſerable in obtaining their affection then in being denied it. As for the proud and fantaſtical (added he) they are yet worſe, for one knows not where to find them. At firſt, they will hardly look upon thoſe hearts which are offered unto them,

them; one would say that they wronged them in adoring them, or at least, one is infinitely obliged unto them, for doing so much honour as to receive their offering; they wil disdainfully turn away the head, because one shal not look them in the face, and they wil sometimes so behave themselves, as if you were to render them all humble thanks that for that they have not killed you. I know very wel that there are some good fantasticks, and that some days one shal oblige them, by telling such things as angred them the day before: I know also, that at another time the same things wil displease which before did please, so as you can never be at any certainty with them in matter of love; nor be sure you can keep that love which you get the day before; how can one be ever at any quiet, or injoy any delight in them? for my part I cannot indure to be smiled upon one day, and brow-beaten the next; I know these proud ones and fantastical ones, wil sometimes go further then others wil, but I know withal that they wil repent it, and what is gotten with a great deal of pains is kept but by chance, for one shal never injoy their affection with any tranquile delight. Therefore I do conceive it much better to Court the love of a fair, jocund, frolick, and merry Mistresse: For first, the Conquest is much more easie, one shal injoy it in peace; if she should have any tang of jealousie or anger, she is pacified with a serenade, and all quarrels are but trifles which wil be reconciled at the next treat, or diversion; I know very wel, that these merry Mistresses perhaps do not love so zealously; but withal, they do not expect one should love them so extreamly; so as giving as much liberty as they take, both parties wil be wel agreed. They wil require nothing from you but such things as are pleasant in themselves; for they wil walk with you, they wil laugh, they wil rally, sing and dance, and to do all these for the love of them, are no difficulties; and therefore is it not much better to serve such, then others who are so ful of the morals and politicks of love, and who require if you wil get their loves that you also do exactly know them, who rank sighs, sobs, and tears instead of pleasures.

I have divers more arguments to use (added *Amilcar*) but I shall not stand in need of all my force against such enemies, as I fear not, since their cause is so bad, and mine so good. Though I want your eloquence (replied *Artimedorus*) yet for al your Art, I hope Justice wil carry it against your specious reasons which have no solidity in them. For the question is not whether hath most or least trouble in loving a merry Mistresse, or a fantastical, or a melancholy; but the question is, which hath most sweets in it. And I do very confidently affirm, that of al the several tempers which a Mistresse can be of, none is so fit to move great and sensible delights as shee that is fair, proud, and a little fantastical. For it is most evident, that whosoever does take away resistance and al difficulties from Love, doth murther Love; or at the least doth take away al the sweet and pleasing transports which makes al Lovers happy. And I must also affirm, that to be compleatly happy in Love, he must mix with his love the glory to make it fervent, and must have an amorous kind of ambition to redouble the violence of that Passion; it is a most high delight after a man hath been long a Slave unto a Mistresse, to be at last a Conquerour, and to deserve that glorious title he must have met with such resistance; hee wil imagine it most glorious to have vanquished that heart which seemed invincible, and he must be able to tel himself that he deserves to vanquish.

Moreover, though a resentment of glory were not necessary to render that Passion the more ardent, yet it must be confessed that Love is either hot or cold, according as the desires are hot or cold: And it must be concluded as impossible, that those desires which a merry Mistress creates in the heart of a Lover, can ever be so sharp as those inspired by a proud beauty, which seem more delicate because they are more difficult to obtain. Not but that a wel accomplished man who is resolute in his love may be assured to vanquish, if he doth but know how to manage all occasions, and to make use of several favourable and critical minutes which may be met with in the conversation of al proud and fantastical Mistresses; there are some hours when it may be said that there is an *interegnum* in their hearts: I must also maintain that the most sensible favours, are more often obtained by humour, and fancy, then by tenderness

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and acknowledgements: and a proud fantaſtical Miſtreſſe wins more in an hour, then a merry Miſtreſſe can in a year. I grant it (replied *Amilcar*) but commonly all proud and fantaſtical Miſtreſſes, do within an hour repent themſelves of all the favours they have done; they will even hate themſelves for loving you too well: and ſometimes they will puniſh you for what they themſelves did voluntarily grant: and their repentance for doing any thing over obligingly moves them unto a thouſand more angry woods. 'Tis true (replied *Artimedorus*) ſometimes quarrels do ariſe when one loves a proud beauty; But oh, *Amilcar*, how ſweet are the reconciliations? and what delight is it to ſee them repent and pay with uſury thoſe favours they ſuſpended; and to confer freſh favours to repair the wrong? what pleaſure is it, I ſay, to ſee this lofty and noble pride to ſtop and make excuſes, and give many markes of ſubmiſſion? what high delight is it ſometimes when they would favour you, to ſee them vex and fret at themſelves, and their hearts out of obliging weakneſs, to pant ſo as they are forc'd to be favorable unto you? when one hath obtained any favor from a proud beauty, her pride will be the ſweeteſt thing in the world unto you: for her pride unto others will make you give hearty thanks, ſhe is not ſo to you; whereas an equal tempered Miſtreſs who is univerſally merry and affable unto all, ſhe does rather vex then pleaſe one. Therefore I conclude, that there is more glory and delight in loving a proud fantaſtical and coy Miſtreſs, then on that is pleaſant, merry, and affable; and though perhaps one may be happy, in a melancholly and in a merry Miſtreſſe both; yet the conqueſt of a proud Miſtreſs is more eaſie, then the conqueſt of one who gives hopes the very firſt day that one begins to love them.

If *Celeres* (replied *Amilchar*) do defend the cauſe of fair and melancholly Miſtreſſes, as you have of the proud, I ſhall ſtand in need of the fair *Platina*'s help, to maintain the cauſe I undertake. *Grecians* being before all others in eloquence; replied *Celeres*, and *Artimedorus* having a moſt vaſt will: Perhaps my reaſons will not ſound ſo well as his; Not that his ſide and that which I am to defend are much oppoſite, for few proud and fantaſtical women who are very merry; and few alſo who have not ſome touch of melancholly; but it is a certain kind of ſweet and charming melancholly which makes moſt violent and tender Paſſions grow in the heart of a Lady. When I ſpeak of a fair and melancholly Miſtreſs (added he) you muſt not imagin I mean ſuch as are of a gloomy, frowning, fretting and angry humour: for I make a great difference between Sadneſs and Melancholly. But I mean, ſuch a ſweet and charming melancholly as is not an enemy unto all pleaſures, and gallant diverſions. I mean, I ſay a melancholly which has a ſweet Languor and Paſſion in its looks: which makes the heart great, generous, tender and ſenſible; and puts into it ſuch a zealous diſpoſition unto love, as thoſe who know not what a melancholly heart is, do not know what love is; and I am confident that a lover who is acquainted with all the delicaſies of this paſſion, does find more delight in a certain kind of languiſhing and paſſionate luſtre in the eyes of his Miſtreſs, then he ſhall in all the mirth and jollitry in the world: He wil not value thoſe eternal laughers who think themſelves worthy of pity if they do not laugh from morning to night: and certainly the moſt ſenſible delights of that paſſion, are not thoſe delights which move laughter: And if after a thouſand ſighs and ſecret groanes, a Miſtreſs afford but one favourable word which gives any ſpark of hope, a lover wil hearken unto it with more ſenſible delight, then unto all the ingeneous rallery in the world: not but that he has his joyes; but they are ſuch joyes as are rather Languor then mirth; ſuch joyes as are peculiar only unto Love, and Melancholly is ſo perticularly proper unto that Paſſion, that his very pleaſures have a tincture of melancholly. His ſtudies and muſings, which ſeem ſo dull and heavy are infinitely pleaſing unto him: and at his faintings of ſpirit are preferrable, before all diverſions in the world; and though there appear no blithneſſe in his eys, nor ever laugh, yet he thinks himſelf very happy. I know very well that at the firſt acquaintance, a merry perſon is extreamly pleaſing: and that it is much eaſier to get acquaintance with ſuch, then thoſe more ſerious. For, as *Amilcar* ſaid very well, one ſhall get familiarity with them the very firſt day of acquaintance; they will laugh, ſing, dance, and tell a thouſand merry ſtories: whereas on the contrarie, one muſt

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go more ſlowly to work, with thoſe whoſe tempers moſt take me; for commonly upon the firſt acquaintance with them, one ſhal ſee but the out-ſide of their beauties and wit, nor wil they ſhew al their ingenuitie of a long time; and when you do know al, ſtil you are to ſeek their hearts; ſo as diſcovering every day freſh graces you have every day freſh delights; but it is otherwiſe with jocund and pleaſant perſons; for at the very firſt they ſhew you al their beauty, their hearts and al their affections; and certainly if you love them not at the very firſt, you wil never love them. And alſo, if ſhe love not you at firſt, ſhe will never love you, nor afford you any but common favours.

And the very truth is, they onely who have Paſſionate ſouls, do know how to take every thing as a favour, who onely can invent innocent delights, and can make hope laſt, after they have given you their affections. For my part, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſſe that I do love the merry better than the melancholy; but I muſt withal tel you, that I would not ſpend al my life in mirth. I would have my friends of that temper, but not my Miſtreſſes, for there is nothing more cruel then to love one who never minds nor obſerves any thing but pleaſures. It is otherwiſe with a paſſionate melancholy Miſtreſſe; for if you give any obliging language ſhe remembers it a hundred times, ſhe repeats it unto her ſelf in ſecret; and ſhe wil make you glad to ſee ſhe remembers it, by hinting ſomething or other handſomely which wil let you know it. If you play a leſſon on the Lute unto her, and there be any paſſionate Ayrs in it, which ſeems ſuitable unto your love of her, ſhe wil reſent it with tenderneſſe; ſhe wil make application unto her ſelf, and anſwer you with ſuch ſweet and languiſhing looks, as ſhal moſt ſenſibly delight you: But on the contrary, a merry Miſtreſſe never minds any paſſionate Ayr, but begins her ſelf to ſing ſome ſong or other which ſignifies nothing. If you ſend any amorous and paſſionate Epiſtles unto her, ſhe runs over it in reading; or if ſhe have any diverſion in hand, perhaps ſhe wil put it in her pocket and not read it, til ſhe be more at leiſure; and when ſhe hath read it, perhaps ſhe wil burn it, or may be throw it into her Cabinet, and never read it at al. But when a ſerious, paſſionate, and melancholy Miſtreſſe receives a Letter from her loved ſervant, her heart beats when ſhe takes it; ſhe opens it with a bluſh, and ſhe reads it with care and ſecrecy; ſhe reads it over and over an hundred and times, and ſeriouſly ponders upon every ſyllable; and though ſhe remember every word, yet wil ſhe read it again and again. The truth is, there is nothing ſo ſweet, as when one is loved by ſuch a melancholy virtuous perſon, to ſee how ſhe wil be troubled in denying any ſlight favour which you ſhal ask of her, and wil deny it in ſuch an obliging manner, as a merry Miſtreſſe would oblige you leſſe in granting it, then ſhe in denying. I do know very wel, that ſuch uſe to love very ardently, and deſire alſo to be ardently loved, and therefore they uſe to complain very often, but what though? is there any thing in this world ſo ſweet as to ſee a Miſtreſſe complain ſhe is not loved enough? can ſhe poſſibly give you a more apparent teſtimony of her love? a merry Miſtreſſe indeed, complains ſometimes that you do not enough divert her, but ſhe wil never find fault that your paſſion is not ſtrong enough; yet quite contrary with melancholy Miſtreſſe, for ſhe wil complain, ſhe wil grieve, and wil even be ſick for ſorrow and anger, ſhe wil break off with you by all means though God knows ſhe cannot, and when you have once appeaſed her, ſhe wil fil up your ſoul with infinite joys, and you wil find in her al the favours and ardency of a new affection, nothing is ſo ſweet as theſe reconciliations in love. You ſhal alſo have this advantage by loving a Miſtreſſe of a ſerious and paſſionate temper, as never to hazard any thing as you ſhal often in loving a merry and fantaſtical humour; for if you find the laſt of theſe in a good mood, when ſhe hath not power to deny her heart, unto thoſe who divert her, ſhe wil give her heart unto you, but yet ſhe gives it rather by chance then choice: a proud and fantaſtical Lady wil often do the like, and love you more out of an humour then out of any inclination. But a virtuous melancholy Miſtreſſe, who hath a tender ſoul and a noble heart, ſhe is long in denying you, and wil not beſtow her affection, but when ſhe cannot chuſe but give it; but yet when ſhe doth give, ſhe giveth it freely; and yet ſhe gives it not al at once as the others do, ſhe ſhews her heart by degrees; and when you do ſee the bottome of

it,

it, you ſhal be ſo happy as to ſee none but your ſelf in it. Indeed a paſſionate and melancholy Miſtreſſe, hath love in her head as wel as her heart; ſhe can remember and repeat every paſſage, and whereſoever ſhe is, her mind is ſtil with her Lover, ſhe thinks upon al the places where ſhe hath ſeen him, and would never be out of his ſight, ſhe hath continually a hundred thouſand things to tel him, which yet ſhe never does; and there is in this kind of Love ſuch a ſweet miſcellany of joies and inquietudes, as ſhe is continually in the one or the other. For not to be miſtaken, I muſt affirm, that to know al the delights of Love, one muſt know al the bitters of it, and whoſoever cannot make a great miſery out of a trivial matter, ſhal never take any great delight in a great favour. But if one wil be happy in love, he muſt pick out great pleaſures from moſt ſlight favours, and muſt have a heart ſo ſenſible, as the very ſight of a place where once his Miſtreſſe hath been, muſt fil his heart ful of joy, as ſuch joies as muſt grieve him; his heart muſt be ful of thoughts upon her, he muſt think upon nothing elſe; and he muſt think upon her, ſometimes with delight, and ſometimes with grief. But the fair and merry Miſtreſſe, and alſo the proud and fantaſtical never uſe to have any ſuch tender thoughts: It is onely the charming melancholy which is able to inſpire a zealous, laſting, and pleaſing Paſſion: As for a merry Miſtreſſe it may be ſaid, ſhe rather lends you her heart then gives it; for ſhe never gives it ſo abſolutely, but ſhe can recal it as often as ſhe finds any one that can divert her more. As for a proud and capricious Miſtreſſe, it may be ſaid that one can never get her heart, without a raviſhment unleſſe perchance ſhe caſt it upon you out of anger, rather then give it you out of good wil; and you can never be ſo ſure in poſſeſſion of it, but you may loſe it again by the ſame capricious toy which gave it you. But as for a melancholy Miſtreſs, when ſhe gives her heart, ſhe gives it wholly and abſolutely, and gives it in ſuch an ingaging manner, as (when one knows al the delicacies of this kind of affection which ſo few do know) it is impoſſible there ſhould ever be any change in love: And if it were lawful in *Rome* to uſe ſo ſacred a compariſon with a prophane, I would ſay, that melancholy is the Veſtal which preſerves the fire of love in the heart of a Lover, ſince without it, a zealous and laſting love, cannot be.

Good *Celeres* (ſaid *Amilcar*) ſay no more; for though I have undertook to be the defendor of merry Miſtreſſes, and mirth, yet I think if I were not near the lovely *Plotina*, you would convert me. The truth is (ſaid *Artimedorus*) that *Celeres* and his expreſſions have tendered my heart. But the wonder is (ſaid *Aronces*) that *Celeres* who hath ſo eloquently diſcourſed upon love, yet never had any of thoſe great and violent Paſſions, is able to inſtruct others ſo wel. It is true (replied *Celeres*) and though I was never any more then a pidler in love matters, yet I am very wel acquainted with the Paſſion: And had I not thwarted my own temper, or had ever met with a lovely melancholy Miſtreſs who would have loved me, I ſhould have been the deepeſt in love of any man living. For my part, (replied *Amilcar*) I can ſcarcely beleeve you; for ſince my firſt beginnings in matters of love, I have begun a hundred ſeveral loves, which have made me ſo knowing in that Paſſion, as I have been loved two or three ſeveral times with all imaginable violence. For ought I ſee (replied *Sextus*) if one ſhould deſire you to tell us the Hiſtory of your life, they ſhould deſire more then one ſingle Hiſtory. True Sir (replied *Amilcar* and laughed) and to ſpeak properly, you muſt deſire me to relate the Hiſtory of my adventures. For my part (ſaid *Plotina* then) I have a great deſire to know them: I think (added *Ceſonia*) that this Curioſity would be general if there were any hopes of being ſatisfied. For my particular (purſued *Clelia*) I cannot tel whether or no I be deceived, but I think *Amilcar* had rather relate the adventures of any other, then of his own. It is very true Madam (anſwered he) there is nothing more unhandſome then to relate ones own ſtory; for if one be modeſt he wil not enough commend himſelf, and if one be not he wil commend himſelf too much.

But I perceive (ſaid *Plotina* unto *Sextus*) That the diſpute is ended, and no judgement is given, whether the merry, or the melancholly, the proud, or the fantaſtical have the advantage. Though I took upon me to be Judge (replied *Sextus*) yet I ſhould

ſhould be very preſumptious if I ſhould pronounce any ſentence before ſo many beauties, whom I know ſo little: perhaps, there may be more of them merry then I imagin; and thoſe who ſeem melancholly, are ſo out of ſome accidental cauſe, and not and not out of temper: and therefore I think it much better to entreat *Amilcar* that he would be pleaſed to relate unto us, ſome of thoſe beginnings in love which he ſpake of. Oh Sir, replied he, I am not fit to be my own Hiſtorian; But if you deſire to have a relation of ſome ſuch adventure, I have had a hundred friends in my life, who have had many gallant and extraordinarie adventures, which I am acquainted with as well as my own; and you need onely but to tell me, what kind of Storie you would have. Since it is fitting to divert Priſoners (replied *Sextus*) I pray let us have no tragical ſtories: with all my heart, replied *Amilcar*: for I am the leaſt acquainted with them; but ſtil I would gladly know a little better of what nature you would have a Hiſtory. I would if it be poſſible, replied *Sextus*, have one that ſhould not end either with a death or a marriage: Oh Sir, replied *Amilcar*, I can fit you, for I have a friend who has run through adventures a now to afford a hundred ſtories, which never ended ſo. All the company laughing at what *Amilcar* ſaid, and at his manner of ſaying it, they began to preſs *Amilcar* unto a relation of one of theſe hundred Hiſtories which he ſpoke of; ſo as he thinking it to be good ſervice to *Arsaces* if he kept *Sextus* from talking unto *Clelia*, he ſet himſelf to relate an adventure, in which he was very perfect, and which for its ſingularity deſerved to be told unto ſo noble a Companie: and therefore with eyes full of jollitrie, he began to ſpeak in as free a an air, and little troubled, as if he had but three words to ſpeak: But as he was turning towards *Sextus*, with intentions to addreſs his ſpeech unto him, that Prince would not permit him, but deſired him to make his addreſs unto all the Ladies in general: And *Amilcar* obeying him, began thus.

The Hiſtory of *Artaxander*.

SInce I was ever verie ſincere; I muſt at the firſt tell you, that the names which I ſhall in the relation of this adventure, are names onely ſuppoſed; That *I* ſhal alſo varie from the true places where the things were done, and that *I* my ſelfe doe nor well know, whether he whom *I* ſhal name *Artaxander*, was big or little, black or fair. But yet I can aſſure you, it is not more true that you are all of you the faireſt Priſoners in the world, then it is that all *I* ſhal now tel you did really happen in ſome place of the world or other, and that not long ſince: For I cannot endure old ſtories of three ages agoe; but what I am to tell you is an amorous adventure, a new adventure; a gallant adventure, and a moſt certainly true adventure. I muſt further tel you, that *Artaxander* who ere he be, being come to *Crete*, a town which harboured the moſt fair and gallant women upon earth; and having quickly gotten the moſt accompliſhed men and faireſt women for his friends, not then having any engagement of love upon his ſoul; he went out to walk with one of his friends in a garden out of the town, which is one of the moſt dilictable places in the Iſle, and the Iſle you know is one of the beſt in all the *Ægean* Sea. And this garden being from the town two miles after the *Italian* meaſure, they went on horſeback. In coming thither, they ſaw two Coaches before the gates; And *Artaxander* preſently enquiring whoſe they were, he underſtood that one of them belonged unto a Lady, whom I will call *Cephiſa*: and the other unto a Lady who had a Neece which lived with her, whom I wil cal *Paſithea*, becauſe indeed ſhe reſembled one of thoſe Graces who owned that name. But he no ſooner heard this, then he was very glad of it: for he had heard much talk of *Paſithea*, though he had never ſeen her, for ſhe had been in the Country ever ſince he came to *Crete*: ſo as turning towards his friend, whoſe name ſhal be *Philiontes*; wel friend (ſaid he unto him) I ſhal now ſee her whom I have heard ſo much of. Doubtleſſe you wil (replied he) and I am not the moſt miſtaken man alive, if ſhe be not as wel pleaſed with the ſight of you, as you wil be with the ſight of her. After this *Artaxander* whoſe action was all freeneſs, he entered into the Gar-

den; and no ſooner in, but he ſpied five or ſix women about a Fountain, who talked very loud, and with much joy. Amongſt the reſt, *Artaxander* fixed his eyes upon one who was of a middle ſtature, and a moſt rare beauty: her action was ſprightly; her garb pleaſing; her eyes ſhining and merrie; the ſmile in her looks, and the blithneſs of her behaviour, ſeemed as if ſhe did counterfeit ſome body as ſhe talked unto one of thoſe Ladies whoſe name was *Cephiſa*. And indeed, *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* ſtaying behinde a hedge and looking upon all this good Company, they perceived that *Paſithea* was counterfeiting a Lover of the old faſhion, who was then in *Crete*: and one who had a kind of forced ridiculous Air with him, which rendered him intollerable, though otherwiſe he had wit enough. *Paſithea* did counterfeit him ſo admirably wel, as though *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* did not hear the name of him, whom ſhe did imitate, yet by her tone, her walk, and her action, they knew very wel whom ſhe did ſo perfectly perſonate. So as *Artaxander*, who was excellent good at the ſame faculty, and who was a particular friend unto all thoſe Ladies except *Paſithea*, he undertook a piece of Gallantry, which hit very happily: for knowing him very wel whom *Paſithea* did counterfeit, he came from behinde the hedge, walking as the man uſed, and putting himſelf into the ſame garb and poſture as he uſed, when he would be pleaſing: After he had ſaluted all the company in general, he accoſted *Paſithea* in particular, in a language ſo like that which ſhe was imitating, as all the Company were very pleaſingly ſurprized. But as for *Paſithea*, ſhe was ſo aſtoniſhed and took ſuch delight in this kind of Gallantry, that after ſhe had heartily laughed at this paſſage: I beſeech you Sir (ſaid ſhe unto *Artaxander*) let me enjoy your friendſhip and acquaintance; for having a great deſire to ſee my ſelf, and know how I behave my ſelf, and how I ſpeak, *I* will then entreat you to perſonate me as well as the man which you now did imitate: As for my friendſhip Madam (ſaid he in his own ordinary tone) *I* cannot wel tel whether you can have it or no: for the truth is, you are too fair for friendſhip: Oh Sir, replied ſhe, *I* ſhall be very wel contented with your friendſhip, and let love alone; therefore to be my friend is no ſuch difficulty as you imagin: Whatever it be, Madam (ſaid he unto her) let us leave the future unto the wil of Love and Fate, and give me leave to tel you thus much, that though *I* never had the honour to ſee you until this quarter of an hour, yet *I* have expected a ſight of you, this fifteen days with much impatience: and let me tel you further (added he and laughed) you are obliged unto me, for not giving away my heart unto one of theſe fair ones, until *I* had the honour to ſee you: leaſt *I* ſhould have been forced to have recalled it when you came: tis very true indeed, (ſaid the aimable *Cephiſa*) *Artaxander* as great a Gallant as he is, has not yet made any addreſſes of Gallantry unto any of us: *I* muſt confeſſe my ſelf much obliged unto him (replied *Paſithea*) and to return civility for civility, *I* can aſſure him that in all my voyage *I* did not accept of one heart which was offered unto me. And yet *I* muſt confeſſe *I* was ſomewhat neer it, when *Cephiſa* ſpoke to me in your behalfe; for I make no doubt but that you are the ſame *Artaxander*, of whom ſhe hath ſpoken ſo nobly. Yes Madam (ſaid he unto her) *I* am the ſame *Artaxander*, but the difficulty is, how *I* ſhould make good the commendations of *Cephiſa*, as Madam you are able to make good thoſe praiſes which al the world gives you. But Madam, give me leave to tel you, that though I have profeſſed I would not have any to throw away their loves upon me, yet I think my ſelfe obliged to give my heart to you in recompence of your not accepting any heart for my ſake. Though I ſhould not give it, yet you have power to take it away from me whether I would or no; and therefore to keep you from theft, I had better be liberal and give it. Did you know my good humour (replied ſhe and laughed) you would not ſpeak as you doe: for my fooliſh fancie is to love that which is ſtoln, better then that which is given me: If ſo Madam, replied he, I beſeech you, give me my heart again to day, and ſteal it from me to morrow. After this all the reſt of the Ladies and *Philiontes* alſo mixing in the diſcourſe, it became extreamly pleaſant: for *Artaxander* having a new deſign of pleaſing, and *Paſithea* the like, they did exceedingly divert themſelves and others alſo. For they did put into practice, all that I had ſaid concerning mirth and merry people, in the height; and if *Artaxander* had

been

been acquainted with *Pasithea* all his life, he could not have been more familiar with her then he was: before they parted, *Pasithea* and he were whispering their conceits of all the company; he taught her one Song; she him another: he composed a Copy of verses *ex tempore*, upon a Posie of flowers which she gathered and threw unto him; and she again replied. Moreover she gave him her hood and gloves to hold whilest they were at a Collation in a green arbour; she gave him also some of those fruits which were upon the table; and letting a Ring accidentally fall, which was of no high price, and which he reached up, she let him wear it, yet asked it of him at first: but when he told her that he loved to keep that which he found, as well as she did what she stole, she answered him that he should not have it unless he staked something against it and won it; then if you please Madam (said he unto her) I will stake and lay my selfe against this Ring, that you are the fairest in the world; and because we will not put it unto chance, Judges shall be chosen to devide the wager. So this pleasant wager was laid, and the Ring was adjudged unto *Artaxander*. After this, they all went to see the house unto which the Garden belonged, there to rest themselves, and where all this fair company did sit down and enjoyed a pleasant prospect out of a Closset with an open Balcony. But *Pasithea* entring last because she stayed talking with *Artaxander*, all the places were taken up except two before the Balcony. I perceive (said *Pasithea* and laughed) they know I am not like those Ladies who will be alwaies in the shade, since they seat me with the sun in my face. Those who have such a complexion as yours (replied *Artaxander*) who are so young, so fair, and eyes so sprightly cannot be seated better then you are; especially (added *Cephisa* and smiled) when they would shew themselves. *I* must confesse indeed, (replied *Pasithea*) that *I* desire both to see, and be seen: but withal *I* must tell you, *I* am not so affectedly fooliish as some Ladies are, who will at any rate be alwayes shewing all the beauty they have; and whose minds run wholly upon such settings themselves off as makes them ridiculous to all beholders. And it is very ordinarie (said *Artaxander*) for *I* never came in any place where *I* did not find some Ladies in placing themselves in an advantageous light as any would be in placing of a picture. *I* know one *Cretan*, replied *Philiontes*, who is the most ambitious woman upon earth; so very extream, as *I* think she would not appear fairer then others, but only out of her ambition, and without the least smack of gallantry: This Lady was one day put to a pityful perplexity. For be pleased to know, that this Lady who had a thousand quarrels in her daies about matter of place, and would contend for it with such as were much above her quality, this Lady, *I* say, came one day to one of her friends, whose chamber was so contrived as the highest place in the room was the worst in the world for a beauty to be in: for the purest complexion there seemed to be yellow, by reason of reflexion from a window opposite to a plot of yellow flowers, which caused that yellow reflection. Also the composure of this Ladies face was such, as if she were in an advantagious place, her eys seemed hollow and ill-favor'd, So as knowing this place was not favourable to her, she was then much perplexed between the interest of her ambition, and the interest of her beauty; for she knew well that if she took up that place, she should look pitifully upon it; and if she did not seize upon it, then another Lady would sit above her: so as not knowing upon a sudden what to do, because it was a thing she could not foresee, for the chamber was new built, and she had never been in it, she fell into a miserable perplexity. But *I* pray Sir, (said one of the company unto him) if she had never been in that chamber, how could she know it had that ill quality? The question is ingeniously asked (replied *Philiontes*) and as easily answerred. For you must know that when this ambitious Lady first entred, she saw one standing in this dangerous place; upon whose face, she saw what would reflect upon her own, if she were in her room. So as not knowing whether she should take it or no, to gain a little more time of consideration she stepped back, and seemed as if she had some private businesse with one behind her, she carried her unto the other end of the chamber to talk with her; but the best jest was, she knew not what secresie to talk of, insomuch as the other was as much amazed, to hear her talk of so many senseless nothings, as that Lady was in finding out an expedient,

how to avoid this dis-advantagious place. But at the last, after much talk to no purpose the other Lady did guesse the cause; for she began to find fault with the Chamber, and say her own was far beyond it, she said this was ill scituated; she could not find a convenient place to set a bed in it; she would alter all the dores, and windows; purposely to make better lights, such as would make her seem fair, and to satisfie her Ambition, she would turn the very course of the Sun, she would have the whole house pulled down, though it was a most stately Fabrick, rather then expose her self unto a light which was dis-advantagious unto her beauty. I know a Lady in the place from whence I came (replied *Pasithea*) who would do as much, if the occasion should present it self; but I know others at *Crete* who are as ridiculous; for there is a woman whom *Cephisa* knows as wel as I, who because she hath very white hands, is continually doing something or other which may give her an occasion of shewing them. For one while she wil be mending something about her own dresse; and another while, she wil be so officious too, to be mending something about her friends; sometimes she wil purposely let fall her hood, that she may take it up, and so shew her hands; and when she is at any gallant Collation, she wil alwaies eat of that which is far off her, and not that which is neer, because she would have a pretence to reach further hand and arm, and so shew their fairnesse. Fie, *Pasithia* (replied *Cephisa*) you you have said too much; no truly (replied she) I have not said enough yet; for there are some who think themselves so fair, as that they do not onely shew their hands unto others, but are continually looking upon themselves.

For my part (said *Artaxander*) I know a Lady who indeed hath admirable white teeth, who most certainly had never laughed, if her teeth had not been so; for all the composure of her face was serious and melancholy, yet knowing the whitenesse of her teeth, she laughed in spite of natures teeth, and got an artificial smile which is the most ridiculous thing in the world; for her mouth is alwaies opened with a laugh though there be no signs of any mirth in her eyes or face; and her lips are so used to shew her teeth, as I am confident that she sleeps open mouthed. All the company laughing at this pleasant description which *Artaxander* made of that Lady, it was confessed that such things were often to be found, and that it was a weaknesse which beauties ought to correct themselves for, since nothing is more ridiculous then affectation. And yet nothing more ordinary (replied *Cephisa*) especially amongst young people; nothing is more fantastical, then to rowl the eyes by art, and yet many women consult with their glasses, onely to learn the trick of it; but the truth is, a woman should not use any arts to please, but onely such as belongs to the handsome dressing themselves, and chusing such colours as best becomes them; but I cannot indure any should practise to make faces, nor to shew any parts of their beauty with so much affectation as if they had a design to sel them. The *Tirian* and *Sidonian* Merchants do not use more care in shewing their rich Dies and Tapistries, then many great beauties use in shewing theirs. For my part (said *Pasithia*) I am resolved none shal ever upbraid me with any fantastical affectation. I beleeve it (replied *Cephisa*) but yet you may be upbraided with that jocund humour which wil not let you think upon any thing else; they wrong me, who think my mind runs not much upon pleasures (replied she) for indeed, I wil alwaies love that which pleaseth me, the way then to get your love (replied *Artaxander*) is alwaies to please you. It is true (said she and lauged) and if you please me alwaies as wel as you have pleased me this day, we shal alwaies agree very wel. Oh sweet *Pasithea* (replied he) I am much joied to hear you say so; and that you may know me better, give me leave to tel you, I am nothing like those men who cannot be masters of their own minds; who are sometimes merry and sometimes sad, and cannot speak out of their humours: As for me, I have four or five several sorts of spirits, and I am able to chuse which of them I please at any time; therefore since that in which I am this day doth please you, you shal see me in it as long as I live.

And indeed after this, *Artaxander* and *Pasithea* grew as intimately familiar as any two in the world. *Pasithea* told him where she dwelt, *Artaxander* asked leave to come and see her, she granted, and when he went, he staied alwaies very long with her.

her. They parted alwaies with so many signs of friendship, that never any growing affection appeared more sensible then between these two. And since the first day of visit they were almost alwaies together; for the humour of *Artaxander* much delighting *Pasithea*, and the humour of *Pasithea* much pleasing *Artaxander*, an interest of pleasure did unite them, and caused them to be continually together; so as in a few daies *Artaxander* perceived that his heart was wounded with the sharpest darts of love; it is true, his Passion met with no bitter rubs, but he might in reason and without vanity, have as much hope as love; for *Pasithea* was so sweet towards him, and he knew so wel that he pleased her, as he was almost sure of being loved. And indeed within a few daies *Pasithea* gave him as many signs of affection, as she possibly could; she permitted him to talk of his love, and did not forbid him to hope; a while after she let him beleeve he was beloved: Indeed the hearts of these two were so accustomed unto pleasures, as perhaps they did not so sensibly as others, gust the happinesse which they injoyed; and it must be granted that when any do come out of a state of sorrows into a state of joies, they are the most sensible, but happy they both were, and if *Artaxander* contrary to his custome had not taken a fantastical conceit in his head, his love of *Pasithea* had lasted longer. But the better to make you understand the businesse, you must know, that when *Artaxander* was most pleased with *Pasithea*, and most confident of his being pleasing unto her, he fell in talk with *Cephisa*, who was no hater of him, and aggravating his good fortune, he opened his whole soul unto her; but conceiving this, *Cephisa* did lend but a hollow ear unto him, nor did think him so happy as he thought himself, he asked her the reason, wondring very much shee did no more congratulate his good fortune. For truly, (said he unto her) *Pasithea* is wonderous fair, her humours are infinitely pleasing, I please my self in pleasing her; she esteems me beyond my merit; she loves me almost as wel as I would desire, and we see one another continually. You do very wel, Sir (said *Cephisa*) to mention this last thing, for without it all the rest would not make love subsist. For certainly, if *Pasithea* were but one moneth out of your sight, as pleasing as she is she would easily forget you.

Melancholy people (replied *Artaxander*) are so confidently perswaded that merry people wil find Consolation in all conditions, as I can hardly beleeve what you say, unlesse you can give me an example of it. If that wil convince you (replied *Cephisa*) I shal easily find one; but since you may perhaps think I disguise the truth, I pray ask *Philiontes* who is your particular friend, what passed between *Pasithia*, and a most handsome man who died about four moneths since; and for your farther satisfaction desire *Pasithea* her self to relate the adventure of that illustrious dead man; to the end you may ingage your heart no further then she ingaged hers. *Artaxander* was very desirous that she would tel him further; but she kept firm to her resolution; and therefore as soon as he was parted from *Cephisa*, he went unto *Philiontes*. As soon as they met, he asked him whether *Pasithea* had lost a friend or a Lover within this four moneths? As for a friend (replied *Philiontes* and laughed) *Pasithea* can never lose him, for people of her humour can never have any; but as for a Lover, she did lose one whom she loved as wel as she could love, and whom she ought to lament as long as she lives: But pray why did you never acquaint me with this adventure (replied *Artaxander*) I perceived you so wel pleased with *Pasithea* from the very first (replied *Philiontes*) as I thought it not fit to acquaint you with a passage which the knowledge of it could not be advantagious to you: And I should never have spoke of it had not you spoke first. But I pray (replied *Artaxander*) what was the name of him she loved? and what kind of man was he? he was so very handsome and of so noble a mind (replied he) as my eye never yet saw a better? his quality was much above *Pasithea*'s; they began to love when they were children playing together; this lovely Lover gave a thousand heroick testimonies of his love unto this Lady, he ventured his whole estate for her sake, he adventured his life for her several times; and it was impossible to expresse more love then he did to her. *Pasithea* also, in requital of his affection, answered him in all that virtue would allow; and I am confident that *Philocrates* as long as he lived had no cause to complain; for he being continually in her eye

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he did continually pleaſe her, yet did not know her heart to the bottome. How (replied *Artaxander* then) was it *Philocrates* whom I ſaw about four months ſince? who died in the ſame place where I was? was it that ſame *Philocrates* who loved and was loved *Paſithea*? The very *Philocrates* (replied *Philiontes*) the very ſame *Philocrates*, who though he was moſt deerly loved all his life, yet was ſoon forgotten after his death. Oh *Philiontes*, (replied *Artaxander*) unleſſe there were ſome great diſguſt between *Paſithea* and him at parting, it is impoſſible a man of his merit ſhould be ſo ſoon forgotten: you are ſo far in favour with *Paſithea* (replied *Philiontes*) as you may eaſily make her tell you all paſſages between them; and therefore I will tell you no more and indeed, do what *Artaxander* could, he could not get *Philiontes* to tell him any more: ſo as his curioſity augmenting, by the difficulty of finding ſatisfaction, the fancy took him in his head to goe unto her, and know how it was poſſible ſhe could comfort himſelf ſo ſoon, after the death of a lover who had ſo much merit. So going unto her, according to his cuſtom; and finding her alone, he ſeemed at the firſt not to know any thing of *Philocrates* his love to her, but only named him as one who was his friend. He had no ſooner named him, but *Paſithea* began to ſpeak, how (ſaid ſhe without any extraordinary diſtemper) did you know *Philocrates*? Yes, replied he, and he died in my arms, for whom I much lament, for he was a man of great parts. For my part, replied *Paſithea*, he has diverted me many a time: but as for you *Artaxander*, I beleeve you have no great reaſon to lament him: for had you ſeen him in *Crete*, I beleeve you would not have been good friends. I underſtand you very well Madam, replied *Artaxander*, and to ſpeak truth you are in the right; for it is not uſual for two Rivals to be friends. You know very much for a ſtranger (ſaid ſhe unto him) I cannot tell what I know as a ſtranger (replied he) but I conceive that I know not enough as a man unto whom you have given your heart; and therefore I beſeech you, lovely *Paſithea* tell me ingeniouſly all the paſſages betwixt you and *Philocrates* until he parted from *Crete*; and fear not that I ſhall be jealous, for you may imagin there is no danger of a dead Rival. At the firſt *Paſithea* was ſomething ſhye in ſatisfying the curioſity of *Artaxander*; for, ſaid ſhe, I cannot endure to trouble my ſelf with talking of paſt things, unleſſe they were ſerviceable to things preſent, or things to come. But at laſt, being overcome by the perſwaſions of *Artaxander*, ſhe began to relate all the paſſages of *Philocrates* his love unto her, eſpecially all the Diverſions, Treats, Feaſts and Merriments which he had given her: ſo as they being all pleaſant paſſages, ſhe laughed as heartily in relating all theſe things, as if the man who gave them all unto her were not dead, at leaſt not dead ſo lately. But the wonder was, that in this relation, ſhe confeſſed ingeniouſly that ſhe did moſt tenderly love *Philocrates*; that he never gave her the leaſt diſtaſte, and that they parted us moſt dear friends, and that ſhe was much obliged unto him after his death, becauſe by his laſt teſtament he had given her a great part of his eſtate: Sure then Madam (ſaid *Artaxander* to her) the memory of *Philocrates* muſt needs be very dear unto you; I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) I do think upon him ſometimes with much delight, for we have laughed together many a merry time; then remembring ſomethings which ſhe had not told before, ſhe began to tell them with ſuch freeneſſe of ſpirit, as if ſhe never had any intereſt in what ſhe told: ſo as long as this relation laſted *Artaxander* could not ſee the leaſt ſign of any griefe or ſorrow in her eyes or face. But on the contrary, there was ſuch extream joy in her words, in her voyce, and in her eyes, that as well pleaſed as he was to ſee his Rivals death, did not move the heart of his Miſtreſs, yet he was very ſad.

Thus *Paſithea* ſuppoſing that he would think ſhe did too obligingly remember him whoſe adventures ſhe had related, ſhe affected to ſhew her inſenſibility, by ſhewing her jollitry. And to that end ſhe began to talk of a hundred merry paſſages; and ſhe related to *Artaxander* ſome things which her dead Lover had ſpoken unto her: He told me the day before his departure (ſaid ſhe unto him) that though death was alike to him in all places, yet he ſhould grieve more to die far from *Crete*, then to die neer me. Beleeve me (ſaid I unto him) I do not underſtand your reaſon, ſince I profeſſe unto you, that if you were very ſick in danger of death, I would not ſee you: For

what

what delight soever can be taken in the sighs of a dying Lover? I professe I would not be present at your last groan; and therefore, I cannot see any reason you have to desire dying in *Crete*, more then in the furthest part of *Affrica*. Yes, Madam (said he unto me) if I die in *Crete* I shal have a Tomb, and I should hope that the sight of my Urn would hinder you from ingaging in a new affection. And therefore, *Artaxander* (added she and laughed) if you take any care for the burial of your Rival, you do not know that you do a thing against his intention, and a thing which hereafter wil be serviceable unto you.

However, since it was his fate to die, I am very glad it was in *Affrica*; for I should have been troubled in passing by his Monument; and I cannot indure any sad objects; for I do not know any greater folly in the World then to grieve, when it is a thing cannot be helped by grief. Beleeve me, Madam, (replied *Artaxander* very discontentedly) in this you are the wisest woman in the World: You speak in such a tone (said she) as if you took it ill I did not cry for the death of your Rival. I know not, Madam (replied he) whether I should take it wel if you should cry; but I confesse I think it strange you should so little greive; and to be plain with you, I wil do what I can to perswade my self, that it is my self who gives Consolation to you after his death. But, Madam, it is impossible I should ever be so perswaded; for the first time, I had the honour to see you in the Garden, where you were so pleasantly personating that ridiculous Lover, whose gallantries were all after the old mode, you had then more jollity and blithenesse in your eyes and mind, then ever I saw you since; yet it is so short a time since my Rival died, as one can hardly imagine him to be dead. Thus I must conclude with sorrow to my self, that it was not I who did comfort after your losse; but that it is onely your own natural temper, which is to love the diversion and not the divertor, unlesse it be for such diversions as proceed directly from his person; so as such as think ever to be tenderly loved by you, wil be much deceived, and miserable; for since my Rival could not attain to any perfection of love from you, no man else can ever pretend unto it; and to be plain with you, I think it wisedome in any person to dis-ingage himself for such a one as you who is not capable of any violent passion.

Since you think that you have found out a new, fantastical, and pleasant way of complaint (replied she) I wonder not you should make your self a little merry with it, and since I think my self a little good at Rallary, as if I did beleeve you spoke your real thought. Seriously, Madam (replied *Artaxander*) I am much afflicted to see you so much incapable of loving aright, and that you should so little love, the most lovely man upon earth. I assure you (said she) that I loved him as wel as ever I could, and that I do not love you better then I did him. I do beleeve it, Madam (answered he) and beleeve it easily; for my Rival was a man incomparably above me in all things, he hath done you a million of services; a million of services more then ever I did, and I make no question but that you loved him more than you do me. And therefore you need not think it strange I should grieve at the smal affection which you had unto him. For Madam (I must tel you again) that I wish I had been the man who had comforted you, and that I had seen you weep the first time I had the honour to see you, in lieu of seeing you laugh, I wish that I had wiped away your tears. But had you seen me crying (replied she and laughed) you would not have loved me, and so farre would you have been from courting, that you would have fled from me, and therefore I see no reason you have to complain. I complain, Madam (replied he) because you did not wel enough love my Rival; for being perswaded that you love not me so well as him. It much concerns the happinesse of my life, to think that you loved him very wel; and therefore it is not so fantastical as you imagine, that I should grieve that you grieve no more for his losse. I do not tel you (replied she) that I love you lesse then I loved him; but out of my plain sincerity I told you that I loved you no better then I loved him. I do beleeve you, Madam (replied he) indeed I do beleeve you, and I do too much beleeve you for my own tranquility; for when I do consider that an absent Lover, and a dead Lover are both alike unto men of your humour; and when I consider, that as soon as I am out of

your

your ſight, you wil forget me as one whom you never ſaw, my vexation is more then I am able to expreſſe. Moreover, my imagination is ſo quick and apprehenſive, as I cannot chuſe but think that if I were either dead or abſent, you would within one moneth contract affection with ſome other, and would relate unto him all our adventure as merrily, as you have related unto me, the adventure of my unfortunate Rival. And therefore to be down right plain with you, I am reſolved to the utmoſt of my indeavours to diſ-ingage my heart; and conſidering your extream inſenſibility, if I could revive my Rival, I would do it, to the end he might upbraid you with your affection unto me. Oh Sir (ſaid ſhe and laughed) if you could work that wonder, you would put me to it indeed; for then I think I ſhould quit you both together, and perhaps make choice of a third, before either of you two. As *Paſithea* ſaid ſo, much company came in, ſo as the diſcourſe of neceſſity became general.

But as chance would have it, the diſcourſe did fall upon the very ſame ſubject; for *Cephiſa*, began to talk of a Lady, who after the death of her husband did ſtrange things to teſtifie the exceſſe of her ſorrow, and who afterwards did ſo cheer up her ſelf, as if ſhe had quite forgotten him. For my part, (ſaid *Paſithea* then) I think theſe thinks the greateſt follies in the World; for when any hath received a loſſe of this nature, al a whole Town wil run to comfort the party afflicted: If you chance to meet one of them, and ask whither he is going? they wil anſwer, that they are going to comfort forſooth; ask another, and they wil al anſwer the ſame; and yet thoſe they go to comfort would not be comforted unleſſe they came, as if the tears of others were the Pearls that muſt inrich them; but there is no greater folly in the world, then exceſſively to greeve when there is no remedy, and the greateſt wiſedome is to cheer up preſently as ſoon as one can; and I aſſure you it is my maxime, that when I loſe any whom I love, I wil do all I can to forget him.

Indeed I have heard ſay (replied *Cephiſa* craftily) that when *Paſithea* loſt a perſon whom ſhe loved deerly, and from whom ſhe had his picture and ſeveral letters, ſhe preſently burned all his letters and threw away his picture. I do confeſſe it (replied *Paſithea* ſharply and bluſht) and ſo both I and all elſe ought; to what purpoſe is grief for the dead? And to what purpoſe is your affection unto a living perſon, replied *Artaxander*, ſince it is a thing impoſſible to be ſure of it? Do you think (ſaid ſhe) that the affection of theſe death lamenters, is more ſure then mine? for I am moſt confident, they cry and pule and lament more out of temper then affection. I grant they do cry out of their tempers (replied *Artaxander*) but it muſt be granted alſo, that they do love zealouſly or coldly, by the ſame reaſon, and ſince you are of a temper to love nothing but pleaſures and joyes, you are incapable of any ſorrow or affection. I would gladly know (ſaid a Lady in the Company) what preciſe limits are to be allowed unto ſorrow: If you wil beleeve *Artaxander* at this time (ſaid *Paſithea*) he wil tel you, that you ought to live ever upon the grave of the party loved, or at leaſt to cry eternally, and make Fountains of your eyes. And if you wil beleeve *Paſithea*, (replied he) ſhe wil tel you that you may dance upon the grave of your friends; that ſorrow is a fond weakneſſe, and that the loſſe of a fair day to take the Ayr in, deſerves to be lamented more, then the loſs of the moſt perfect lover or the moſt faithful friend in the World.

For my part (ſaid *Cephiſa*) I love not extreams in any thing: I think a middle way may be taken, and that without either diſpair or inſenſibility, we may grieve, and comfort our ſelves in a reaſonable manner. I would gladly know (ſaid *Paſithea*) how you mean it, that when one hath loſt a Lover, they may know whether they may make another; if when one hath loſt a Husband, ſhe may marry again; and if when one hath loſt a friend, one may get another in his Room. You ask many things at once (replied *Cephiſa.*) And which is moſt ſtrange (added *Artaxander*) though you ſhould make the moſt juſt Laws in the World, yet ſhe wouuld break them all. Since I cannot deny *Paſithea* (replied *Cephiſa*) I wil indeavour to content her, though I am as wel as you perſwaded that ſhe deſires to know more then ſhe would learn, at leaſt put in practiſe. Though I ſhould break al your Laws (replied ſhe) yet I ſhould do no ſuch work of wonder, ſince the Laws of the greateſt King are broken

ken every day: Speak then *Cephiſa* (ſaid ſhe and laughed) and teach me the art of crying handſomely. You know ſo wel how to laugh handſomely (replied *Artaxander*) that I cannot beleeve you wil ever learn to cry: if I had not known how to laugh ſo wel as you ſay, you would have taught it me ſince I firſt knew you (replied ſhe) but good *Cephiſa*, anſwer unto all my queſtions one after another; and to begin with the firſt, tel me whether when one hath loſt a Lover, one muſt bury themſelves with him, or make a vow againſt being fair, and uſe ones eyes in nothing but crying? for if it muſt be ſo, I promiſe you I wil never permit any to love me, unleſſe he can lay in good ſecurity that he is immortal, leſt I ſhould be put to die with him, or elſe lead a life ſo melancholy as is not worth the living.

To give you my opinion clearly (replied *Cephiſa*) one ſhould never be ingaged in any particular affection; but ſince an innocent love is allowed, and one hath the misfortune to ingage the heart to love one whom death takes away, one ought never to ingage again, without any exceſſive ſorrow; yet ſince it is ſo natural to be comforted with time in the moſt ſenſible ſorrows, I wil not abſolutely condemn one whoſe heart ſhal be moved the ſecond time unto a particular tenderneſſe; but if any woman ſhal goe beyond twice, I profeſſe I ſhal hold her to bee neither reaſonable nor virtuous. Then you allow one to have a ſecond Lover? replied *Paſithea*, after one hath loſt the firſt: It were much better never to have any or at leaſt no more but one (replied *Cephiſa*) but to ſuit my Laws with humane imbecility, I wil allow one to have two Lovers, provided there bee a long intervale between the death of the firſt, and the beginning of the ſecond love, alſo upon condition that the ſecond Lover bee worthy to ſucceed the firſt; and that one ſhould defend ones heart againſt the ſecond more reſolutely, then againſt the firſt; that one ſhould bee ſecretly aſhamed of any new ingagement; and that one ſhould not ingage untill time and reaſon, have allowed ſome comforts: I would not have any new Lover baniſh the firſt out of the heart of a Lady; but I would have it to bee time and reaſon which ſhould comfort her, and to put her into a Condition of loving the ſecond time: And I dare boldly ſay that any woman whoſoever which ſhall ingage her ſelf in any new affection, preſently after the death of her firſt Lover, as a moſt unfaithful perſon, more unhumane and more inſenſible then if ſhe were unfaithful to her living Lover. It is manifeſt (replied *Paſithea*, that all your Lovers are living and wel; but if you were in fear they would die before you, then perhaps you would not ſpeak as you do. Yet I am contented with this Article, and therefore tel me whether it is lawful to have two husbands, as wel as two Lovers? Since Cuſtome hath allowed it (replied *Cephiſa*) I ſhal not contrary it; but if you would have me tel you ingeniouſly what I think, I muſt poſitively confeſs that I would more willingly pardon a woman who admits of two Lovers, then her that admits of two Husbands; for it leſſe wounds a delicate *Genius*, to beſtow the whole heart twice for a time, then to give it for al the life. And indeed, if ſome ſtrong reſentments of Love or Ambition wil not excuſe a woman that marries twice, ſhe is inexcuſable: At leaſt I am ſure it is better to be a proud and nice Miſtreſs, then to be one of thoſe wives who as ſoon as ever they have buried one Husband are in bed with another, and never lament his loſſe, but in hopes that their tears wil prefer them unto another more agreeable to their fancy. Yet thoſe who are onely poſſeſſed with two innocent Paſſions, they have much more to ſay in excuſe of their imbecility; for it cannot be denied but that there is ſome ſweetneſſe to reign in the heart of a wel accompliſhed man, and to be zealouſly loved; and the delight to have a faithful and obedient ſervant, may in ſome ſort excuſe her who after a long lamentation for the loſſe of the firſt, does deſire to have ſuch another Captive; but I cannot conceive what delight a woman can take in taking a new Maſter: And I ſhould not beleeve it poſſible, if experience did not every day ſhew us examples of women, who with any Ambition or love or reaſon for it, do marry themſelves again onely to marry, without any other reaſons for their marriage. Nor wil I ever truſt thoſe great mourners, who would ſhut themſelves up in the Tombs of their dead Husband; for I have ſeen ſo many of them ſo ſoon comforted, as I like much better a ſorrow that is more wiſe and

lasting, and will sooner allow a woman to Lovers then two Husbands. As for that (said *Artaxander*) I beleeve *Pasithea* wil not contradict you: I do confesse it (replied she) and *I* wil dispense with her from the pains in telling whether one may take new friends in lew of others that are dead. I do believe, replyed *Artaxander*, that you have no mind to know it. I confesse that also, said she; but it is because all my friends are wel, and *I* would not trouble my selfe so far as to consider upon any others, You should have said, replyed *Cephisa*, that you know wel enough already how to use them; for have you not lost *Philocrates*? 'Tis true (said she without any blush, or shame) and *I* have taken *Artaxander* in his place: *I* know not Madam, replied he, whether *I* am in the place of *Artaxander*; but *I* think his place to see better then mine, but it is much better to be at rest in a grave, then to be in the heart of such an humoured woman as your self.

But me thinks (replied *Pasithea* and laughed) that *Cephisa* hath not ranked *Philocrates* aright: For he was my Lover, and she has ranked him amongst my friends. After this the spirit of *Artaxander* was so incensed against the insensibility of this hard hearted woman, as he returned her a hundred sharp expressions: And then the company parting, *Artaxander* carried *Cephisa* to her lodging, who doubtlesse bore him so much hood will, as was very likely to become love; and therefore she was not sorry to see him so incensed against *Pasithea*: but rather on the contrary did blow the bellows to kindle a greater dislike; for she acquainted him with an hundred particularities of her former gallantry which *Pasithea* had not told him, because she did not remember them. And indeed *Artaxander* with all jollities, was much grieved that *Pasithea* should so indifferently resent the death of his Rival: and he could not have grieved more if she had loved some other then he was, that she loved not him enough: For truely (said he unto *Philiontes*) what security can I even have in the affection of *Pasithea*; since I have it from her own mouth, that she cannot love me better then she did *Philocrates*, whom she loved not at all since she can be so soon comforted. But you have loved many others, replied *Philiontes*, who loved you no better then she doth, and yet never tormented your selfe. 'Tis true (said he) but I loved them no better then they loved me: but my affection unto *Pasithea*, for I intended towards her, such a violent passion as might have been set for an example unto all Lovers: yet now I see, my best course is, not to love her at all; and me thinks I owe so much respect unto my dead friend, that I ought not to contribute unto the pleasure of one who does so little lament him; Also I should serve *Pasithea* but right, if I did make her lament *Philocrates*. The way to know whether this jocund Lady do love you better then she did her first Lover (replied *Philiontes* and laughed) is to let *Artaxander* die. Oh *Philiontes*, (replied he) that remedy is too violent: when you understand me wel, replied he, you wil finde it a better remedy then you imagin; For my meaning is, that *Pasithea* shal not find in you for a certain time, that same *Artaxander* who loved her, and who had the art to please and divert her. Cease therefore if you wil be ruled by me, from being so complaisant and sweet unto her; never see her unlesse it be to chide her; be reserved and melancholy; and make that pleasing *Artaxander* whom she loved to die, and see if she wil love him after death, and use all her endeavours to revive him: And indeed *Artaxander* smothering all his joys, he seemed to be a very sullen and melancholy man, and behaved himselfe as one who cared not a rush for diverting her: he never saw her but with a soure face; he talked not as he was wont: he did not laugh at what she said, he moved no delight, but when he spoke he complained against her, so as *Pasithea* began to think it much better if he were dead, then to be present with her in such dumpish humours. And one day she told him her mind; for as he began to upbraid her with her cold affection: *I* pray *Artaxander* (said she unto him) either assume your good humours again, or else *I* shall be worse to you then to *Philocrates*: for *I* do but forget him, but *I* shall hate you most horridly. Oh Madam, said he unto her, *I* do defie you: for *I* am confident that you can neither love nor hate: and therefore *I* cannot hope to be loved, so *I* do not fear being hated. But Madam, if you wil not have *Artaxander* to trouble you, you must do more for him then you did for *Philocrates*. Truly, said she, *I* cannot;

for

for I did as much for *Philicrates* as virtue would permit me, and I neither will, nor ought doe more. Then, Madam (replyed he) I muſt love you no longer, ſince I cannot be contented with ſuch an affection as you had unto *Philocrates*. Were I inſpired onely with a bare peece of gallantry, a light Love, ſuch as I have ſeen a hundred in my daies, then I ſhould not ſpeak thus: But, to my miſery, I was reſolved to love you otherwiſe than ſo; and ſince there is no medium, you muſt either love me more than you did *Philicrates*, or elſe I muſt not love you at all. *Artaxander* (ſaid ſhe) as I cannot do as you would have me, ſo if you can, do what you ſay you would. I perceive Madam (ſaid he unto her) that you think I cannot, but perhaps I ſhall ſhew you, that it is poſſible to break any chaines which you can give; and to try whether I am maſter of my ſelf, I will deprive my ſelf of the happineſs in ſeeing you. And indeed *Artaxander* did preſently riſe up, and went away from *Paſithea*: Alſo to make it appear, that his deſign was to break off with her, he ſent her back her Picture which ſhe gave him, and went the next morning into the country with *Philiontes*, at whoſe houſe he lay; for *Philiontes* being the onely ſon, and a very well accompliſhed man, he was almoſt maſter at home, though he had a Father and Mother, and having a very noble and pleaſant houſe in the Country, he carried *Artaxander* with him for a month, who by the help of himſelf and the Muſes doe cheer up himſelf after the loſſe of *Paſithea*, and all this voyage was as pleaſant as any man alive. Thus this beginning of love did end, neither by death, nor marriage, nor hatred, nor jealouſie. But to paſſe from one into another, you muſt needs know what accident fel out that ſame night *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* returned unto *Crete*. But firſt I muſt acquaint you, that ſince their departure there was come a Lady to the town, whom *Artaxander* never had ſeen, which Lady had a daughter who paſſed for the onely rare beauty in the world.

This Lady having formerly lodged in the houſe of *Philiontes* Father, and had contracted a great league of friendſhip with his Mother; they came thither very often in the abſence of *Artaxander* and *Philiontes*, their houſe being juſt over the way. But to come ſpeedily into this other beginning of Love which I promiſed, and to acquaint you with that which abſolutely chaſed *Paſithea* out of *Artaxanders* heart, you muſt know, that there being much company at ſupper with *Philira* (for ſo will I name the Mother of the great beauty whom I will name *Cyneſia*) as ill luck was, after all the company was gone, thoſe ſervants who ſhould have extinguiſhed the lights, and made clean the room, were ſo negligent, as that within an hour after, the houſe was on fire; and ſo violently at firſt, that *Philira* and *Cyneſia* fearing their lives more than any thing elſe, went out and went unto the houſe of *Philiontes* his Father, which was over the way, and ſo far off the fire, as there was no fear of catching: but by the help of neighbours the fire was quickly quenched, yet *Philira* and *Cyneſia* durſt not go home, for all the houſhold ſtuff was carried out in haſt for fear of burning; and the Mother of *Philiontes* deſired *Philira* and *Cyneſia* to take a lodging in her houſe; and ſhe with more conveniencie offer this peece of civility, becauſe *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* being out of town, their chambers were ready prepared to receive theſe Ladies. And ſo *Philira* was carried into the chamber of *Philiontes*, and the fair *Cyneſia* unto that of *Artaxander*. But as commonly in all ſuch diſorders, things are not done regularly, and as *Cyneſia* had not her own woman to wait upon her, ſo the ſervants of the houſe did but half ſhut her door, and making haſt to go into bed, and regain the time of ſleep which they had loſt, they left a candle burning in the chamber of the fair *Cyneſia*, who was not at all ſorry for it, becauſe being frighted with the accident of fire, ſhe thought ſhe ſhould not ſleep; but ſhe was miſtaken; for ſilence, reſt, and wearineſs, did lull her into a deep ſleep as well as all the reſt of the houſe. Mean time, you muſt know, that the weather being very hot, and nights much better to travel in then daies, *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* to avoyd the exceſſive heat, did take Boat at Sun-ſet, to return unto *Crete*, giving order unto their men to come by land the next day; for the Moon ſhining all night, they fancied much pleaſure in returning thus; for the night was clear, the ſea ſerene, the boat covered over with Orange and Mirtle branches, which gave a moſt admirable odour;

they had cushion, to lean upon, if a desire of sleep came upon them, and the Rowers were excellent at the art, neither was the boat so little, but they might talke and not be heard by the Rowers; so as I have heard both *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* say, that they never passed away a more lovely night then that; for two such wits could not want discourse: sometimes they would sing, sometimes muse, sometimes make verses, sometimes rally with the Rowers; they admired the beauty of the Sea which the sparkling of the Stars did silver; they lent a pleasing ear unto the murmur of the waves in the silence of the night, and at last hearkning to the stroaks of the Oars, which are very apt to cause sleep, they slept; and when they waked, they enjoyed the most pleasant prospect in the world at their approach to *Crete*: also they had slept so soundly, as they imagined they had slept as much as ordinary, and as much as they needed: At last they came to *Crete*, and the town having no other wals but the sea on that side, they might easily goe to their own house; and they went through all the City and met not a man in the streets, for it was very late, and about an hour after *Philira* and *Cynesia* were gone to bed: Mean time, as they could not imagine that their chambers were taken up, so they went directly home; and indeed they were much amazed to see some signs of burning in their neighbourhood. But at last knocking gently at the gate for fear of waking the Master and Mistris of the house, a slave who lay close by, heard the knock, so as imagining that perhaps it was some of *Philira*'s servants who came to speak with their Mistris, he did rise up, and half awake, and half asleep, he went unto the door; at the which he no sooner was, but knowing the voice of his Masters son, and of *Artaxander*, he opened the door in all hast: As soon as they were entred, this slave would have called up some men to wait upon them, and light a candle, but *Philiontes* would not let him wake any, and the Moon shining as light as day he forbade him, but bade him go to bed again: The slave obeyed, and being one whose office was only to open the door, and beside, a dull fellow, he knew not that *Philira* and *Cysenia* had taken up the chambers of *Philiontes* and *Artaxander*: He knew well that they were in the house, for he saw them come in, but his business not being above stairs, he never enquired where they lodged, so as *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* parting, because their chambers were not both up the same staires, they went each of them to their own. But *Artaxander* was strangely surprised, when coming to his chamber door, he saw it open, and a light burning in it; but much more was his wonder, when he saw such night dresses as Ladies use, lying upon the Table; but again his admiration was incomparably great, when he saw one of the greatest beauties in the world lying in his bed, who did lye in the most advantageous posture to appear fair, and make *Artaxander* in love with her: For the weather being very hot, the Purple Curtains about her bed were all drawn open, and gave him the liberty to see and admire her beauty, which seemed the more wonderful, by reason of his surprise at such a fair object. *Cynesia*, who was of a noble tale stature, did lye upon her right side, and the clothes upon her being very thin, one might see the whole shape of her body; her head leaned upon one arm, and the other lay loose upon the pillow: also having undressed himself in a kind of tumultuous hast, a part of her tresses were untyed, and her black locks lay curled upon her most admirably white neck: As for her left arm, it lay bare upon her Pillow, and shewed its delicacy. *Artaxander* found every part of her face most rarely excellent; and though her eyes were shut, yet he judged of them by the rest. She slept with a lovely smile; and though complexion does not use to shew it self much in sleeping, yet *Cynesias* was as fresh as any Rose; her lips so red, and her curled hair so black, together with her pure complexion, was the most inviting object in the world. *Artaxander* being strangely surprised at this fair apparition, he knew not what to think; and his wonder was the greater because he knew not *Cynesia*: He judged her to be a person of quality both by her dresse, and a Carkenet of Diamonds about her neck, which she had forgotten to put off, and also by a Case of a Picture which was tyed about her left Arm with a black Ribband, though the Case was not a very rich one, yet *Artaxander* knew that none wore any such but people of quality.

Artaxander

Artaxander being then in this Condition, he knew not what to do; for he had a good mind to waken this fair one, to see whether her eyes were as fair as he imagined them; but fearing to procure her hatred, if he should affright her when she waked, and found her with a man in that place, he durst not attempt, but bethought himself of a more respective and gallant a course. For having in his Pocket by chance the case of a Picture, much more rich and handsome then that which *Cyneſia* had tied about her Arm, he went softly towards the fair one, and kneeling down, he untied the black Ribband about her arm extreamly nimble, and tying his own case in lieu of that which *Cyneſia* wore, he never awaked *Cyneſia*. But I forgorgot to tel you, that this Case which *Artaxander* tied upto *Cyneſia's* Arm, was made to put *Paſithea's* Picture in; and ever since he had sent her back the Picture, hee wore the empty Case: So as having a Silver Pen and Ink about him, and having a quick fancy, he writ these four Verses within the Case, before he tied it unto *Cyneſia's* Arm.

Night's better than the Day
Such Myſteries to diſcover,
As you my Love know may,
and yet not know the Lover.

He had no sooner written these four Lines in the Case, and had tied it unto her fair Arm, but he heard some comming up the stairs. So as fear left he should wake this fair one he went hastily to the place where he heard them oise, and went so gently as he did not awake *Cyneſia*. He was no sooner at the stairs top, but he met his friend, whose adventure was much different from his; for in lieu of finding a great beauty in his bed he had found the Mother of *Cyneſia*, whom time and age had withered into extream uglineſse. Yet he knowing her, becauſe the Moon shined as light as day in the Chamber, he made a gentle retreat without any disturbance to her rest, and came to his friend: So as meeting upon the stairs top, and relating to each other their several adventures, *Artaxander* whose sleeping beauty had wakened his spirits, he intreated his friend to go out again with him; they commanded the Porter to speak not a word of their returning, went to lie both together at a friends house. And *Philiontes* finding it a pleasant conceit, that *Cyneſia* should not know how her Picture Case came to be exchanged, he consented unto his friends Propoſition. And so all was done as *Artaxander* desired, for they went out of the house; they charmed the Porter for speaking of their return out of the Country, and went to lie all night at the house of a Cousin unto *Philiontes*. But to the end, they should not go to their own house until night, they sent to meet their men who were to come by Land, commanding them not to come to Town til the latter end of the day, and charging them to keep it secret, that they came by Water; but on the contrary to say that they came by Land, and with them.

But the most pleasant part of all the adventure was, that *Artaxander* having slept sufficiently in the Boat, and being very fresh and lively, he fel into discourse with *Philiontes* concerning his sleeping beauty, and to ask a hundred several Questions. For Heavens sake (said he unto him) do not hinder me from loving her; and you cannot do me a better Office any way in the World, then to contribute something which wil make me in love: But to tel you truly, I would not have this fair one of *Paſithea's* humour, but would have *Paſithea* with all her jollities so vexed to see me captivated by another, as she shal grieve more for it then for *Philocrates*. I assure you friend (replied *Philiontes*) you have found out an excellent expedient for it: For first all fair ones in general cannot indure to loſe their servants, and *Paſithea* in particular wil be vexed to the Soul if you should love *Cyneſia*. Moreover, be assured that this fair one is of a far different temper from the other; for her temper is melancholy, though she be very pleasant in Company, and hath a most merry Ayr with her: But withal, she is sometimes a little fantastical. Yet having a Passionate Soul and a tender heart, her capricious fancies never last long. Oh my friend (said *Artaxander*) this enough; for *Cyneſia* being fair, witty, pleasing, melancholy, and a little fantastical,

ſtical, I ſhal hope even out of variety onely, for a thouſand delights in loving her; but you do not love her yet (ſaid *Philiontes* and laughed.) Truly friend (replied *Artaxander*) though I do not yet, yet I ſhal do ere long, and did I but once ſee her eyes open, I ſhould not doubt but to be in love with her: However (added he) I am ingaged to bee ſo, ſince I told her as much by the four Verſes which I writ in the Caſe that I exchanged with her; and therefore though I ſhould not be in love with her, yet I muſt ſeem ſo a while. But if you be not in love with *Cyneſia* (ſaid *Philiontes*) and ſhe keep your Picture Caſe, your Gallantry wil coſt you ſomewhat dear: If ſhe keep it (replied *Artaxander*) ſhe wil do me ſuch a favour as wil make me in love, for I muſt tel you that favours and beauty have a moſt ſtrong influence upon me. But how can ſhe know (replied *Philiontes*) that it was you who made the exchange? ſhe may eaſily gueſſe it (replied he) for I intend this evening to wear the Caſe which I took from her in ſuch a place as ſhe cannot chuſe but ſee it. In ſaying ſo, *Artaxander* took the Caſe out of his Pocket which yet he had not opened, becauſe his mind was wholly taken up with the adventure. But he was aſtoniſhed, when at the opening he ſaw the very ſame Picture of *Paſithea* which he had ſent her back, when he quarrelled with her. At the firſt he beleeved that theſe two Ladies were friends, unknown to him, and that *Paſithea* had ſent *Cyneſia* her Picture whileſt he was in the Country; but he was not long in this beleef, for *Philiontes* told him that they were enemies; ſo as not knowing what to think upon the adventure, he was extreamly perplexed. For my part, (ſaid *Philiontes* unto him) I am apt to beleeve that *Paſithea* being of no reſerved humour, ſhe hath given this Picture unto ſome new Gallant that hath ſacraficed it unto *Cyneſia*. But if that be ſo (ſaid *Artaxander*) it muſt be concluded that *Cyneſia* hath ſome Lover whom ſhe doth not hate; for thoſe who take ſuch pledges do ingage themſelves as much as they think to ingage others. What you ſay (replied *Philiontes*) perhaps is but imagination, which I wil think to be but upon an il foundation; for ſince you are reſolved to be in love, at what rate ſoever, I muſt take heed of telling you any thing which may hinder you. The truth is (replied *Artaxander*) love is an excellent Antidote againſt weariſomeneſſe, in a place where one hath nothing to do; for there the ſending of a common Meſſage, or the receiving of one, doth paſs for a whole dayes work; if you be in love, you will have no ſooner done one thing, but you will be thinking upon another; your own very muſings will pleaſe you; and nothing doth ſo ſweetly take up the ſpirits as a gallant love; as for great and violent Paſſions, they poſſeſſe them over much. For my part (ſaid *Philiontes*) I conceive one ſhould either not be in love at all, or elſe love in good earneſt; for certainly the greateſt Paſſions procure the greateſt pleaſures. It is true (ſaid *Artaxander*) but withal, they bring with them the greateſt ſorrows: I muſt confeſſe it (anſwered *Philiontes*) but I am of ſuch an humour, as I would have all or none: I value not thoſe ſlight affections, which require as much pains about them, as a high Paſſion; they will take you up as much time, but will not recompence the labour. For a thouſand of theſe half loves will never be able to conquer a whole heart; and therefore if you will be ruled by me, either love not *Cyneſia* at all, or elſe love her in the height. So I am reſolved (replied *Artaxander*) though it were onely to be revenged upon *Paſithea* for caring ſo little to loſe me, and beſtowing her Picture ſo quickly upon another, as it is very likely ſhe hath. But whileſt *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* were thus talking, the fair *Cyneſia* ſlept ſoundly, and it may be wel ſaid, that by her ſound ſleeping, ſhe prepared new Arms for the Conqueſt of *Artaxander*. For when ſhe awaked her complexion was more freſh, and her eyes more ſprightly. But in awaking, ſhe was all wonder to ſee a Caſe about her Arm all ſet with ſhining Diamonds in lieu of her own, and which was incomparably more rich; ſhe no ſooner ſaw this ſurprizing change but ſhee bluſht; and raiſing her ſelf upon her bed, ſhee held her Arm out to the light, as if ſhe had thought ſhe had been miſtaken; but the more ſhe looked upon this Caſe, the more ſure ſhe was that ſome came into the Chamber whileſt ſhe was a ſleep, and did imagine it to be a man, thinking ſuch kind of gallantry could not proceed from any Woman. So as a reſentment of modeſty, did for a while raiſe ſome inquietudes in her mind. Yet upon ſecond thoughts of the adven-

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ture, ſhe concluded, that he who made that advantagious exchange, had a noble heart, ſo as ſhe hath ſince confeſſed, that ſhe was then fuller of Curioſity then care. Her greateſt wonder was that ſhe knew there was not any man in the houſe but onely *Philiontes* father, who being very old, could not be ſuſpected of ſuch a thing. She knew very wel that he had a ſon, for ſhe was acquainted with *Philiontes*. And ſhee was not ignorant that *Artaxander* alſo had lodged in the houſe, for though ſhe knew him not yet ſhe had heard talk of him. But ſhe could not dream of them, becauſe ſhe heard ſay that they were in the Country, and no ſpeech was of their Return. As ſhe was in this amaze, a particular friend of hers whoſe name was *Cleophila*, came in to ſee her, and to rejoyce with her that the fire in her Mothers houſe had done no greater hurt. But as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, and ſaw her ſo fair: Oh *Cyneſia* (ſaid ſhe unto her) it appears by your eyes that you have reſted very wel, for all the trouble of the night: But for my part, had I been in ſuch a fright, I ſhould have hid my ſelf all the day after. For my complexion would have been ſo dull, my eyes ſo hollow, and my heart ſo faint, that I ſhould have ſounded with fear; yet I ſee that you had not the leaſt fear of being burned. It is true (ſaid *Cyneſia*) I have ſlept as ſoundly this night, as if no accident had happened, or as if I had not changed my bed. And to make it appear true, I will tel you of the ſtrangeſt piece of gallantry, that ever you heard of: After this, *Cyneſia* told *Cleophila* all the paſſage; and that ſhe might better ſee the Caſe, ſhe held out her Arm, intreating her friend to untie the Ribband. *Cleophila* had no ſooner untied it, but *Cyneſia* opened it; but ſhe was extreamly ſurprized at the ſight of thoſe Verſes which *Artaxander* had written, and ſo much, as that ſhe could not read them aloud, but firſt read them to her ſelf, and then recited them unto *Cleophila* in this manner.

Night's better than the Day
ſuch Myſteries to diſcover,
As you my Love know may,
and yet not know the Lover.

Afterwards, ſhe looked upon *Cleophila* who was not leſſe ſurprized then ſhe: And upon ſerious Conſideration, *Cleophila* concluded, that it muſt of neceſſity be *Artaxander*. Not that I can diſcover it by his ſtile in Verſe (ſaid ſhe) for he uſeth to write much better; but ſince they were doubtleſſe writ upon a ſudden, they may very wel be his; for I have known ſometimes when *extempore* he hath writ no better; and therefore I wil conclude that it was *Artaxander* who is the Authour: That it was he who ſaw you a ſleep, and that it is he who is in love with you. But *Artaxander* is in the Country (replied *Cyneſia*) *Artaxander* then is in more places then one (replied *Cleophila*) for I tel you it can be none but he: And I muſt tel you, that to conquer ſuch a heart as his ſleeping is no ſmal glory to you. Alas (replied *Cyneſia*) as for his heart I cannot pretend unto it, for hearts are never taken ſleeping. I do aſſure you (replied *Cleophila*) that though you had fewer Charms then you have, yet *Artaxander* loves you. For this beginning of acquaintance and adventure, is in ſuch a pleaſant way, as I make no queſtion but he will anſwer it as pleaſingly. It vexeth me exceedingly (ſaid *Cyneſia* then) that hee who writ thoſe verſes, hath leſt me ſuch a Box as I will not keep; and the worſt is, that the Picture of *Paſithea* is in it which he took from me. So as thoſe who know not how the caſe ſtands, but are ignorant that ſhe and I are enemies, will think that I have ſhewed it out of malice; for as the caſe is between us, they cannot imagine ſhe would give me her Picture. How? (ſaid *Cleophila*) had you *Paſithea's* Picture? and was it in the Caſe which is taken from you? Yes (replied ſhe) and that is it which moſt troubles me, for I cannot indure to be ſuſpected guilty of any malice: But I beſeech you (replied ſhe) how came you to that Picture? Ah *Cleophila* anſwered *Cyneſia*) I ſhall bluſh to tell you: yet know it I muſt (replied ſhe) if ever you wil know any thing of me. Since you will needs know it (replied *Cyneſia*) I wil tell it in two words. So I know it (ſaid *Cleophila*) I care not whether it be in two, or a thouſand words; but leſt we ſhould be

be interrupted, *I* pray tell me quickly. You know (replied *Cyneſia*) that *Clidamis* hath a long time borne a little good wil unto me; and you know alſo, that all the world has laid it in his diſh, that he hath been an unfortunate Lover all his life long. Tis true (anſwered *Cleophila*) for *Clidamis* has been in love with above a hundred women, and not one of them ever loved him: and yet he is handſome, and has wit and ſpirit enough: yet *I* thought that his misfortune would have ended in you, and that you were no hater of him: for *I* know he has been often with you in the Country. Tis true, replied *Cyneſia*, but it is as true alſo, that the more *I* ſaw him, the leſs I loved him: And in my opinion, the reaſon why *Clidamis* makes no better progreſs in his loves, is, becauſe whoſoever ſees him one day ſhall ſee him eternally the very ſame: he is alwayes equally handſome; alwaies equally civil and reſpectful: he wil never love you more nor leſs; nor never hath any ſpirit and wit more one day then another. So as *I* believe people are ſo accuſtomed to ſee him alwaies the ſame, as their opinion of him is alſo alwaies the ſame, and he ſhal be no better loved at the end of the thouſand viſits then he was at the firſt.

But be what he will be (added ſhe) that's no matter, and to return from whence *I* digreſſed, know, that *Clidamis* one day being extreamly earneſt with me to tel him why *I* did not love him, I anſwered again, that the reaſon was, becauſe *I* knew that he was never loved by any. The truth is *Clidamis* (ſaid *I* unto him) though *I* would, yet *I* dare not love you: for after all your baffles in matter of love: *I* ſhould be aſhamed to be more indulgent then any other unto you: and *I* am ſo addicted to doe as others doe, that *I* never was the inventer of any faſhion. you may imagin then, that *I* who will not ſo much as wear a ribband which others do not, wil never give my heart to an unfortunate Lover, unto whom never any gave any heart unto: And therefore if ever you would have me love you, you muſt firſt make your ſelfe loved by ſome other; that having an example to follow, *I* may the more eaſily be perſwaded to follow: But Madam (ſaid he unto me) ſhould *I* court another to love me, *I* ſhould ſeem as if *I* did not love you. Seem what you will (ſaid *I* unto him) but *I* aſſure you *I* ſhall never love you unleſſe ſome do firſt begin, and unleſſe all the world do know it. *I* beleeve Madam, ſaid he unto me, that all this is but ingenious rallery; for you being perſwaded that *I* cannot love any but you, and that none wil ever love me unleſſe *I* love them, and therefore it wil be very difficult for me to procure that example which you require; and though *I* ſhould procure ſuch an example, yet you would not follow it. Seriouſly Sir, ſaid *I* unto him and laughed, *I* believe *I* ſhould love you more then *I* do, if any elſe had loved you. Wee'l ſee that Madam (ſaid he unto me) for *I* wil go immediately unto *Creet*, with a full reſolution to try whether *I* can make any beauty love me, upon condition you wil not take it ill, if *I* do diſſemble with her in ſeeming to love her. Since my aim was onely to be rid of *Clidamis*, and beleeving that he would not be loved in the future more then in time paſt. *I* told him that *I* conſented unto the condition. So he left me in the country, and went to *Creet*, juſt as *Artaxander* broke off with *Paſithea*, becauſe ſhe did not lament the death of *Philocrates*. As chance would have it, *Clidamis* heard of the difference between them, and hearing of *Paſithea*'s humour, he applied himſelf to her; and he found her heart ſo inclinable to him, as either to be revenged of *Artaxander*, in letting him ſee ſhe could as readily forget him living, as *Philocrates* dead, or for ſome other cauſe, ſhe received him very wel; ſhe gave him her picture, which he ſent unto me yeſterday, ſummoning me to keep my word, and aſſuring that *Paſithea* loved him, and that he ſtil loved me. As chance was, *I* tied this picture to my arm, intending to reſtore it unto *Clidamis* the next time *I* ſaw him; and ſo it chanced that it was taken from me in manner as *I* told you.

I profeſſe, replied *Cleophila*, it is a moſt excellent adventure: for if *Artaxander* have this picture, as *I* am confident he hath, it will amaze him to think, how you ſhould come by it: for it is not poſſible he ſhould be ignorant of the enmity between you and *Paſithea*: Alſo the adventure may be more pleaſant yet: for if *Paſithea* be drawn with a garland of flowers upon her head, very likely it is the ſame Picture which ſhe gave him, and which he reſtored back to her. At leaſt *I* am ſure, the Limner told me that he did draw *Paſithea*'s picture after the ſame manner. *I* aſſure

I assure you (said *Cynesia*) the Picture is so drawn, so as if it be *Artaxander* who take it from me; he will wonder extreamly, to see a picture which was once his in my hands. However it be (said *Cleophila*) I am confident you would not be sorry to see *Artaxander* your captive. So as it would spite *Pasithea* (replied she) I must confesse I should not be verry sorry. Truely, replied *Cleophila*, though it should spite no body, you could not be sorry; for *Artaxander* is so brave a man, as that to conquer such a heart must needs rejoyce one. But I beseech you (said *Cynesia*) let us talk no more of *Artaxander*, for perhaps it was not he who came into my chamber; and though it were, yet perhaps my eyes when he sees them will blast the adventure. Your eyes are so lovely (replied *Cleophila*) as you assure your selfe that though the heart of him who saw them sleeping, was not captivated, yet waking, he wil be. However since it is very likely, that you wil see him this day, who saw you in the night, I advise you to dresse up your selfe as handsomely as you can. As *Cleophila* spoke this smilingly, *Cynesia* smiled also: And as I have been told since, did dresse her self with a little more design of being handsome, then if her aim had been onely a general design to please every one. But being not at home, as soon as her Mother and she were ready, they returned thanks for their entertainment, and went to their own house. Yet *Cynesia* did not shew her Mother the Picture Case which *Artaxander* had left in lieu of her own, least the adventure should become too publick. *Cynesia* was most perplexed to think what she should say unto *Clidamis*, who she imagined would come to see her; for she could not restore *Pasithea's* Picture unto him. Nor would she have him think that she kept it as a signe of her love. So as to gain time, upon a pretence of setting their house in order after that tumult of fire, she desired her Mother to passe away that afternoon at a friends house, and not to stay in her chamber and receive all the visits which would be made after that accident. So as by this meanes *Cynesia* was not at home until night, and so *Clidamis* would lose his labour, if he came. Mean time, *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* being advertized that their men were at the gates of the town, they went through a back lane to meet them; and crossing over a great plain, it chanced that they passed just before the gates of that Ladies house, where *Cynesia*, her Mother and *Cleophila* did pass away the day: So as these three Ladies came out, at the very same time when *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* passed by in their country habits, as men newly come to town: *Cleophila* was much surprized at this; For all she had spoke unto her friend, was onely her imagination yet she shewed her *Artaxander*, who took no notice of these Ladies no more then *Philiontes*, because they were talking together very earnestly: So as they being on horseback, and the Ladies on foot, they lost the sight of them: for since it was not far from home they were entred in, before they could come to the door. However since *Cleophila* was full of curiosity to know the truth of this adventure, and since the arrival of *Artaxander* did much perplex her, she got *Cynesia* to entreat her Mother, to desire *Cleophila*, that she would lie that night at her house. And indeed, so it was, These Ladins had no sooner supped, but *Clidamis* with other Ladies of the neighbourhood came to visit *Cynesia* and her Mother: And all were no sooner set, but *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* entred. The first of these presented his friend unto the Mother and the Daughter, as a stranger which their town had gotten during their absence: *Philiontes* spoke so highly of *Artaxander* unto these two, that they received him very civilly. But *Cynesia* was strangely amazed, to see the Picture Case which was taken from her, tyed with a lively coloured ribband, and worn by *Artaxander* in such a place as was most obvious to the eye of *Cynesia*. But as she was amazed at the sight of it, so *Clidamis* was much more; for he could not imagin, by what adventure, this Case which he had sent into *Cynesia*, could come into the hands of *Artaxander* whom she never saw before, but was presented unto her as a man absolutely unknown unto her. However *Cynesia* could not doubt but that it was *Artaxander* who came into her chamber when she was asleep, and therefore out of modesty could not chuse but blush; but to hide it, she began to talk with *Cleophila* in a low voyce, who being very glad that she had gessed aright, begun to aske her in a merry manner how she

liked her new lover? I am ſo perplexed at the perplexity of *Clidamis* (replyed ſhe) as I have not leaſure to anſwer your fooliſh queſtion. Why, ſaid *Cleophila*, you need not perplex your ſelf about *Clidamis*; for ſince he knows that you are a ſtranger unto *Artaxander*, he cannot think you to have any hand in this pleaſant adventure. After this every one taking their places, *Artaxander* did ſo well order the matter, as that he ſate next *Cyneſia*, and talked with her, ſo as *Clidamis* could not hear what he ſaid; for *Philira* the Mother of *Cyneſia* having ſet her ſelf to relate unto him the accident of fire which happened; and being extream earneſt in telling how frighted ſhe was, he was almoſt all the night taken up with hearing, and could not put in a word to interrupt her; for ſhe was an eternal talker, and would never give over her tale as long as ſhe had any breath. But whilſt poor *Clidamis* was hearkning to her much againſt his will, and whilſt all the reſt of the Ladies were hearkning alſo, *Philiontes* talked with *Cleophila*, and *Artaxander* with *Cyneſia*, whoſe intention being earneſt to reſtore the rich Caſe unto *Artaxander* which he had left with her, and to get back that which he had, that ſhe might reſtore it unto *Clidamis*, ſhe was very glad of the opportunity of talking in private with him; hoping to find a fit occaſion for compaſſing her ends; yet it was not ſo eaſie as ſhe imagined; for *Artaxander* turning the talk another way ſhe could not bring it about; and he according to his ordinary jollity, began to chide her for being ſo long in the country, as familiarly as if he had been her moſt intimate and ancient friend, and he made the moſt pleaſant and ſatirical invective againſt a country life that ever was heard. But (ſaid *Cyneſia* unto him) why ſhould you complain againſt me? for you knew me not yeſterday, and hardly know me to day. That's the reaſon, Madam, why I complain (replyed he) for if I had had the honour to have known you ſooner, I ſhould never have had the ſhame of bearing any other chains but yours, and perhaps by this time, I ſhould have had the glory of getting ſome place in your heart. But, Madam, that you may not think me one of thoſe common flatterers, who uſe to talk, and often knows not to whom, I beſeech you give me leave to tell you, that you are not ſo unknown to me as you imagine; and that within theſe eighteen hours I did admire you, and ſomething more. But firſt (added he, and looked earneſtly upon her) give me leave to rejoice that I find your eyes more lovely than I did imagine them; though I muſt tell you, I did imagine them to be the faireſt in the world; and certainly I had great reaſon for it; for it was nothing likely that the Gods ſhould beſtow upon you ſo many ſeveral excellent beauties, and not give you fair eyes alſo. And I aſſure you, moſt charming *Cyneſia*, as ſoon as ever my good fate brought me to the place where I ſaw the moſt lovely ſleeper that ever eye beheld, I preſently conceived you to have the moſt dangerous and captivating eyes in the world. Oh, I beſeech you *Artaxander* (ſaid ſhe and turned away her head) do not make me bluſh. Oh I beſeech you Madam (replyed he) think your ſelf beholding to me for ſtaying ſo long as eighteen hours before I would ſee your lovely eyes; and as great as my deſire was to ſee them, for being ſo reſpective as not to waken you. The truth is (reylyed *Cyneſia*, and bluſhed) your boldneſſe made me more aſhamed then ever I was in my life. Ah Madam (ſaid *Artaxander*) I was happy then, but not bold; and if you will be ſo good as to pardon my boldneſſe, in telling you that in all likelyhood I ſhall be extreamly in love with you, I ſhall acquaint you with the whole adventure. Since I am of opinion (replyed ſhe) that there is not ſo much power in me as to make any in love, I cannot eaſily beleeve you have any inclination that way: but I will confeſs, I would forgive you any thing, upon condition you will ingeniouſly tell me what made you ſo liberall when you plaid the theef: yet I muſt declare unto you before hand, that the Picture caſe which you took from me was none of mine, and that which you left in lieu of it ſhall never be. I aſſure you Madam (replyed *Artaxander*) I know not any thing you have of mine but my heart, which I beſeech you ſeriouſly not to reſtore; for I am confident it can never be in better, or more fair hands. However it be (ſaid ſhe) tell me by what enchantment this adventure came about? You phraſe it right, Madam (replyed he) in calling it an enchantment: for ſince the time that *Cupid* was in his cradle,

cradle never any fell in love so untill now. I pray (replyed *Cyneſia*) let *Cupid* alone with his Mother, and onely acquaint me with the accident: So *Artaxander* began to make her a faithful relation of the whole paſſage, and ſo happily for himſelf, and pleaſingly unto *Cyneſia*, as ſhe took ſome delight in it: yet ſhe alwaies interrupted him, when he told her how fair he thought her. It is enough *Artaxander* (ſaid ſhe) it is enough; for I deſire to know no more then ſo much as will juſtifie you; and to make it appear that I am not unjuſt, I am contented to treat you as an innocent perſon, and will think my ſelf obliged unto you. Though it would be moſt glorious unto me to be obliged unto you, Madam (replyed he) and more then for you to be obliged unto me; yet I muſt aſſure you, that there is nothing in the world which I would not doe for your ſervice. If ſo, ſaid ſhe, then I pray reſtore unto me the Picture and the Caſe which you have, and I will reſtore that which I have unopened; for as I told you before, that which you have is none of mine, & that which I have of yours ſhal never be. As for the Picture which is in the Caſe I took from you Madam (replyed he) I ſhal without much difficulty reſtore, ſince it has not the honour to be yours. but upon this condition, that you will tell me whoſe it is; for I ſhould be very glad to know unto whom *Paſithea* gave it. But Madam, as for the other Caſe which you have, ſince you ſay you did not open it, I beſeech you do; and know that what is written within it, is more true now, then when it was written. Did I not know *Artaxander* any other way replyed *Cyneſia*) I ſhould think him to be all Rallary; but ſince I do know his humous, I wil make a better interpretation of him; and to teſtifie it (added ſhe) I wil truſt my ſelf with you, and confeſs that the Picture of *Paſithea*, belongs unto *Clidamis*. How, Madam? replyed *Artaxander*, is *Clidamis* my ſucceſſor? thanks be to the heavens he ſhall never be my Rival unleſs he be in love with you. You ſpeak with ſo little ſeriouſneſs (replyed *Cyneſia* and ſmiled) as I hardly know whether I did well in truſting you with a confidence of this nature. However, ſince divers reaſons makes me deſirous to let *Clidamis* have his Picture again, and to keep him ignorant by what ſtrange accident you come to have it, I entreat you if he talk with you, to tell him, that upon your return you found it upon the Table in your chamber, where I had forgotten it. I will tell him as much, Madam, replyed *Artaxander*, provided you will likewiſe tell me, why *Clidamis* did put this Picture into your fair hands; for he can't be ignorant that you and *Paſithea* hold no correſpondencie of friendſhip, and ſo if he be in love with *Paſithea*, he is very unwiſe to truſt you with her Picture. We have been ſo ſmal a time acquainted (replyed ſhe) that I were out of my wits if I ſhould tell you all you ask. Then Madam (replied he) you have driven me out of my wits; for though I have known you as little as you have me, yet I am ready to truſt you with all the ſecrets of my heart and ſoul. But to return unto *Clidamis* (added he) I perceived that he looked upon me from time to time with much curioſitie; and he look'd upon after ſuch a manner, as moved to think that if he were my ſucceſſor in the heart of *Paſithea*, he might perhaps alſo be my Rival in the heart of *Cyneſia*. As *Artaxander* ſaid ſo, *Cleophila*, who had gotten *Philiontes* to tell her all the adventure of the night before ſhe came unto them; and *Philiontes* joyning alſo, the diſcourſe between theſe four perſons was very pleaſant. For my part (ſaid *Artaxander*) I am more then ever perſwaded of the infallibility of Deſtiny; for if Fate had ordered, that the fair *Cyneſſa* had layn in *Philiontes* his Chamber, then perhaps it would have been he who ſhould have faln in love with her, and not I. For heavens ſake (ſaid *Cyneſia* pleaſantſantly, and interrupted him) do not think your ſelf engaged to ſay you love me, becauſe you have told it me in four verſes; and leaſt you ſhould (added ſhe, and offered him the caſe) I pray take it again. But, Madam (ſaid he unto her) you ſaid even now you did not open it. 'Tis true (ſaid ſhe) but as I am willing to pardon all the flattering untruths which you have told me, in talking with you, ſo you may very well pardon me this. Oh Madam, replyed he, I will pardon you with all my heart; provided you will beleeve I cannot flatter when I ſpeak of you. After this *Cyneſia* ſtill demanding the Caſe which he took, and offering to reſtore his, he told her that he could not doe that all in one day; but beſeeches her to ſtay the reſtitition of that

which he had from him, untill he had so far advanced himself into her favour, as to obtain her Picture: And indeed, do what *Cyneſia* could, she could not make him take it that day, but was contented with his restoring that which belonged unto *Clidamis*, who was so astonished to see such private discourse betwixt *Artaxander* and *Cyneſia*, that he knew not what to think upon it. But it being late, the company parted; and *Cyneſia* being desirous that *Clidamis* should not be too much troubled at this adventure, she entreated him to wait upon *Cleophila* home; and that Lady undertook to restore the Picture and Case unto him, and to tell him (as it was contrived) that *Artaxander* found it by chance upon the Table in his chamber; and thus he need not trouble himself about it, because *Cyneſia* never told *Artaxander* that the Picture was his.

As for *Artaxander*, he found *Cyneſia* more charming awake then asleep, and returned home with his friend with a strong disposition to love her: And indeed he did easily apprehend this growing passion; for though it was never wont to break his rest, yet now he slept not a wink all that night; for when he fancied himself in the same Chamber where he had seen *Cyneſia*, and in the same bed where he saw that fair one asleep, his imagination did so perfectly represent her, as he could not possibly rest although he had some pleasing slumbers. On the other side, *Cyneſia* hearing that *Artaxander* was never hated by any, she thought him more amiable then *Clidamis* who was hated by all; and she was nothing sorry that she had gotten this new acquaintance. But since she was resolved not to keep his case, she sent it unto him the next morning; and so handsomly that he could not chuse but receive it; for she caused it to be left with one of his servants for him, the servant not knowing what, or from whom it was: And *Cyneſia* being a person unto whom such presents were not tobe presented, he durst not any further importune her to keep it. This his gallantry passed for a noble peece of Liberality, and cost him nothing; but to speak the truth it cost him something that was dearer to him then the Case; for had he never seen *Cyneſia*, he had not lost his heart and his liberty; yet at the first, he was not sensible of his misery, but on the contrary he thought himself so happy in this affection which was growing in his heart, as he could not hide the joyes which she had. Moreover his thoughts of revenge upon *Paſithea*, did kindle in him much satisfaction; for he had such a hatred unto the follies of that Lady, as made him consider that if *Cyneſia* did not make him quite forget her, it was not impossible but he might renew again with her. On the other side, *Paſithea* who never looked for any thing in love but what would divert her, and who thought that *Clidamis* did love her, she valued not the losse of *Artaxander*, though every hour in the day did allow her one minute of sorrow for it, because she could not meet with any who could divert her as well as he. As for *Clidamis*, he was in a most miserable condition; for he was not loved by her whom he did love, and was loved by one whom he did not love. Thus did he receive all the favours which love could conferre upon a lover, and yet was not happy. Also he was sensible of all those sorrows which that passion could inflict upon a lover; for he was loved where he would not be, and not loved where he would: He was jealous, and knew not directly the cause: The new acquaintance of *Artaxander* did fret his heart; he was vexed that *Paſithea*'s Picture had been in his hands: he knew not whether he should cease counterfeiting love, or whether he should seem to cease loving *Cyneſia*, and see whether she would recall him: And indeed his perplexity could not be greater. As for *Cyneſia*, she also had some secret disgust of heart; yet since those disgusts were not very dis-agreeable, she was not much disquieted: But for *Artaxander*, he was so glad at his being in love, as not being able to hide his joyes, he shewed it unto *Cyneſia* within the space of five dayes, from his first acquaintance: And being alone with her he began to give most humble and hearty thanks, and that with such earnest expressings, as she did really beleeve that she had either said or done, something which had obliged him, though she could not remember it. And she began to rub up her memory, and finde out the reason why he should so emphatically expresse his gratitude: Upon a recollection of all her thoughts, she could find nothing, unlesse it were that

that she having spoken much good of him unto some she had conversed withall, hee might come to the knowledge of it. Yet not thinking this cause enough to oblige unto so many thanks, she asked him, what she had done for him to deserve them? At the first, he would not tell her; for truly, Madam (said he unto her) I am afraid lest you should repent of your goodnesse unto me, and lest that repentance should lessen my joyes, if I should tell you. It is not my custome (replied she) to repent of any thing done that may please such men as I esteem; and I assure you, the principal reason why I am so desirous to know what it is, is onely to the end, that I may do the same again. Oh Madam (said *Artaxander*) then I must tell you what it is you have done for me, not because it will oblige you to do it again; for you cannot chuse but do it whether you will or no, you will do it as long as you live, and the thing which you will do is absolutely the most pleasing thing in the World unto me. For Heavens sake *Artaxander* (said *Cynesia* then) tell me what it is I have done which so much pleaseth you, and which I cannot chuse but do again? You have made me in love, Madam (replied he) and in so doing you have done me the greatest pleasure in the World, you have delivered me from a most drowsie idleneſſe, and I thank you heartily for it; for otherwise I know not what I should have done in *Creet*. Thus, Madam (added he, and would not give her time to answer) you have infinitely obliged me; for you have rouzed my spirits out of a dull sluggishnesse of mind, which is the most unsupportable thing in the World. Though I should grant, I have caused you to be in love (replied she) yet I cannot confesse that you ow me any thanks: For (added she and smiled) unlesse you were sure of a favourable reception, I cannot see you have any reason for your thanks, which I am sure you cannot know, because I know it not my self. Oh Madam (replied he) it is a most high happinesse to love you; and love hath such a secret and charming influence upon me, as I do prefer all its torments, before all other delights whatsoever; and therefore, though I know not whether you will be sweet or sharp unto me; yet I must thank you, for making me in love, as much as for the most obliging favour you could bestow upon *Artaxander*. Though I know very well (replied *Cynesia* very sweetly) that it is not handsome for me to entertain any Lovers, yet I think my self obliged to treat you lesse severely then any other; for since you think that to bee in love is sufficient to make you happy, one need not to feare the being too much importuned with your Complaints. I did not say, Madam (replied *Artaxander*) that to be in love is the height of happinesse; but my meaning was, that I should be most miserable if I were not in love; and that I should be lesse miserable by being in love, then by not being so.

After this, *Cynesia* answered him with all the modesty becomming her Sex, but yet without any bitternesse or incivility; and though she did forbid him any more talk of his Passion, yet it was in such a manner, and made him not fear being hated, though he did not obey her. And *Artaxander* did continue his expression of Love, and so often, and handsomely as hee perswaded her to hear him. *Artaxander* as pleasant as his humour used to be, yet he could be of a very serious temper when he would; and he found in *Cynesia* all qualities requisite to please him; such as expected mirth from her did alwaies find it, they who looked for melancholy found it in her also, for she could sute her self unto every humour; moreover, she was exceedingly modest, but such a modesty, as did not muzzle up the spirits of men, but allowed the fancy so much civil Liberty, as made her Conversation very pleasing; Sometimes she would have some little and delicate fantastical quirks which did marvellously increase love; but these fantasms never appeared unto any but her Lovers, and not at all in common Conversation. The worst in *Cynesia* was, she was extream subject unto her own inclinations; and so very much, that if she had not been very virtuous, her reason could not restrain her. However, it is without all question, that *Cynesia* was as amiable a person, as was in the World, and *Artaxander* loved her extreamly, who hoping to be loved again by degrees, and desiring to spite *Parthenia*, did use all such indeavours as are expedient to win upon *Cynesia*, and to be revenged upon his

first

first Mistresse. As for *Clidamis*, *Cynesia* did treat him so coursely since her acquaintance with *Artaxander*, as he sought for all occasions to vex her, since he could find none to get her Love: And for *Pasithea*, no malicious stratagem was un-invented, and un-sought after, to spite both *Artaxander* and *Cynesia*. But in lieu of spiting them she did very much delight them; for *Artaxander* was very glad to find a greater share in *Pasithea's* heart then he imagined; and *Cynesia* also was glad that she had gotten a Slave from that merry fair one. So as joyning all these petty circumstances together, they began a most tender, gallant, and publick love between *Artaxander* and *Cynesia*. For *Clidamis* and *Pasithea* did watch them so circumspectly, as that they to vex them did publish every trivial thing that passed between them. They never walked together but it was divulged; they never held any long private discourse but it was told; and *Artaxander* was generally as well known by the name of *Cynesia's* Lover, as by his own; but so far from being vexed that he was very glad of it; for *Cynesia* being known to be a most illustrious person, her honour was not in any danger; and indeed, she was noble every way, her quality was high, she was admirably fair, she had a most sublime wit, and those who said *Artaxander* was in love with her, they said also that he was not hated.

Things being upon these terms, a chance happened which wrought a great change in the heart of *Artaxander*, who then certainly did love *Cynesia* most tenderly: But before I directly tell you the cause of it, I must let you know; that there was a man in *Creet* whose name was *Alphidemon*, whose mis-fortune was to be esteemed of none; Yet he was not very unhandsome and to speak truly of him, he was not worse then a thousand others, of whom people use to speak neither well nor ill. His quality was high enough, to excuse his mediocrity of merit if he had been discreet. But however, he was ranked amongst those who were unpleasing, even by those who were unpleasing themselves, and was not at all esteemed. *Artaxander* at his comming to *Creet* had seen him amongst others, and had rallied with him a hundred times, never thinking he should hereafter have any further interest in him. But *Artaxander* being upon such terms as I told you with *Cynesia*, he went to walk one evening in a Garden with *Philiontes*, unto whom he talked concerning the joyes he had in loving *Cynesia*, and of his hopes of being loved, aggravating the great delight hee took in having moved the heart of so noble a person. After a long time of walking they entred into a green Arbour, intending to rest themselves; but as they entred they found *Cephisa* and *Pasithea* there. At first, they would have retired as if out of respect; but *Pasithea* being that evening in her merry and malicious humour both, she called unto *Artaxander*. I pray, Sir (said she unto him) do not shun *Cephisa* who is your friend, in expectation of your new Mistresse. Since I do not love to molest the pleasures of others (replied he and laughed) I would have retired least you should expect there my Successor, unto whom I will yeeld in every thing. I assure you (replied she sharply) it is more honour for you that *Clidamis* should be your Successor, then for you to be the Successor of *Alphidemon*: And to be plain with you, it is more advantagious to me, to be upbraided for not loving a brave man, then it is for *Cynesia* for loving a man of so low a merit: And I think it a greater shame for you to succeed *Alphidomon*, then for you not to be loved more then *Philocrates* was. This discourse did so surprize *Artaxander* that he knew not what answer to make; for he knew, that shee durst not bee so bold as to speak thus in the presence of *Cephisa* and *Philiontes*, if there were not some ground of truth for her accusation which shee made against *Cynesia*. Yet he smothered his resentments, and did not appear any thing moved at what she said: Did you know (said he unto her) what advantage I draw from all this you speak against *Cynesia* and me, you would never have told it; but you would rather give *Clidamis* a thousand commendations, then to blame *Cynesia* whose merit and virtue cannot be blemished.

I speak not concerning the merit of *Cynesia* (replied she subtilely) for I know it is much, and that's the reason I blame her, since she loved a man of no merit. As *Artaxander* was going to answer, though he knew not wel what to say (for I know all his

his thoughts as wel as himſelfe) A great company of Ladies with *Alphidemon* came into this Arbor. As ſoon as they were entred, *Alphidemon* bolted out ſuch poor expreſſions, as *Artaxander* was forced out, and went preſently to enquire, whether it was true that *Cyneſia* who was a perſon ſo ful of wit could ever love ſuch a man. As ſoon as he came into a ſolitary walk which was not far off, he looked upon *Philiontes* who followed him; and beginning to ſpeak, I pray *Philiontes* (ſaid he unto him) deliver me out of this perplexity of mind; and tel me ingeniouſly, whether that which *Paſithea* ſaid concerning *Cyneſia*, have any ground of truth in it? for ſince I am but a ſtranger at *Creet*, I am ignorant in the Hiſtory of it; and therefore I conjure you by our friendſhip to tel me whether *Cyneſia* ever loved *Alphidemon*? All I can ſay (replied *Philiontes*) is, that all the town doth ſay it, and all the world beleeves it. But *Philiontes*, how comes it to paſſe, replied he ſurlily, that you did not acquaint me with it when I began to be acquainted with *Cyneſia*? becauſe you did earneſtly entreat me (replied he and laughed) to ſay nothing unto you which might hinder you from loving her, and told, that I was a very bad friend if I did. And to tell you truly, I did not think it fit to acquaint you with a paſt adventure which was not advantagious unto *Cyneſia* whom I eſteemed very much, and who is a Lady of infinite merit. And when all is done, though ſhe did love *Alphidemon*, yet ſhe loves him not now; and ſcandal it ſelf could never ſay there was any criminal affection between them two. Oh *Philiontes* (ſaid *Artaxander*) a woman of any wit could never be innocent, if ſhe could love ſuch a man as *Alphidemon*, though ſhe were as modeſt and chaſt as *Diana*: And I had much rather be ſucceſſor to a brave man who had obtained ſome conſiderable favours from the perſon I ſhould love, then to be the ſucceſſor of a fool: and truly there is ſomething in this adventure which doth ſo cruelly wound my imagination, as from this very minute, my heart which was ſuch a ſubject unto *Cyneſia*, begins to revault. But what does it concern you (replied *Philiontes*) whom *Cyneſia* did love, ſo ſhe love you now? it concerns me ſo much (replied he) as I do not think I can love her any longer, at leaſt I am ſure that having ſuch an opinion as I have of *Alphidemon*, and ſince *Cyneſia* hath loved him, and all the world knows it, it is impoſſible ſhe can confeſs any favour which can oblige me, or be honourable unto me: for when I remember all the fond groſſities and fooliſh abſurdities of *Alphidemon*, and all I have heard ſay of him, and all I have ſeen him do, I am ſo aſhamed to ſucceed him in the heart of *Cyneſia*, that as charming as ſhe is, ſhe ceaſeth to be ſo unto me, as ſoon as I conſider ſhe could love *Alphidemon*. Truth is, I ſhall value her heart as a prophane place, wherein I would not raign; nor ſhall I now think her eyes lovely, ſince ſhe has looked favourably upon him: and me thinks ſhe has done me a manifeſt injury in loving me after *Alphidemon*. I profeſs (replied *Philiontes*) this is a moſt pleaſant adventure, that after you have broke off with *Paſithea*, becauſe ſhe did not enough love a brave man, you ſhould break off with *Cyneſia*, becauſe ſhe did love a fool. Oh *Philiontes*, replied *Artaxander*, this laſt adventure is much worſe then the other, for it blaſts both honour and love. For to tell you truly, the hatred of *Cyneſia* would be more honourable to me then her love, ſince ſhe can beſtow her love where no merit is: and I think that I ſhould ſuffer leſs if *Cyneſia* had been perfidious to me by dividing her heart with ſome of my Rivals, who were a brave man, then I ſhould in her being faithful unto *Alphidemon*: and if I can but once cure my ſelfe of this Paſſion which I have to her, I will make a vow never to engage my ſelf in love with any other before I am very wel informed whom ſhe hath loved: for to be the ſucceſſor of a fool in matter of affection is the worſt quality upon earth. I think it a leſs ſhame to have a fool to ones father, then to ſucceed *Alphidemon*: for I cannot help the one; it is none of his fault; but in the other caſe the fault is all his own; he might have choſen whether or no he would offer his heart; or he might make a retreat after the offering, if he hear that he cannot be loved unleſs he be the ſucceſſor of a fool. But ſince many things are ſpoken which are not true, I wil know from the mouth of *Cyneſia* whither it be ſo; as I did from *Paſithea* all the paſſages betwixt *Philocrates* and her. So the next morning *Artaxander* ſought for an opportunity

portunity of finding *Cyneſia* alone; but as ill luck for her was, he could not finde it, for ſhe was not within: ſo as *Artaxander*, going to viſit ſome other of the neighbourhood in expectation of her return, he heard nothing but ſpeeches very diſadvantagious concerning *Alphidemon*. One ſaid he was ill-favour'd; others that he was dull; ſome ſaid his wit was but ſhallow; others that he was too rough; others that he was a clown; and every one had ſuch terrible cry upon him, as made *Artaxander* extreamly ſorry: for though commonly men love to hear faults found in their Rivals, and to hear them ill ſpoken of, yet *Artaxander* had other reſentments, for he thought that all which was ſpoken in diſadvantage of *Alphidemon*, did reflect upon him; and that every ill quality which was attributed unto *Alphidemon*, was ſhameful unto himſelfe: ſo as his mind being extreamly incenſed, he went the ſecond time to *Cyneſia*, and found her alone; for *Philira* was gone another way and not returned; ſhe received *Artaxander* with all thoſe joys which ſhe uſed at her firſt ſeeing him: but as for him, he had ſuch anger in his eyes, and a kind of ſullenneſs in his humour as quickly moved *Cyneſia* to ask the cauſe. So as without pumping for any ſet ſpeech to ſatisfie her deſire, he began to ſpeak: Madam, ſaid he unto her, I do conjure you to be ſincere, and promiſe to anſwer directly and truly to what I ſhall ask. I do promiſe it (replied ſhe and bluſht) for I am confident you will ask me nothing, unto which I may not anſwer. Nay, nay, Madam, ſaid he, do not deceive your ſelfe; for the thing which I ſhall ask is of ſuch a nature, as it will never be told, unleſs you be engaged by oath; and therefore before I ask the Queſtion, I wil have you ſwear to tel me truely. If you do wel conſider, replied ſhe, the ſtrange manner of your importunity, you may welt hink that I will not engage my ſelfe by oath, for you tell me that you would have me promiſe to tell a thing which I ought not to tel unleſs I be engaged by oath; how can you think then that I ſhould promiſe to tel you that which reaſon forbids me to tel? Think better with your ſelfe, and without any oaths or obligations upon me to promiſe any thing, tel me what you would know; and afterwards I wil ſee if I can ſatisfie your curioſity or no. Oh Madam, (cryed he out) If you were clearly ingenious, *I* would promiſe what *I* deſire: but in telling me nothing, you have told me all, and *I* have no more to ask you. *Artaxander* ſpoke all this in ſuch a ſurly and angry manner, that *Cyneſia* being troubled at it, and knowing that ſhe had done nothing ſince ſhe was acquainted with *Artaxander* which could anger him, ſhe promiſed to tel him truely whatſoever he ſhould ask her. Then *I* conjure you Madam (ſaid he unto her, to tel me ingeniouſly whether you ever loved *Alphidemon*? *Alphidemon* (replied ſhe and bluſht) was of my acquaintance ſo young, as it may wel be ſaid, we began to ſee light, and be acquainted both together. The matter is not, replied he, when you began your acquaintance; but to know whether you loved him or no: what cauſed you to love him; how it came to paſſe you loved him no longer? and what reaſons did induce you to change your mind? you ask me theſe Queſtions with ſuch an arrogant tone, replied ſhe, and they are ſo troubleſome to be anſwered, as if *I* were not exceedingly indulgent towards you, I ſhould not anſwer them at all: but ſince perhaps you may think I conceal'd ſome crimes if I do not ſatisfie your curioſitie, therefore I will ingeniouſly anſwer to your demands, and tell you that as ſoon as ever I began to open my eyes, I began to be acquainted with *Alphidemon*; and I will confeſſe that from the very firſt dawning of my days, I had a ſtrong inclination towards him and permitted him to love me. And that you may ſee my great confidence in your diſcretion, I will confeſſe farther, that the continuance and aſſiduity of his courtſhips, joyned with my own inclination, brought me at laſt to love him; and ſhould have ſtill loved him, had he not been guilty of ſuch a lightneſſe as damped my ſpirit, and obliged me to break off with him. And the truth is, though I wel enough knew *Alphidemon* to be a man of no great reputation in the world; yet ſhould I have continued faithful unto him, had he been ſo to me. For I muſt in my own juſtification tel you, that the world doth much wrong *Alphidemon*; and that he is much more amiable, then is beleeved, to one he loves; being certainly very civil, very ſweet, and complacential. Oh Madam (ſaid *Artaxander*)

Artaxander) *Alphidemon* is leſſe amiable towards thoſe he loves then towards thoſe he loves not, becauſe he ſees them ofteneſt; but certainly he is not leſs amiable towards thoſe of whom he is loved; and that's the reaſon you find him not ſo diſagreeable as all the world doth. As I have already confeſſed, that I bore affection to him (replyed ſhe) ſo I muſt with the ſame ingenuity tell you, that I doe not now love him. I would willingly beleeve it, Madam (replyed he) but that you did love him, is enough to make me the moſt miſerable of all men: And ſuch is my mind, as I ſhould think my ſelf much leſs miſerable, if you had loved one who was worthyer of you then I am, to know that you loved the worſt, and moſt unworthy of all the lovers you ever had. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I wonder how it was poſſible I ſhould win any thing upon your heart, ſince *Alphidemon* did; for I am nothing like him, my making is not like his; I do nothing that he does, I ſpeak not like him, nor are my thoughts the ſame with his; and indeed I know no two greater contraries then *Alphidemon* and *Artaxander*. How was it poſſible he ſhould pleaſe you and I too? How could you love him and me likewiſe? I wonder that the man whom of all the world I moſt deſpiſe, ſhould be man whom you the moſt of all eſteem. As for that, I ſhall give you ſatisfaction (ſaid ſhe) by explaining the affection which I had unto *Alphidemon*, and the affection I bear unto you; for I loved him by inclination only, and you by inclination and knowledge. Oh Madam (ſaid he unto her) blot out your inclination to me, for I will have nothing in common with *Alphidemon*.

I wil blot you out of my heart alſo (replyed *Cyneſia* ſharply, being angry at *Artaxanders* ſurly tone) for men may render themſelves unworthy as well by phantaſticalneſs, as by want of merit. When I began to love you Madam (replyed *Artaxander*) I gave you moſt hearty thanks for making me in love, as for a very great favour; But ſince I underſtand you have loved *Alphidemon* I muſt confeſs Madam, that if you ſhould take me out of love again, I ſhould thank you much more; for I know nothing more cruel then to be ſucceſſor unto *Alphidemon*. Since certainly Madam, this happy *Alphidemon* could never have won upon your heart but by telling you a thouſand ſimple and ridiculous fooleries, and as many impertinencies, and by doing the ſame things before you, which have made all the Town deſpiſe him. Judge Madam, I beſeech you, what honour it will be unto me to make the ſame conqueſt he did? *Cyneſia* being much offended at *Artaxander*, though ſhe could not give one good reaſon to excuſe her affection unto *Alphidemon*, yet they quarrelled untill the return of *Philira* who turned the diſcourſe. At his going from thence he went unto *Cephiſa*, who as I told you, bore ſuch good will unto *Artaxander*, as was likely to grow over tender, if ſhe had not ſtriven againſt that growing inclination: So as when *Artaxander*, who loved her very well, did relate unto her the ſquabbles 'twixt him and his Miſtreſs: But firſt, ſince ſhe had not ſeen *Artaxander*, ſince *Parſithea* in her preſence had vexed him by calling him the ſucceſſor of *Alphidemon*, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him come into her chamber where ſhe was alone, but beginning to ſmile, *Artaxander* (ſaid ſhe) you are very much obliged to me; for though that which *Paſithea* ſaid unto you before me, was enough to make any one laugh, yet I did not laugh at all; but on the contrary, I did chide her for what ſhe had ſaid, and almoſt fell out with her in your behalf. I doe confeſſe my ſelf obliged unto you (replyed *Artaxander*) and ſhould be much more, if you could make me out of love with *Cyneſia*. Oh *Artaxander*, replyed *Cephiſa*, you doe not conſider what you ſay. I conſider but too much (anſwered he) for the more I conſider, the more I find it a ſhame to be the ſucceſſor of *Alphidemon*: And I am ſo weary of my two laſt adventures, as I am almoſt reſolved to alter my courſe of life. Indeed (purſued he) if you will give me leave to love you with ſuch a tender amity as ſhall be a medium between love and common amity, and will endure I ſhould turn weather-cock, and relate unto you all my follies, I will abſolutely renounce all thoſe high paſſions which they ſay doe onely afford great delights: For my part (ſaid *Cephiſa*) I am willing to accept of your offer, but I tel you truly I do not think you are able to doe as you ſay. I am not indeed (replyed he) but in all likelyhood I ſhall be ere long; for I aſſure you I cannot find either pleaſure or

honour in *Pasithea*'s love, since she could not love a man of much merit long enough. Neither can I endure *Cynesia*'s love, since she could love a man unworthy of her affection; and to tell you truly, the affection of a woman to a fool cannot be innocent: It is men of wit, ingenuity and gallantry, who can only devise a thousand innocent delights to entertain their Mistris, between the time of their first being in love at the time of consumation. As for a fool lover, as soon as ever he has grossly told his Mistris that he loves her, he tels brutishly that he presently expects a recompence of his love, and if he find it not presently, two to one but he casts off his Mistris. Truly *Artaxander* (said *Cephisa*) me-thinks you go a little too far; for *Cynesia* is virtuous. I think she is, when I think well upon it (replyed *Artaxander*) but when I do not, I sometimes doubt it; for what can a man of ingenuity say unto such a man as *Alphidemon*? and what innocent delights can you imagine from a lover that hath no smack of gallantry in him? Never ask what delights one can find in love (replyed *Cephisa*) for love brings its delights with it: and as soon as a heart is possest with this passion, the mind is also prepossessed: it cannot see things as they are, but sees them only as love will have them: So *Cynesia* being very young, and having a strong inclination to *Alphidemon*, love will not let her reason see his faults; not but that I doe condemn her; for I cannot endure one should love that which is not amiable. 'Tis true (replyed *Artaxander*) and if one will love, let them love where they may have rest, not and as I did; though I can say to my comfort, that any other then my self might have been catched; but how could I guess, that those things which do afflict me, should have done so: My feares also at the beginning of my love to *Cynesia*, were wrong placed; for I feared her wit would have been too delicate and high, that she would have thought me a man not sufficiently accomplished; that my Gallantry would have seemed to her of too merry a strain; and that she would be insensible of my passion; but the truth is, I feared those things which I needed not to fear; and I did not fear that thing which only I ought to fear; 'tis true there was no shaddow of any cause to fear it; for how could I possibly imagine that *Cynesia*, who stood upon her wit and glory, should ever love *Alphidemon*, whom all the world despised, and who indeed deserved no esteem? The truth is (said *Cephisa*) this could not be divined or believed, unless there had been a hundred such circumstances as would have put it out of all doubt. For my part (said *Artaxander*) I am better informed then any else; for *Cynesia* hath confessed to me, that she loved *Alphidemon*, even with the same breath that she spoke kindly unto me; unto me, I say, who does not a jot resemble nor ever will, nor will ever have to doe with any thing that ever was his.

After this, *Artaxander* beganne to walk about the chamber and muse, as if he had been alone, though *Cyphisa* was with him, naming sometimes *Alphimedon*, and sometimes *Cynesia*, as they came into his mind; and he was above a quarter of an hour in this dump: *Cyphisa* would not disturb him, because she thought it good sport, and indeed because she was not sorry that *Artaxanders* heart was disengaged from the love of *Cynesia*. But at last, perceiving himself, he rouzed out of his study, and had many pleasant conceits upon his being *Alphidemons* successor. After which he returned to his lodging, and in his way he met *Alphidemon*, whose very sight did much incense him; for he was very unhansom and slovenly, he saluted clownishly, as if he were a man of poor quality; and when he came to the house of *Philiontes* his father, he there heard a hundred simple passages of *Alphidemon*. So *Artaxander* being more and more exasperated, and conceiving that it was not fit he should any longer love a person who could love *Alphidemon*, he resolved to break off with *Cynesia*. For (said he unto *Philiontes*, who would have diswaded him) I shall have this satisfaction, that those who will say, she would have made me *Alphidemons* successor, will say also I refused it and renounced the succession. If you quit *Cynesia* (replyed *Philiontes*) you will so rejoice *Pasithea*, as if you be of any vindicative temper, you will not leave her. I am fuller of revenge then you imagine (replyed he) but I will not be revenged upon my self; and if I should continue loving *Cynesia*, onely because I wil not joy *Pasithea*, I should be extreamly ashamed of being *Alphidemons* successor. But (said *Philiontes*) can men love when they list, and cease

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when they wil? I know not that, (replied he) but I wil try. And indeed *Artaxander* went no more unto *Cyneſia*, but went every day unto *Cephiſa*, cheering up himſelf with his Amity for the loſſe of his love. Mean time *Clidamis*, who quickly heard how ſquares went between *Artaxander* and *Cyneſia*, he returned to her and quitted *Paſithea*; but *Cyneſia* not liking him ſo wel as ſhe did *Artaxander*, ſhe gave him but cold entertainment, imagining that *Artaxander* would take it wel. On the other ſide, *Paſithea* was vexed to the ſoul to ſee *Clidamis* forſake her, and that it pleaſed *Artaxander* whom ſhe would gladly recall.

As for *Cyneſia* ſhe could not imagine what courſe to take to cure *Artaxander*: It was in vain for her to ſay that ſhe never loved *Alphidemon*, becauſe ſhe had confeſſed it: nor could ſhe make *Alphidemon* more eſteemable or eſteemed then he was. So as ſhe had no other way, ſince ſhe ſtood much upon her honour, then to ſeem as if ſhe cared not for *Artaxanders* ſlighting her. Mean time *Artaxander* being quite out with all manner of gallantry, the friendſhip of *Cephiſa* was a real Cordial to him; for beginning the rules of friendſhip with her, he found himſelf in a very good condition, and did not alter as long as he was at *Creet*: He gave *Cephiſa* an accompt of all his follies, and took more delight in telling, then he ever did in the acting them; for *Cephiſa* being of an excellent and pleaſing ſpirit, having alſo much good Will unto *Artaxander*, and he li ewiſe to her, their Converſation was with ſuch a friendly liberty as made it very agreeable: And when *Artaxander* left *Creet*, hee was more ſorry to part from his friend, then from all his Miſtreſſes; and I am confident he lived in more content with *Cephiſa*, then ever he did with *Paſithea* and *Cyneſia* with whom he had thoſe beginnings of love which you deſired to know, and which I have told you, with ſo little art, as I have reaſon to fear that all theſe illuſtrious perſons who have heard me, will repent of their Curioſity.

For my particular (ſaid *Clelia*, ſeeing *Amilcar* had no more to ſay) I am far from repenting, for I do think theſe two beginnings of love worth a whole Hiſtory. For my part (ſaid the Prince *Sextus*) I am very affectionate unto *Artaxander*, becauſe me thinks he reſembles *Amilcar*. Truth is (replied *Aronces*) *Artaxander* is ſet out in an excellent character: I concur with you (ſaid the merry *Plotina*) but yet me thinks if *Amilcar* had been in *Artaxanders* place, he would either not have quitted *Paſithea* ſo ſlightly, or elſe he would have returned to her, after he had quitted *Cyneſia*; for I do not think him ſo fit for a friend, as for a Miſtris. I have yet been ſo little known unto you, Madam (replied *Amilcar*) that me thinks you judge too raſhly. However (ſaid *Ceſonia*) I much deſire to know what this *Artaxander* is? my deſire is the ſame (ſaid *Artimedorus*) for my particular (ſaid *Zenocrates*) I would gladly know both *Paſithea* and *Cyneſia*; my Curioſity is for *Cephiſa* (added *Clelia*) for me thinks a friend that gives more comfort then two Miſtreſſes, muſt needs be of much merit. I profeſſe (ſaid *Plotina*) I would give any thing to know the true names of al theſe perſons: Truly al your Curioſities are to no purpoſe (ſaid *Amilcar*) for if you did know the names, you do not know the perſons. If you wil (ſaid *Celeres* in a low voice unto *Plotina*) I wil give you the Key unto this Hiſtory, upon Condition you will ſeem as if you had it by inchantment. *Plotina* having a pleaſant and merry wit, ſhee thought it would make good ſport, if *Celeres* would be as good as his word; ſo as preſſing him very obligingly unto it, he told her the true names of all thoſe whom *Artaxander* had introduced in the adventure which he had related; and then retired handſomely from *Plotina*, of whom *Amilcar* took no notice when ſhe whiſpered with *Celeres*; for his deſign being to keep *Sextus* from talking with *Clelia*, he applied himſelf in talk wholly unto that Prince: So when *Celeres* was gone from *Plotina*, ſhe began again to intreat *Amilcar* he would be pleaſed to tell them the true names of *Artaxander*, of *Paſithea*, of *Cyneſia*, of *Cephiſa*, and all the reſt of whom he had ſpoken; and he ſtil perſiſting in his denial, ſhe told him that ſhe requeſted a thing from him, which ſhe could tell, as well as himſelf. And to teſtifie that I ſought onely to be obliged unto you, if you will promiſe me to confeſſe the truth, I will ingage my ſelf to write ſuch a Key as all the Company ſhal know the true names of every one they deſire: Ah lovely *Plotina* (replied *Amilcar*) if

you can make that good, I will not onely ingage my self to tel you whither your Key be true, but I will ingage to be in love with you as long as I live, though you should too little love another *Philocrates*, or too much love another *Alphidemon*. I desire no more (replied she) so taking Pen, Ink, and Paper out of her Pocket, she went unto the Window to write the names which *Celeres* had told her. And after she had written them, she gave the paper unto *Zenocrates* to read: So as all the Company flocking about him, he began to read what *Plotina* had written, which was in these terms.

The True Key unto the Historie of *Artaxander*.

Artaxander. ——— *Amilcar*.
Pasithea. ——— *Belisa*.
Cynesia. ——— *Lindamira*.
Cephisa. ——— *Liriana*.
Alphidemon. ——— *Phelinix*.
Clidamis. ——— *Alberites*.
Philiontes. ——— *Timaides*.
Creet. ——— *Sydon*.

Zenocrates had no sooner done reading, but every one was earnest to tell *Amilcar* that they knew him to be *Artaxander*. Well (said *Amilcar*) I will be *Artaxander* if you will have me; for I am as merry a man and Complaisant as lives: But I would gladly know, by what inchantment *Plotina* did find it out. After this, *Amilcar* mused a while, and then looking upon *Celeres* who could not chuse but smile: Ah *Celeres* (said he) it is you who have betrayed me, for I have heretofore made you the Confident of my Follies. Yet I would gladly know (said *Clelia*) why you took so much pains in changing all the names of all these persons and your own? for wee know neither *Belisa* nor *Pasithea*. It is true (replied he) but you do know *Amilcar* better then you do *Artaxander*, and it was for his sake onely that I put a guise upon the rest.

But the wonder is, that in my hast of changing names I have committed a merry errour and none takes any notice of it; for I have given a Grecian name unto an African. For my part (said *Sextus*) I see no reason more then the rest of the Company, why you should conceal your having intereſt in the Company, why you should conceal your having intereſt in what you have related. I told you already, Sir (replied he) before I began to relate the story, that I did not love to be my own Historian, and I must tel you again, that I never wil, & that those who wil write such Books as that famous blind man did, whose works all *Greece* adores, must alwaies introduce some persons to tell the adventures of others. For then the Relator commends or condemns those of whom he speaks according to their merit. They wil impartially discribe the persons whom they do introduce, they wil descant upon things, and mingle their own thoughts with theirs; but when any are their own Historians, all that they shal say in their own advantage is suspected; and it is so difficult to do, that if it be a woman who tels her own tale, she cannot handsomely say, I made him in love with me;

me; and if it be a man, he cannot wel say, that hee was loved, or that he was valiant; and therefore it is a thousand times better to have the Story told in the third person then in the first. There is reason in all you say (replied *Aronces*) yet some men would think it strange that a third person should know so many particulars of things, wherein he himself hath no interest. I am perswaded of what you say (replied *Amilcar*) but yet it may bee an ill grounded perswasion; for some men do better know all the advantages of others then of their own, because they may come to the knowledge of them from the mouths of persons unimteresſted, yet true it is, that those who read, ought to enter into the very thoughts of the Writer, and so the relator of the person whose story is related; but upon the whole matter, I cannot indure to hear a woman tel of all her Conquests, or a man of his exploits; sometimes when they are forced upon it, I will allow them to do as wel as they can: and to put in practice what I speak of others, I make a promise unto my self, never to relate any thing that hath happened unto me, unlesse to one person onely at once, and as seldome as possibly I can. I am very glad of this resolution (said *Plotina* and laughed) for since it is very likely that we shall have some adventures together, I shal be safe, and need not fear that you wil ever tel what passeth between us; unlesse it be under such disguised names as will keep me safe from my dangerous interpretations I doe beleeve (said *Cesonia*) that you would not be glad to have your adventure told in that manner: but am perswaded that if it were, you your self would finde out a key for it as you have done unto the History of *Artaxander*. For my part, (said one of those melancholly Ladies, who fretted at her captivity) I wonder much at the excessive curiosity which I have observed in all the company to know the true names of the persons whom *Amilcar* brought into his Story: for since it changeth nothing, neither in the adventure nor in the thoughts, what matter is it whether the persons were *Grecians* or *Affricans*? and why should so much ado be about that which cannot afford any real diversion; for my part, if *Amilcar* had said at the beginning of his relation, that he was going to relate an adventure which he had invented, I should have hearkened with as much delight as I did, and should have more admired the ingennity of him who could so handsomely invent an adventure. Whatsoever you are pleased to say (replied *Plotina*) certainly there is more pleasure to be taken in hearing a thing which is known to be a truth, then in hearing a known falshood. There are some truths (replyed *Clelia*) which are so unpleasing, and so far from probability, and there are some inventions so full of delight and likely, as it may be said, that sometimes a lye is more pleasing then a truth, and resembles truth, more then truth it self doth. Since every one speakes after the rate of their own beauty, I will not dispute by reason, because I am perswaded, that every one hath his particular reason, to uphold that which concurs with his own inclination.

You speak very wel (replied *Sextus*) and therefore pleasures are not to be condemned in any whosoever, and my humour is such as I wil never condemn them in others; but I cannot endure that others should condemn them in me. For my part (said *Zenocrates*) that sometimes I see many things which do not please me; but the natural irksomenesse which I have to all things which doe not delight me, cannot make me condemn them, but pass by, and say nothing. For my particular (said *Amilcar*) I always condemn those who condemn others. Certainly (said *Aronces*) one ought to be very reserved in giving his opinion upon the pleasures of others. And yet it is so little used (replied *Celeres*) that nothing is more subject to censure then pleasures. Tis true, replied *Artimedorus*, but it must be confessed withall, that nothing does better discover the bottoms of mens hearts; and therefore it is not without cause that some should so accustome themselves to observe them: for in solid and serious affairs, the mind is close, and cannot be known; but in matter of pleasures, ones hearts and spirits lie open, they are discovered to the bottom: and by them best are mens manners and inclinations known. Tis ordinarily seen (said *Clelia*) that by little things great ones comes to be known. For my part, said *Amilcar*, men may be much deceived in judging of me, by my pleasures: For I take them so many several wayes; when

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fortune brings me to a place, where I cannot have them, I make pleasures of my business, rather then want them: the truth is, one cannot live without pleasures, and those who seem never to enjoy any, but are natural sober and grave, most certainly they find delight ever in their own melancholly. After this, *Sextus* finding by the silence which *Clelia* and the rest of the Ladies observed, that they thought it time to end discourse, he did rise up, and went away with *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*: who after they had waited upon *Sextus* to his lodging, they went every one to their own: but the sweetest part of that night unto *Aronces* was, that when *Sextus* did rise up, and *Amilcar* had cunningly engaged him in talk with *Plotina*, *Aronces* found an opportunity of a little talk with *Clelia*, when none could hear but her self: so as this pretious opportunity made him passe away the night in much delight. Mean while, since the siege of *Ardes* drew on, and since the presence of *Tarquin* was necessary he must prepare himselfe for a departure. Yet he had found *Clelia* so faire, that he could willingly have deferred it some days, if his ambition had not been so prevalent with his heart: for though *Tarquin* had never any violent inclinations to love, yet he found something so extraordinary in this fair prisoner, that see her he must in the morning; giving orders that she should be waited upon very diligently; and conferring many favours upon others for her sake. Meane while, the proud and cruel *Tullia*, knowing it, she was very importunate in behalfe of the Vestals, with *Tarquin* to release them; she caused *Verenia* to come the second time unto that Prince: but he was more moved against her this second visit, then the first: for he told her, that to recompence her endeavours of rasing a rebellion in *Rome*, he would send to seek her brother all the world over, that he might send him and all his family into another world. After which preparing for his departure, he did depart the next morning: followed by the Prince *Sextus*, the Prince of *Pometia*, the Prince *Collatin*, the young sons of *Brutus*, two other young men of quality of the *Aquiline* family; all the bravery of *Rome*, *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres* and many others. This departure was so sudden that *Sextus* could not see the prisoners: but *Celeres*, passing for the brother of *Clelia*, he went to her, and carried *Aronces* with him, whom had the happiness to bid her adieu: but this adieu was so sad, as it may be said they did onely communicate sorrows, and make an exchange of grief. For when *Clelia* considered, that she was under the power of *Tarquin* who did most horridly hate her father; when she thought that this proud Tyrant did too favourably look upon her; that the Prince *Sextus* did the same: that the cruel *Tullia* had shewed no civilities unto her: that *Aronces* was going to the warres where he might die: the *Celeres* who passed for her brother, might perish also as well as *Amilcar*; and that she was to be left without any help in the hands of most wicked people, it was impossible but she should be extreamly grieved. On the other side *Aronces* who more sadly resented the miseries of her he loved, then his own, never considering what might be said of him in the King his fathers Court, he thought upon nothing but the pitiful condition of *Clelia*., Yet since *Tarquin* had promised to deliver her, when the siege of *Ardes* was ended, this hope did something moderate his sorrows. But the truth is, his fears of her being known to be the daughter of *Clelias* did take away the greatest sweetnesse of his hopes. Also the very grief of being from her, and leaving her under the power of that Tiger *Tullia*, did so extreamly afflict him, as it may be said, this onely was enough to make him worthy of compassion. Also they expressed themselves unto each other, the most sadly that can be imagined, whilest *Celeres* and *Amilcar* who was with them this visit did take their leaves of the other Ladies. But the adieu of *Plotina* and *Amilcar* was as merry as the other was melancholly, and at parting were as full of their pleasant frolicks as ever. Yet *Amilcar* set a more serious face upon the matter, when he took his leave of *Clelia*: for maugre all his mirth, he did most obligingly resent the misfortunes of this fair one. But after they had left her, *Aronces*, *Celeres*, and he, durst not go and see *Verenia*, lest if it were known, *Tarquin* should suspect them: but they went secretly unto the virtuous *Sevilia*, purposely to oblige her to let *Verenia* know, that her illustrious Neece had

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in their persons, some defenders against the Tyrant. After which they went unto that Prince, as well as *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*. Mean time, there might be seen go out of *Rome* that day, the most magnificent equipage of war, that ever was seen since the first foundation of that proud Town; for under their former Kings, the *Romans* either out of poverty or moderation, never used any superfluities. Moreover *Amilcar* being equally agreeable unto *Tarquin*, unto *Sextus*, unto the Prince of *Pometia*, and unto *Titus*, he shared himself amongst them during this march; for he was sometimes with one, sometimes with another, and though their humours were all different, yet he pleased them all. As for *Aronces*, he was so full of sorrow, that he entertained only himself. *Artimedorus* he talked with *Zenocrates*, for they two had enough to talk on in matters wherein none else had any interest; and for *Cleloys*, he entertained *Collatin* in discourse of the siege. However *Tarquins* Quarter being betwixt *Rome* and *Ardes*, the Camp was so near that famous City, as one might goe and come betwixt them in a day, but reason did forbid *Aronces* from doing so, lest he should render himself suspected: So as it might be said, that he was as miserable as if hee had been further off from *Clelia*, since he durst not goe and see her. But *Tarquin* was no sooner come to the Camp then he gave out orders concerning the siege; he went to view all the severall Posts, and would have the strangers with him to the end they might see that the way of *Roman* war had great congruity with the *Grecian* and *African* way. As for *Aronces* he accompanyed *Tarquin*, he reasoned so rightly, and gave such good advice unto this Prince, he he began from that day to look upon not as an ordinary man: But as *Tarquin* and this brave Troop were upon a hill which *Aronces* said was requisite to be made good, they of *Ardes* made a salley: And so advantagiously for themselves at first, as by the favour of another hill upon the left hand *Tarquin* was set about before he was aware. So as then he was very happy in having so many brave men about him: For maugre the vigorous assault of his enemies, who doubled them in number, they repulsed them, and did such prodigeous things that day, as made all who saw him admire: For knowing that *Horace* was in *Ardes*, he bore a secret hatred unto those who defended him; yet when he considered that *Ardes* was the harbour of his noble friend whom *Tarquin* hated onely for his virtue, his heroique heat, which made him doe such great exploits did begin to slack: But for all that when he considered that at the end of the siege *Clelia* was to be delivered, he thought upon nothing, but what might conduce to the taking of this Town; so as bestirring himself that day to defend him who besieged it, hee did defend him as if he had infinitely esteemed him, as if he had most dearly loved him, and as if he had been incomparably tender of him, though at the bottom of his heart he had a most horrible aversion against this proud tyrant. So as desiring to signal himself upon this occasion; he did as I told you before, such marvellous things as made both his friends and enemies admire him. Also all they who followed *Tarquin* did acts worthy of eternal memory; and one would have said, that the *Romans*, the *Grecians* and the *Africans* did vie valours with each other in vanquishing those who assaulted them. So as all these brave men fighting together, they beat the other as brave and as strong as they were, and did drive them to their very gates, after they had killed many, and took more prisoners than they themselves.

But amongst those who *Aronces* took with his own hands, hee found two who told him things very different; for after some of *Tarquins* Troops were come up to relieve them, and that they could retreat without fear of any sallies, he asked these prisoners concerning the state of the town, and the number of men to defend it? Sir, said one of the souldiers, there are men enough to find you work; and if the valiant *Horace* doe escape his wounds, as it is hoped, he and *Herminius* joyning together, will make you pay dear for your victory. How? (sayd *Tarquin*, and blusht for anger) Is *Horace* and *Herminius* both in *Ardes*? Yes, Sir, replyed the courageous souldier; and had they been in the head of those troops you have beaten, perhaps you had found a sharper businesse of it. *Tarquin* being incensed at the boldnesse of this

this prisoner, commanded him to be put to death; but since it was *Aronces* that took him; oh Sir (sayd he to *Tarquin* with extream generosity) since this prisoner belongs to me, *I* beseech your Majesty not to be so cruel unto him, for I think my self obliged to defend his life; and I assure you he did so stoutly defend it, that hee merits better usage. I wil give him to your valour (replyed *Tarquin* in a rough tone) though his insolency deserves death; for how durst he in my presence commend two of my most mortal enemies, and enemies whom I hate as much as *Clelia's*, and *Horace* and *Herminius* deserve it.

After this, *Tarquin* casting his eye upon the other captive, whom *Aronces* took, he began to ask him who he was? for he seemed to have the ayre of a stranger. Sir (said he in very broken Roman language) though I am taken amongst your enemies, yet *I* am not so; for I belong unto the Prince of *Numidia*, who sent me into *Ardes* to know whether a daughter of his who was stoln away was there. He had no sooner said so, but *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres* did know the man, and that he did belong unto the Prince of *Numidia*, therefore their hearts began to beat extreamly, fearing he would tell something which might give *Tarquin* some cause to think that *Clelia* was the daughter of *Clelias*; but as good luck was, the man had heretofore been servant to *Amilcar*, who turning his eyes towards him, he made such signs to hold his peace, and in such a menacing manner, as the poor fellow not knowing what to say, or not to say, he said just nothing. *Tarquin* seeing him to be a stranger and ignorant in what he desired to know, he let him go amongst the rest of the prisoners, at which *Aronces* was very glad; but desiring to know a little more concerning the Prince of *Numidia*, when *Tarquin* was gone to his quarters, he went unto him who kept the prisoners to speak with this *African* who might satisfie his curiosity; and he went with *Amilcar*, who made the man to tel, that the Prince of *Numidia* desiring to get into that party which was opposite unto that which *Horace* took, he had a desire to know whether he was in *Ardes*, as it was reported he was; so as *Aronces* was likely to see his Rival arrive in the Camp of *Tarquin*, and to arrive in such a manner as to be known who he was: However he must dissemble his resentments, and for *Clelia's* sake comply with all the pleasures of the Prince *Sextus*, because it was he above all the rest from whom he was to hope for *Clelia's* protection, if *Tarquin* should hear by any ill fortune that she was Daughter unto *Clelias*; for *Sextus* being not capable of that politique hatred which the King his father was, it was to be hoped that *Clelia* being very fair, and pleased him, he would defend her in case *Tarquin* should offer either to hurt her or love her too much: for *Aronces* saw she was in danger of these two extreams; so as though he was very melancholy at the heart, yet he was forced to seem merry in the face, and though he was free from any licencious Debauchery, yet he lived as if he were the greatest Libertine of all men upon earth. And since *Tarquins* design was not to take *Ardes* by force, but by hunger, the time was likely to be long, and *Sextus* brought into the Camp a way of life more voluptuous then in *Rome*, for they did nothing but feast continually from Tent to Tent, and from Quarter to Quarter: However there was a necessity of complying with his humour, though against the hair of ones own; and sometimes it is wisdome not to seem wise. Thus *Aronces* being both amorous and prudent, did comply with the times, and was at all these tumultuous feasts of which *Sextus* was the Ring-leader, also he treated this Martial and merry crew, in his own Tent, and treated them in a manner so magnificent as did amaze the *Romans*, and in such a neat fashion as made all the Grecians admire. *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and also *Zenocrates* did treat them in their turns, as men that knew how to goe through any thing they undertook. But *Sextus* mixing matters of love in all things, the discourse in all these feasts was commonly either upon Beauty, or the humours of women, either in commending or blaming of them. So as all this merry company was at Supper one night with the Prince *Sextus*; he began to chide *Collatine*, because his wife could never be seen, though she had the reputation of the fairest woman in all *Rome*. For indeed (said he unto *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*,

car, Zenocrates, and Celeres) though Collatine be Nephew unto the King my father, and by consequence Lucrecia of quality to be known by all in Rome, yet she is known by none, but her Reputation which seems to be upheld by Enchantment; for since she will not see the Queen, because she was once ill treated by her, shee wil not bee seen in any place where her beauty may bee judged of; if shee doe passe through the streets unto the Temple, her Hood is alwaies pulled down, and she never frequents any other place. If she do walk, it is in places so solitary as none ever use to come at them; and the truth is, Lucrecia is never seen but by five or six people, whom none ever sees: And yet for all this, she hath the reputation of being the fairest woman that ever was seen in Rome. But to tel you truly, I do not beleeve it (added he and laughed) for if she were so fair as reported, I am confident she would shew her beauty, maugre all the Roman austerity, in spite of all the vigilancy of Parents, maugre Collatine himself and all his jealousie; for I must certainly conclude, that if she bee fair, he must needs be jealous, since none ever sees his wife. Oh Sir (said Collatine) you are extreamly unjust in accusing me of any jealousie; and I were the most unreasonable man living were I jealous of Lucrecia. I must tel you (replied Amilcar) that a beauty solitary, and a solitude voluntary, is one of the rarest things in the World; and therefore though you be not jealous, yet the Prince Sextus is very excusable in suspecting you to be so. For my part (said the Prince of Pometia) I know Lucrecia a little better then you do, and I am sure that the cause of her retiredness, proceeds not from any jealousie in Collatine, but onely from her own modesty and from a fancy she hath, that there ought to be a great difference between a fair Mistresse and a fair Wife. For my particular (said Sextus) I am not of her fancy, for I think it fit a Wife should be the Mistresse of her Husband, and that a Mistresse never ought to be the Wife of her Lover. The truth is, (said Artimedorus) a wife ought not to give over her gallautry towards her Husband, as soon as she is married; and a Mistresse should be so familiar with her Lover as to become his Wife, by her little care she takes to please him. And yet it often happens so (replied Aronces.) I would have a Lady rule her Lover (said Amilcar) for if the Husband do cease loving as soon as she is married, I would have the Wife cease being his Mistresse, and I would not have any such difference made betwixt Gallantry and Love as usually is. I do confesse it (said the Prince Titus) for I cannot indure that men when they see any Ladies, should say, I could like such a Lady for my Mistresse, but not for my Wife; and on the contrary, I could affect such a one for my Wife, but would not chuse her for my Mistresse; for I conceive what becomes a Wife, becomes a Mistresse; and what becomes a Mistresse renders her to be a charming Wife; and I would have my Wife as charming as my Mistresse; and I would not have my Mistris more Cocket then I would have my Wife. Then you would have her as austere as the Sibils (replied Sextus) and that she be as solitary, salvage, imperious, critical, censuring others, thinking ill upon the least conjectures, and melancholy; that she deprive her self of all pleasures, to have this onely, that she hath the reputation of a good Woman, and when she will can give over the World. Oh Sir (replied the Prince of Pometia) Lucrecia is none of those; for she is excellent society though solitary, she is severe and rigid onely to her self; she alwaies thinks well of others, and she maintains it neither good nor modest for any women to suspect those of their sexe in general, of any great weaknesse; she never condemns pleasures in others, she puts a good construction upon every thing, she is not lumpish nor melancholly; and if she were not solitary she would be adored by all the World. You love her Sister in law so well (replied the Prince Sextus) that you are not to be beleeved in all you speak to the advantage of Lucrecia. If a Husband may bee allowed to commend his own Wife (replied Collatine) I would say, that the Prince of Pometia doth not flatter Lucrecia; and that the affection hee bears unto my Sister, doth not move him to speak against truth. For my part (said Sextus) I do not insist upon such critical formalities; and therefore Collatine, without any consideration of being Husband unto

Lucretia, I pray you tell me ingeniouſly, and impartially whether her beauty be comparable to the beauty of that fair Priſoner which you ſaw when the Veſtals demanded her liberty? for my part I muſt profeſſe unto you, that I never in my life ſaw any ſo fair.

The truth is, ſhe is very fair, replied *Collatine*; yet I know not whether it be becauſe I affect black beauties, better then the fair: but I profeſſe unto you, that I think *Lucretia* as fair for a black beauty, as that priſoner is for a fair beauty: and of the two I would leave the fair and take the black. For my part (ſaid *Aronces*) I ſhould not do ſo; upon this the Prince *Sextus* having an extream deſire to ſee *Lucretia*, did becken unto all the young Gallants to ſecond his deſign, ſo as every one began to affirm that *Lucretia* was not ſo fair as reported. If ſhe be ſo as ſhe is repreſented (ſaid *Zenocrates* then) I am ſure ſhe is not ſo fair as one I have ſeen in *Sicily*. For my part (ſaid *Artimedorus*) I know one that will not yeild unto her. For my particular (ſaid *Amilcar*) I have met with many *Lucretia*'s, but I know onely one fair priſoner in all the world. *Aronces* had a good mind to ſay ſo alſo, but he durſt not for fear of ſuſpition; ſo as he let all the reſt ſpeak, who all confeſſed, that though they had Miſtreſſes of their own, yet the fair Priſoner, was the faireſt that ever was ſeen. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, he did not ſay any thing againſt her great beauty, but onely ſaid that *Lucretia* and his own Miſtreſſe could not be compared together, becauſe they were ſo oppoſite as two contraries could not be more, the one having fair hair, and grey eyes; and the other black hair and black eyes. Mean time, This feaſt which *Sextus* made, having raiſed the ſpirits of *Collatine* to a jolly height, he was that time full of rallary; ſo as the Prince *Sextus*, beginning again to chide him for his pretended jealouſie, though he knew well enough that he was not jealous, *Collatine* did riſe up upon a ſuddain, and looking upon all the company. To make it appear I am not jealous (ſaid he unto them) And to let you know that *Lucretia* does merit all the reputation of beauty which ſhe hath, I freely offer to take horſe immediately, and carry yon all unto my houſe. *Collatine* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Sextus* raviſhed with joy, did take him at his word: So as though it was late, they all took horſe, and went to *Rome*: ſo came to *Collatia* where *Lucretia* was, who not expecting ſo great a company, was working with her woman, an excellent piece of work which ſhe made the buſineſſe of her ſolitude. However being alwayes naturally handſome, though ſhe did not think of ſeeing any that day, yet ſhe was not in ſuch a negligent dreſſe, as did any thing take from her beauty; but on the contrary, her dreſſe was very advantagious. So as all this Company making a great noiſe at their coming, and hearing that her Husband brought them, ſhe prepared her ſelfe to receive them very well. So *Lucretia* leaving her work, ſhe went to meet them, and not knowing that her beauty was the cauſe of this journey, ſhe ſhewed it in its full luſtre: for ſhe had four ſlaves who walked before her with lights, which made it at firſt appear unto all that came, ſhe merited all the reputation of beauty which ſhe had: and that there was none but *Clelia* who could diſpute with her for being the greateſt beauty in the whole world.

The Prince *Sextus* was ſo blaſted, that he ſtood dumb as he was the firſt time he ſaw *Clelia*; ſo as *Amilcar* obſerving him, he jogged *Aronces*, who was very glad to ſee it, in hopes that perhaps his inclination to *Clelia* would leſſen, by his liking *Lucretia*. So as *Amilcar* (after he had asked *Aronces* pardon for the injuſtice, I was going to do his Miſtreſſe) he began to cry aloud that the fair priſoner was vanquiſhed; that *Lucretia* had got the victory, and that *Collatine* was the happieſt man upon earth. *Zenocrates* alſo did highly applaud the beauty of *Lucretia*. *Artimedorus* did the ſame. The young ſons of *Brutus* as much. The two young *Aquilines* no leſſe. The Prince of *Pometia* asked every one what they thought; the Prince *Titus* ſaid as others did; and *Collatine* himſelfe in ſaying nothing, did yet imply that *Lucretia* was never fairer then ſhe was that night. All the while, this wiſe and modeſt Lady was ſo ſurprized at their expreſſions, and at their tumultuous commendations which they gave her, as ſhe knew not what to think. Yet being of an admirable ſpirit, and not having forgot the

the mode of the world in her ſolitude, ſhe did handſomely retire her ſelfe a little from hearing of this tumultuous talk, and ſhe carried her ſelf with ſuch a noble civility unto them all as ſhe did no leſſe charm them by her behaviour and civility, then ſhe did by her beauty: there was not one in all the company, who did not ſtudy for a Compliement to excuſe their coming at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour to diſturb her reſt, and began ſuch diſcourſe as if they intended it for a regular viſit, ſo as day began to break before any began to think of ſleep. Yet at laſt, the Prince of *Pometia* obſerving that the fair eyes of *Lucretia* had ſuch a Languor in them, as made it appear ſhe deſired to be at reſt, he made the propoſition unto the Company to retire. But the Prince *Sextus* being charmed with the beauty of *Lucretia* as much as with *Clelia*, he was ſomething deaf to the motion, and with *Amilcar* began to make a long invective againſt ſolitude: For truly (ſaid *Amilcar* unto *Lucretia*, whileſt *Collatine* was talking unto ſome others whom he had brought thither) you are infinitely to blame for thus hiding as you do, the greateſt beauty upon earth; for take it which way you will, ſolitude is good for nothing. Yes Sir, replied *Lucretia*, it is good to ſatisfie thoſe who ſeek it and love it. But Madam, anſwered *Sextus*, thoſe who do love it and ſeek it, if they were as you are they ought not to love or ſeek it. Tis true (added *Amilcar*) for ſolitude will not let either beauty or virtue ſhew it ſelfe; and is good for nothing, but to give the world occaſion to ſay that when the wife is faire and ſolitary, her husband is jealous. Though I doe not expoſe my ſelfe unto the world, replied *Lucretia*, yet I do not think that any will ſay that *Collatine* is jealous. If they do not ſay ſo, replied *Sextus*, it is in your preſence, when they can ſay nothing elſe but that you are the faireſt perſon that ever was ſeen. But yet, ſaid *Amilcar*, I would gladly know, what delights can ſolitude afford? Though no other, but to be ſure they will trouble none (replyed *Lucretia*) nor be troubled by any, yet this is a great pleaſure; for theſe are two things which often happen unto ſuch as repoſe themſelves unto the world. Did I ſee in all your Chambers, ſaid *Amilcar*) abundance of great and ſtately Mirrours, which would let you ſee your ſelfe every way, I ſhould not then wonder what pleaſure you could take in your ſolitude, for I am confident you would be infinitly pleaſed with looking upon your ſelfe; but that you ſhould paſs away your life poring upon workes, and that a piece of ſeveral coloured Tiſſue ſhould take up your eyes and mind, this is a thing above my underſtanding. I know (added he) that a perſon who has ſome ſecret affection gnawing upon her heart which makes her apt to muſe and ſtudy, ſhe indeed may eaſily paſs away whole dayes in working upon ſome excellent piece; becauſe that would be a handſome pretence for her entertaining her ſelfe, and talking unto none; but that a woman of ſpirit ſhould find any delight in paſſing away her life which drooping eyes and hands buſied in workes like Bees in their Hives; This is a thing which I cannot comprehend. Therefore I muſt conclude that thoſe who paſs away their whole lives ſo, have either very ſhallow ſpirits; or elſe have ſome ſecret cauſe of reſervedneſs which doth buſie and divert them. For my part (replied *Lucretia* and bluſh'd) ſince I have no ſecret confederacy with any; It muſt be then concluded that I delight in my workes, becauſe my ſpirit is very ſhallow. Oh no Madam, ſaid *Sextus*, I can never beleeve that: but perhaps you have a fancy by this way to make all the world beleeve you have as much virtue as beauty: But Madam, let me tell you, after a long accuſtumary unto this kind of life, you will not know how to enter into ſociety again; and commonly all your ſage beauties, do make themſelves the moſt miſerable people in the world, by beginning a form of life too ſevere. But Madam, if you will follow my advice, you ſhall adde nothing to the *Roman* auſterity: be not more ſevere then the Veſtals; Quit *Collatia*, and return to *Rome*, and do not anticipate old age, by a living death: for ſo I muſt phraſe ſolitude. For my part, replied *Lucretia*, I think the life ſo infinitely ſweet, as I cannot give it ſo terrible a name: And to tell you truely (added ſhe and laughed) I think the life ſo pleaſant, as I aſſure you, I think this is the worſt night I paſſed away ever ſince I became ſolitary at *Collatia*. *Lucretia* ſpoke this with ſuch a ſprighuly Aire, as that it was as much as told

the Prince *Sextus* it was late, and time to retire; so he left *Lucretia* with so much esteem of her, as all the company (except *Collatine* who took no notice of it) did plainly see she had pierced his heart.

The truth is, it was a thing not difficult to do; for the love of *Sextus* was onely of sensual love, wherein the mind was not much considerable. But at last all the company after they had left *Lucretia* in her chamber they rested themselves an hour; and after such a repast as hast would permit, they returned to the Camp: But in their return, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, who had a desire to advance *Lucretia* in the heart of *Sextus*, and so chase out *Clelia*, they did nothing else but commend the beauty of *Lucretia*, and envy the happinesse of *Collatine*. Also they told *Sextus* in a low voice, that certainly *Lucretia* with all her virtue was of a very passionate temper, that her eyes did speak as much; and that she was not so hard to be overcome as *Clelia*, who was of a more cold temper: So as *Sextus*, whose nature was impetuous, abandoning his heart to the beauty of *Lucretia*, and not quite chasing out *Clelia*, he returned to the Camp, not knowing directly whether he was more taken with the black or the fair beauty. Truth is, since he had seen *Lucretia* last it seemed she had the advantage of the other. Also hearing so many cry up the beauty of *Lucretia* his heart was the deeper wounded; for nothing does more blow the fire of a growing love then applauds of her who is the cause of it. As for *Aronces*, though he wished heartily that *Sextus* would love *Lucretia* rather than *Clelia*, yet he could get no further expressions from him then that *Clelia* was lesse faire than *Lucretia*. So he returned to the Camp without almost speaking one word; and when they came near the Camp, he rid some twenty paces behind the rest, because he loved more to muse then mix with such tumultuous discourse, and he observed that all the company stayed; so as coming up to them, he saw one of the King of *Romes* Officers, who told the Prince *Sextus*, that there was come into the Camp an Envoy from the King of *Clusium*, who came from the King his Master, to advertise *Tarquin*, that the Prince his son, who stole out of his Court was unknown in his Camp, and beseeched him that if it was so, he would secure him, lest he should marry the daughter of a man who was his enemy, with whom he was in love; adding, that the Ladies name was *Clelia*, that she was the daughter of *Clelias*, that she was taken away from *Horace*, and that she was at *Ardes*, unlesse she was lately come out. This (said the Envoy) was no sooner told unto *Tarquin*, but he imagined that the daughter of *Clelias* must needs be one of those Ladie captives which were in *Rome*, and therefore I was sent in all hast with orders that they might be more strictly looked unto; for *Tarquin* remembring how earnest the grand Vestal was for the liberty of those captives, he did not doubt but *Clelia* was one of them; and he seemed so incensed against her, though he knew not which was she, that he swore he would put her to death; though for no other reason then to hinder the King of *Clusium's* son from marrying her. But (said the Prince *Sextus*) does the King beleeve, that the King of *Clusium's* son is in his Army? Yes, Sir (replyed he, and whispered) for he told that Envoy there was many strangers with you, whose minds might well become the sons of Kings; so as this man does very impatiently wait for your return at your Tent door, to spy if any of those who are with you be son to the King of *Clusium*. Though *Tarquins* Officer spake this in a low voice, yet *Aronces* heard it, and heard it with unimaginable grief, yet he conceived that it was extreamly expedient for him not to discover his thoughts, and therefore set the best face he could upon the matter: when the Officer had left the Prince, and was gone away, he observed that *Sextus* looked sometimes upon *Amilcar*, sometimes upon *Celeres*, and sometimes upon him; for he could not imagine *Artimedorus* or *Zenocrates* two sons unto the K. of *Clusium*, because their Accent was purely Greek, and he knew very wel that the King of *Clusium's* son was not brought up in *Greece*. But desiring to talk of this with the Princes his brothers, though they seldome used to talk and converse together, he severed those from the rest, and rid some twenty paces before, not taking any notice of those who followed;

followed; for he did not think that the laſt thing which the King his Fathers officer had told him, had been heard; ſo as *Aronces*, cloſing with this occaſion, he beckned unto *Celeres*, and ſtaying ſome paces behind, they rid ſoftly, ſo as they were a hundred paces behind the reſt when they entered into a thick and dark wood. So as *Aronces* deſiring ſo much liberty alone as to think what he ſhould do, he took a little blinde path way with *Celeres*, which after a hundred turnings and windings did bring them into a little ſolitary Valley, where there was four or five poor Shepheards cottages upon the ſide of a little Rivolet; no ſooner were they there, but they ſtayed, and imagining that *Sextus* would ſend to ſeek them, *Aronces* looked upon his friend with eyes ſo full of ſadneſs, as was enough to melt a heart into ſorrow. Now *Celeres* (ſaid he unto him) what ſay you now to the cruelty of my deſtiny? Fortune indeed is very cruel unto you (replyed *Celeres* unto whom *Aronces* had told all he heard) for I muſt confeſſe I know not what courſe you ought or can take. I can dye *Celeres* (replyed he) and that's the moſt reaſonable courſe I can take. Conſider but my condition well, and you will find that I have reaſon to do ſo; for as I gathered from the ſpeech of the Officer, *Tarquin* does almoſt certainly know that the daughter of *Clelius*, is in his power, and he wil be glad to know that *Clelia* is ſhe that is the daughter of his enemy. Moreover, if I do return to the Camp. I am ſure to be a priſoner, for I ſhal be known: if I do not return they wil follow me, & which is moſt conſiderable, I ſhal do an il office unto *Clelia*, ſince I cannot return unto *Rome*: both you and I, and *Amilcar* alſo ſhal paſs for cheats and impoſtors; for we have told *Tarquin* that you are *Clelia's* brother. And yet in not going I ſee more danger towards her; for perhaps by talking unto *Tarquin* I ſhal ſtay his fury againſt that admirable Lady. Your greateſt comfort is (replyed *Celeres*) that ſince *Tarquin* hath ſome inclination towards *Clelia*, certainly he wil not treat her ſo cruelly. Oh *Celeres* (cried out *Aronces*) what comfort can it be to ſee a Tyrant in love with ones Miſtris? yet I muſt confeſſe that now I am angry that the beauty of *Lucrecia* pleaſeth *Sextus*, more then the beauty of *Clelia*; for I know none fitter then he, to ſtand between her, and his fathers fury. But alas unto what a pittifull condition am I brought, who for the ſafety of *Clelia*, muſt wiſh well unto my moſt inſolent Rivals? As they were thus talking, they heard a great noiſe which made them look about; and they were no ſooner turned, but they eſpied comming out of a corner in this Valley, the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horace* who were fighting, and *Herminius* parting them, though they were both Rivals unto his friend, and though by their death he had been rid of two redoubtful enemies.

This ſight did ſo ſurprize *Aronces* that as the ſtate of his mind then ſtood, he knew not whether what he ſaw was true or no; for hee could not imagine that *Horace* ſhould be ſo ſoon recovered. It is true that it well appeared, theſe two ſtout Rivals had not all their ſtrength; for though they fought with aboundance of animoſity and courage, yet one might plainly perceive, that both of them were weak, eſpecially *Horace*; as for the Prince of *Numidia* it was long ſince he was well recovered of his Wounds, and therefore had time enough to gather ſtrength, if his melancholy had been no hinderance. But *Aronces* and *Celeres* ſeeing this Combate, and ſeeing *Herminius* very buſie in parting them, *Aronces* was in ſufficient perplexity. However men of great Souls when they ſee others fighting, have but two wayes to chuſe, either to part them, or to take ſide. *Aronces* not being able to take the latter of theſe wayes, becauſe it was hard for him to chuſe between two Rivals, and becauſe he ſcorned advantages, he went ſtreight towards them with *Celeres*, whom he acquainted with his intention. But though they went as men whoſe intentions were to help *Herminius* in parting them, yet they did not at the firſt take it ſo; but recoyling back ſome paces, they turned both againſt *Aronces*, as againſt him that was moſt to bee feared, and asked him, which of them two he would have to fight with him? But *Aronces* not hearkning to what they ſaid, cried out that it was not a time to fight and kill one another, when there might be ſome uſe of each other to deliver *Clelia*; but it was better to ſuſpend their Animoſities, as hee would his, un-

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till ſhe were free. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but he ſaw the Prince *Sextus* appear at the end of the Valley with all his Troop; for hee ſeeing that *Aronces* did not follow him, he beleeved therefore that it was he who was ſon to the King of *Cluſium*; ſo as turning back, he fortuned to light juſt upon the place where theſe three Rivals were together.

Mean time, as things ſtood, ſince neither the intereſts of *Aronces* nor *Horace* was not to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*, they both of them took a way through the thick of the Wood, and *Herminius* followed them. But when *Aronces* ſaw that the Prince of *Numidia* ſtayed behind them, hee haſtily bid *Adieu* unto his friend and his Rival, and turned back, not being able to leave ſuch a terrible enemy as the Prince of *Numidia* about *Tarquin*, leſt though that Prince ſhould not bee ſo cruel as to put *Clelia* to death, yet he might be ſo unjuſt as to marry her unto that Prince. So as finding it more ſafety for her, to return to *Tarquin*, ſince his Rival was to be there: he went to *Sextus*. And when that Prince asked him who thoſe were which ruſhed through the wood, out of his friendſhip to *Herminius* and generoſity to *Horace*, he ſaid that they were men he knew not, and that as he met them he parted them, imagining that *Sextus* could not diſcern them, becauſe their faces were turned the other way.

After this, *Aronces* preſented unto him the Prince of *Numidia* though his Rival. After which, *Sextus* taking *Aronces* apart, he asked him whether it was true, that he was ſon to the King of *Cluſium*? I have asked *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates* (ſaid he unto him) who are all your friends, but they will tell me nothing, yet ſince I love you, I ſhould be glad to know it, that I might the better ſerve you. *Aronces* was now hard put to it; for conſidering the inclination which *Sextus* ſeemed to have to *Clelia*, he thought it no prudence to tell him who he was, ſince it was likely that ere long he would know *Clelia* was the daughter of *Clelius*, whom they would not have him to love. Yet the new inclination of *Sextus* unto *Lucretia*, did take off that objection: and judging alſo that he could not long hide himſelf, he confeſſed that he was *Porſenna's* ſon. He had no ſooner confeſſed this, but *Sextus* bluſht; and looking upon *Aronces*, tell me truely (ſaid he) is this pretended ſiſter of *Celeres*, the daughter of *Clelius*? I know ſhe is, and therefore will not ſeek for the reaſon why you would not ſay that *Lucrecia* ſeemed fairer in your eye then ſhe. However (added he, and would not give *Aronces* time to anſwer) I will not adviſe you to put your ſelf into the hands of the King my father, unleſſe you will hazard the life of *Clelia*, but I will promiſe you to protect her as far as I am able, and alſo to ſteal her away if *Tarquin* ſhould come to the laſt extremities againſt her. And therefore when I begin to march, ſteal you away from me the ſecond time, and I will promiſe none ſhall follow you. Since what *Sextus* ſaid, ſeemed to be very obliging, *Aronces* thanked him, and without telling him preciſely whether he would follow his Councel, or not, they began to march; but in marching *Amilcar* being come to *Aronces*, he gave him an accompt of all paſſages: Afterwards, marching a little a ſunder from the reſt, he began to examine the pittifull condition wherein they were, and their ir-reſolution what courſe to take. For truly (ſaid ſhe) hee who adviſes me to keep out of the hands of a violent Prince, he himſelf knows not what Juſtice or Generoſity is; hee ſeems to be in love with *Clelia*; he can love as many beauties as he can ſee, and conſequently may love *Clelia* and *Lucrecia* both at once; he tells me of ſtealing away the perſon whom I love to ſave her life; and doubtleſſe if he ſhould ſteal her away, hee would not give her unto me.

But on the other ſide, if I ſhould put my ſelf into the hands of *Tarquin*, I ſhould be a Priſoner both to him and to the King my father: I ſhall perhaps be onely an unhelping Spectator of all thoſe puniſhments, which the Tyrant wil inflict upon *Clelia*, and ſhall not have ſo much liberty as to die with her. But alas, if I ſhould flie or hide my ſelf, what can I do that way either for *Clelia*, or for my ſelf? I durſt not go to *Rome* and indeavour to deliver *Clelia*, I cannot go into the Camp and kill *Tarquin*,

quin if he intend to put her to death; and which way ſoever I look, I ſee nothing but inevitable miſery. As *Aronces* ſaid ſo, and as *Amilcar* was going to reply, they came to a place in the Wood, where ſeveral wayes croſſed: So as *Sextus* turning aſide his head, he made a ſign unto *Aronces*, as who ſhould ſay, this is the place where he ſhould ſeparate from him; but that which ſeemed to prompt him to a reſolution, was it which made him more un-reſolved, not being able to imagine that *Sextus* could have ſo much Generoſity, as to have no ſelf end in the Council which he had given him: So as ſtaying in that place with *Amilcar*, not knowing himſelf which way to wend, his Soul was ſo tumultuouſly agitated with thoſe various thoughts which Love did raiſe, as he could not ſtir a ſtep either backward or forward.

The End of the Firſt Part of

CLELIA.

CLELIA.

AN EXCELLENT NEW ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

WVritten in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*, Governour of *Nostredame de la Gard.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Mosely* and *Thomas Dring*, and are to be sold at their Shops, at the Princes Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and at the George in Fleet-street, neer *Clifford's*-Inne. 1656.

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TO MY

HONOURED LADY,

THE LADY

DOROTHY HEALE.

MADAM,

IF to comply with your *Modesty* were not to sin unpardonably against your other *Vertues*, whose infinite merit inforceth all persons to disobey you, by a professed admiration and acknowledgement of them, I should feare to owne this Duty. But the offence being so generall, and the person against whom it is committed of so great a Goodnesse, I am the better encouraged to hope your pardon for a zeale so inconsiderable, that the noise thereof will be soon lost in the crowd and universall acclamations of your Admirers.

Amongst these, *MADAM*, you may behold those generous persons upon whose Vertues *Rome*, the Empresse of the world, was founded, suing to

yours for protection, which (if you please to heare them relate their misfortunes) I am confident your charity will not deny, and they shall then confesse themselves rewarded far above the merit of their unjust sufferings. It is not, *MADAM*, that I dare wish these vacant houres should betray the least minute of yours to a losse; it will be happinesse enough that you allow them to live under your name, in whom all those scattered excellencies, which are here divided amongst many persons, are united and perfected; for which there cannot be a greater veneration than that of

MADAM,

Your most humbly devoted Servant,

J. DAVIES.

CLELIA.

The Second Part.

The first Book.



YE Gods; cry'd out *Aronces*, with a dolefull accent, viewing the severall wayes, whereof it was now in his power to take his choyce, into what a strange confusion am I reduced! Why do you not either enlighten my Minde, or force my Will? Or why must I be ignorant of what I ought, or might, or would doe? It is indeed high time, reply'd *Amilcar*, to resolve on something; for when all is done, you must either for the Camp, or for *Rome*. It is resolv'd reply'd immediately *Aronces*; it is resolv'd, and what ever may be the event, I must go thither where *Clelia* is, and there expect how Fortune shall dispose of us. The sage *Sivelia* will haply favour me with a retirement, she well knowes the tender affection of her son *Herminius* towards me, she hates the Tyrant, and loves Vertue, which is motive enough to oblige her to do me any good office. If I repair'd to the Camp, continued he, I should be discover'd to be the son of *Porsenna*, secur'd, and sent to *Clusium*, without being able to do any thing for *Clelia*. In the mean time it is easily conceiv'd she will want assistance, whether *Tarquin* consider her as the Daughter of his Enemy, or look on her as a Servant, or that Prince *Sextus*, forgetting the beauty of *Lucretia*, be absolutely subdu'd by hers. Therefore, my dear *Amilcar*, do you repaire to the Camp, and there employ that noble Talent which the Gods have bestowed on you, cunningly to divert *Tarquin* from causing any search to be made for me at *Rome*; nay acquaint not even *Sextus* himself with my resolution thither; be both the Protector of *Clelia* and mine; engage our friends to contribute their services; and to be short, omit nothing which your generosity, friendship, or courage, shall suggest unto you, as fit to be done.

This said, *Aronces* and *Amilcar* resolv'd on a certaine place, where they should hear from each other, and so parted, the former making towards *Rome*, the other to the Camp. *Amilcar* made such speed, that recovering the time he had spent with his friend, he overtook Prince *Sextus* before he had reach'd the Camp, which he did purposely, that he might be an eye-witnesse of the first transports of *Tarquin*, when he should understand that *Aronces* was not in his power. But having joyned with this Prince, and those which accompanied him, *Collatine* asked him where *Aronces* was; whereto *Amilcar* answering, that he had lost sight of him in the Wood, and believ'd he would soon overtake them; *Sextus*, who was satisfied, he would not re-

turn, and had his imaginations filled with the beauty of *Lucretia*, began to play upon *Collatine*, and told him that *Arontes* had fallen in love with his wife, and haply was return'd to *Collatia*. It is to my Lord, reply'd *Collatine* smiling, you pay dement the misfortune of your friend; for as to the humour of *Lucretia*, if I were not her husband, I would never be her Servant, were I not resolved to be the most wretched of all men. Hah *Collatine* (reply'd *Amilcar*, who made it his business to divert the company from thinking on *Arontes*) what a happy man are you to be husband to one of the greatest Beauties in the world, and yet be guilty of no Jealousie! It is indeed, sayes the Prince of *Pometia*, a very rare thing. I am of your minde, reply'd (smartly) *Sextus*, but, when all is done, it is not so strange that *Collatine* should not be jealous of a woman that never sees any body, one that views not her own beauty, and one so jealous of her self, that she will not be seen by any. What Prince *Sextus* sayes, replyes *Artemidorus*, is questionless considerable, yet the felicity of *Collatine*, is not to be esteem'd the less, who is married to one who onely loves him and solitud. For my part, sayes the pleasant *Zenocrates*, I should rather wish to be a while jealous, than to have my wife so given to solitude. But I, replyes *Collatine*, am very well pleased with mine, not, that if she were of an humour to be as gallant as they say your *Grecian* and *African* Ladies are, I should be ever the more jealous. You would indeed do very well in that, replyes *Amilcar*, for to speak truly, Jealousie in a Husband many times hastens the misfortune by fears, since that his jealousie rendring him hatefull to his wife, she most commonly bestowes all the love she abates him, upon some other.

Such was the discourse this merry company entertained themselves with, when they came to the Camp: but they had scarcely reach'd *Sextus*'s tent, but he sees a man conducted by an officer of *Tarquin*'s, who very earnestly viewed all those which follow'd him, whence he infers'd, that it must be that Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, who came to seek *Arontes*. So that approaching *Amilcar*, he communicated this observation to him, and ask'd him softly, where his friend was. My Lord, reply'd he, I left him so distracted, as to resolution, that as I dare not assure you whether we may not see him here to morrow morning (though it be contrary to my advice) so am I utterly ignorant where he is, as having onely a promise that I shall know. In the mean time I conjure you to serve him what lyes in your power, as also to protect *Clelia*; and this, continu'd he, I conjure you to do by the beauty of *Lucretia*. It is but a day since, reply'd *Sextus*, that if you had made any request to me, I was onely exorable by the fair eyes of *Clelia*: but now, added he laughing, those of *Lucretia* carry it. Ah, my Lord (reply'd *Amilcar* laughing with him) you do well to prefer the *Brown Beauty* before that which is *Flaxen hair'd*, for the latter is often guilty of coldnesse and indifference, and seldome discovers any piquancy or passion.

Upon this the Prince enters his Tent, taking no notice that he had seen the Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, who having viewed the Prince of *Pometia*, Prince *Titus*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Colores*, *Collatine*, and the rest of the company, told *Tarquin*'s officer, who conducted him, that he whom he sought was not there, and so made toward this Prince, to acquaint him, that he had not found his Masters son. But he was hardly in his presence, ere *Sextus* accompany'd onely by *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, came in to him. In the mean time, *Tarquin* being in a great distraction of minde, asked somewhat hastily, whether he had heard that *Ardea* should be reliev'd by *Collatia*; for to be short, continu'd he, I cannot conceive, but that you leaving the Camp, while I was engaged in so important a siege, you had some other design in it than your divertion. *Sextus* not us'd to brook such reproaches, was incens'd into a blush, and answer'd him as roundly. But *Amilcar* knowing how much it concern'd *Arontes*, there should be no mis-intelligence betwixt these Princes, he engag'd himself into their contest with that pleasant confidence, which is so natural to him, and which gain'd him the oportunity to speak what he would, without offence taken. So that *Tarquin* recovering his tenderness towards his son, by the mediation of *Amilcar*, at length came to ask where *Arontes* was. My Lord, while we all came somewhat disorderly, every one according to his impatience, to be at the Camp, I am

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to learn whether *Aronces* be come before us, or be yet behinde, and all I can say of him is, that I have not seen him since we came into a wood, which is not far hence. He had scarce said this, but *Tarquin* commanded he should be sought in his Tent, and all places he used to frequent; but it being fruitlesse to look after him, word was brought to *Tarquin* he was not returned. This gave him occasion to suspect he might be son to the King of *Clusium*, since that he appear'd not. But to be more fully satisfied, he oblig'd the envoy of *Porsenna*, to describe him whom he sought, which he did so naturally, that it was no longer doubted, but that *Aronces* was the very Prince. *Tarquin* knowing that *Celeres* was his intimate friend, he sent him to seek him, and in the mean, enquired of *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, what they knew of the condition of *Aronces*. The latter answer'd, that his acquaintance with him was onely that he casually met him upon a journey, but for his birth and quality he knew nothing. And for my part, sayes *Amilcar*, though I know no more of him than *Zenocrates*, yet I am perswaded he deserves your Majesty's protection. Ah *Amilcar*, cryes out *Tarquin*, I would not wish *Porsenna's* son in my power, but onely to hinder him from doing a thing which would cause me to hate him, and which one day would raise a war between *Rome* and *Etruria*. For, to be short, if *Clelius's* daughter were once Queen of *Clusium*, I know nothing should divert me from entring into a war, should dethrone her, which I should be farther incourag'd to, for that it were to satisfie the desires of *Porsenna*, who pretends an aversion she should ever reigne over his Subjects. After some other discourse, *Celeres* returns, but though he answer'd what ever *Tarquin* demanded, with much prudence and circumspection, yet was this Prince further satisfied, that *Aronces* was the son of *Porsenna*; which though *Celeres* did not acknowledge, yet was it easily discover'd, that, not answering positively; neither as to the place of his birth, nor quality, there must be some secret reason that hindred him. But to be absolutely resolved, this Envoy of the King of *Clusium* having mention'd a mole which he that he sought had on his hand, *Tarquin* had observ'd it one day, that *Aronces* presenting him with two Prisoners he had taken, he stretch'd forth his hand to shew them unto him, so that the businesse being by this discovery put out of all doubt, *Tarquin* commanded he should be diligently sought out. He even sent to *Rome* to take him, if he were returned thither, and he spake with that violence, which easily discover'd his minde disturbed by more than one passion. But my Lord, sayes *Amilcar* to him, may I presume to ask you what crime hath this pretended son of the King of *Clusium* committed? He loves the daughter of a man I hate, reply'd he furiously, and the King his father desires me to secure him, lest this passion engage him into something unworthy his quality, and the greatnesse of his courage. But my Lord, replyes *Amilcar*, do you know where that daughter of your enemy is, whom *Aronces* is in love with? In all likelihood, sayes he, she is among the Captives, which were taken at the sally out of *Ardea*; but the difficulty is to know which of them is the daughter of *Clelius*, for they are all very amiable; in the mean time, it is my greatest concernment to be satisfied. If you please, my Lord, replyes cunningly *Amilcar*, I will be your spie, for (added he slily) since there's no more to doe, than to crosse *Aronces's* Marriage, I shall easily wave the interests of his love to engage my selfe into those of his ambition. What you say is very pertinent, or very generous, replyes *Tarquin*, but all things consider'd, I am resolv'd to be my own spie, for I would not be deceiv'd in this designe.

Sextus hearing his Father speaking thus, was troubled at it, as inferring thence, that he must needs love *Clelia*; which consideration had almost reston'd him to the inclination he once had to that Beauty, and taken away much of that which he now had to *Lucretia*. But at length *Tarquin* being resolv'd to act alone, *Sextus* shifting place, chang'd with all his sentiments, and not considering *Clelia* otherwise than as his friends Mistresse, he directed all his thoughts to *Lucretia*, and imagining what a great satisfaction it is to conquer a heart which was never conquer'd, he could think of nothing else for *Amilcar*; he advised with *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, concerning the interests of their *Friend*, insomuch, as conceiving it requisite he should be acquainted with the state of his affaires, they sent to him a trusty Slave, directed to

the vertuous *Sivelia*'s house, so to be brought to *Aronces*. But for *Tarquin*, he was in a strange disturbance, as not being able to remain long in that uncertainty; so that the siege of *Ardea* being in a good condition, he resolv'd to passe away a day or two at *Rome*, as well to discover by his owne industry, which of the Captaines was the daughter of *Clelius*; as to cause a stricter search to be made after *Aronces*.

The next day therefore, without any further delay, he departed, and came to *Rome* the same night, where he was no sooner arrived, but the cruel *Tullia*, who had perceived that *Clelia* had smitten the heart of the King her Husband, came and acquainted (though she knew nothing of it) that that Captive whom he prefer'd before all the rest, was certainly the Daughter of *Clelius*, and Mistress of *Aronces*; which she augmented with a hundred other things of her own invention, to induce him to believe it. But he not being thereby convinc'd, and that the secret passion of his soule, flatter'd him into a Wish, *that that person might not be the daughter of his Enemy*, he gave the lesse credit to *Tullia*'s relation. I know very well, answer'd he, that by many arguments, *Clelius*'s daughter is among the Captives; for, to be short, they were taken escaping out of *Ardea*, whence the Envoy of the King of *Clusium* affirmes, that that daughter of my Enemy was departed not long before the siege. Beside, the Grand *Vestal*, Sister to *Clelius*, pleaded for their Liberty, with an earnestnesse by which I easily perceiv'd, that there was an interest of family, which she was more tender of, than any Vestal privileges. But all this does not absolutely satisfie me, that this fair Captive, of whom you speak, is the daughter of *Clelius*. If you were not pre-possess'd, reply'd the fierce *Tullia*, you would believe as I doe; for as she is more beautifull than the rest, so is she the more likely to kindle a violent passion. Nay she is withall more given to melancholly, she hath much the aire of a *Roman Lady*, she will not positively tell who she is; and I have observ'd, that twice or thrice she hath not answer'd to the name which she now hath, whence I infer, it is not her own, and that she is not yet sufficiently accustomed to the name which her companions have given her. But I beseech you, replyes hastily *Tarquin*, whence are you so resolved, that this beautifull Captive must be the Daughter of *Clelius*? When you have told me (reply'd she as fiercely) the reason, why you would not have her to be your Enemy's Daughter, I will tell you why I would have her to be so: Did you not know it, reply'd he, I would tell you, but since it is so easie for you to imagine it, I shall spare my selfe the paines. However it be, reply'd she, know that I think it unworthy, that he who hath brought *Rome* it self under subjection, should submit himselfe to a Captive, and haply the Daughter of his Enemy; and assure your self further, that *Tullia*, who hath violated all right to put the Scepter into your hand, can easily hinder that person from coming above her, who ought not to look on me, but kneeling.

Having thus said, this fierce Princess departed, and *Tarquin* being in a strange confusion of thoughts, was onely certain of this, that he had a greater affection for *Clelia*, than he had ever had for any. But indeed *ambition* had so taken up his whole life before, that it may be said, he had not the leisure to *Love*; but as things stand now, Ambition lay in a manner dormant in his heart, since he saw no further object to engage his wishes. And since there is a certain relation between Love and Ambition (since that certainly it is as great an ambition to reigne in the heart of a beautifull person, as in a State) *Tarquin* was insensibly captivated by the beauty of *Clelia*. But as the cruell Tyrant knew as yet better how to hate than to love, he was strangely tormented in minde, fearing to finde the same person the object of his hatred and his love. Is it possible, said he within himself, that I should be so unfortunate, as to love the daughter of *Clelius*? No, no, added he, it is an absolute impossibility, for my Heart without the assistance of my Reason, would have soon discover'd the Daughter of my Enemy, and would not have been guilty of so great a baseness as to have loved her. It must be so, continu'd he, there is such an Antipathy between *Clelius* and me, and I have so inveterate a hatred for him, that if he were certainly the father of this beautifull person, I should be naturally oblig'd to hate her. But in fine

fine (continu'd he, after he had paus'd a while) in case my heart have betray'd me, if I am really deceiv'd, and that this faire and inchanting Captive be effectually the Daughter of my Enemy, what course should I take? At these words *Tarquin* hopt a while, but suddenly recovering himself, Ah! base spirited that I am, cry'd he, doe I deliberate how I should deale with the daughter of *Clelius*? No, no, continued he, I defie all further deliberation, I must renounce her love, I must burthen her with my hatred and chaines, and put her to death, to be reveng'd of her Father. But am I certain I should doe what I say (said he again to himselfe) I have certainly in my life done things so extraordinary, that such an action as this might be lookt on as an ordinary consequent of the greatnesse of my courage; but when all's done, I never did any thing that seem'd so hard to do as this: I have sacrific'd a Wife to my Ambition, 'tis true; but I had no great love for her. I dethron'd *Servius Tullius*, I acknowledge it; but I had ever hated him; and I never yet met with a necessity should force me to destroy that which I loved, because I have loved nothing but my owne greatnesse, and therefore I must confesse I am yet to resolve what I should do, if this faire prisoner proved my Enemy's daughter. Here *Tarquin* was silent, and having paus'd a while, he repair'd to the lodgings of the Captives, with intention to try all means to discover which of them was the true daughter of *Clelius*.

But while he was employed in this visit, *Aronces* struggled with incredible afflictions. For as according to his expectation, he had found the sage and generous *Sivelia* fervent to serve him, so he was hid in her house, and by her means held correspondence with all the secret friends of *Clelius* and *Herminius*, as also with the Grand Vestall. Thus he knew all that passed in the *Camp*, and at *Rome*, for the Slave which *Amilcar* had sent, was come to him, and by *Sivelia* he knew all that happened in the City. But that was it that rendred him the more unhappy, for as the state of affaires stood then, he could not rationally hope to apply any remedy thereto. *Tarquin*'s power seem'd to be so strongly establisht, that nothing could shake it. He was indeed generally hated, but withall he was as generally feared, in as much as had he been beloved, he could not have been better obeyed then he was; and to be short, he was become so dreadfull, that men durst hardly think ought against him. There was not one true Roman who wish'd not it were in his power to destroy him, but there was not one who had courage enough to undertake it: so that it might be said, that *Rome* had always an infinite number of men fit to be conspirators, before there ever was any conspiracy; so dreadfull (were the proud *Tarquin* and cruell *Tullia* grown. Thus all that *Aronces* could do, was to bemoan himselfe, and endeavour to find out some means to send to *Clelia*, to see if there were any possibility to carry her away. But that was a thing seem'd not so easie to be done, he being oblig'd either to continue his retirement, or run the hazard of being taken. *Sivelia* was of such a high spirit, that she never went to *Tullia*'s; nor was the Grand Vestall's absence thence without suspition: it was not fit many were acquainted with *Aronces*'s retirement in *Rome*; all which augmented his misery as much as could be. *Tarquin*'s arrivall was no small affliction to him, nay he escap'd not the misery of being acquainted with his visit to the Captives, and that the design of it was onely to discover which of the Prisoners was the daughter of *Clelius*, so that his sufferings were such as will hardly admit a perfect imagination of them: For he consider'd himself every moment ready to be discover'd and secur'd, and that *Clelia* would be found out by her fathers inveterate enemy, and the cruell'st enemy that ever was. Alas (said he to himselfe, during this visit) what a deplorable condition am I in? for if *Tarquin* discover *Clelia*, and that the hatred he beares her father extends the love, it is said, he beares her, he will destroy her, nay, will invent new torments to doe it; but if his love to her shall out-vie his hatred to *Clelius*, to what persecution is she, to what misfortunes am I expos'd? But cruell and proud *Tarquin*, continued he, though thou were lov'd as much by thy People as thou art hated, and that all thy Subjects were thy Guard, nothing should discourage me from attempting to deliver *Rome*, that so I may deliver *Clelia*, if so be thou art so unjust as to evil intreat her.

But while the unfortunate *Aronces* thus sadly entertained himself, *Tarquin* was in

the lodgings of the Captives, from whom he had receiv'd the greateſt civility which he could expect from perſons, whoſe liberty could not be obtained without his conſent. The end therefore of his coming thither that day, being to diſcover *Clelia*, he entertain'd them all ſecretly one after another, as ſoon as the firſt civilities were over. He was deſirous *Clelia* might be the laſt he ſpoke with, becauſe it was ſhe he wiſht might not prove the daughter of *Clelius*; ſo that not doubting but to finde her among the Captives, he talkt with the ſage *Ceſonia*, the merry *Plotina*, and her companions before he ſpoke to *Clelia*. But though he ſifted them very craftily, yet he could not make any great diſcovery; for being all excellently witty, and withall, bearing a great affection to *Clelia*, they told him nothing whereby he might be inform'd which was the daughter of *Clelius*.

But at length, taking *Clelia* aſide, and viewing her ſometimes with the looks of a Lover, ſometimes with thoſe of an Enemy (ſuch a diſtraction was in his ſoule) I beſeech you, Madam, ſayes he to her, deliver me out of the greateſt diſquiet I ever was in, and, if it be poſſible, reſtore me into a condition, wherein I may both make you happy, and entertain ſome hope of being ſo my ſelf. There is ſuch a diſtance between your fortune and mine, replyes modeſtly *Clelia*, that I cannot eaſily imagine how the ſame thing can make us both happy: and, my Lord, continu'd ſhe, can there be any thing wanting to your felicity? There is Madam, ſayes he to her, and to acquaint you wherein my happineſſe is deficient, you are to know, there are in my ſoule two paſſions, both which I would fain ſatisfie, that is, *Revenge* and *Love*; for, for my part, I have every where plac'd *Revenge* among the moſt violent paſſions, ſince there is not any thing from whence proceeds greater violence as to Deſire, nor greater ſoule as to pleaſure. I therefore conjure your aſſiſtance to appeaſe theſe two paſſions which exercile ſuch a Tyranny over my ſoule. As concerning *Love*, purſu'd the Tyrant, I ſhall need onely to tell you, that you were no ſooner in my chaines, but I was in yours, I need ſay no more to engage an anſwer from you which ſhall make me happy. But for *Revenge* you muſt tell me which of theſe Captives is the daughter of *Clelius*, for as for your part, I am confident you cannot be the daughter of a man indeprecably hatefull to me, and one whom I will deſtroy ſometime or other, what part ſoever of the earth affords him a retreat. *Clelia* hearing *Tarquin* in ſuch a fury, could not but bluſh, which he obſerving, and interpreting to ſignifie as much as that he might thence conceive ſhe was the daughter of *Clelius*, he was ſurpris'd into the moſt horrid agitation of ſpirit could be imagin'd. However *Love* prevailing in this firſt ſally, Ah Madam (cry'd he, taking her by the hand) be not the daughter of my Enemy, I conjure you, for I perceive that all your beauty could hardly faſten love ſo in my heart, but that hatred would forcibly diſplace it. If therefore you are not *Clelius*'s daughter, ſhew me her whom I muſt ſacrifice to my vengeance; but if you are ſhe, deceive me if you can, and name ſome other to me who ſhall ſuffer all thoſe puniſhments which the daughter of *Clelius* (the daughter of my moſt mortall Enemy) deſerves. I ſhall preſently believe you Madam, continued he, and I ſhall not afterwards trouble my ſelf to be undeceiv'd, ſo you but ſatisfie the love I bear you.'

What you tell me, my Lord (replyed *Clelia*, with an admirable expreſſion of a great courage) is ſo ſudden and ſo ſtrange, that I hardly know what to anſwer to it. But now I am provided, and ſhall do it ſo exactly, that you ſhall not need any further to perſecute either my companions or me. Know therefore my Lord, that I do not conceive my ſelf any wayes oblig'd to tell you whether I am *Clelius*'s daughter, or not, and ſo I ſhall tell you nothing which may give you any light in that you ſo much deſire to know, yet ſhall not ſtick to tell you what I truly conceive of your demand, whether I am ſhe or not. For if I am not ſhe, but ſome one of my companions be daughter to that unfortunate Exile, I will dye ere I diſcover her, having heard what I have ſaid. But if on the contrary, I am ſhe, whom yet you would not know, but that you might hate and deſtroy, I declare unto you, that if the metall of my heart be right, I ſhall wiſh rather your hatred, than your love, and ſhall never ſubmit to flatter the paſſion of a man who would take away my fathers life. Therefore, my Lord,

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set your minde at rest for this matter, for as my companions will not betray me, in case I were *Clelius*'s daughter, so neither shall I discover whether the daughter of *Clelius* be among them: and to puzzle your enquiry the more, I will not positively tell you, whether *I am* or *I am not* daughter to that noble Roman. I would not believe that you are his daughter (reply'd he abruptly) but you discover somewhat the fire of his heart; and if the mildnesse of your looks did not abate the sharpenesse of your words, I should immediately treat you as the daughter of *Clelius*. As I am perswaded (replyes *Clelia*) that I have said nothing to you, which I ought not to have said, so I cannot admit of any repentance for it. But my Lord, continu'd she, whether some one of my companions be *Clelius*'s daughter, or that I am she, is it possible you should not see, that your minde cannot be guilty of these cruell sentiments of detestation, without a greater injustice than any you now stand accus'd of? All the violences you have committed since you came into the world, were done in order to your mounting the Throne; but what would it advance you to sacrifice a wretched Captive? To be revenge'd, reply'd he insolently, in the daughter of all the mischiefs the father hath, or hath endeavoured to do me. For I am certain, continu'd he, that in what place soever *Clelius* is, he is perpetually plotting my ruine, and when he shall not imagine any possibility to accomplish his design, he will persecute me with his wishes, and it will be his affliction that he cannot do it. But to be short (Madam) there is no mean in this case, you must either name me a daughter of *Clelius*, whom I may as highly hate, as I love you. I have told you already how gladly I would be deceiv'd; but my *Vengeance* requires a *Victim*, for in that transportation I now am in, if you do not what I desire, I shall deale with all your companions, as daughters of *Clelius*, that so I may not be deceiv'd as to that point: and so while you receive from me a thousand and a thousand expressions of affection, they shall as many of my detestation, and pretended cruelty. Ah my Lord, cry'd out the generous *Clelia*, though I were at my own dispofall, though *Tullia* were not your wife, and though you offer'd to raise me into the Throne, I should abhorre the love of a Prince so unjust as you are. How now Coyneste, sayes he to her, do you slight the passion of a man, who never loved any thing but Glory and You? who hath brought all that have resisted him under subjection, who hath subdued a heart as great, and as high flown as yours, and yet makes you that offer which never was made to any? In the mean time, continu'd he, do not imagine that what I say is an airy threat, for I go presently, and begin the punishment of your companions, by separating them from you. To be short, *Tarquin* commanded the Captain of his Guards to be called, but *Clelia* staying him, no my Lord (sayes she to him, with an undisturbed generosity) it shall never be said, that I have altogether escap'd the injustice of *Tarquin*; and my life, in the condition I am, is not so precious, as that it should be preserv'd by any treacherous act. Know then, unjust Prince, that I am the daughter of the noble *Clelius*, and that my true name is *Clelia*. Ah Madam! reply'd he, why do you tell me what I desired not to know? I tell it you (reply'd she with a wonderfull constancy) that you may see I am not unworthy my fathers vertue, and that though I had not my birth in *Rome*, yet I have a heart truly Roman.

Clelia utter'd these words with a confidence so allay'd with modesty and composure, that *Tarquin* was amazed at it. Ah Madam, cryes he, you must questionlesse have a greater sense of the love I beare you, than I imagin'd, since you discover such a secret to me. But I know not (continu'd he sighing) what reason you have to trust me, for the agitation of minde I am in, makes me uncertain whether I yet love you, or begin to hate you. Hate me, hate me, my Lord, reply'd she, for it will be much easier for you to satisfie your hatred, than to oblige me to satisfie your love. I have at this instant so great a desire to hate you, reply'd he, and have so much reason to justifie it, that I despair not to subdue that other cruell passion which is in my soule. But to doe it the more easily, I must forbid my selfe your sight, for though I am incens'd by your confidence, yet the sweetnesse of your looks dis-ingages my cruelty, and disarms my fury. And I wish it the pleasure of the Gods, my Lord, reply'd she, I were so powerfull as to re-instate Reason in your soule, and banish thence that injustice

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which makes you hate my Father, and so fills your government with violence, that you can never expect Love where you finde Obedience. Ah, excesive Charm! (cry'd he, relenting on a sudden) how little would I value the hatred of all the world, so I had but your love! You are yet, continu'd he, at liberty, to retract what you told me. Tell me, I conjure you, that your affirming your self to be *Clelius*'s daughter, was onely out of design to save your companions, hoping the love I beare you would exempt you from punishment: I promise you belief, and though all the world should tell me that you were my enemy's daughter, and that he himself should confirm it, I would not credit it, if you did not tell me so your selfe. To be short, have you not observed, that I have not done what I might for your discovery, and on the contrary, have only said that by which I might not discover you? For I might more easily have scru'd out this secret, by giving you hopes of all things, and promising to pardon the father for the daughters sake, which you might, with justice, expect from a man so deeply in love as I am. Tell me then, I once more conjure you, that you are not *Clelius*'s daughter; deceive me, since it is for your advantage I would be deceived: but to deceive me right, abjure the interests of my enemy, and if the sacrificing of *Tullia* can translate you into her place, I can easily consent to it. No, no, my Lord, reply'd *Clelia*, without seeming to be moved, I shall never recant; and since I have confess'd my birth to you, my discourse and resentments shall be proportionate to it. I will not promise so much for my part, reply'd he, for if you will obstinately persist to be his daughter, who hath so often endeavour'd to dethrone me, I shall soon deale with you, as such a mans daughter deserves. When I told you my name was *Clelia*, reply'd she, I prepar'd my self to suffer all your outrages, and that like a daughter of *Clelius*, that is to say, with an unalterable constancy. Hah, 'tis too much, cryes out the unjust Prince, so boldly to name my enemy, and make it a glory to be the daughter of a man who hates me beyond the measure of all hatred that ever was.

This fury having seized *Tarquin*'s minde, it exhal'd such black and ominous vapours into his imagination, that though *Clelia* were the same she was wont to be, that is, one of the most beautifull persons in the world, yet he, looking on her with eyes troubl'd and eclips'd, by the severall passions which were stirring in him, thought her not now, what he thought her a quarter of an houre before. Being therefore as unlikely to treat her with the same respect, he commanded her to be carried to a lodging a part, that she should be carefully watched, and should not be admitted to speak with any whatever. All her friends and companions, who were on the other side of the chamber, hearing this unjust command, cast themselves at *Tarquin*'s feet, to beseech him not separate them from *Clelia*. If there be any one among you, reply'd he insolently, that will be *Clelius*'s daughter instead of her, I will be content, if she be. For my part, sayes the generous *Cesonia*, there's not any thing I will not say or do, to keep such a vertuous person from being ill-intreated. What you say is great and noble, reply'd *Clelia*; but if you think me worthy of so high a testimony of friendship, I must intreat you not to envy me the glory to be daughter to the most vertuous Roman, that ever *Rome* was mother of: Take not that from me, I conjure you, since it is almost the onely comfort I have left me. At these words, *Tarquin* being at a losse of all patience, caused the order he had given for the separation of *Clelia* and her companions, to be put in execution, he remaining immalleable amidst the Teares of so many eminent Beauties; which done, he departed to his own Apartment.

But he was no sooner arriv'd there, but one of those he employ'd to discover what pass'd in the houses of those unfortunate Nobles he had banish'd *Rome*, acquaints him, that there was a man lay very secret at the vertuous *Sivelia*'s house; adding, that it was in all likelihood, *Herminius*, who was come away disguis'd from *Ardea*, and come to *Rome* to raise some tumult while he were ingag'd in that Siege. *Tarquin* being then extreamly disturb'd in his minde, did not at the first consider the probability, or improbability of this report; but being alwayes ready to do violence, he commanded a strong party to go and search *Sivelia*'s house, in case she should make

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any resistance against those should come and demand *Herminius*. But he had scarcely given this order, but another relation arrives and confirmes the former, and assures him that *Aronces* lurk'd somewhere about *Rome*; so that concluding that he who was said to be at *Sivelia's*, might very well be the King of *Clusium's* son, he call'd back him whom he had commanded to the Mothers of the generous *Herminius*; for considering that the businesse now concern'd the taking of a servant of *Clelia's*, and one of so great quality, he made some distinction between an Enemy and a Rivall, and added some new orders to the former, that, in case they should finde at *Sivelia's* neither *Aronces* nor *Herminius*, they should bring to him the vertuous Roman Lady, to see if he could sift any thing, he desired to know, out of her.

He who was ordered to *Sivelia's* house, could not be there so soon, but, by her intelligence at Court, she had understood, that *Tarquin* had separated *Clelia* from the other Captives, that she was narrowly watched, and that there was a rendezvous of those whom this Tyrant us'd to employ, when some violence was to be committed in any of the houses of those illustrious Citizens, whom he hated onely for their vertue. So that she, as famous for her Prudence as her Generosity, conceived that order might concern her, and that haply *Tarquin* had been acquainted with *Aronces's* retreat at her house; for *Amilcar* had once sent thither, and it was not impossible, but that a Slave might reveale a secret of so great importance: so that to go prudently to work, she thought fit *Aronces* were acquainted with the state of Affaires, and consider'd what were to be done for his safety, if they came to search the house for him: for having a high esteem for him, and looking on him as a friend of her son's, and, though unfortunate, yet guilty of a great Vertue, she was resolv'd to doe as much for *Aronces*, as she would for *Herminius*, for whom she would have done any thing. Engag'd in this consideration, she went to *Aronces*, who had just made an end of writing to *Amilcar*, and acquainting him how things stood, she propos'd how much it concern'd him suddenly to change his lodging. But I beseech you, sayes she, conceive not I make this proposition to you, out of any suggestion of feare for my owne concernments, for it is long since I am prepar'd for any violence the Tyrant shall be guilty of. But it so much concernes you, that you be not taken, besides the satisfaction my son receives in my serving you, that I shall neglect nothing. The safest way therefore is, that you depart my house, and that very suddenly, and lodge your selfe in some one lesse suspected: When you are gone, continued she, feare not, *I* shall discover where you are, though *Tarquin* put me to the greatest torments imaginable. *I* should be very unhappy, reply'd *Aronces*, if *I* should expose one of the most vertuous Ladies in the world, to so great misery, and *I* would rather returne into the power of *Tarquin*, than lay you open to his cruelty. To be short, if the admirable and unfortunate *Clelia* wanted not my assistance, *I* would spare you even that trouble of finding me a refuge. But (generous *Sivelia*) it is you have acquainted me with her condition; and if the contrivances of *Amilcar*, seconded by your endeavours, with those of your friends, and *Cloelia's*, put me not into a condition to carry her away, when *Tarquin* shall be return'd to the Camp, *I* fear *I* shall be the most unfortunate man in the world, since that otherwise the earth shall not own a more unhappy person than *Clelia*.

This done, *Sivelia* conceiving the departure of *Aronces* was not to be delayed, considering the intelligence she had receiv'd, told him, that for to make his retreat good, he should be let out at a back-doore into a blinde street, abutting on the *Cyprian* street, and that there was a garden-gate, which should be open'd to him; as soon as she had acquainted herewith a certain friend of hers, who was Aunt to *Brutus*. But that you may be the more confident of her fidelity, sayes she to him, know that this illustrious Roman Lady is a friend of *Clelia's*, that she abominates the Tyrant, & that if her life might deliver *Rome*, she would be glad to sacrifice it. She is very ancient, yet guilty of a great vigour of body and minde, a lover of Glory and Honesty, a Kinswoman of my Husbands, and one that hath a great affection for me.

Here *Aronces* staying her, told her, there needed so much pre-caution, and that he wholly resign'd himself up to her disposall; so that to lose no longer time, *Sivelia* sent one of her servants to this Aunt of *Brutus*, whom she before had prepar'd for the businesse, having indeed always foreseen what she now feared would happen; so that it being near night, all was accomplish'd with ease. Thus *Aronces* having taken leave of *Sivelia*, who promis'd to acquaint him with what she should learne, and to send him whatever came from *Amilcar*, went from the house of this vertuous woman to that of *Brutus*'s Aunt, who not knowing him as yet to be the son of *Porsenna*, entertained him onely as a friend of *Clelius* and *Herminius*, and an enemy of *Tarquin*.

But he was hardly out of *Sivelia*'s, but he who was ordered to come to her house, was at the doore follow'd by those who were able to force obedience. They soon were masters of the gates: but *Sivelia* knowing they could not finde what they came for, she her self gave order all the lodgings of the house should be opened to them: Which done, the Tyrant's officer in this businesse telling her, that he was commanded by *Tarquin* to bring her to the Palace; she told him, that heretofore she had more willingly obey'd him, when she was commanded to depart *Rome*, than she could now, that she was to go to a place where she had not set her foot since the death of the generous *Tanaquil*, and the Princesse of *Amerula*; but that however she was ready to go along with him. To be short, follow'd by many of her Slaves, she is conducted to *Tarquin*, who no sooner cast his eye on her, but he asks her, whether it were *Herminius* or *Aronces* who had lain concealed in her house. My Lord (replyes she without the least disturbance) if you truly knew what *I* am, you would easily apprehend what *I* am going to tell you, that is, that *I* shall tell you nothing which shall give you the least discovery of what you desire to know. For if neither *Aronces* nor my Son had been at my house, *I* should be oblig'd to say, *I* had not seen them; and if either of the two have really been there, *I* should so much the more earnestly assure you that your intelligence hath beene false, for there are some emergencies wherein truth it self is criminall. If you might therefore, with lesse trouble to your self, have spared your paines of sending for the widow of a man of a great vertue, whom you did not love, and mother of another, whom you hate, though all the world assure me he hath all those qualities which can render a person of Honour worthy to be lov'd. The question is not, whether *I* have, or have not reason to hate *Herminius*, replyes the rude Tyrant, for *I* never much examin'd that in all my life, because *I* suppose that those that are in soveraign power do *right*, when they do what they *will*. But the businesse now is, to tell positively in what place he now is, who lay secret in your house, and whom you now have dispos'd else-where. No, no, my Lord, *I* shall never be forc'd to tell what *I* know not, or what *I* have no mind to reveale; therefore all *I* have to do, is to assure you that you get nothing out of me, which may be prejudiciall either to *Aronces* or *Herminius*, and that this resolution is such as no rewards, nor menaces, can make me change. *Tarquin* seeing the constancy of *Sivelia*, was extreamly exasperated, and spoke all he conceiv'd would shake her resolution, but it prov'd fruitlesse, and she behav'd her self with so much cunning and indifference, that he was somewhat doubtfull whether he had been truly inform'd. So that to gain leisure to examine his owne apprehensions, he sent *Sivelia* back to her house, and commanded all out of his presence.

But this solitude lasted not long, for the cruell *Tullia*, who had learnt how things stood, came to tell him that he was not so diligent as he should be, to satisfie the King of *Clusium*, that in the mean time he might want the assistance of his armes, seeing the obstinacy of those of *Ardea*, and that for this reason he should have searched for *Aronces* in all the houses in *Rome*. It is true (continued she, out of a hideous designe of wickednesse) there is a shorter and a surer way to satisfie *Porsenna*; for since, as they say, the daughter of *Clelius* is among the Captives, the onely way is suddenly to dispatch her, for that done, where ever *Aronces* be, he will soon resolve to return to *Clusium*, there being, questionlesse, no more approved remedy against Love, than the death of the person loved. I think the advice very good (replyes *Tarquin* somewhat sullenly)

ſuddenly) but preſently holding his peace, he ſtudied a while, as if he would have examin'd whether that which *Tullia* ſaid, or he ſaid himſelfe, was well or ill ſpoken. So that in this ſecret diſcourſe, perceiving that *Tullia* paſſionately wiſh'd the death of *Clelia*, rather out of a ſuggeſtion of jealouſie, than any reaſon of ſtate, he became the protector of her, to whom he had carryed himſelf as a Tyrant and a Perſecutor, and not acquainting *Tullia* that he really knew the daughter of *Clelius*, when you have adviſed me to put to death all theſe Captives; ſaid he to her, you conſider not, but that onely one can be my Enemy's daughter, that the reſt are perſons of quality of *Ardea*; that, if we ſhould happen to treat with that City, which defends it ſelf ſo obſtinately, theſe Ladies will be demanded, and that it might prove of ill conſequence to have recourſe to ſo violent a remedy in the preſent conjuncture. Thoſe of *Ardea* will be the more hardly reduc'd, and the ſecret enemies I have in *Rome* will make it the pretence of an inſurrection, when I am return'd to the Camp. Of a haſty man you are a very prudent man, replyes ſmartly *Tullia*, but I am but too well ſatisfied, that your Prudence is more oblig'd to your Love, than to Policy. In the meane time I am to tell you, that though *Ardea* ſhould prove irreducible by the deſtruction of theſe Captives, and that *Rome* it ſelf ſhould thence rebell, I ſhall finde the meanes to deſtroy the daughter of *Clelius*, that it may never be ſaid, that a Princeſſe who lifted you up into the Throne, be ſo ſlighted by you, as to be thought leſſe conſiderable than a Captive. Fortune, Madam, reply'd fiercely *Tarquin*, hath plac'd you where you are, and me where I am; therefore let us continue as we are, and aſſure your ſelf I ſhall ever do what I ought, to make the beſt uſe of that authority, which you ſay is derived from you.

As *Tullia* was going to make ſome miſchievous reply, *Amilcar* (who had prevail'd with Prince *Sextus* to ſend him to *Rome*, both to viſite *Aronces*, and endeavour to make *Tarquin* return to the Camp, ſo to divert him from ſeeing *Clelia*) had ſent in a meſſage to the King for audience. *Tarquin*, who was well pleaſed, his conference with *Tullia* was thus interrupted, gave command he ſhould be admitted, which cauſed this fierce Princeſſe, who at that time regarded not what newes came from the ſiege of *Ardea*, to retire grumbling. But *Amilcar* was ſcarce come in ſight, but *Tarquin* having receiv'd him as well as the preſent diſorder of his minde would permit, asked him the reaſon of his comming. My Lord, ſaid he to him, Prince *Sextus* knowing what zeale I have for your ſervice, hath been pleaſed I ſhould come and repreſent unto you, how neceſſary your ſudden return to the Camp is, for ſince the enemy had underſtood by certain ſpies, that you were not there, they are ſtrangely encourag'd, inſomuch that they have ever ſince excerciſed us with perpetuall ſallies. There is alſo a certain report ſcatter'd in the Army, which hath generally diſheartned your Soldiery, for it is ſaid you intend to raiſe the Siege, and will not return any more to the Campe. Therfore am I come in the behalf of all your Captaines, to conjure you to return as ſoon as you can poſſibly. Prince *Sextus* himſelf (added he very cunningly) acknowledges that his humour, inclined to pleaſures and diverſion, is not ſo proper to retaine ſoldiers in a regular diſcipline. Thus my Lord, if you credit me, you will ſoone diſburthen your ſelfe of thoſe affaires which detaine you at *Rome*, and repaire to the Army. For, to be free with you, I doe not conceive you ſhould be ſo earneſt to ſatisfie the King of *Cluſium*, that you ſhould be wanting to a deſigne ſo important as the ſiege of *Ardea*.

Tarquin thank'd him for his advice, and told him he would follow it, but that he muſt continue yet a day or two at *Rome*. *Amilcar* having by this meanes inſenſibly diſperſed part of that heavineſſe, which clouded this Prince's heart, husbanded ſo diſcreetly his humour, that this fierce Tyrant entred into diſcourſe with him, about *Aronces* and *Clelia*, as if he would play the mediator between *Perſennas* and them, and that he had chang'd his ſentiments of *Clelius*, though indeed it was onely to lure *Amilcar*, reciprocally to tell what he knew of them. But he being faithfull to his friend, and withall, as reſerv'd as *Tarquin* thought himſelfe, told him nothing that could prejudice either *Aronces* or *Clelia*, though it were the hardeſt task in the world, for he muſt neither have over-flatter'd *Tarquin*'s love, nor yet too much awa-

ken his hatred, and there was a certain moderation to be obſerved, which onely *Amilcar* was able to finde out. But at length, after a long conference, which amounted to nothing, *Amilcar* retir'd. However, he could not that night have any account of *Aronces*, becauſe it was too late; and not coming to know what had happen'd at *Sivelia*'s till the next morning, he durſt not go thither in the day-time. But as ſoon as it was night he viſited that vertuous Lady, from whom he received all the civilities, which a friend of *Aronces* and *Herminius* could expect: ſo that as ſoon as the firſt ſalutations were over, and ſome little diſcourſe about the preſent poſture of affaires, ſhe told him ſhe would bring him to the place where *Aronces* was. But generous *Sivelia* (ſaid *Amilcar* to her, when he knew where *Aronces* lodged) doth not *Brutus* live with his Aunt? He does, replyes the diſcreet Lady, but trouble not your ſelf for that. I am ſatisfied, reply'd *Amilcar*, he is a man will not dive very deep into your deſignes; but if I am confident of his ſtupidity on the one ſide, I am fearfull on the other. To be ſhort, contin'd he, who told you that this man, who ſeemes to have ſo little judgement, and whom the world looks on almoſt as an Ideot, may not have wit enough to diſcover that *Aronces* lyes conceal'd at his Aunts? Not but that I am perſwaded he hath more underſtanding than is believed, for I have ſeen him ſmile twice or thrice more opportunely, than if there were no reaſon for it. However it be, ſayes the ſage *Sivelia*, fear not *Brutus*, and be aſſur'd I would not have expos'd your noble friend to any danger. I crave your pardon, Madam, replyes pleaſantly *Amilcar*, and that for no light crime, ſince it is one of the greateſt, that I had not abſolutely caſt my ſelf on your prudence, but preſume to diſpute a thing which the ſage *Sivelia* had done. But I aſſure you I ſhall not, while I live, be guilty of ſuch a miſcarriage, and that I had not now ſlipt into it, if the friendſhip I beare *Aronces* had not made me feare what I needed not, ſince he is under your conduct. Friendſhip with me, replyes the generous *Sivelia*, ſignifies a thing ſo ſacred, that if it had engag'd you into ſome ſpeeches I muſt needs have diſtaſted, I ſhould not have been diſpleas'd. But it is not come to that, for what you ſaid proceeded from caution, and were it not that I am better acquainted than you, with the whole family of *Brutus*, I ſhould have been too blame to have done what I have.

This ſaid, *Sivelia*, according to her firſt intention, cauſed *Amilcar* to be brought to *Brutus*'s Aunts, where *Aronces* lay hid; but he had no ſooner ſeen her, but he thought her worthy to be a friend of *Sivelia*'s, and that the affections of theſe two illuſtrious perſons were cemented with Vertue and Generoſity; for ſhe diſcours'd with him with ſo much judgement, and ſo great goodneſſe, that he might juſtly conceive, that *Aronces* would not have truſted himſelfe to a greater Sanctuary. But at length this illuſtrious Romane, who was called *Racilia*, perceiving he was in ſome impatience to ſee *Aronces*, led him to his chamber, where none had ſo much as ſight of him, ſave two Slaves, of whoſe faith his Lady was confident, not fearing to be deceived in them, as having in matters of great importance, where her whole houſe was concern'd, made triall of their diſcretion.

As ſoon as *Aronces* perceiv'd *Amilcar*, his patience quickly reacht him, to expreſſe the joy he had to ſee him, and to know what occaſions brought him to *Rome*, and what, ſince his arrivall, he had learn'd of *Clelia*. He had ſuch an art to make his thoughts ſo eaſily intelligible, that though at firſt he uttered but four or five words, *Amilcar*, by the paraphraſe of his looks and actions, underſtood all he would ſay. To ſpare him therefore the pains of asking, he told him in few words the occaſion of his coming, and what he had done at *Rome* ſince his arrivall, aſſuring him, for his greater comfort, he doubted not but take away *Tarquin* to the Camp, and conſequently remove him, both from *Clelia* and him; adding, that he was really much oblig'd to Prince *Sextus*, who ſeem'd concern'd in his ſafety, and that of his Miſtreſſe. Alas, my dear *Amilcar*, ſaid he to him, I am afraid he is but too much concern'd in *Clelia*: No, no, replyes this pleaſant friend, you have now nothing to feare on that ſide, for *Artimidorus*, the amiable *Zenocrates* and my ſelf have done nothing ſince your departure, but rail'd at flaxen hair'd Beauties, and celebrate the browne, and preſently *Lucrecia* runs ſo in his minde, that he can talk of nothing elſe, unleſs it be when *Colla-*

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ine is preſent, nor can he well abſtain then, and ſome dayes ſince tranſported with his amarous imaginations, he had almoſt diſcovered to him the paſſion he had for his wife. Ha, *Amilcar*, how am I oblig'd to you, ſayes *Aronces*, to have remov'd from me ſo terrible a Rivall? and how much would you adde to that obligation, if you could hinder *Tarquin* from being one? But if he were not, reply'd *Amilcar*, he would be an enemy to *Clelia*, and ſhe ſhould be equally a mark for his hatred, or his love. Good God! cryes out *Aronces*, that which I think in this occurrence, is abſolutely criminall; for if I ſhould believe my firſt apprehenſions, I could wiſh *Tarquin* were rather an Enemy to *Clelia*, than a Lover; but after a conſideration, reſum'd he, ſince that as an Enemy he might take away her life, that as a Lover he may preſerve it, and that his love is the neceſſary obſtacle, which ſtaves off the lamentable effects of his hatred; let us, if we can, wiſh that he may continue his love to *Clelia*, but let it be withall, our prayer, that we could diſpoſe of her in ſuch place as where ſhe may feare neither his Hate nor his Love. To this end, reply'd *Amilcar*, I ſhall make it my endeavour to continue in *Rome*, when I have oblig'd *Tarquin* to depart, to ſee if there may not be ſome meanes to corrupt the Guards of *Clelia*, to carry her away, or even to perſwade the cruell *Tullia* to diſmiſſe a Captive, who poſſeſſes the heart of *Tarquin*. *Aronces*, who could think of nothing but *Clelia*, ſwallow'd all *Amilcar* ſaid, as if things were really arriv'd to that paſſe, and as thoſe whoſe ſouls are govern'd by a violent paſſion, be diſcourſed of occurrences which in probability would never come to paſſe. He made a hundred frivolous objections, propoſed for expedients, things almoſt impoſſible, though he knew them to be ſuch, and he kept *Amilcar* ſo long, that the ſage *Rucilia* was fain to ſend them word that it was time he retir'd, leſt that returning late to his lodging, he were ſuſpected engaged in ſome Plot at *Rome*, and that it ſhould be diſcover'd it were ſo indeed; ſo that theſe two friends were forced to ſeparate. My dear *Amilcar*, ſayes *Aronces*, embracing him, how happy are you, that you are not acquainted with Love! and how wretched am I, who have not the power even to wiſh I know it not, though all the unhappineſſe of my life proceed from this paſſion. Truly, replyes *Amilcar* ſmiling, if you but knew how idle he is that loves nothing, you would not think me ſo happy as you do, for many times I know not how to diſpoſe of my leiſure, nor of my reaſon, no not of my thoughts: and were it not that my own frolick humour gave me ſome diverſion in the Camp, where there are no Ladies, I know not what would become of me; nay, ſo far am I from being able to elude Love, reall or feigned, more or leſſe, that many times I create to my ſelf an imaginary love, which playes with me the Lieutenant of a real one. This created paſſion, when I have none reall, exerciſes my imaginations without diſturbing my minde; and this amorous diſpoſition, cauſing neither great grief, nor great joy, does yet gently entertaine the fondneſſe of my fancy. In this condition I can more eaſily make Love-verſes, than when the ſoule is hurried away with ſome violent paſſion; and in this humour I can be almoſt as trivially pleaſant in talk, as if I propoſed to my ſelfe all thoſe indu'gences, which feed the hopes of the happieſt lovers. Ah, my dear *Amilcar*, cry'd *Aronces*, you rather affect Love in generall, than direct it to your particular Miſtreſſes, and could I be but of your humour, I ſhou'd be much leſſe miſerable than I am.

Being at this point, they heard a certain noyſe upon the ſtaires, which enquiring what it was, they were told that *Brutus* was come into the houſe, ſo that *Amilcar*, to give him way to repaire to his Lodging, ſtay'd a little longer with *Aronces*, yet not without a little reflection on *Brutus*'s late ſtaying out, for that he could not imagine, that one of no greater deſignes than he, could be guilty either of humour or buſineſſe to detain him ſo long. But he made no long diſcant on it, and ſo parted with his friend, after he had once more promis'd him the utmoſt of his power for *Clelia*, and to engage *Tarquin* to a ſudden return to the Camp, that he might endeavour in his abſence to carry away this beautifull perſon, and that ſo, as *Aronces* and ſhe might return to *Clelius* at *Capua*, to avoid at once the cruelty of *Tarquin*, and the violence of *Porſenna*. But for *Amilcar*, his intent was to paſſe into *Sicily*, and thence return to the Prince of *Carthage* his Maſter, knowing well, that by reaſon

of the intereſts which were to be reconciled between the Republique and that Iſland, *Tarquin* was not to be thought over-conſiderable, *Rome* being not at that time able to wage a Sea-war.

But as humane prudence cannot with certainty foreſee whatever ſhall come to paſs, though one be ever ſo expert in the art of diſputing by conjectures, Fortune diſpoſed otherwiſe of things. At firſt ſight it ſeemed likely things would have happened as *Amilcar* had imagin'd, for he acted his part with ſo much ſubtilty, that within two dayes he got *Tarquin* to return to the Camp. It is true, the former of theſe two dayes proved infinitely croſſe to *Clelia*, for *Tarquin* came once more to viſite her, and talkt to her things ſo contradictory, that it was eaſie to perceive that Hatred and Love cauſed a ſtrange diſorder in the heart of that Prince. But as his ſoule, through the whole courſe of his life, was rather accuſtomed to hate than to love, ſo he inſiſted more on things harſh and cruell, than thoſe which ſpeak ſweetneſs and paſſion; and he much more eaſily found out words fit to expreſſe his hatred than his love: ſo that he omitted no menace he thought would oblige her to deny her ſelf to be the daughter of *Clelius*, and to reſolve to ſatisfie his paſſion. But ſhe being fortified with a rocky conſtancy, a vertue that hath no parallel, and an extraordinary faith to *Aronces*, anſwer'd him with a confidence might convince him, ſhe would not retract what ſhe had ſaid. Whereupon having ſhook hands, with all hope of making her change her reſolutions, and his love coming to act the laſt part, he remained a certain time ſilent, not ſo much as looking on *Clelia*, as if he were afraid her beauty might ſoften the hardneſſe of his heart. He therefore lean'd on a window which opened towards Mount *Palatine*, and muſing on the preſent poſture of his ſoule, Love became predominant, and he flatter'd himſelf with a perſwaſion, that if he could ſubdue th hatred he bore to *Clelius*, he might conquer *Clelia*.

But he had hardly entertain'd the imagination, that to gain *Clelia*, he muſt ſend for *Clelius*, and recant his own former apprehenſions, but Love gave place in his turne, and Hatred as being the ſtronger, entred on the government of his ſoule. So that being reſolved to depart the chamber where *Clelia* was, diſorder'dly he lifted himſelf from the window, and began to go towards the doore. But not being able to do it without looking on the beautifull perſon, and meeting with her eyes pregnant with a new birth of teares, he once more ſuffer'd a change in his imaginations, and not taking the leaſt time to conſult, Well cruel perſon, ſaid he to her, what muſt be done to make you flexible? muſt I ſtifle the hatred I beare *Clelius*? muſt I love you as the daughter of my enemy? muſt his baniſhment be revok'd? muſt he be preferr'd before all other Romans? Speak Cruelty, ſpeak, and ſet a price on your heart, that I may purchaſe it; for to be ſhort, I will ſacrifice the hatred I beare *Clelius*, and the love *I* profeſſe to *Clelia*; but that heart, as obſtinate as it is, ſhall one day come into my poſſeſſion. I am perſwaded, replyes the generous Virgin, that if you ſhould ſend for my father to come to *Rome*, he would not conſent, and that it were as hard for him to forget the injuſtice you have exerciſed towards him, as for you to forget your own cruelty. Therefore *I* have nothing to anſwer you, but what *I* have already, for I am not onely againſt you, becauſe you hate my father, but alſo becauſe he hates your tyranny, and that I hate it my ſelf. Not but that if you could repent you of all your violences, the hatred might diſſolve from my heart, but, my Lord, that love ſhould take its place, it doth not follow, that which you deſire of me being ſo abſolutely impoſſible to be granted, that it is not worth your beſtowing a thought on't. Ah, 'tis more than enough (cryes out the Prince, exaſperated by the conſtancy of *Clelia*) and I cannot ſuffer this obſtinate aſſurance, wherein you ſo much glory. How, continu'd he, bluſhing for anger, I ſhall be thought weak for my deſire, to love you as the daughter of *Clelius*, for endeavouring to ſubdue my hatred, and offering a horrible violence to all my inclinations; and I ſhall be aſham'd to have been guilty of this baſeneſſe to no purpoſe. If it be ſo, continued he with a certaine threatning action, you ſhall rather repent your obſtinacy. As I have never deſired any thing but what reaſon and vertue ſuggeſts, replyed *Clelia*, ſo, my Lord, doe I never repent, nor can all your power ever oblige me to entertain a thought of that nature. We ſhall ſee

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that, sayes he arrogantly to her, when I shall once be able to hate you, which I hope I shall, if you learn not that I am well versed in the art of Revenge, and that it is easier *Clelius* for to undergo banishment, than for you to suffer the torments I shall assigne you. When you once begin to hate me, reply'd *Clelia*, without the least agitation of spirit, you deliver me from one of my greatest torments, by disburdening me of your love. If I were of your opinion, reply'd he, I would struggle with my passion, and love you while I lived. If you take it so, answered *Clelia*, I must certainly be the more wretched, but you will be never the happier: Therefore, my Lord, if you will trust me, hate me, since that thence only you must derive your quiet. My life is at your disposall, and there is no punishment which you may not inflict on me; but for my will, my Lord, it is not in your power to regulate it according to your humour, and my Father is the onely man in the world, whose empire extends to that. Since you will have it so (replyed he with a Barbarisme, which carried something terrible along with it) I will hate you, and that most horribly. But what do I say? continued he, I hate you already, and if I were not resolv'd to make you suffer a tedious punishment, you should not long hug your self in the vain-glory you derive from opposing one whom never any opposed but to his repentance.

Hereupon *Tarquin* left *Clelia* but withall commanded she might be carefully looked after, and that none whatever should speak with that faire and vertuous person, no not even *Tullia* her selfe. As he went out he met *Amilcar*, who desirous to discover somewhat of his sentiments, said to him smiling, that he was come to beg the favour of him, that he might visit the Captives; for, my Lord, continued he, I suppose you trouble not your self much to suffer those to be seen whom you do not believe the daughters of *Clelius*. You are in the right, reply'd *Tarquin*, and on the contrary, I should be well pleased you saw them, conditionally you will informe me what they shall tell you of *Clelia*. I told you, my Lord, once before, replyed cunningly *Amilcar*, that I was a friend to *Aronces*, but that I do not therefore conceive my self oblig'd blindely to humour his passion, if so be he be guilty of any, and it is not impossible but that I may be very serviceable to you in your designe. But my Lord, added he, it is necessary I see *Clelia* her self, for from her companions I should get nothing, since they are not together, and it were much the shorter way, that I shou'd see her the first, whether your desire be I should scrue something out of her which you would be glad to know, or that I must endeavour to make her change her resolutions. Besides, my Lord, continued he, I must needs tell you, and that with an ingenuousness which cannot proceed but from the earnest desire I have of your quiet, that great Persons, such as you are, cannot condescend to a hundred trifles which yet must be known to make one able well to husband the inclinations of women. You have spent your whole life, either to learn the art of Government, or to put in practise some noble kingly Science, which consists onely in things high and soveraign; but on the contrary, to discover the Secrets of women, and take in the Garrisons of their spirits, a man need ascend no higher than a certain Art, called the Trifling Art, if I may so expresse it, which I have studied all my life, and am admirably perfect in. In the meane time, my Lord, you are not to conceive, that this Art is easily learned, for, take it from me, there is as much required to know all the severall wayes of Application, wherein a man must addresse himselfe to the Reserv'd, the Jocund, the Faire, the Deformed, the Gentle, the Fierce, the Weak, and the Obstinate, as skilfully to govern severall nations of severall inclinations. For whereas ordinarily every Nation is actuated and informed by a certain generall inclination, almost all women are so wedded to their particular humour, which must necessarily be found out by him whose businesse it is to over-master it. There are some a man must be as submissive to as a Slave; there are others which you must in a manner slight, before you have their love. There are some cannot be brought acquainted with Vice, but by continually preaching of Vertue to them; others on the contrary, though pleasantly free in discourse, yet of a constant Vertue. There are some, into whose greatest secrets you skrue not your self, but by entertaining them with triviall stories; there are others onely reducible by Presents; others whom you engage when you give them occa-

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sion to present you with any thing; there are, to be short, so many several sorts, that without an extraordinary correspondence with woman-kinde, a man may be easily deceived. But for my part, my Lord, I dare brag I cannot be, and if you would pump out any secret, I am the fittest handle in the world for such a businesse. I am convinced, replyes *Tarquin*, but the question is, whether a friend of *Aronces* be fit to make representations of *Clelia*. At these words *Amilcar* was a little to seek, for that a certain punctilio of Vertue made him a little shie, and hardly induc'd even to deceive *Tarquin*, though a Tyrant; but considering there was no other way for him to serve his friend, he answer'd him in such ambiguous termes, that *Tarquin* might expound them well, even according to his intention. So that really believing that *Amilcar* thought it more advantagious for *Aronces*, to suffer himself to be cur'd of the love of *Clelia*, than to persist in the disease of it, he was inclin'd to burthen him with part of his secrets. Whereupon, taking him along with him to his chamber, he entertain'd him with a Panegyrick upon *Aronces*, telling him how earnest he was for his quiet and his glory, and to rid him of his love, he was, if possible, to be perswaded that *Clelia* lov'd him not, and to performe this the better, it was to be certainly discover'd whether she did love him truely. It is true, continued *Tarquin*, correcting himselfe, that *Aronces* is a person so amiable, that it is not to be doubted but that he is belov'd where he loves. Ah my Lord, replyes *Amilcar*, smiling with that freedome he took, when he endeavour'd to please, it is apparent that your soule hath been guided by *Ambition*, rather than *Love*, since you conceive there is any regard of equity in the choyce of a Lover. Besides that, to speak truly, a King can never be well acquainted with things of this nature, for the respect which men beare to persons of your quality, causes them not to appeare to you without disguise; and so you are to learn, that there is nothing so humorous as the choyce which Love makes. For sometimes you see men of excellent parts love persons of ordinary merit; and very often it's observ'd, that women despise very handsome men, and adore others, who can boast of almost nothing recommendable. For which reason I have ever rely'd more on the fantastick humours of those I have lov'd, than on my owne Addresses and Services, nay than on a certaine Drollery I am guilty of, which, they say, is sometimes requisite to entertain Ladies. Therefore, my Lord, though *Aronces* be indeed a gracefull person, it followes not he is belov'd, and if you will grant me the liberty to entertaine *Clelia*, I promise you a faithfull account of her heart. I am content, replyes *Tarquin*, conditionally you truly informe me, whether she love *Aronces* or not. But my Lord, (replyes *Amilcar* very cautiously) I doe not engage my self to discover the whole secret of her soule at the first visit, and you must give me leave to see her more than once; nay it were not amisse if you suffer'd *Plotina* to be with her, for she being a merry conceited Lass, and one that pretends some friendship to me, I may make use of that affection to make her reveale what you desire to know.

This *Amilcar* uttered, in a manner seem'd so naturall, that *Tarquin*, notwithstanding his distrustfull humour, was surprized by it: So that by this meanes *Amilcar* got one of *Clelia*'s friends to be with her, and had the liberty to see her, which was no small comfort to that beautifull Captive, and the unfortunate *Aronces*, whom *Amilcar* acquainted with all this the same day. But to continue this intelligence, he related divers things to *Tarquin* concerning the consent of these two persons, whence he concluded, that he really was an engine very fit to discover what he was impatient to know.

In the mean time, the newes that came from the Camp, pressing *Tarquin*'s returne thither, he left *Rome*, not being fully resolved whether he should love or hate *Clelia*, none being able to guesse whether of these two passions should have the dispoſall of his minde. For, in some strict charges that he gave, he provided that the cruell *Tullia* should not, in his absence, meddle with the Captives; and in others he seem'd to be the absolute disposer of *Clelia*'s destiny. He set over her as a guard, one he had employed in his most horrid cruelties, for it was the same who was accused of having poysoned *Brutus*'s Father and Brother, by the command of this cruell Tyrant, who had

had never furnished him but with such tragicall Commissions. Nevertheless he commanded him to admit *Amilcar* into *Clelia*'s chamber, untill he should receive order to the contrary, allowing this friendly African eight dayes to finde out the true apprehensions of *Clelia*, which expir'd, he was to render him an account. He also charged all those Spies, whom he had always kept at his own charge, to use all meanes possible to discover if *Aronces* were not at *Rome*, and to learn precisely who that man was, who (he had been informed) lay hid at the vertuous *Sivelia*'s. He spake more insolently than ever he had done to the cruell *Tullia*, who certainly wanted not an earnest desire of being able to destroy him whom she had elevated into the Throne, could she have hoped to be countenanced either by the Senate or People.

But her cruelties had so allarm'd the generall hatred against her, that she could not hope the least assistance, though she should undertake to destroy *Tarquin*, for that none would have trusted her.

Amilcar, in the mean time, acquainting *Aronces* with every day's adventures, they sent to the Camp, and writ to *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, that they might take notice of what passed; as also that they should oblige Prince *Sextus* to do what lay in his power for *Aronces*, and keep *Tarquin* from returning to *Rome*, at least till the siege of *Ardea* was over: On the other side, *Sivelia*, going almost every day to *Racilia*'s, visited *Aronces*, where was resolved what was to be done. These two vertuous Ladies went also sometimes to see the grand Vestall, but secretly, and advised with her about the meanes to relieve *Clelia*. But though *Aronces*, by the advice he gave, was as active for *Clelia* as any other, and was as it were the intelligence of all those designes which were moving for her Liberty, yet was he overwhelm'd with incredible misfortunes, but chiefly for that he was forced to confine himself for certaine dayes, not daring to stir abroad for fear of being taken, and that he durst not act by himself.

In the mean time, *Amilcar* knowing whatever newes was stirring in *Rome*, as well as if he had liv'd there all his life, found there was a knot of young men, persons of quality, who were very desirous to shake off the yoke of Tyranny; and when they were sure they were not heard, expressed their hatred of the Tyrant with much freedome, though till that time none durst so much as speak of him, ever since he was establish'd in his power. But being very raw, as if it were the first year of their acquaintance with this world, their courage much exceeded their prudence, so that *Amilcar* looking on those young men as fit for the execution of any dangerous enterprise, if there were need, thought fit to court their correspondence; for though they were of the Army, yet they often came to *Rome*, the distance between it and the camp being not great. Besides that, upon *Tarquin*'s return thither, a cessation of all hostily for eight dayes was agreed on, during which time there were some offertures made of an Accommodation.

In the interim, two Nephews of *Publius Valerius*, a Kinsman of *Horatius*, and an Uncle of *Lucrecia* came to *Rome*, into whose company *Amilcar* shuffl'd himselfe so handsomely, that they distrusted him not; and he so flatter'd their humours by the sport he made them, that he soon commanded their hearts: so that he concluded, that if there were any occasion for them, he might command them, especially if they were to be employ'd against *Tarquin*; for they were no longer scrupulous even in his presence, to discharge whole vollies of derisions and imprecations at the Tyrant. There was one thing which particularly made them glory in their Resentments, which was, that there was another combination of young men which they called, by way of abuse, the *Slaves of favour*; for indeed the young *Vitellians*, the *Aquilians*, and *Brutus*'s two Sons, who were yet of the youngest, were much at the devotion of Prince *Sextus*, and the two Princes his Brothers, so that not being able to comprehend how those, whose fathers and most of their friends, had been destroyed through the cruelty of *Tarquin*, could be faithfull to the Prince, they cast at them, among themselves, all the injuries imaginable, whence *Amilcar* presum'd he should finde them ready to execute any adventurous action when occasion should serve.

But during the cessation of the siege of *Ardea*, it seem'd to be the pleasure of For-

tune, there ſhould be a kinde of a generall truce in the hearts of ſo many illuſtrious afflicted peſons. For *Aronces* had the opportunity to write to *Clelia*, by *Amilcar*, and by the ſame hand receiv'd her anſwer. *Clelia* conſequently had the happineſſe to receive freſh expreſſions of her Lover's faith, and to give reciprocally the like of hers. *Plotina* had the felicity to ſee *Amilcar*, who was ſo precious in her eſteem; *Amilcar* had the ſatisfaction to entertain her, and the glory of being ſo effectually ſerviceable to his friend. And the vertuous *Sivelia* was felicify'd in the company of her illuſtrious Son, who taking the advantage of the Truce, came diſguiſed to *Rome*, not onely out of a conſideration of love, but alſo to ſee his noble Mother, and viſite *Aronces*, whom he was not a little glad to acquaint with what he knew of *Horatius*, as alſo to endeavour to do him ſome good office; for he had receiv'd by the Spies which thoſe of *Ardea* had in *Tarquin*'s Camp, that *Aronces* was not there, and was conceiv'd to lurk in *Rome*. So that not doubting but that *Sivelia* could give ſome account of him, his reſolution was to be fully ſatisfied. *Horatius* for his part, in his exceſſive affliction, had ſome benefit by the Truce, for that it afforded him the leiſure to perfect the cure of his wounds, and to conſider what he ſhould do to outvie the generoſity of his Rivall, yet without violating the intereſts of his love. Nay, even *Tarquin* himſelf was at ſome eaſe, for that he received from *Amilcar*, what gave him ſome ſhadow of hope.

As for Prince *Sextus*, he had the leaſt ſhare in this happineſſe, for the love of *Lucretia* exerciſed ſuch a tyranny over his ſoule, that he had not the leaſt command of it himſelfe.

As for Prince *Titus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, they alſo having ſome ſecret intereſt to manage at *Rome*, found their conveniences of the Truce as well as others: Nay, even the cruell *Tullia* put on a little more cheerfulneſſe, and became leſſe furious than ſhe was wont, as being in ſome hopes to corrupt him who kept *Clelia*, who not conceiving himſelfe ſufficiently rewarded for the late murthers he had committed by the orders of *Tarquin*, ſeem'd enclin'd to ſwallow the promiſes of this cruell Princeſs.

Things being in this poſture, the noble *Herminius* came one evening to *Sivelia's*, *Amilcar* being in the houſe, who was extreamly glad to ſee him, for he had a naturall affection for him, and infinitely eſteem'd him for his parts and vertue. *Herminius* alſo, who had as great experiment of the merit of *Amilcar* as any living, was over-joy'd to finde him at his vertuous Mothers, from whom he had receiv'd a thouſand expreſſions of tenderneſſe, which he had requited with as many obliging teſtimonies of gratitude and true friendſhip.

But *Sivelia's* enjoyment was ſomewhat obſcur'd by a certain feare ſhe had, leſt her Son's returne might be diſcover'd; but *Tarquin* not being at *Rome*, and *Amilcar* adviſing, that *Herminius* ſhould, for more ſafety, lodge with *Aronces*, ſhe was receiv'd, and with more quiet enjoy'd the preſence of a Son, in whom all the vertues made a glorious conſtellation, and in whom his greateſt enemies found not the leaſt declination to any evill habit. For indeed *Herminius* was in his inclinations noble, in heart free, paſſionate, compaſſionate, and generous; in humour he was mild, civil, obliging, complaiſant, having a minde fit for all things, and fortunate in finding out many pleaſant and innocent circumventions to divert his friends of both ſexes. Moreover, though he was a very diſcreet perſon, and ſufficiently reſerv'd among thoſe who had not much of his company, yet, when he pleas'd, he ſcrew'd up his humour to a certain bravery and ſprightlineſſe; but to thoſe he loved not this was myſticall, and his frolickneſſe might confidently be taken for an expreſſion of his eſteeme and his affection. He was excellent good at writing of Billets of all ſorts, and had ſuch a happy and eaſie vaine of Verſes, that it was *Amilcar's* judgement, *Greece* afforded not a more generall, a nobler, and a more nimble wit, than that of *Herminius*, inſomuch, that ſometimes he would wiſh he might change wits with this illuſtrious Roman, ſaying, that *Phocilides* the *Mileſian*, who was then alive, had never made better Verſes than he, nor *Sappho* more amorous. *Amilcar* therefore having an infinite eſteem for *Herminius*, made a thouſand obliging expreſſions to him at

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his coming to *Sivelia's*, but at last left this deare Son with his excellent Mother. but after promise he should go to *Aronces* his lodging, whither he was going himselfe, and where, according to his custome, he used to passe away the Evening. *Sivelia* therefore having acquainted *Herminius* how all things stood which concern'd his fortune, sent notice to *Racilia* of her son's arrivall, and begg'd the same favour for him as she had done for *Aronces*. To which that generous Matron having made such answer as was fit she should, *Herminius* went to her house, where he was receiv'd as a kinsman of her husband's, and as a friend for whom he had a great tenderness. He had also the happiness to see a Neece of hers, whose name was *Hermilia*, a Virgin, if any in the world, had extraordinary excellencies both of body and minde; but he was much surprised to finde that neither *Aronces* nor *Amilcar* had so much as seen her, Not that *Racilia* was confident of the discretion of this Beauty; but the reason she gave *Herminius*, was, that she found *Aronces* so afflicted, and *Amilcar* so frolick, that she thought the melancholy of the one would not admit diversion, and the frolick humour of the other was enough for his friend and himselfe. But *Herminius* assuming the interest of a Kinsman of the fair *Hermilia*, told her Aunt, that his friends must needs see her; *Racilia* then, without delay, accompani'd with her daughter, conducted *Herminius* to *Aronces's* chamber, where they found *Amilcar*, who had that day brought a Letter from *Clelia* to that illustrious Lover, which consequently affording him as great satisfaction, as the unhappy state of his affairs would permit him to receive, he entertain'd *Herminius* with a many expressions of gladness, having first ask'd *Racilia* leave to embrace his friend. But these first ceremonies of friendship being over, *Herminius* presented *Hermilia* to him, acquainting him who she was. How, cryes out *Amilcar*, hath this fair Virgin been in the house ever since I came hither? She has, reply'd *Herminius* smiling, & had it not been for me, this Treasure had been yet hidden from you. Ha Madam, sayes *Amilcar* to *Racilia*, your generosity is very great in regard of your compassion, not to consider that the sight of this beautifull person is an excellent medicine for unfortunate persons. It may be, replyed obligingly *Aronces*, she is as likely to make, as to cure such. But if you'l believe me, sayes *Racilia*, there is no great danger of her doing either, for she ever sayes that a man is not to seek his comfort any where but in himselfe, and that in her own nature she is so harmlesse, she can do no hurt, which her compassion shall not allay, if it cannot cure. As I have never been so unhappy as to do any, reply'd the modest *Hermilia*, so I am not certain whether I should be so good as I am believ'd, and so I should have as great a pitty for those ills I were guilty of, as for those I were not.

This past, *Aronces* being Master o'th' Ceremonies in his own chamber, though it were in *Racilia's* house, caus'd these Ladies and his two friends to sit down. It is true, that while *Amilcar* spoke to this vertuous Roman and her Neece, *Aronces* listned to *Herminius*, who acquainted him with all he knew of *Horatius*. As I am true to you, sayes he in a low voyce, I must needs confesse that I have discover'd in your Rivall, the most generous resentments in the world; for it is constantly believed, that in some intervalls, he wishes he could love you, and that he could give over loving *Clelia*. But in others he hath an extream indignation to be oblig'd to you for his life, and cannot but wish himself the possession of her whom you love, or at least desires you might not possess her. So that Generosity and Love being at continuall variance in his heart, Reason, instead of deciding so great a difference, sometimes is of one side, sometimes of the other, and rather foments than qualifies this civill war. But I pray, sayes *Aronces* to him, how long may *Ardea* hold out? for it concerns me the Siege continue, that it may be the longer ere *Tarquin* return to *Rome*. As for *Horatius* and my self, replyes *Herminius*, we shall maintain it so well with the generall assistance of the inhabitants (who are so resolute, that they will not yeild till after all extremities) that in case the Treaty come to no effect, as I verily believe it will, *Tarquin* shall finde he hath more work to doe than he conceives; for his Army is daily weakened, and the People of *Ardea* becomes more warlike by Discipline, so that it is probable our Forces will be the greater at the end of the Siege,

then they were at the beginning, though we have had no forraigne supplyes.

But while *Aronces* and *Herminius* were thus engag'd, *Amilcar* entertain'd *Racilia* and her charming Neece; and having an admirable insinuation, to sift out any thing he had a mind to know, and yet do it by way of diversion, he pleasantly asked *Racilia* why the women at *Rome* were reserv'd, and more given to solitude, than in *Greece* or *Africk*, or indeed in any other parts of *Italy*. Is it that the men are here more terrible? or is it that the women are guilty of too easie a resentment of (not to say) a greater disposition to love? or is it that they are threatned more like prisoners? If you had known *Rome*, as I have known it, replyed *Racilia*, you had much more reason to speak as you doe; for when I was young, all the women were as reserv'd as so many Vestalls, they were not seen but in the Temples, and upon Festivall dayes: Marriages were contracted rather upon consideration of the interests of Families, than any acquaintance of the persons, and mens hearts are so inflam'd by a love of Fame, that they thought not of any thing else.

But since the death of the vertuous *Tanaquil*, and the dethronement of *Servius Fullus*, the greatest part of the Roman Ladies are not indeed Romans, and women live in a manner here as they do in other places. But a little farther, sayes *Amilcar*, I would fain know why they are also more austere here than in other cities, and why they have been yet more than now they are? For my part, reply'd *Racilia*, when she had well consider'd it, I think, it proceeds from this, that *Rome*, was built by men that had no wives, and who came not by them, but by forcing them from their neighbours. For being at the first afraid, left they should againe forsake them they kept them very strictly, and used them to a solitarie kinde of life, which after became customary and decent. Certainly, reply'd *Amilcar*, this decency is very unjust and very rigorous. Besides, continu'd he, if the women at *Rome* were not handsomer than elsewhere, I should be content they were mew'd up, but they are so handsome, that it is an affront to the Gods who govern the world, to hide the greatest ornament of it, and I am confident, he who should take the faire *Hermilia*'s opinion in this case, would finde that her thoughts and mine were at no great distance. As I am not handsome enough reply'd she smiling, to oblige you to conceive that I am troubled for the sight of the world, so am I to learn what makes you believe there is such an affinity between our thoughts. If I durst tell you before the sage *Racilia*, what your Glasse tells you as often as you consult it, replyes *Amilcar*, you would acknowledge I had reason to say what I doe, and withall perswade your selfe, that there is no Beauty in *Rome* hath so much cause to quarrell with the retirement of Women, nor so much reason to rejoyce that it begins to diminish. I know not (interrupted *Racilia*, smiling with a certain Majesty) whether *Hermilia* can answer what you say, but had it been to my self at her age, I should not have been much troubled at it. I am so desirous, reply'd pleasantly *Hermilia*, not to do you any dishonour, that if I should answer, I might haply answer to purpose, but being not assur'd of it, I had rather return nothing to such webs of flattery; and he that weaves them, knowes well enough that I am not to be caught with them, and haply conceives I should, could I not blush at his commendations. You answer so nobly, in not answering, reply'd *Amilcar*, that certainly I am not the first that told you that you were one of the greatest Beauties in the world. But to return into our way (said he, directing his speech to *Racilia*) I would gladly ask you, Madam, who are Vertue it self, whether you believe these extraordinary retirements are the only pales of Modesty, which is so natural to the Sex, & whether, on the contrary, an honorable liberty may not contribute a greater lustre to their vertue. For what commendation can that woman deserve, who sees not any either pleases her, or she can affect, to have all her life-time a new heart, which she knowes not on whom to bestow, had she a desire, and which none desires of her? However, reply'd *Racilia*, there are at *Rome*, as well as other places, women that bestow their hearts. If it be so, return'd *Amilcar*, I believe they bestow them unhandsomely, and out of time, for there being not here so great a freedome of Conversation as there is in *Africk*, they must needs bestow them, not knowing

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on whom, and muſt meaſure men onely by the outward ſight, which is the moſt deceitfull thing in the world. To be ſhort, I know a man in *Greece* who is well-ſet, handſome, of a good ſtature, a good face, free in his action, in his carriage noble enough, and at the firſt ſight, one that ſeemes a man of buſineſſe and quality; for he acquits himſelfe very well of his firſt complements, comes confidently into company, departs the ſame, is not diſcountenanc'd at any thing, and till you aſcend higher than the queſtions, of what weather it is, or ſome ſuch piece of intelligence, comes off pretty well. He laughs with a good grace, ſo it be with others, but the miſchief is, that when he laughs alone, he laughs in a wrong time, and then are diſcover'd a low reptile ſpirit, that creeps not up neere a Mediocrity, and a ſoule purely materiall. Judge now, if ſome great Beauty who had ſeen this man, onely in the Temples, or on ſome Feſtivall-dayes, and ſhould beſtow her heart on him, would not be finely trapann'd. Your exaggeration is ſo pleaſant, reply'd *Racilia*, that if all men had ſuch excellent parts as you have, I ſhould not quarrel, that there is a freer toleration of Converſation in *Rome* ſince *Tarquin*'s government, and *Tanaquil*'s death. But to be plaine with you, I think it a very extravagant thing to have a houſe open to all manner of perſons, and to entertain a ſort of trifling Amoriſts, to tell triviall ſtories unhandſomely, and to no purpoſe; and in what countrey ſoever I had been born, I ſhould never have lov'd company without choyce. Nor are there many true Romans that do ſo, and thoſe who are any thing carefull to preſerve the cuſtomes of their countrey, comply with the times with a certain moderation, which makes a diſtinction between their Houſes and an Exchange, ſo far as to baniſh ſolitude. In few words, there is here a noble perſonage, who is called *Publius Valerius*, who hath a daughter of excellent endowments. To all perſons of Honour his houſe is open, and he freely ſuffers his friends to ſee both his wife and daughter *Valeria*.

At theſe words *Herminius*, who was talking with *Aronces*, and who confuſedly heard the name of *Valeria*, made a ſtep, and hearkned to what was ſaid of her, which made *Racilia*, who knew that Lady had a great intereſt in the heart of *Herminius*, ſmile a little, however going to continue her ſtory, *Amilcar* ſtaying her, Ah Madam, ſaid he to her, I beſeech you tell me whether this *Valeria* be of my acquaintance or not, or am I the moſt abus'd man in the world, if I have not once ſeen her with the Queen? She goes not often thither, replyed *Hermilia*, but certainly it muſt be the ſame that I mean, replyed *Amilcar*, for, being extreamly taken with her, I ask'd whether ſhe came not often to *Tullia*, and I was told, very ſeldome. But to be further aſſur'd whether it be the ſame, I can onely tell you, that ſhe, whom I ſaw with the Queen, and whom I was infinitely taken with, is a Lady of a mean ſtature, and hath not ſuch great ſtaring eyes, as are ſometimes the emblems of a naturall ſtupidity, but ſuch as being neither great nor little, caſt a ray full of mildneſſe, paſſion and ſpirit, which pleaſes and charmes, and which at once argues ingenuity, vertue, goodneſſe and love. Moreover, ſhe hath a ſweet, ſprightly, and a ſerious look, which is infinitely pleaſing. Her mouth is narrow, her lips carnation'd, ſomething a pale complexion, her haire aſhie colour'd, and the aire of her countenance ſo free and ſo noble, that a man cannot but come neare her as ſoon as he ſees her. And, to be ſhort, I prevai'd ſo much, that I ſtood two houres near this inchanting Beauty. Could you as exactly deſcribe her minde as you have her perſon, replyed *Herminius*, you would make an excellent piece of it. I am of your minde, ſayes *Hermilia* ſmiling, that indeed *Amilcar* had admirably drawn *Valeria*; but he ſhall give me leave to tell him, that, for her mind, it is you onely are concern'd to commend it, though it deſerve the commendation of all the world. I confeſſe (ſayes *Amilcar*, not giving *Herminius* leiſure to anſwer) that I had not time to diſcover the whole minde of *Valeria*, but if I have not knowne it, I have gueſs'd at it, and I am confident ſhe hath at once, a great, noble, lofty, pleaſing and modeſt minde; and to advance a little higher in my diſcovery, I alſo affirm, ſhe hath a heart full of paſſion and tenderneſſe, and that if ſhe be not in love, ſhe is fit to be, and that moſt paſſionately. Ah *Amilcar*, cry'd out *Herminius* ſmiling, you know more of her than I, for I can tell you no newes of *Valeria*'s heart. Without being curious to dive too deep into your ſecrets, reply'd *Racilia*, I muſt needs agree

in the ſame vote with *Amilcar*; for I believe *Valeria* ſuell for the greateſt affection. However, I have not a whit the leſſe eſteem for her, continu'd ſhe, becauſe I am ſatiſfied, ſhe will never be guilty of an irregular affection, and whereas ſhe is guilty of tenderneſs, ſhe is ſo much the more worthy praiſe; ſince it is not to be doubted, that ſhe ever loved what was not worthy to be loved, and conſtantly endeavours that her eſteem and her friendſhip may be the reward of Vertue. *Herminius* hearkned to this diſcourſe of *Racilia*, with an extraordinary content, and it was eaſily perceivable, that, if he durſt, he would have ſaid much more of her than ſhe, inſomuch as *Aronces* obſerving it, whiſper'd to him as much as ſignified, that he was convinced that *Valeria* govern'd his heart. But perceiving, as he ſpoke to him, that he was unwilling to make a publick profeſſion of it, he diverted the diſcourſe, and thought to make an end of it where it began, pleaſantly concluding, that though the Roman Severity were guilty of no other inconveniences, but depriving us of the acquaintance and converſation of *Valeria*, it ought to be condemned.

But I aſſure you, reply'd *Amilcar*, it is guilty of many more, for, to ſpeak truly, there are two things which are in a manner equall in the hearts of all people, in what place ſoever they are born; the deſire of *Liberty*, and a certaine naturall inclination to *Love*; and I am confident there is not a woman in *Rome*, but could love ſome one or other, if ſhe would be guided by her inclination, and would be glad to be at liberty. In the mean time, according to that manner of life which they are forced into, they are reduced to an impoſſibility both of being lov'd, or loving innocently, & lock'd up as Captives. Whence it will happen, that thoſe whom nature hath endued with a paſſionate inclination, and a violent deſire of liberty, will hate their Fathers, Mothers, the cuſtome of their Countrey, and their own Vertus, which forbids them a thouſand and a thouſand indifferent things. So, to come neerer what I aime at, walking, converſation, noble entertainments, whereas they are in themſelves harmleſſe pleaſures, which bring no diſhonour to thoſe who make uſe of them, are transform'd to crimes to almoſt all the women of *Rome*, through the impatient deſire they have to them, and the continuall quarrelling they have with thoſe who forbid them the uſe thereof. For in fine, it is not ſo far from hence to *Capua*, but they can heare that ſuch a ſeverity is not exerciſed there as here. It is true, ſaid *Aronces*, that to ſpeak rationally, the vertue of women is check'd very much by an exceſſive reſtraint, and a deniall of thoſe pleaſures, which bring with them nothing of ſcandall. Ha, generous *Aronces*, cry'd out *Racilia*, that which to you ſeemes ſo harmleſſe, is not of ſo little conſequence as you conceive.

As I have lived a many years, and have been baniſhed *Rome* long enough to know how they live in other places, ſo I can aſſure you, that thoſe things whereof you make ſo ſlight account, are thoſe which cauſe the greateſt diſorders that happen among women. I am ſo well opinion'd of my owne ſex, that if my judgement be taken, there is no woman can at firſt ſight prove faulty, nor can be guilty of any premeditated deſigne to engage her ſelfe into a dangerous affection. But commonly, familiarity, opportunity, a deſire to pleaſe, the pleaſure of their converſation, whom we ſee often, the enjoyment they mutually receive from us, the deſire to be preferr'd before others, and friendſhip it ſelfe, doe all contribute to the generation of Love, who would never be born in Solitude, nor would ever appear, if men would onely be content to look on women at publique Feſtivals, and not ſpeak to them. For we muſt not ſay that Love is the child of that Beauty which paſſeth to the heart through the eyes onely; ſince it is an error condemned by experience, that this paſſion is not laſting, when it is bred and nouriſhed by the onely deſire of Beauty:

But to return where I left, I knew a woman at *Tarentum* (during the time I follow'd my baniſh'd Husband) who had been brought up by her Mother according to the Roman ſeverity, inſomuch, that though ſhe were very beautifull, yet did ſhe live in a great reſtraint, though in a City where there is liberty enough. She however bore it patiently, was ſatisfied with her manner of life, ſhe was pleaſing, jocund, and ſeem'd to be ſo indifferent, that it was ſaid in the houſe, that *Madam Indifference*

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did what she pleas'd. For my part, it was ever my opinion, that the moderation of her humour was her onely felicity. However it be, being of this condition, her mother having some businesse in the Country, left her with an Aunt of hers, who was not so much addicted to solitude as she; but she had not left her behinde, had not some little indisposition of body disabled her for the journey. To be short, she kept her chamber four or five dayes, during which time being not very sick, her Aunt, for her diversion sake, admitted to her all those that came to visite her. The first day she being utterly unacquainted with this fashion of the world, was very troublesome to her; the second prov'd little better, the third she did not think very tedious; the fourth she thought very divertive, & the fifth, she was the first took occasion to inveigh against her former solitude, and did it so gracefully, that she infinitely pleased an honest man who was there that day. The man hereupon making it his businesse to return her the content he had receiv'd from her, came at last to please her effectually; yet could he not assure himself an interest in her heart. For as Indifference is the temperament of prating Cockneis, so she had not much more affection for this Lover than for another, but had such a huge ambition to be courted, that she became the veriest Gossip that ever was; and all the endeavours of her Mother, when she return'd out of the Country, could never cure the infection she had contracted from this worlds conversation. You had spoke more truly, if you said that of solitude, reply'd *Amilcar*, for in my opinion, all the disorder of her minde proceeded from the solitude she had lived in before, which made all things seem new, all things pleasant to her, her minde and senses being equally surpris'd by that which was strange to them. The great secret therefore is to accustome young people to all harmlesse pleasures, lest they should one day prove dangerous to them. For certainly it is with pleasures, as it is with perfumes, which a man smells not when he hath always about him. Therefore, added he pleasantly, if ever I have a daughter, she shall dance as soon as she can goe; the first word shall be taught her, shall be *Gallant*, she shall know *Love*'s name before her own; and after all this, she is more likely to prove a Vestall, than a Gossip. *Rasilia* smil'd at this humour of *Amilcar*'s as well as *Herminia*, and *Herminius*; but for *Aronces*, melancholy had so stiffened his complexion, that his face would not admit the lightest appearace of joy, so that the vertuous Matron perceiving how little he seem'd concern'd in the company, retir'd, taking *Herminia* with her, and leaving with him *Herminius*. *Amilcar*, who was not afraid to be seene, thought it his duty to conduct her to her lodgings; which done, he return'd to *Aronces's* chamber, where he staid as long as he could. But at length he left him, and repair'd to his lodging, left in case he did not come in, it might be suspected he had a hand in some plot in the City. Soon after *Herminius* also left *Aronces*, and went into another chamber joyning to his, where *Rasilia* had designed him a lodging.

Now is our illustrious Lover left alone to comment on his afflictions past and present. But at last he fell asleep, overwhelm'd with his discontents, and flatter'd with a small hope of the possibility of delivering *Clelia*. It is true, he slept not long, for the Sun had no sooner appear'd, but he heard people talking with *Herminius*, such whose voyce, he had no great acquaintance with, so that knowing it was of equall concernment to that generous Roman, not to be discover'd, as to himself, he was desirous to know whether they who spoke were his friends or his enemies. Hearkning therefore very attentively, towards the place whence he heard the voyces, one whereof he thought he should remember, he was fully perswaded that it was the voyce of *Brutus*, *Rasilia*'s Nephew. But soon after he was of the contrary opinion, for that calling to minde his stupidity, he distrusted what a minute before he absolutely believed. For though he heard not distinctly what he said, because he spoke not very loud, yet he concluded him a very understanding man, for that when he had given over speaking, he, to whom he had directed his discourse (who was the same *Publius Valerius* who was afterward called *Publicola*, and whose daughter had been so much commended the night before) speaking a little louder, told him, all he had said had been excellently well spoken. But, said he, when all is done, my hope tyres, and I expect no more of Fortune. I know, reply'd he, to whom he spoke, that whatever *Hermi-*

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nius hath propos'd, is so strong, that there seemes nothing to be oppos'd against it; and that in all appearance, *Tarquins* power is so strongly establish'd, that nothing can overturn it. For, the People is accustom'd to the yoke of his Tyranny, the Senate is full of his own creatures, or, to say better, his Slaves; the Army is at his devotion, and there seems not even in *Rome* to be one true Roman. So that to judge of things according to outward appearance, *Rome* is for ever enslav'd, and we quietly expect to see Vice triumph eternally over Vertue, and to see *Sextus* one day seated in the Throne, for, as to the Princes his Brothers, they are better endowed, than to think they shall ever possesse their Fathers place. But, in fine, notwithstanding all these reasons, which seem so invincible, I shall still retain a hope of Liberty, though I do not yet apprehend the ways whereby *Rome* may be delivered. For when I call to mind how *Tarquin* came to usurp the Supreme power; when I reflect on the vertue of the late lawful King, whom this Tyrant caus'd to be massacred; when I consider the great number of innocent persons, whom he hath either banished or put to death; when I review all the wickednesse of *Tullia*, and stirring them in my memory with those of *Tarquin*, I see a confusion of Parricides, Poysonings, Murthers, and all Impieties imaginable, and cannot believe but all the Romans remember it as well as I, and thence inferre, that, though we know it not, there are thousands and thousands of Romans that abhorre *Tarquin*, that earnestly desire his destruction, and onely expect a favourable occasion to manifest the detestation they have for him. I therefore hope, that as Fortune hath dandled him a long time, he may at last meet with a Check in his Game, and that by a happy frolique of the same unconstant Fortune, we shall meet with a conjuncture of time fortunate for the deliverance of our Country. It may indeed happen, answers to that *Herminius*, that the Siege of *Ardea* may prove ominous to the Tyrant, and that from our so well defending the City, that he cannot take it; it may be, I say, this is a fit conjuncture to make a rising at *Rome*. For if the siege last yet a while, his Army will be weakened, he will not lose a Soldier, who leaves not in the family whereof he was a ground of complaint, nay he will lose his power in the Senate, since as you know, when some propos'd the difficulty of taking *Ardea*, he slighted the advice was given him, and treated the Authors of it, as ignorant persons both in war and policy. Moreover, the people whom he hath employed so long time about the building of *Jupiter's* Temple, and the Scaffolds of the *Circus*, is certainly weary of such an endlesse work, besides that, having expended vast summes, the Treasure he had got together out of other mens Fortunes to that end, are almost exhausted. So that if it happen, that this Prince should not take *Ardea*, it is not unlikely but that the vertue of the Romans might be so far recover'd, as to be strong enough to make the Tyrant flie. But how can the taking of *Ardea* be obstructed, reply'd *Publius Valerius*? for when the Army he now hath shall be mouldred away by the obstinacy of the besieged, and that the people weary of the War shall not take up Arms; *Porsennas*, who waits his assistance to bring his son into his power, and hinder him to marry the daughter of the generous *Clelius*, who, they say, is in *Tarquin's* power, will furnish him with Troops. To doe what I propose, reply'd *Herminius*, it must be endeavour'd that *Tarquin* may not be supply'd by the King of *Clusium*, and that *Ardea* may be reliev'd by the King of *Ceres*; for in this conjuncture, it is the concernment of *Rome's* Liberty, that her Tyrant may not encrease his power by any additionall conquest. You speak very well (reply'd he who made the third man in the Dialogue) but since I must say all I have in my minde, it is your part to doe what you say is necessary for the safety of *Rome*, for it is you must maintain *Ardea*, it is you must perswade the King of *Clusium's* son, that by the correspondency he holds in his Fathers Court, he may hinder *Tarquin* from having any supplyes, if he desire it; and it is you also, that must perswade him to make use of the intelligence, which I conceive he hath in the King of *Ceres's* Court, to obtain releise for *Ardea*, while in the mean time *Valerius* and our secret Friends shall so dispose things at *Rome*, as that advantage may be taken of the first favourable opportunity which Fortune shall afford. But who hath told you, reply'd *Herminius*, that I am acquainted with the King of *Clusium's* Son? *Aronces* himself (reply'd he who spoke) yet he thinks not that he told

told me so much, continu'd he, for he was deceiv'd as well as others, and believing me the most stupid of mankinde, he heeded me not, when one day he talked with *Celeres* concerning his Fortune; so that I have from his own mouth, all that is to be known concerning his Birth, to confirme what I have said. Moreover, you know that *Racilia*, as well as your noble Mother, is a true Roman, and considering how much it concernes all true Romans to have *Aronces* their friend, she hath told me all she knew, either from *Sivelia*, or the grand Vestall, who is also of our correspondence. For in point of Insurrection, we must be sure to make those who are Ring-leaders for Religion of our party. Therefore *Valerius* courts as much as may be, the friendship of the *Salii*, who you know challenge a great Veneration in *Rome* as well as the *Vestalls*. Since you are so learned, reply'd *Herminius*, I conceive it is fitting as well for *Aronces*, as your self, that you two be better acquainted, and if you will give me leave, I will goe into this *Hero*'s chamber, to dispose him to know you as you are, and to oblige you and *Valerius* to unite your interests for the destruction of *Tarquin*.

While these three excellent men were in this discourse, *Aronces*, who heard all, was so surpris'd, that he was at a losse, whether he should believe what he had heard; for he was satisfied, that he was not mistaken in the voyce, and that he who was with *Valerius* and *Herminius* could be no other than the same *Brutus* who seemed to be so stupid. Yet he remembred he had heard *Amilcar* say, that he had seen him smile very opportunely twice or thrice, and that he had more understanding than was believed. But after all consideration, he could not apprehend, during the present tumult of his thoughts, upon what rationall account so wise a man was resolv'd to go for an absolute Ideot, nor how he could so naturally seem so, having so great a reach, as he found in him by the things he had heard. Hence his astonishment encreasing every moment, he could not hear that *Valerius* and *Brutus* consented to what *Herminius* had propos'd. But presently he hearing rapping at his chamber doore, which he having caus'd to be opened by a Slave that waited on him, sees *Herminius* enter, who not giving him the leisure to speak, My Lord, sayes he to him, I come to offer you the friendship of the two most noble Romans that ever *Rome* nurs'd, and to beg yours for them. For mine, reply'd *Aronces*, you shall dispose of it as you please betweene your two friends; and I am glad to receive theirs. But *Herminius*, tell me presently, whether my eares have deciev'd me, is it not *Brutus*, whose voyce I have heard? am I not deceiv'd? No my Lord, reply'd *Herminius*, and this *Brutus*, to whom that name was given for the eternall memory of his apparent stupidity, is the greatest and noblest soule you ever knew; he is a man capable of things of greater, and things of lesser consequence; he is both solid and pleasant, and whose obscure life is so strange, that nothing can be more. But I beseech you, sayes *Aronces*, disguise him not any further to me, and so starting out of bed, while *Herminius* went to fetch in his two illustrious friends, he was at the chamber doors ready to receive them.

Brutus, who was at his owne house, in that it was his Aunts, made *Valerius* and *Herminius* go in before him; but as it was not fitting such an interview should have any witnesses, *Aronces* bid the Slave, who attended him, though he nothing doubted of his fidelity, to depart the room. Which done, looking on *Brutus* with admiration, he seem'd not to him the same man he had been, for though he was not very handsome, yet now he seem'd indifferently well-favour'd. His Physiogoomy was sprighely, and giving his minde liberty without affecting that simplicity, whereby he used to conceale it, *Aronces* presently knew, that he whom he saw, was the same whom he had heard speak. But he was further confirm'd by what this illustrious Roman said to him; for after that *Herminius* had by a pertinent complement opened the interview, that *Valerius* had complemented in particulars, and that *Aronces* had spoken to all three according to his excellent wit, and pleasing way, which is ordinary with him; it coming to *Brutus*'s turn, you see, illustrious Prince, said he, how farre the Tyranny of the wicked *Tarquin* extends, since that to preserve my Life, I was forced to lose my Reason, or at least to conceal it, so as he might have no knowledge of it. But I beseech you, continu'd he, conceive not that my onely designe in it

was by such a humorous carriage, to avoid death; for if my feigned stupidity proceeded not from a nobler cause, I should not think my self worthy your notice. In the mean time, as I cannot now particularise my Fortune to you, be pleased to give me leave to conjure you not to judge of me before you understand me perfectly, either from my self or *Herminius*, who knowes the mysterie of my life, and whose apprehension I acknowledge as my own. What I have heard from you not a quarter of an houre since, replyed *Aronces*, what I receiv'd from *Herminius* just now, and what you tell me your self, give me so much caution, to interpret all things to your advantage, that without knowing any thing of your adventures, I yet believe that your feigned extravagance is an effect of a great wisdome, and a great generosity. You are in the right, my Lord, sayes *Valerius*, in what you say; for I can assure you, that since there have been any generous men, there have not been any that could ever arrive to such a constancy, or, to say better, obstinacy of generosity, as that of the illustrious *Brutus*.

Upon this, *Herminius*, who had not brought them together to commend one another, chang'd the discourse; and, as it is certain, that in great men there is a certain secret Sympathy, which unites their hearts sooner than those of others; so in one halfe houre, these conceived themselves of a long and standing acquaintance, and the sprightly *Herminius* knew so well how to humour his friends, that he was in a manner the cement of their Society. By no other assurance than that of his honesty, which was equally known to all, he raised such a confidence between them, that upon his single word they mutually trusted to one another that which was of greatest importance in their fortunes. But when they had so discover'd themselves one to another, they found that their interests, though different, required the same remedies. For *Brutus* and *Valerius* wishing onely *Rome* deliver'd from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, look'd no further than how to take away from him the power he had usurp'd. *Herminius* was engag'd in the same interest, and in divers others; and *Aronces* desirous to deliver *Clelia*, and to avoid falling into the hands of *Tarquin*, could no other way accomplish his designe, better than by destroying him who kept his Mistresse Captive. Upon which *Herminius* telling him, that if he hop'd to bring about so great an enterprise, he must, by the meanes of the friends he had in his Fathers Court, hinder him to supply *Tarquin*, and oblige the King of *Ceres* to relieve *Ardea*, or at least to make a diversion; *Aronces* having consider'd of it, told *Herminius*, that he must oblige *Zenocrates* to go to *Clusium*, for that he was well known, and much esteem'd by the Princess of the *Leontini*, a woman of great authority, and much subtilty; that he must take with him a Letter to her, and another to Queen *Galeria* his Mother, and that *Celeres* should be sent to the King of *Ceres*, with whom he had been long enough when he was young, to expect credit, when he spoke on the behalfe of *Aronces*. For though his Court had sometime been a Sanctuary to *Porsenna*, yet, as he was nothing interest'd in the siege of *Ardea*, so was it not impossible to perswade him, that it concern'd him that *Rome* became not so powerfull, as to be able to oppresse all its neighbours. To make this more feasible, *Herminius* engag'd himselfe, that those of *Ardea* should also send to that King. For though their City was besieg'd, yet was it not so narrowly, but that some every day came in, and went out of it. But *Aronces* not knowing how to acquaint *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*, but by the meanes of *Amilcar*, he desired permission of *Brutus* and *Valerius*, to communicate their designes to him, promising he would be answerable for his fidelity; you may also engage him to contribute his subtilty to the businesse, reply'd *Herminius*. It is not necessary, reply'd *Brutus*, for I know by experience, that one African is more subtill than all the Romans. I have been also told, that he hath suspected that I had more understanding then my words betray'd, and if I had not been very cautious indeed to avoid his surveying, I am confident, he had pry'd into my heart. If he had, reply'd *Aronces*, you would have far'd never the worse for it, for *Amilcar* loves not to hurt those who hurt not him.

While *Brutus* and *Aronces* were in this discourse, *Herminius* was fallen into so deep a musing, that *Valerius* who awoke him out of it, asked him the reason thereof.

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He at first seemed a little scrupulous to tell him, but *Valerius* having alone expressed his curiosity to know it, *Aronces* and *Brutus* joyn'd with him to presse him to declare what he thought. At last resolving to comply with their desires, Conceive not, said he to them, that the denial I made you, proceeds from any humour I have, my thoughts should be a secret to you; but I wish you had given me leave to decide within my self, whether a certain scruple of Vertue be well or ill grounded. But since, in the mean time, you will know it, it is fitter you should be Judges of my thoughts, than that I should judge of them without you. Know then that I was considering with my self, whether it were not to be feared, that the different interests which equally oblige us all to destroy the power of *Tarquin*, may not flatter us so, as not to see any difficulty in a designe to change the whole face of Government. For if you will have my true apprehensions, I shall tell you, that if *Tarquin* had been legally chosen, I should never endeavour to force him from *Rome*, though even he had banish'd me, though he had destroy'd my house, and were the most unjust Prince in the world, I believe we ought to reverence the Gods in the persons of those who have a legall power, and should undergo their violent domination, with the same patience as we endure Earthquakes and Deluges. I know well enough that the businesse now in hand is not of this nature. For *Tarquin* is a Tyrant, and his cruelty is such, that we may innocently endeavour to destroy his power; but I beseech and conjure you, consider well whether we may not expose *Rome* to a greater Tyranny; and whether, while we hope to make her fetters lighter, we may not make them heavier. For, in fine, a change of this nature cannot be effected without a generall alteration of the body of the State; and what is more to be feared, is, that, if the designe faile, *Tarquin* may strengthen his authority by the destruction of so many thousand of Innocents, and the ruine of many illustrious Families. So it may come to passe, that instead of being the Deliverers of our Country, we shall be the Destroyers of it, and we may be accused of having preferr'd the desire to be reveng'd for our private injuries before the publique Tranquility.

If *Tarquin* could be more wicked than he is, reply'd *Brutus*, there were, questionlesse, some consideration to be had of what you say, which certainly is worthy of your Vertue: But can *Rome* be more miserably dealt with than she is? Is there any one house of honest people, which *Tarquin* persecutes not? or can there be one found under his government, who suffers not? The Rich he impoverishes; the Vertuous he either banishes, or puts to death; nay sometimes he torments the Innocent, onely to satisfie his humour, though it conduce nothing to the confirming his authority. Let us not therefore raise any more doubts, generous *Herminius*, about a thing of such importance, and so much glory, contion'd he, and let us expect the successe of our designes from the Gods. Since I am no Romane, reply'd, discreetly, *Aronces*, I conceive I ought not to speak upon this occasion; and as I am, contion'd *Valerius*, I will presume to say, that *Rome* is so o're-prest'd with the weight of its chaines, that there can be no change but must be advantageous to her. Since it is so, I have no more to say, reply'd *Herminius*, for it is impossible my reason should have a stronger light than both yours.

Hereupon *Brutus* and *Valerius* departed, and *Herminius* stay'd with *Aronces*. It is true, he was not there long alone, ere *Amilcar* came in, who was strangely surpris'd at what he heard from these two friends; for though he had some light jealousies that *Brutus* had more understanding than was conceiv'd, yet he could not believe what he heard of him; and if *Aronces* and *Herminius* had not promis'd he should see him in the Evening, with all his reason, and all the excellencies of his minde about him, he would still have doubted their words. In the mean time, not to lose time, *Amilcar* having understood about what *Aronces* had a meeting with *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and their noble friend *Herminius*, sent immediately a Slave to the Camp, to bring *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to *Rome*, to receive instructions what they were to do. For *Herminius*, he return'd to his chamber to write to that inchanting Beauty, from whom proceeded all the Enjoyment, and all the Torment of his life; for he was never sensible of any pleasure, but when he thought on her; nor did he feele the hard-

ſhip of Exile, but onely in this conſideration, that being not in *Rome*, he was farre from *Valeria*. But Friendſhip had a ſtrong influence over his ſoule, and that which he had for his illuſtrious Mother, and for the admirable *Clelia*, cauſed him both pleaſures and afflictions. But at laſt, Love became Miſtreſſe of all the Paſſions, and he had a greater tenderneſſe for ſuch of his friends as were in love, than others, ſo penetrable was his heart to this paſſion. *Aronces* in like manner, for his part, let himſelfe to write to *Clelia*, whom *Amilcar* viſited every day, and his intention was to give his friend his Letter in the Evening, to be delivered the next day to that incomparable Virgin, who led a very melancholly life.

The merry diſpoſition of *Plotina* was ſome comfort to her, and the viſits of *Amilcar*, allay'd her affliction much, not onely by the hope of Liberty, but alſo thoſe teſtimonies of Love, which ſhe received by him from her dear *Aronces*. That which was heavieſt in her affliction, was, that ſhe heard no newes from *Clelius*, nor *Sulpicia*; but having a great and reſolute heart, ſhe underwent her misfortune with a great conſtancy. Her former misfortunes were now a kinde of comfort to her, for when ſhe call'd to minde that terrible Earth-quake which had ſeparated her from *Aronces*, and put her into the power of *Horatius*, when ſhe reflected on what paſſed in the lake of *Thraſymene*, where the Prince of *Numidia* fought with this fierce Rivall, who had carried her away, and that to recover her from him; when ſhe was neere *Ardea*, and was an ocular witneſſe of that cruell combat, wherein the illuſtrious *Aronces*, after he had deliver'd her, was like to periſh, had not his great Valour, and his good Fortune reſcu'd him; when ſhe conſider'd the condition ſhe was in when ſhe was brought before the cruell *Tarquin*, and when the grand Veſtall interceded for her liberty, and afterwards when ſhe remembred *Tarquin's* fury after ſhe had acknowledg'd her ſelf the daughter of *Clelius*, ſhe conſider'd that in all theſe adventures ſhe could not hope to have *Plotina* with her, to ſee *Amilcar*, to have the meanes to write to *Aronces*, and to receive from him. Conceiving hence ſome weak hope of a better fortune, during this ceſſation of *Tarquin's* Tyranny, ſhe ſpent her time ſomewhat comfortably with that merry-conceited Virgin, whoſe humour was ſo neere of kin to Mirth, that ſhe made a pleaſure of that which would have been an affliction to another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* to continue the opportunity of viſiting *Aronces's* Miſtreſſe, and to knit longer delayes, writ every day to *Tarquin*, and fed him with hopes, that in time he ſhould diſcover *Clelia's* moſt ſecret apprehenſions, and that ſhe might be brought over to prefer the intereſt of his Family, before that of *Aronces*. He alſo viſited the cruell *Tullia*, and was not unwelcome to her; for as it concern'd him for his friend's ſake to keep in her favour, ſo he knew excellently well how to manage her humour. When he was in her preſence, and that it was opportune, he took occaſion to ſet Ambitions in the front of all the paſſion, and repreſented Love as a Satyr, and all the pleaſure that attend it: Cruell actions he called Confident actions, when they conduc'd to their advantage who did them; and (in fine) he had gained ſuch an influence on her, as he doubted not to make uſe of her in oppoſition to the Tyrant, if there were need. This cruel Princeſſe knowing that he had the permiſſion to viſit *Clelia*, was glad to hold a correſpondence with him, that by that meanes ſhe might take away that Captive from *Tarquin*, when ſhe ſhould think it fitting. *Tarquin*, for his part, wanted not employment, for the ſiege of *Ardea* found him work enough, Love and Hatred dichotomiz'd his heart, and was a greater torment to him than his cruelty had cauſed to others.

As for *Sextus*, his minde was full of *Lucretia*, whoſe beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion in his heart, that he could think of nothing but the meanes how to ſatiſfie his paſſion. The Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were not without their ſecret Lover; *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had each of them their Secrets and their Afflictions; and onely *Celetes* was at libetty, though he had a ſoule naturally very paſſionate. But yet in the condition he was in, his tender affection and wit was ſpent in bemoaning his unfortunate Friends, and in finding out wayes how to ſerve them, and therefore he was over-joy'd that he could imagine the meanes.

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But whilst these severall persons had their different resentments, there was no mention of the Prince of *Numidia*, who had been expected in the Camp; nor could *Aronces* imagine what resolution he should have taken, for there was no likelihood he should have cast himself into *Ardea*, besides, that *Herminius* knowing him, he was confident he was not there. But, in fine, night drawing on, *Amilcar* return'd to *Aronces*'s chamber, where he found *Herminius*, *Brutus* being not yet come, so that while they expected him, *Amilcar* related to *Aronces* all he had done, and afterwards exprest the desire he had to be inform'd of that man's life, who had so couragiously conceal'd his Reason; for I cannot believe, said he, there was ever any man so unhappy, or at such a distance from all kinds of pleasures. I cannot well apprehend what he could have done; they say he married very young, he hath children, and he seemes not to have an estate proportionable to his birth. How then could he conceale his reason from his wife, while she lived? How could he subsist, carrying himself so, as if he had not the discretion to govern his estate? And how could he live without Love, without Society, without Friends, without Pleasure, and without any comfort? How could he endure to be treated like a fool, and a mad man? And how could he abjure all acquaintance with Fame? How could he be perswaded to renounce both to love any thing, or be beloved, and could brook the contempt of all the World? It is indeed true, reply'd *Aronces*, that this seems incomprehensible; but a greater miracle than all this, is, that though *Brutus* hath constantly acted the Sot, he yet hath preserv'd that great and admirable Understanding, which you shall by and by finde in him. When you shall understand it of your self, reply'd *Herminius*, you will be much more amazed; for, as I have told you already, *Brutus* hath not onely a good understanding, comprehension, judgment, and an acquaintance with great things, but he hath withall, a lively, nimble, delicate, and an admirably versatile wit. Besides, he understands so exactly all the contrivances of Love, and knowes as well how to make use of all those ingenious circumventions, which sometimes doe sooner conquer the heart of a great Beauty, than the most signall services, that neither *Greece* nor *Africk* afford a *Gallant* that knowes better than he, the art of reducing of an illustrious Soule. But you consider not, sayes *Amilcar* laughing, that while you would describe *Brutus*, you really draw your self, for I can easily see your picture in it. You know *Brutus* then so much the better by it, reply'd he, and here he comes in good time to confirme what I have told you. And indeed *Brutus* was coming in while *Herminius* was speaking of him, but it was after such a manner, as *Amilcar* was surpris'd at it: For knowing there was none in the chamber, but *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and he; he did not shadow his reason as he was wont to doe; but enter'd with a certain freedome, which *Amilcar* had never observed in him. But he was no sooner come in, but going straight on to that witty *African* slave than when I deceiv'd the distrustfull *Tarquin*, and the suspicious *Tullia*, said he to him, I could not over-reach the subtile *Amilcar*; I were as good shew him what I truly am, that being oblig'd to me for my confidence, he may help me to keep a secret, wherein haply the safety of *Rome* is equally embarqu'd with my owne. What, the *Brutus* whom I now see, reply'd *Amilcar*, is he the same as I have formerly seen? Spare your exclamations, replyes *Herminius*, till you have seen him better than you now doe, for you have yet but a glimpse of him. Ah *Herminius*, reply'd *Amilcar*, I will see him throughly, and I confidently promise there shall be nothing I dare not doe, might I but obtain from *Brutus* the History of his *Thoughts*, for according to the manner of his life, I believe he can hardly afford us any thing else.

If I had nothing else to tell you, reply'd he, your demand were easily granted; but my life may afford things of greater consequence than you conceive. If there wants onely fidelity to become worthy the knowledge of your adventures, sayes *Aronces*, I will be responsible to you for *Amilcar*'s and my owne, and if you will think your self requited with twenty Histories for one, added *Amilcar*, you shall have all mine for yours; for if you believe me, I was never so much oppress'd with curiosity. Since I am oblig'd in point of honour, to satisfie it, reply'd *Brutus*, I promise you an account of my whole life; but if you have it not from my selfe,

you muſt take it from *Herminius*, who knowes all my adventures and all my thoughts, or from one of his Kinſwomen, who hath known much of the ſecret of my ſoule. But it ſhall be conditionally, that I be not preſent at the relation, for I doe not finde my Spirit ſtrong enough to heare the recitall of my paſt happineſſe, at a time when I pretend to no other pleaſure, then that of revenge, and the deliverance of my Country, from the ſlavery wherein it is. *Aronces* and *Amilcar* thinking the requeſt reaſonable, it was reſolv'd, that on the morrow *Herminius* ſhould relate unto them the life of *Brutus*. But he could not doe it ſo ſoon as theſe his two Freinds could have wiſh'd, for that ſome occaſions of his found him writing all the morning, and in the afternoon, he had the happineſſe to ſee the inchanting perſon whom he lov'd, in *Hermilia's* Chamber, who to further his ſatisfaction had feigned her ſelf ſick, ſo to oblige *Valeria* to give her a viſit. It was therefore after night, ere he related to *Aronces* and *Amilcar* what they were ſo impatient to know. It is true, that *Brutus* being employ'd otherwiſe, they had as much leiſure as they could wiſh, yet were they ſo importunate, as if they feared they ſhould never have enough of it. For as ſoon as *Amilcar* was come, and had given *Aronces* an account of what concerned *Clelia*, they preſſed *Herminius* to a performance of his promiſe.

Accordingly, this noble Roman, who needed not ſtudy long about what he had to ſay to them, but only to obſerve ſome order, began in theſe terms, directing his ſpeech to *Aronces*, being firſt aſſured, he was not over-heard by any, but thoſe who were to be acquainted with a ſecret ſo hidden and ſo important as that which he was going to reveale unto them.

THE HISTORY OF *LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.*

YOu are not to expect, my Lord, in the Hiſtory I am to relate to you, to meet with thoſe extraordinary accidents which of themſelves ſuffice to make a relation pleaſant, ſince my particular buſineſſe is to diſcover unto you a life abſolutely obſcure. I ſhall make you acquainted with a man, of whoſe worth *Rome* it ſelfe is ignorant; one thought equally a ſtranger both to underſtandig and courage, yet one, notwithſtanding his ſeeming ſtupidity, never guilty of diſhonour in his actions, nor extravagance in his ſpeech, though he have ſtrangely accompliſh'd ſo great a deſigne as to keep one of the greateſt hearts, and nobleſt mindes that ever was, undiſcover'd from the fierceſt Tyrant upon earth. Look not therefore to finde him gaining of Victories, beſieging of Cities, and doing thoſe illuſtrious actions, which ordinarily fill up the life of a Heroe, yet I muſt beſpeak for him the higheſt of your eſteem, and the greateſt of your praiſes, which I am confident you cannot deny him, when I ſhall fully have repreſented him to you.

But in the mean time, do but reflect on your thoughts of *Brutus*, but two dayes ſince, conſider him wrapt in thoſe cloudy diſtracted looks, which promis'd neither goodneſſe nor diſcretion; call to minde that affected ſtupidity, which when he ſpoke ſince, ſeem'd to diſguiſe it into non-ſenſe, that ſo when you ſhall conceive your ſelfe oblig'd to acknowledge that this very man whom in this relation I ſhall call no otherwiſe than *Brutus* (though it be not his true name) is the moſt generous, the

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most pleasant, the most amiable person in the world, and one as capable to undertake affaires of the greatest, as well as the least consequence, you may be pleasantly surprised into a greater admiration of him. But that you may not make his vertue so much the object of your astonishment, you are to know, that he is of as noble a Family, as any *Rome* affords, for he is descended from one of those gallant Trojans, who having to extremity defended their City, follow'd *Æneas* to seek out another country, under the conduct of those Gods, who directed them to *Italy*. The Family of *Brutus* Fortune seem'd to be particularly prodigall to, as to Riches; for *Marcus Junius*, his Father, was one of the wealthiest Citizens of *Rome*. For which reason *Tarquin*, before he made himself King, had brought about a Marriage between him and his only Sister, *Tarquinia*, out of intention, if occasion served, by the strength of his Brother in law's wealth, to bring to effect his owne secret designes. For, though he knew *Marcus Junius* to be a man of a great vertue, and that *Tarquinia* enclin'd more to the peaceable humour of the Prince of *Ameriola* (who was then living) than to his, yet could he not be perswaded, but that the interest of alliance would easily engage *Junius* into any interests of his. But this conjecture deceived him, for this generous Roman could not be taxed with the least concurrence with the crimes of *Tarquin*, and the vertuous *Tarquinia* spilt as many harmlesse teares, as her brother had shed, of innocent blood, since his assuming the Soveraignty.

Thus may *Brutus* be said to be the Off-spring of Afflictions, and I have it from *Sibylla*, that *Tarquinia* never had merry day from the death of *Marcus Junius*, till her owne. For besides that she abhorr'd the impieties of the proud *Tarquin*, and cruell *Tullia*, and sympathiz'd with all those unfortunate Innocents whom they ruin'd, she her self lay open to the violence and tyranny of her own brother.

But that you may be the better inform'd what justice *Brutus* had to hate *Tarquin*; I must in few words tell you whence proceeded the hatred of *Tarquin* to *Brutus*'s Father. You are then to know, that as soon as *Tarquin* had by those strange wayes, known to all, made himselfe King, he initiated his reigne, with all the injustice imaginable, it being his designe, by the ruine of all honest men, to establish himself in the Throne he had usurp'd. He did not presently engage his Brother-in-law in this designe, out of a hope, that being gradually disciplin'd into his violences, he would in time be even prevail'd with to be the executioner of his cruelties, as you shall soon understand.

Being ambitious to over-master his Neighbours, as well as the Romans, he was no sooner seated in the Throne, but he plotted the subjection of the *Latines*. But that prov'd a harder task than he conceiv'd, for there was one *Turnus Herdonius*, a man of great authority among them, oppos'd him, because he refus'd him his Daughter, whom yet he was willing to bestow on a noble of that Nation. *Tarquin* looking on this man as one that would prove a rub to all his undertakings, if he were not destroy'd, and considering withall, that to attempt it openly, would be dangerous, resolv'd to do it by treachery. Knowing therefore that the whole Senate was satisfied with the integrity of *Junius*, he told him, that he was certain, that *Herdonius* was in a Conspiracy against him, and all the Senatours, in order to bring the Romans under subjection to the *Latines*, and to make himself Master of both Nations: but having no testimony to prove this against *Herdonius*, it was necessary a person of Authority, such as he was, should by his credit maintain the accusation when it were once advanc'd.

He had scarce made an end of his proposall, but this vertuous Roman, first denyall, sharply reprehended him, and told him, that if *Nature* did not dissuade him from discovering the crimes of a Brother-in-law, he would soon acquaint *Herdonius* with it, and I know not certainly, whether he did not threaten to do it, to divert him from so pernicious a design; for knowing well enough what a Kidney *Tarquin* was of, he easily perceiv'd that he would falsely charge *Herdonius* with this pretended conspiracy. Not but that *Herdonius* was both mischievous and ambitious enough, but it is also as certain, he never was guilty of any attempt against the Tyrant's life, much less against any of the Senate, and that his main designe was to make himself as strong as he could

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to oblige *Tarquin* to prefer him before his Rivall, and consequently bestow on him the Princesse his daughter.

But in the mean time, *Tarquin* being as subtile as wicked, seem'd to rest satisfy'd with the reasons of *Junius*, and thereupon promis'd he would do no violence to *Herdonius* but by just & honorable ways. However, he made a shift to dispatch him otherwise, for corrupting a Slave belonging to *Herdonius*, who, while his Master, was out of doors, suffer'd a number of swords and other armes, to be brought into his Master's house, the cruell *Tarquin* confidently dressed up an accusation against him, insinuating that it was fit enquiry should be made into the businesse; and so engaging all those to whom he spoke of it, by the apprehension of their own danger, he perswaded them they should be fully enlightned, as to what he said to them, by searching *Herdonius* his house. This was done, and there were found the Armes which *Tarquin* had secretly convey'd thither, and such other circumstances as amounted to make him thought guilty; upon which those whom *Tarquin* had purposely brought along with him, seized disorderly every one on a sword of those which were found, and without any other ceremony threaten him with death. He is taken, bound, and by *Tarquin's* order cast into the Spring-head of the *Ferentine fountaines*, where he no sooner was in, but overwhelm'd with stones, he was presently drown'd. The businesse was done so of a sudden, that *Junius* knew it not ere it was too late to prevent it, though as soon as he had notice that some Souldiers were commanded to *Herdonius's*, he went to divert *Tarquin* from so strange a violence. But he could not make such haft, but that *Herdonius* was dead, and all he could do, was to acquaint *Tarquin* that he was not ignorant of his crime in it.

This businesse broke off all correspondence between him and *Tarquin*, insomuch that he went not to Court, but when honour oblig'd him; he gave order, *Tarquinia* should go very seldome to the Queen; so that both of them made it afterwards their whole businesse to see well educated two sons which they then had, whereof *Brutus* is one. It is true, he was then but a child, but his brother, who was six or seven years elder than he, made some advantage of the instructions they gave him.

Another thing which extremely exasperated *Tarquin* against *Junius*, was to see what use he made of that excessive wealth which he was master of; for when *Tarquin* had confiscated the estate of any vertuous Family, *Junius* and *Tarquinia* secretly reliev'd all those whom he had ruin'd; which they did after such a manner, as if they conceiv'd themselves oblig'd to enrich those whom the Prince impoverish'd, and that it was their part to restore what he took away from all vertuous people. *Tarquin* therefore thought, that their liberality did as it were, dis-arme his Tyranny by making him uncapable to make men miserable, and that *Junius*, having married his Sister, robb'd the Crowne of all he was so prodigall of. Nay, he conceiv'd that this mans Vertue secretly reprov'd his Vices, so indeed that at last he was no longer able to endure it. Being therefore resolv'd to rid *Junius* out of the way, and tempted withall with the advantage of being Guardian to his Children, and consequently disposing of all the great Wealth of that house, he caus'd him to be poyson'd. But as it is hard to meet with poysons that leave no marks of their malignity, the vertuous *Tarquinia* knew (but too much to her grief) that her noble Husband was taken away by the cruelty of her Brother. But that which was most remarkable in his death, was, that *Junius*, who had an infinite affection for *Tarquinia*, and doubted not but that he was poyson'd at a Banquet, where he was forc'd to afford the Tyrant his company, yet had the generosity not to tell her of her Brother's cruelty, nor ever minde her of revenging his death. But if he shew'd himself so reserv'd to her, he was more open to his eldest Son, who was arriv'd to yeares of discretion. For he sent for *Licinius*, an ancient friend of his, whose faith he trusted with all his secrets, and speaking to his son in his presence, he enjoyn'd him to be as dutifull to that vertuous friend, as to himself, to prefer Vertue before all things, never to forget that his Father lost his life through the injustice of an Usurper; never to misse any occasion might conduce to the deliverance of *Rome*, and to instill these resentments into his younger Brother, as soon as he should be capable to receive them; which done, he died in an admirable assuredness of minde,

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But *Tarquinia*'s constancy was at the first onset over-master'd by her grief, and it was impossible she should not betray some light suspicions she had, about the death of *Junius*, even while the fierce *Tarquin*, and the cruell *Tullia*, were comforting her for the losse which they caused her; for this inhumane Princesse had a hand in this, as in all the rest of her Husbands enormities. But *Tarquin* catching at so visible a pretence, soon began to ill-intreat his Sister, and possessing himself of all the wealth of the Family, reduc'd *Tarquinia* to a very sad condition; for he left her not any thing to dispose of, nor was she suffer'd to have her eldest Son with her, which added infinitely to the affliction of this generous Roman Lady, who in that very circumstance underwent the greatest persecution which could fall upon her after the losse she had receiv'd. For *Tarquin* observing in his Sisters eldest Son, certain great and vertuous inclinations, and that he had withall a great understanding and courage, caused him barbarously to be murther'd, and that so confidently, that he troubled not himselfe whether he were accus'd for it or not, or studyed any pretence for it, as if there were not any other account of his losse to be given, than that he feared, that that illustrious unfortunate man should revenge his Fathers death, and recover that prodigious wealth, which he had possess'd himself of.

Tarquinia, who had yet hardly dry'd up her teares for the death of her Husband, was so transported with that of her Son's, that to save what was left, she resolv'd to steale out of *Rome* with this child, and she did it so much the sooner, insomuch as she was advertis'd by *Licinius*, that *Tarquin* would within a few dayes, snatch him out of her armes. So that this wise Matron, assisted by the counsell of this faithfull friend of *Marcus Junius*, absolutely determin'd to forsake that place where her own Brother reign'd with so much injustice. It is true, she had the happinesse of *Licinius*'s company thence; for being hated by *Tarquin*, he thought it conduc'd to his safety to leave his country as well as she. So that *Licinius*, *Tarquinia*, and the young *Brutus*, who then had no other name than *Lucius Junius*, departed *Rome* disguis'd, and pitcht upon *Metapont* for the place of their retreat.

That which oblig'd *Licinius* to advise *Tarquinia* to that place, was, that making it his businesse to bestow the best education upon his Friend's Son, who had so much enjoyn'd it at his death, he thought there was no City in all *Italy* where it could be better done than at *Metapont*. And in effect, he was not deceiv'd, for it being not long since that famous *Samian* Philosopher, whose renown hath so fill'd the world, died, most of his Disciples were there still, nor was it a small number, since there were neere six hundred, who particularly professed that they had learn'd of him, to honour Learning, and practise Vertue. Nay, *Pythagoras* had left behinde him a Daughter, capable of the highest Disciplines, who had withall so great a Vertue, that her example was no lesse effectuall in reforming the loosenesse of the women of that place, than the reprehensions of her Father. There were constantly with her *Archytas* of *Tarentum*, *Alcmaon* of *Crotona*, and *Hipasus* of *Metapont*, nay even the dreadfull *Milo* every where famous for his prodigious strength, was forced to submit to the powerfulnesse of her charmes, and do honour to the memory of *Pythagoras*, who had lodg'd at his Fathers, while he sojourn'd in *Crotona*. *Licinius* therefore believing *Metapont*, to be such a Schoole, as were fit for the education of young *Brutus*, continu'd there with *Tarquinia*.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you, that *Marcus Junius* had enjoyned his wife at his death to marry that illustrious Roman, that so his children may have a vertuous Father, and that his Friend might have that wealth which he said he deserved better than himself, and whereto he had much right; for it was certain, that *Licinius* had been in love with *Tarquinia*, nor was she altogether void of love for him; so that though the second marriages are not very frequent at *Rome*, and that *Tarquinia* at first made some difficulty to obey her Husband, yet she was overcome, when she saw her self forced to flie; considering with her self, it were much more to her reputation, to follow a banish'd Husband, than a banish'd Friend, how vertuous soever he might be, as also that *Licinius* would have a greater care of her Son, and would be inseparably engag'd in her Fortune. Thus the vertuous *Tarquinia*, who was yet very handsome,

though past that youthfulneſſe which commonly illuſtrates a great Beauty, married the vertuous *Licinius*, but it was done privately; and there's not one in all *Rome* yet knows that he is *Tarquinia*'s Husband, and therefore cannot conſequently imagine that the fair *Hermilia* is *Brutus*'s Sister.

How, interrupted *Aronces*, this beautifull Virgin whom *Amilcar* yeſterday entertain'd with ſuch gallant Courtſhip, is *Brutus*'s Sister? She is, reply'd *Herminius*, for *Tarquinia* had this Daughter at *Metapont*, in the time of her baniſhment. But how, ſayes *Amilcar*, is ſhe ſaid to be *Racilia*'s Neece? ſuppoſing ſhe were not *Tarquinia*'s Daughter.

The ſequell of my diſcourſe ſhall acquaint you, reply'd *Herminius*; but to haſten to that which relates to *Brutus*, I am firſt to tell you, that in a ſhort time, *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* were mightily eſteem'd at *Metapont*; however, they thought not fit to diſcover what they were, but rather to conceal their Quality, though they could not their Vertue, for which the wiſe & learned Daughter of *Pythagoras*, whoſe name was *Damo*, had ſo great a friendſhip for them, that ſhe was particularly tender of the education, of young *Brutus*. She recommended him to the moſt famous of her Fathers Diſciples, as ſoon as he had arriv'd an age capable to receive their inſtructions, and ſhe her ſelfe gave him that advice, which hath not been ſmally advantageous to him in the ſequel of his life.

For, my Lord, I muſt ſo far divert to the commendation of this learned Virgin, as to ſay, that no man in the world would think it a diſhonour to have a heart of the ſame metall with hers, inſomuch that *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* having experienc'd her prudence, goodneſſe, and her vertue, depoſited with her the whole ſecret of their fortune, which reviving in this generous Virgin, the manner how her illuſtrious Father had ſometimes avoyded the tyranny of *Polycrates*, ſhe had a particular tenderneſſe towards thoſe who forſook *Rome* to eſcape the tyranny of *Tarquin*. This conſideration occaſion'd a ſtrict League between theſe three perſons, which was no ſmall advantage to *Licinius* and *Tarquinia*. For though *Damo* was not very rich her ſelf, yet ſhe is more eſteemed at *Metapont*, than thoſe who can brag moſt of the favours of fortune; and beſides that there is a great veneration for the memory of her Father, inſomuch that the people have made a Temple of the houſe where he liv'd, and that her Mother, named *Theano*, was alſo famous there for her Learning and Vertue, her own rare and excellent endowments purchaſe her the admiration of all the world. To be ſhort, ſhe made one expreſſion of Vertue which was very glorious, and ſuch as I cannot but acquaint you with, that you may the better know her, who hath inſtill'd the firſt ſentiments of it into the illuſtrious *Brutus*.

You are then to note, that *Pythagoras* dying, left to his Daughter all he had written while he liv'd; not but that he had a Son, a knowing and vertuous perſon, but that he had a greater eſteem for this Daughter than for him; and believ'd that ſhe would the more exactly obey him in that command of his, that his writings ſhould never be carried out of his houſe. This generous Virgin, though ſhe were not rich, yet obſtinately refus'd the infinite riches which were proffer'd her, if ſhe would but deliver up what her illuſtrious Father had entruſted her with; chooſing rather to live poorely, than diſobey the laſt deſires of him to whom ſhe ought more than her life, as being indebted to him for a part of her Vertue: This being an action very remarkable, prov'd ſo glorious to this excellent Virgin, that it gain'd her the generall veneration of all *Metapont*. Hence came it that her friendſhip prov'd ſo advantageous to *Licinius* and *Tarquinia*. She was alſo the cauſe that *Brutus* was not brought up as other children, and that he was never taught any thing but what was manifeſted to him by Reaſon, not content with the ſimple performance of memory, as is the manner of moſt Maſters to deale with thoſe are committed to their charge. Beſides, though ſhe were daughter to a Philoſopher, who profeſs'd auſterity, and one who had prevail'd with the women of *Metapont*, voluntarily to beſtow part of thoſe things which ſerv'd them onely for ornament, towards the building of a Temple for *Juno*, yet ſhe was of opinion, that thoſe who but began to live in this world, ſhould be allow'd a certain honeſt liberty, and that Vertue ſhould have a kinde of Adoleſcence,

ſcence, as I may ſo ſay, during which Feſtivalls, Recreations, and innocent Pleaſures, ſhou'd be permitted, leſt the ſoule ſhould at the firſt aſſault be diſcourag'd by the difficulties of ſtudy, and ſhould be over-whelm'd by that which ſhould make her bear ſail againſt all adverſe fortune whatſoever. I ſhall entreat you (ſaid ſhe one day to *Tarquinia*, as I have learn'd ſince) if your reſolution be to bring up your ſon to great things, begin betimes to inſtill into him the love of Glory, and endeavour he may prefer it before all things. But how can I, replyed *Tarquinia*, conſidering my Son's age, inſpire him with deſires of Glory, ſince he is hardly maſter of his Reaſon? On the contrary, reply'd this wiſe perſon, it is in this age, eaſieſt to weed out evill inclinations, and to cultivate the good, if the diſpoſition of thoſe they would correct, be but well underſtood. But commonly thoſe who have children, are more troubled to beſtow Wit on them, than Vertue. They are deſirous to teach them the art of Writing, and ſpeaking well, not caring whether they are taught to do well; whereas if you follow my advice, you will think the Manners of your Son of equall concernment with his Minde. That which troubles me concerning *Tarquinius*, replyed *Tarquinia*, is, that he is vehement in any thing he deſires, that he is ſometimes ſo violently carried away with the conſideration of things of little importance, as thoſe of the greateſt, and that whatſoever his heart is ſenſible of, he obſtinately loves: and if he be ſo unhappy, as one day not to arrive to that faculty of diſcerning that there may be an obſtinacy without danger, he would be ſubject to very ſtrange things. I grant, reply'd the vertuous daughter of *Pythagoras*, that what you ſay may come to paſſe; but when all is done, the temperament of great mindes ought to be ſuch as you repreſent that of your Son's, for there is nothing at ſo great a diſtance from true and heroick Vertue, as that ſoft indifference which obliges ſome perſons to be pleas'd with all things, or nothing; whence it comes to paſſe, that they neither entertaine great deſires of Glory, nor great feare of Infamy; that they neither love nor hate; that they follow cuſtome blindefold; that they are onely ſenſible of the afflictions of the body, their mindes being in a manner inſenſible; and laſtly, that they are guilty of a certain indolence of minde, if one may ſo expreſſe it, which renders them unworthy of life. In like manner, I ſhould be more prone to conceive greater hopes of a man that ſhould in the beginning of his life, be ſtrongly hurried away by ſome evill habit, then one that faſtens on nothing; for to one that can love or hate irreconcileably, there needs no more to make him a vertuous man, but to repreſent unto him a rationall object; but, with him, who is uncapable of any violent attraction, and whoſe heart lies leger to a generall indifference, a man can never doe any good; and Philoſophy it ſelfe, who boaſts it hath remedies for all the indiſpoſitions of the ſoule, never had any could cure an indifferent minde. Nay, I am perſwaded, continued ſhe, that indifference is commonly an inſeparable companion of lowneſſe of ſpirit; for it is ſo naturall to man, to be carried towards that which he believes to be good, that if indifferent people were able truly to judge of things, they would faſten on ſomething. But certain it is, that this luke-warmneſſe of temperament, which ſends forth but feeble deſires, ſheds but feeble lights, inſomuch as thoſe who are guilty of it, not knowing any thing certainly, cannot faſten on any thing with perſeverance.

I crave your pardon, my Lord, that I have been ſo particular in theſe circumſtances, which ſeem not to be abſolutely neceſſary to my relation; yet I hope you will not think them altogether unprofitable, ſince they ſerve to let you know what kinde of education that man hath had, who hath ſo fortunately conceal'd the greateſt minde in the world, and can as opportunely diſcover it when he pleaſes.

But not to abuſe your patience, I ſhall enlarge no further upon this ſubject, and onely tell you, that *Brutus* had the learned *Dame* for the Tutoreſſe of his youth, and the chiefeſt Diſciples of *Pythagoras* were his Maſters. I have heard him acknowledge, that the ingenious Commendations, and gentle and ſeaſonable Appehenſions of that knowing Virgin, were more advantageous to him than all his Books. She ſometimes gave him very conſiderable advice, though ſhe ſeem'd onely ſimply to entruſt him with the ſecret reſentments of her heart. For *Brutus* having paſſed that age, where-

in there is little danger of ſpeaking any thing unſeaſonably, in company he ſeem'd to have arriv'd to ſuch a confidence of reaſon, that even thoſe rational perſons, with whom he converſed, admitted him five or ſix yeares older than he was. So that though he were yet very young, *Dama* numbred him among her friends, and thoſe the chiefeſt. And certainly it was not without reaſon, for *Brutus* even at that time had a many excellent & winning endowments: He travel'd into *Greece*, wherein though he ſpent but a year, yet it ſufficed to poliſh his mind, and the Love he had for *Sappho*'s Verſes, was ſo great, that the ſame paſſion taught him to make ſome himſelfe, and thoſe ſo good, as might be prefer'd before thoſe of that famous *Lesbian*. Moreover he was courageous, meek obliging, complaiſant, and amiable, and born under ſuch an Aſcendent of love, that never was there any Lover guilty of a greater tenderneſſe than he. Yet was not his affection fix'd on any thing at *Metapont*, though he liv'd there after ſuch a high rate, as raiſed him the love of all the Ladies there. 'Tis indeed true, that the friendſhip he profeſſed to *Dama*, was a kinde of Antidote againſt that Tyrannicall paſſion, which hath been ſince, and ſtill is, his mercileſſe tormentor.

But ſince *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* could not think on *Rome* without regret; *Brutus*, as ſoon as he was come to age, began to think of his return, and imagin'd it more glorious for him to die, than not to revenge his Father's death. However he ſaid nothing to *Tarquinia* of this intention of his, becauſe ſhe was ſiſter to the Tyrant, who had ruin'd his houſe; but in fine, though he had an extraordinary tenderneſſe for her, yet had he as great a hatred for *Tarquin*. But he did not yet perceive how he could hope to hurt him, yet he did what he could to avoid all aſſaults of love at *Metapont*, as being reſolv'd to die at *Rome*. Nevertheleſſe he hath acknowledg'd to me, that once or twice he had receiv'd ſome impreſſions of Love, but that Ambition and Friendſhip had ſoon ſtifled them. So that though *Brutus*'s converſation at that time, was much like that of a Gallant and an Amoriſt, yet the Ladies had nam'd him among themſelves, *the Loveleſſe Gallant*. That name indeed expos'd him to a dangerous adventure; for you are to know, that the famous *Milo*, celebrated for his ſtrength at the Olympick Games, yet one between whoſe body and minde there was no proportion, would needs one day jeer him, and call him as others did, *the Loveleſſe Gallant*. But he did it ſo bitterly, that *Brutus*, who certainly carries indignation enough in his heart, though, when he pleaſes, he can put on as great a moderation, told him, with a malicious ſmile, that he was ready to acknowledge himſelf *the Loveleſſe Gallant*, if conditionally he ſhould confeſſe himſelfe to be *the Lover without Gallantry*. The dreadfull *Milo*, whoſe force nothing could reſiſt, preſuming on the advantage which Nature had beſtowed on him, return'd *Brutus* a very ſharp anſwer, who as confident of his courage, as the other of his ſtrength, anſwer'd this famous wreſtler with ſuch a noble boldneſſe, that the other conceiving himſelf affronted, bluſh'd with madneſſe, and, were it any glory for *Milo* to overcome thee, ſaid he to him, I ſhould ſoone teach thee, that ſome preſumptions are unfortunate, by puniſhing thee for that thou art now guilty of, by provoking one who can, when he pleaſes, cruſh thee to pieces. I know very well, reply'd as roundly *Brutus*, that *Milo* hath been accuſtom'd from his infancy to play with a young Bull, and that he carried one on his back at the Olympick Games: but I have neuer heard (contion'd he, with a ſmile full of contempt) that he knew as well how to fight with young Lions. Saying thus, *Brutus* layes hands on two ſwords which a Slave carried along, who accidentally paſſed by the place where *Milo* and he were walking. But he had no ſooner taken them from the Slave, but caſting one of them to *Milo*, Take that ſword, ſaid he to him, and, if thou wouldſt preſerve the glory thou haſt acquir'd, deſpiſe not an enemy who thinks he hath as great a heart as thy ſelfe, though he acknowledges thee to be the ſtronger. *Milo* entertain'd theſe words with a fierce look, while he took up the ſword, which this illuſtrious Roman had caſt him, and retreating two or thre paces, and viewing with a threatning action, Young Confidence, ſaid he to him, force me not to deſtroy thee, by caſting thy ſelfe upon my armes, for I care not to overcome where there is no glory. But *Milo* had no ſooner utter'd theſe words, but he was convinc'd there was work for his ſtrength to overcome the enemy he ſo much ſlighted. For *Brutus* making

king a passe at him with an incredible nimblenesse, had run him thorough the body, had he not as readily warded the thrust with a back-blow, which made both their swords strike fire, which argu'd the strength of the arm which gave it. In the mean time *Milo* knowing that his advantage was to close with him, forgot not himselfe. He was greater than the ordinary size of men, his age double that of *Brutus*; he had all his lifetime practis'd wrestling, and all other exercises of the body, which require either sleight or strength; he was accounted the best wrestler in the world, and he was so excessively strong, that, it being beyond vulgar belief, that nature alone could make him such, people said, he deriv'd it from a certain Stone, whose vertue was to bestow more than naturall strength upon those that carried it. But though *Milo* had done things which might be justly attributed to a Gyant, *Brutus* found him more work than he expected, for he fought with so much judgement, that it was impossible *Milo* should close with him, though he made it his onely businesse to get him downe. For *Milo* had no sooner thought of what he was to doe, but *Brutus* shifting place, caused *Milo* to change his purpose, such a sleight had *Brutus* in making his passes, and presently recovering himselfe out of the reach of that merciless enemy, who endeavouring onely to fasten on him, did onely ward his blowes, knowing that if he could but once get him under him, the victory were certain. Nor indeed had *Brutus* any great hopes to escape this bout, for having cut *Milo* over the left arme, he was so exasperated to see his adversary's sword dy'd with his blood, that he furiously ran upon *Brutus*, whom he got by the shoulder, but happening to lay hold on him with his left hand, the wound in his arme pain'd him so, that he was fore'd to let go his hold, so that *Brutus* presently getting off, p'ay'd upon him more furiously than before. The fierce *Milo* seeing himself in this condition, would cast himself a second time upon *Brutus*; but he having by his activity avoyded the blow, *Milo* was so enrag'd that he would offer at him by a back-blow over the head, which certainly, had it been effectuall, had laid him along. But *Milo* having missed his blow, it happened the same strength that should have gain'd him the victory, contributed to his being overcome; for he being desirous to direct a second blow on *Brutus*, his sword, missing his adversary, met with a tree, into which it sunk so deep, that striving to draw it out, he could not without breaking it. But what was admirable in *Brutus*, was, that seeing his adversary's sword so engag'd, he stood still and took no advantage of it, it being in his power, in this fortunate Intervall, to have killed *Milo*. But in this posture were they surpriz'd by the Slave, from whom *Brutus* had taken the swords, who being gone for people to part them, return'd sufficiently accompany'd to put an end to the Duell. In the mean time *Milo* was so horribly enrag'd at the disgrace he receiv'd, that he knew not in a manner what he did, insomuch that in his madnesse taking hold of the tree wherein was the piece of his sword, he shook it so violently that he took it up by the roots, and thought to have brush'd those with it who were coming to them. This expression of a prodigious strength augmented *Brutus's* glory, for there could be nothing so unexpected, as to see one of his age & strength over-master the terrible *Milo*, who had not met in all *Greece* with him that durst oppose him. But if the prudent *Dame* had not used all the interest she had in *Milo*, to perswade him to stifle the shame of being worsted, he would have broke forth into some violent course against *Brutus*. But she so well knew how to temper the bitternesse of his humour, that she forced him to embrace him whom he would with all his heart have smother'd, were not the fiercenesse of his disposition restrained by the respect he bore her.

Thus, my Lord, have you had an account of *Brutus's* infancy, who after this furious combat, was in greater esteem among the Ladies than ever. For though *Worth* be not the vertue of *Women*, yet is it certain that they love it, and that for its sake they prejudice other good Qualities, by preferring those who it may be are onely *Hectors*, before others, who instead of that one, have a many other rich Vertues.

Hereupon, *Brutus* seeing himself commended, and courted more than ordinary, was more inclined to fall in love with a very handsome Lady with whom the parti-

culer manner he came to be acquainted, is worth the relating to you. Beſides that, though it be not ſhe that gave ſuch a violent aſſault to *Brutus*'s love, yet it is at leaſt her acquaintance that hath been the cauſe of his coming to *Rome*, and that he lived here after the manner you have ſeen him.

You are then to know, that at *Crotona* there was a maid of an excellent wit, called *Bellanira*, who held correſpondence by Letters with *Damo*; inſomuch that writing to one another, as two perſons who had no matters of ſtate, but onely certaine ſecrets of friendſhip to communicate, they gave one another an account of their pleaſures, and principally of the new friends of either ſex, which they made. So that *Damo* receiving one day a Letter from *Bellanira*, ſhewed it to *Brutus*, and told him, ſhe needed his aſſiſtance very much to anſwer it. *Brutus* conceiving it was ſome great affaire that *Damo* ſhould deſire his advice in, opens this Letter, and found in it, if I miſtake not, theſe words, at leaſt I am certain it was to this effect.

Bellanira *to the wiſe* Damo.

I Once thought I ſhould never have lov'd any thing but you, but now I am to tell you, that I have found a new Friend ſo worthy to be lov'd, that though I have your promiſe not to contract any new friendſhips, you would certainly come ſhort of your word, if you knew her as well as I doe. She is a Virgin, whoſe perſon endued with thouſands of charmes, wit, goodneſſe, her inclinations abſolutely noble, and her converſation infinitely pleaſant; ſhe is neither humorous, nor proud, but dearly loves her friends, and is perpetually ſpeaking to me of you, though ſhe knew you no otherwiſe than by fame, and of whoſe friendſhip I have a thouſand tender expreſſions. I deſire to know whether I can, without ingratitude, refuſe her affection, or without being unfaithfull to you, divide mine with her, for ſince my heart is at your diſpoſall, I cannot receive into it this new and charming Friend, without your permiſſion, though I know not well how to keep her out.

When *Brutus* (who went at *Metapont* under a wrong name, which I cannot at the preſent call to minde) had read this Letter, he told *Damo* that it was handſomly writ, but ſaw not any neceſſity ſhe had to anſwer it. You ſhall ſee that when I have done it, reply'd ſhe ſmiling; but when you have anſwer'd it, reply'd he, I can doe you no ſervice it it. When you read it, anſwer'd ſhe, you ſhall give me your opinion. Whereupon *Damo* taking writing-tables, writ to *Bellanira*, which when ſhe had done, ſhewing it to *Brutus*, he therein read the Letter I am going to repeat to you.

Damo *to* Bellanira.

THat you may aſſure your ſelf I am a perſon of as much ſincerity as any in the World, I doe ingenuouſly confeſſe, that I am not a little glad that you have furniſhed me with a pretence to break the promiſe I made you, not to entertain any new Friendſhips. For if you have found out a Woman-friend you like ſo well, I can boaſt I have met with a man I am ſo much taken with, that I think him worthy to be a ſervant to that Beauty you have ſo drawn to the life; for there iſſue greater charmes from his minde, then can from her eyes, as being one, whoſe ſoule ſpeaks greater excellencies than you have met with in all the men you have known. So that to deale ſincerely with you, I ſhould have been as much troubled to refuſe admittance to this new friend, as you would be, ſhould I oblige you, to break off with yours. I am willing therefore, that we be mutually guilty of Infidelity, and (the better to confirm our joynt-conqueſt) that we engage theſe two perſons, who both love us, to love one another.; leſt that, if your friend ſhould have a ſervant that were not my friend, ſhe might prevail with you to forſake me, and that mine, having a Miſtreſſe which were not your friend, he would endeavour to leſſen my friendſhip towards you. Propoſe therefore

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what I tell you to that amiable perſon, who robs me of part of your ſoule, and I ſhall make the ſame propoſition to him who muſt keep you company in mine.

But for ought I ſee, interrupted *Amilcar*, the Sciences have not ſpoyl'd the wit of this daughter of *Pythagoras*, ſince ſhe writes ſo excellently; and her Phyloſophy is not too auſtere, ſince ſhe allowes *Love* to be of the *Univerſity* of her Friends.

On the contrary, reply'd *Herminius*, ſhe holds that to be truly vertuous, requires a temperament full of paſſion, and that there cannot be a fervent affection for Vertue, where there is not withall a paſſionate tenderneſſe. But to ſpeak truly, did the Painters draw Love as ſhe imagines it, they would disburthen him of his *Fillet*, his *Bow* and *Arrowes*, and leave him onely his *Torch*; for this wiſe Virgin ſayes, ſhe cannot endure the Love that is blinde, and that it is enough a heart ſhould be ſet a-fire, without being ſhot thorough with darts. In fine, ſhe ſo purifies this paſſion, that ſhe cleanſes it from whatever is dangerous, and yet takes away nothing from it that is pleaſant.

But to return to *Brutus*, after that *Damo* had ſhewn him the Letter ſhe writ to *Bellanira*, he made as if he underſtood not himſelf to be that ſo well-liked perſon, ſhe ſo mentioned to her friend, but purpoſely, that he might be the more fully ſatisfied of a thing which pleaſed him; but at length ſhe reduc'd him to a neceſſity of rendering her a thouſand thanks. Yet he told her, that he ſhould never have confidence enough to ſee *Bellanira*, having ſeen what ſhe writ to her of him; but ſhe anſwer'd, it ſhould not be long ere he ſaw her, for that ſhe was reſolv'd on a journy to *Cretona*, that ſhe had engag'd *Tarquinia* for the ſame place, and that ſhe would oblige him to conduct her, and indeed within fifteen days all came to paſſe accordingly. But in the mean time, *Bellanira* and *Damo* writ to one another, with as much bravery as friendſhip; ſo that when they ſaw one another, *Brutus* found himſelf confirm'd in the mind of *Bellanira*, who joyfully received him, and ſincerely confeſs'd to *Damo*, that ſhe were to blame if ſhe ſhould refuſe his friendſhip.

But this new friend of hers being not yet come to *Cretona*, as being expected within foure dayes, theſe two loving perſons reſolv'd to put ſome trick upon the inchanting *Chryſis*, for ſo was that Beauty called. To this end *Damo*, who knew that *Brutus* could as eaſily diſguiſe his minde, as diſcover it, when the humour took him, told *Bellanira*, that, the more to ſurpriſe her friend, 'twere fit *Brutus* ſhould put on his ſtupidity the firſt time he ſhould ſee *Chryſis*, to ſee how ſhe would receive a Lover, of whom ſhe had form'd ſo great an Idea. *Bellanira* approving the propoſition, and *Brutus* ſaying that it was eaſie for him, and not unſeaſonable at the firſt ſight, to diſguiſe his humour, rather than to be too forward to diſcloſe it, promis'd ſo far to over-reach the faire *Chryſis*, that ſhe ſhould go near to deſpiſe him. And I promiſe you, reply'd *Bellanira*, that as ſoon as ſhe comes to know you, ſhe will eſteem you infinitely. It ſhall be therefore for your ſake, reply'd he. Nay it ſhall be rather for her owne ſake, reply'd the pleaſant *Damo*, ſince ſhe muſt be much to blame, if ſhe knew you and did not eſteem you. For, to deale plainly with you, you will not be able to conceale your ſelfe. Not but that when you are among thoſe that force you to it, you differ much from what you are when you are among thoſe you like, yet you alſo liſten like one who hath the diſcretion to be weary of hearing things of no entertainment: However it be, reply'd he, I warrant you, I make *Chryſis* believe I have not common ſence, and force her to ſome viſible expreſſions of her contempt. For my part, reply'd *Bellanira*, I am ſomewhat afraid, as well as *Damo*, that you will not be able to deceive *Chryſis*; whereas there is nothing more unhandſome than to undertake a pleaſant circumvention, and not go through with it. I ſhould finde you in a greater feare, reply'd *Brutus*, if I were oblig'd to gain *Chryſis*'s eſteem at the firſt ſight, to entertain her with great and noble things, and to ſcrue up her admiration, inſtead of purchaſing her contempt: for truly, I think nothing harder than to act a great wit, nor any thing eaſier than not to ſhew that wit one hath. You have too much for to hide it ſo eaſily, reply'd *Damo*; but, put the caſe I have as much as you ſay, reply'd he ſmiling, it will not be hard for me to doe what I think. We ſhall ſee, reply'd

ply'd *Bellanira*, but I am afraid you your ſelfe will be deceived, and that you cannot deceive *Chryſis*. That which makes for *Brutus*, reply'd *Damo*, is, that whether he deceive her, or not, it will ſtill be much to his reputation; for if he cannot conceale his wit, it will be ſaid he is very happy, that he hath ſo much that he cannot hinder it from appearing; and if he do conceale it, he will be much commended for his ſubtilty, that he can conceale the greateſt wit, from one of the ſprightlieſt wenches in the world. *Brutus* return'd this complement with another; and their diſcourſe that day was ſo pleaſant and divertive, that *Bellanira* could not conceive how *Brutus* could carry himſelf and not diſcover his worth.

But in fine, three dayes after *Chryſis* comes to *Crotona*, but ſo late at night, that ſhe could not meet with any could direct her, either to *Brutus* or to *Damo*. In the mean time, *Bellanira*, whoſe imagination was tickled with the pleaſure of her friend's ſurpriſall, ſent her back word by a Slave which *Chryſis* had ſent to her, that ſhe was very ſorry ſhe could not wait on her, as being ſomewhat indiſpos'd, but that if ſhe were as obliging as faire, ſhe would give her a viſit in the afternoon; which *Chryſis*, who had for *Bellanira* the greateſt ardency of a new friendſhip, fail'd not to doe, and came preſently after dinner. But ſhe was no ſooner come in, but *Bellanira*, after the firſt ceremonies of complement, told her that this new friend of *Damo*'s, who was to be her ſervant, was in *Crotona*, and was that day to be at her lodging, together with that excellent maid, who had honour'd her with his acquaintance. But I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe to her laughing, make me not aſham'd, ſhew this day your greateſt wit; and conſult with my glaſſe about your dreſſing, that your beauty may ſhine in its full luſtre. Ah *Bellanira*, reply'd ſhe, who graſpes at wit, loſes it, and I never miſſe it, ſo much as when I moſt think on it. But I pray you, continued ſhe, what doe you think of this friend of *Damo*'s? I take him, reply'd *Bellanira*, to be the greateſt wit in the world, and that if you can conquer his heart, it will be a conqueſt worthy of you. But, contin'd ſhe, to ſpare both you and him the troubleſomneſſe of your firſt complements, I ſhall not exactly repreſent him to you, but ſhall leave that alone till diſcourſe ſtart out an occaſion to do it.

Chryſis ſatisfied with what her friend ſaid, fell into diſcourſe about *Damo*, who ſoon after comes in; but ſhe had hardly appear'd, ere *Bellanira*, preſenting *Chryſis* to her, ſaid to her, See I pray, whether my infidelity be excuſable, or if I could, without injuſtice, deny my friendſhip, to a perſon whom I think worthy of yours, which is much more precious than mine. *Damo* anſwer'd this Bravery very obligingly, both as to *Bellanira* and *Chryſis*, who talk'd with ſo much diſcretion, that ſhe both juſtified *Bellanira*, and raviſh'd *Damo*.

In the mean time comes in *Brutus*, but though *Bellanira* knew he was to diſguiſe himſelf to deceive *Chryſis*, ſhe her ſelfe was ſurpriſed at the manner of his carriage; for, as he came in, he chang'd the very aire of his countenance, ſtupidity entred into his phyſiognomy, his civilities were ſo ungracefull, and uncertain, that *Chryſis* was extreamly diſturb'd, eſpecially hearing *Bellanira* naming him by the name of that friend of *Pythagoras*'s daughter. But if ſhe was ſurpriz'd at his arrivall, ſhe was amaz'd at his diſcourſe; for, for two houres together ſhe could not obſerve in him a look or a ſmile, which might raiſe a ſuſpition that he had but common ſenſe, ſo far was he from ſeeming to have any extraordinary parts. Not that he had betray'd himſelfe by any extravagant talk, but there was ſuch a naturall dulneſſe in all his diſcourſe, that it was not to be imagin'd, that he, who ſpake ſo, did counterfeit; inſomuch that *Chryſis* had not the leaſt jealouſie of it, but was abſolutely perſwaded, that he, whom ſhe ſaw, was not the ſame ſhe had heard of. So that coming to *Bellanira*, For Heaven's ſake, ſaid ſhe to her, what pleaſure do you take to doe me a diſcourteſie? Nay it is true, that you your ſelf buy the delight you take in abuſing me, at too deare a rate, when you purchaſe it with the converſation of the moſt ſtupid of mankinde, and that for ſo long time. *Bellanira*, who was very much pleaſed at what *Chryſis* ſaid, as being an evident token that ſhe was deceived, burſt forth into ſuch a loud laughter, that *Chryſis* was confirmed in what ſhe thought, that her friend had put a trick upon her; but that which was moſt admirable, was, that though ſhe was ſatisfied ſhe was deceived,

deceiv'd, yet could she not comprehend after what manner. So that the more she spoke of it, the more sport she found *Damo* and *Bellanira*, for she intimated by what she said, that she did not believe *Brutus* to be *Brutus*, and was so far from thinking him able to understand what shee said, that she did not stick to tell him so much.

But the man who seem'd so stupid, upon a signe from *Damo* and *Bellanira*, ceas'd to be so, and surpris'd *Chrysis* after such a manner, that having heard him talk a quarter of an houre, she could not hold from breaking forth into a cry of astonishment. She would be angry with *Bellanira*, and to punish her for this advice, she told her she would honour her friends the more for it, and preferre this new one before her. Alas Madam, reply'd *Brutus*, do not break any of the Articles which are agreed upon between our two friends, for any concernment of mine, and remember that I am to be your Servant, not your Friend. Though I should doe a lesse displeasure to *Bellanira*, reply'd she, in receiving you favourably as a Lover, than if I received you as a Friend, yet you will give me leave not to enslave my selfe to the humours of two persons, who take up all their sport upon my account. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Brutus*, if you will doe *Bellanira* so great a spight, and deprive her of all your friendship, you must needes be guilty of some love; for doe you conceive that any thing else can lessen the affection you have for that amiable person? Believe me, continued she, friendship is never destroy'd by friendship, there must be something stronger than it selfe, that shall force it out of a heart which it is once possessed of, and it is onely *Love* which can doe what you pretend. For when all is done, a man may make many new friends, without injury done to the old; a man's minde is easily divided into many friendships.

There are some friends, whose secrets a man is content to know, and yet thinks not fit to trust them with his; there are others, to whom a man communicates things of importance, whom he would not entertaine with trifles; and on the contrary, there are some, whom a man would acquaint with many inconsiderable secrets, to whom yet he would not commit matters of concernment. So that a man raises some kinde of pleasure out of all, and though it be in a different manner, yet a man still takes some delight in all those for whom he hath never so little friendship. But Madam, it is otherwise with *Love*, for when one is possess'd with never so little of it, it presently causes a remission in the enjoyments of friendship; and when the heart is once wholly enflam'd by it, there is no pleasure in the friends of either sex; what was divertive before, ceases to be so; the conversation of those we most esteem proves tedious; and pleasure it selfe is not pleasure, if it be not divided with the person beloved; for in fine, Love knowes so well how to distrelish all the enjoyments of friendship, that if you would take a full revenge of *Bellanira*, you must resolve to entertaine a little love. If it be as you say (reply'd *Chrysis* laughing) I shall be much obliged to you, if you can engage *Bellanira* to love somebody, that so my friendship may prove unconsiderable to her. Ah, charming *Chrysis*, reply'd the lively *Brutus*, that is the way to be reveng'd on your self; for you would thereby deprive your selfe of the greatest pleasure in the world, and bestow it on *Bellanira*, who would little regard the delights of your Friendship, when she hath once tasted those of Love. But I pray tell me, sayes *Damo*, who hath taught you to talk so learnedly of a Passion, which was never yet absolute Mistresse of your heart? I am born under such a Love-starre, Madam, reply'd he, that even when I doe not love any thing, yet from the simple imagination that I may love, I derive a sensible delight.

Upon this, *Chrysis* enclining to be pacified, there happen'd very pleasant discourse between these three persons: but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of a Lady who carry'd severity in her countenance, all whose actions were as it were set in tune, and whose very looks seem'd to condemn all that's called Pleasure. Insomuch that *Bellanira*, *Damo*, and *Chrysis*, who knew her, presently stifled this discourse, whereat *Brutus* much wonder'd; for he perceiv'd they were quite other people than they were a minute before.

As soon therefore as this party was gone, he hastily asked who that austere Lady

was, who had disturb'd their discourse. This Lady, reply'd the pleasant *Chrysis* is one, whom a certain Disciple of *Damo*'s illustrious Father, hath instructed to part with humanity and reason; but the worst is, that she is not the onely woman in *Crotona*, who hath vow'd to observe this cruell Austerity, which indeed is as pernicious as Calumny it selfe; for they are a knot of women of the same humour, whom I cannot by any meanes away with. But I would know further, reply'd *Brutus*, how they have been induc'd to love Vertue, when she is represented to them so deformed. To give you a true account of their severity, reply'd she, you must lay this down as an immovable principle, that the temperament is not to be chang'd.

The doctrine of the wise *Pythagoras*, though it it be in it selfe but one, yet hath it been diversly interpreted, according to the severall opinions of those who have received it. So that there being a person of some quality, though of no great parts, among the Disciples of *Pythagoras*, a man of a severe nature, he for the most part misunderstood his precepts, and misinterpreted them to his own humour; insomuch, that at last he hath hewn out a certain scrupulous morall Philosophy, which frightens a minde rightly principled.

As for that, saies *Bellanira*, we are onely to consider, after what manner the Ladies, who are under his tuition, speak and behave themselves; and we shall finde them so chimerically scrupulous, that it is not easily imagined how discreet and knowing women could be cajoll'd into things so fantastick. And that which is yet stranger, added *Damo*, is, that these scrupulous Ladies, whose stomacks would turn to see Love but in picture, raile at all women, lightly condemning the most innocent actions; cannot endure those pleasures they themselves take not, spare not the reputation of the dearest to them of their own sex, finde fault with every thing they do not themselves, and turn to the worst whatever is done behinde their backs, and whatever they understand not. Moreover, they are strangely prying into all things, they would know whatever is done in other conventicles, that they may have somewhat to raile at in their own; they even have an indignation to those delights, which they will not take themselves, and they are so conceited on their pretended Vertue, that they treat all other Ladies as prophane persons, unworthy their Society. But for my part, I shall never account those vertuous, who take occasion from their Vertue, to augment their pride, and to contemne whatever is not of their way. But that which is further remarkable, added *Bellanira*, is, that none of these scrupulous Dames, who are so rigid in censuring the actions of others, reform any one evill habit in themselves, for I know one the most cholerick person in the world, who endeavours not once in her life to restrain the first agitations of her minde, but is perpetually ranting and chiding those that live under her. I know another so sloathfull and careless, that I think, some dayes, she would not go one step forward to meet a good fortune that were coming to her. I know one so penurious, that she will not allow her self those ordinary things which advance her beauty, though she be a great cherisher of it; and there are foure or five of them, who, farre from living upon wild fruits, as *Pythagoras* did, are so great lovers of good cheere, that they spend the greatest part of their life in eating, or in studying what they should eat. In the mean time, these Dames, because they set an extraordinary value upon themselves, despise all others, and imagine that people ought to build Temples, and erect Altars to them.

But to countervaile this, reply'd *Damo*, there is another of my Fathers Disciples, who hath expounded his doctrine after another manner, for there are a sort of women, into whom he hath instilled his opinions, scruple at nothing, but out of a desire they have, that their actions might be well taken, make the best of those of others, how faulty soever they may be. They hold, that it is the Intention onely that can make an action *evill*, so that with the best Intentions they many times commit the greatest Follies.

There is among these women so professed a Libertinisme, that it may be *said*, they place their honour in not having any: For they trouble not themselves about any thing but what pleases them, and what diverts them; and to justifie this humour, they quote that act of compassion which my Father did in *Egypt*, when he prevail'd with

with the Fishermen to sell him all the Fish they had taken, that he might restore them their lives. Whence they infer, that it is not likely that a man, who though he perform'd an act of Vertue in giving liberty to a sort of Fishes, would have all the passions chain'd up, and so render humane life comfortlesse and pensive; so that squaring Philosophy to their owne humour, they lead such lives, as if they were come into the world onely to finde their pleasures, and to satisfie all their desires without any abatement.

I should prefer these however before the other, reply'd *Brutus*, for they hurt nobody, and spend not their time ill; but on the contrary, those austere Dames, are damnably troublesome, and disturb all the enjoyments of Society. Truly, reply'd *Dama*, they all deserve to be condemned; and there is a third way may be taken, which certainly is the surest, the most rationall, and the most convenient, if the minde be but rightly disciplin'd.

But, my Lord, I consider not that I spend too much time in relating to you what passed between these persons; for since that, the counterfeit stupidity of *Brutus* at that time, partly occasion'd his continuance of it, for his safe abode in *Rome*, I might have passed by the account of all that conversation. But to make amends for this digression, into which I am insensibly fallen; I must withall omit a many gallantries *Brutus* did in that place, while he stay'd there, yet not forgetting to tell you that *Tarquinia* and *Dama* returning to *Metapont*, prevail'd with *Bellanira* to accompany them, and brought also *Chrysis* along with them. *Brutus* then having the opportunity to see them daily, began to entertaine a love for *Chrysis*, nor could he say he wanted any from *Bellanira*; so that now he was not out of employment, as being a servant to *Chrysis*, though *Bellanira* had the greater affection for him, as believing him not too farre engag'd with her friend; besides that he had infinite friendship for *Dama*.

Now was it that he led a pleasant life, for his greatest businesse was to finde out new recreations. Love and Friendship were the subjects of his Poetry, and those of his Epistles, Complement and Courtship; nor did he finde others lesse pleasure than he did himself. But indeed this bravery was interrupted by the grief which the death of *Tarquinia* brought him, who died in Child-bed of *Hermilia*; but as time doth insensibly cure all afflictions of this nature, so *Brutus*, within a few dayes, yeilded to his former inclination, whereof the frequent journeys he made to *Crotona*, whither *Chrysis* was returned, were such visible expressions, that *Licinius* could easily perceive the progresse of that passion through the masque of the trouble he was in for the death of *Tarquinia*. Whence taking occasion to perform his promise to *Marcus Junius*, he told *Brutus* that his friends at *Rome* had wrought his reconciliation with *Tarquin*, and that he understood there was some little inclination to a Revolt; that therefore he was oblig'd to return thither, and consequently should not engage himself at *Crotona*. I have stood so long upon my guard as to that point, reply'd *Brutus*, that if you finde me not some employment, I shall not long be master of my self. For the hatred I beare *Tarquin* will be unprofitable, as long as I remain in a place where I cannot hurt him. Therefore if you would stifle the love which I feele growing within me, let me know whether I may hope to revenge my Father and my Brother's death; deliver *Rome* from slavery, and assume the glorious title of the Restorer of my Countrey.

You demand much in a breath, reply'd *Licinius*, but all I can tell you, is, that while you are at *Metapont*, you will do nothing of all you intend. Let us then to *Rome*, reply'd *Brutus*, and that suddenly. You must certainly go, reply'd *Licinius*, but you must withall do it securely, and suffer your selfe to be guided by those who are acquainted with *Tarquin*'s humour, and who hope to over-reach him, and elude all his distrust. *Brutus* attentively hearkning to *Licinius*, promised an implicite obedience to his advice, and that he would submit himself to him as he would have done to his Father.

This done, it was resolved they should communicate their designe to the wise *Dama*; nor failed they the same day to acquaint her with the whole state of their affaires;

faires; but when they had well examin'd the buſineſſe, they were mightily troubled to finde out ſome expedient for the ſafety of *Brutus*'s life. For his part, it was the leaſt of his troubles, but *Licinius*, and *Dama* ſeem'd not ſo little concern'd in it. At length, after many thoughts of it, this prudent Virgin ſaid, ſhe thought ſhe had found out a way how *Brutus* might be in *Rome* without danger. For, in fine, ſaid ſhe, directing her ſpeech to *Licinius*, I never heard that *Tarquin* doth ordinarily commit any crimes which are no advantage to him. When he poyſon'd his Wife and his Brother, it much concern'd him they ſhould be out of the world. When he cauſed *Servius Tullus* to be murther'd, 'twas to get into the Throne himſelf. When he diſpatched the Widdow of that vertuous and unfortunate King, it was out of a feare leſt her teares and her vertue might move compaſſion in the people. When he gave a violent purge to the Senate, it was his deſigne to remove thence all vertuous perſons, who might oppoſe his injuſtice. When he baniſh'd or put to death ſo many illuſtrious Citizens, 'twas becauſe they were men of conduct and courage, likely to undertake any thing againſt him. And to come neerer home, when he put to death the Father and Brother of him, whoſe life you would preſerve, it was becauſe they were powerfull, forward, and rich. Hence I conclude, that for *Brutus* to be ſafe at *Rome* untill the Gods ſhall think fit to change the Government, *Tarquin* muſt be perſwaded that *Brutus* can never hurt him.

Now this will ſo come to paſſe, if he will but reſolve to do that for his owne, and haply for the ſafety of *Rome*, which he ſo pleaſantly did ſome few dayes ſince for the diverſion of his Miſtreſſe, when by an ingenious trick to deceive the faire *Chryſis*, he counterfeited Simplicity ſo naturally, that he deceived one the leaſt eaſily deceived of any I know. How, replyed fiercely *Brutus*, muſt I act the Foole and the Sot all my life? You muſt certainly do it, reply'd ſhe, for by that meanes *Tarquin*, not jealous of you, would reſt ſecure, and would haply be glad to let you live, ſo to give an example of moderation, when it is not prejudiciall to him. Ah, generous *Dama*, cry'd he, how harſh is this expedient! for though it be a hard task to betray a great underſtanding, it is a harder to perſonate diſtraction; and ſince, to be free with you, I muſt tell you, that my only buſineſſe at *Rome* is to deſtroy *Tarquin*, and be revenged on him; I beſeech you conſider what miſchief that man can doe him, whoſe converſation all the world would avoyd, and who would be thought not to have common ſenſe: For my part, reply'd ſhe, my reaſon diſſents from yours, for I conceive nothing ſo conſiderable in a dangerous conſpiracy, than to have a great underſtanding, and a great courage, inviſible to the world. In fine, if at *Rome* there be no inclination to a revolt, added *Licinius*, you may be ſafe and quiet; and if there be ſome ſecret riſings in the city conducing to your deſigne, you may diſcover your ſelf to thoſe who ſhall be able and deſirous to act for the publique good. Yet once more, cry'd out *Brutus*, this expedient is harſh and indigeſtible. And yet, reply'd *Licinius*, there is no mean, you muſt either reſolve this way, or be for ever baniſh'd *Rome*, and not expect to revenge your Father's death, or ever hope to recover what the unjuſt *Tarquin* hath taken from you; and to aſcend a little higher, you muſt either accept it, or ever renounce Glory. If it come to that, reply'd *Brutus*, I would rather renounce Reaſon, and ſubmit my ſelf to whatever you ſhall order.

Having thus reſolved, *Licinius*, not willing to give *Brutus* leiſure to repent, ſet all things in order for his departure, and foure dayes after, the reſolution taken was put in execution. He thought not fit *Brutus* ſhould come into *Rome* till he had ſeen how he would be received, ſo that he onely brought with him the little *Hermilia*, who was hardly out of her Nurſe's armes, and delivered her to be brought up to the ſage *Racilia*, giving out that he was married at *Metapont*, but that his wife was dead, not diſcovering whom he had married, for fear of expoſing *Hermilia* to the cruelty of the Tyrant, ſhould he know he were Daughter to *Tarquinia*, for whom he had an inveterate hatred, eſpecially ſince ſhe had left *Rome*. But he was no ſooner admitted into *Tarquin*'s preſence, but he asked what was become of *Marcus Junius*'s Sons? whereto he anſwered, that though he were alive, he might well be numbred among the dead. This doubtfull anſwer encreaſing *Tarquin*'s curioſity, he was very importunate with

with *Licinius* to resolve this Riddle; who acting his part very subtilely, made as if he were loath to satisfie his curiosity. But at length yeilding by degrees, he told him he was much troubled to tell him that a man who had the honour to be so neere of kin to him, was so senselesse as *Junius* seem'd to be in all his words and actions. This he had scarcely said, but *Tarquin*, instead of being troubled at it, could not but betray his gladnesse; not but that he said it troubled him, but his eyes, more faithfull than his mouth, discover'd the secret of his heart, and argu'd, he had rather have a senselesse, than an understanding man to his Nephew. Nevertheless, being afraid of being deceived, he bid *Licinius* bring him to him, which he presse'd so much, that *Licinius* easily perceiv'd that if he did not obey the Tyrant, his life was in danger. So that promising what he desired, she sent an expresse to *Brutus*, whom he had secretly brought to an old friend's house within six miles of *Rome*, and acquainted him how things stood. *Brutus* was now past all deliberation, as to what he was to do; for considering with himself, that if he went not to *Rome*, *Licinius* might be ill intreated, and that withall his owne life, as well as that of his Father-in-law's was in danger, if he appear'd not there in his feigned stupidity, he resolv'd to do it, and was accordingly brought to *Tarquin*. But as he went, what did he not think on, and what apprehensions of anguish seized him? He left *Metapont*, where he had led an infinitely pleasant life, as a banish'd person. He there left a gallant friend, whom he infinitely loved, he smother'd a growing love, which fill'd his heart with hope and joy, he lost the good company of a many honest people; he renounc'd all pleasure, save the hope of Revenge, and he forsook, as I may so say, his own reason. But, all consider'd, *Licinius*'s life being at the stake, the revenging of his friend's death, and the deliverance of his Country, being to be effected, he overcame the aversion he had to make use of so fantastick a pretence for his Ray in *Rome*; and resolv'd to live there after a much different manner than he had done at *Metapont*. In effect, when *Licinius* presented him to *Tarquin*, he acted the part of a dull and foolish person so well, that the fierce Tyrant was deceived in him, so that instead of being troubled to see him in that condition, he was very glad of it, for it was an affliction to him to think that *Marcus Junius* should have a Son alive in any place in the world, who might haply one day endeavour to revenge his fathers death. But considering him in his present condition, he was not afraid of him, nor was he sorry he could give one example of humanity without danger. He therefore seemed to have a care of him, and to be the more assured of him, he thought fit he should be married, for he was not so foolish but he betray'd the inclination he had to women. But being to marry, he must take the daughter of a man engag'd in his interests, lest he should dispose of himself, and haply ally himself with some family too well affected to the publique good, and so the name of *Junius*, venerable in *Rome*, should revive. Nay to dis-accustome a People from a Name had been deare to them ever since the foundation of the famous City, the young Gallants of the Court began, by way of abuse, to call him *Brutus*, and left off calling him *Junius*; for as to the other name he went under at *Metapont*, and which I have forgotten, it was never known at *Rome*. But that which was most remarkable, was, that he whom they call'd by that name, which was not proper for him, though it seem'd so, accustom'd himself to answer to it, the more to expresse his stupidity, so that insensibly all came to call him *Brutus*, and *Licinius* himself hath call'd him so.

You now know, my Lord, in what manner this noble Roman return'd to *Rome* was married, and liv'd there, not so much as taking notice that *Tarquin* had usurp'd all the wealth of his house, and gave him onely so much as was barely necessary for his subsistance. Nor indeed did *Brutus* trouble himselfe about it, but his wive's father, who was nothing afflicted at the misfortune of his son-in law, for that the Tyrant enrich'd him upon his account. But *Brutus* who was not come to *Rome* but to deliver it from the tyranny of *Tarquin*, was infinitely perplex'd, for he understood by *Licinius*, *Valerius*, and his vertuous Aunt *Rucilia*, who were all intrusted with the secret of his life, whatever passed in the particular faction that were in *Rome*, the City, and that a Plot was sooner laid, and a Party engag'd, but *Tarquin* quash'd it by

the death or banishment of the Plotters, and that consequently there was no likelihood of destroying the Tyrant, or delivering *Rome*, or ever appearing there with his reason about him, though he were resolved to forget all the violences, and all the enormities of *Tarquin*, for he was absolutely convinced that if the Tyrant should once discover he had any understanding, he would soon take away his life. He also heard how that the cruell *Tullia* insolently answer'd a woman, who said, It was great pity, that *Brutus* was so stupid; that if he were not, it should cost him something more than his reason. So that not conceiving any probability of doing what he hoped, he led a most sad and melancholy life, having no other comfort but what he received by the Letters of the wise daughter of *Pythagoras*; for as for his rising love, it vanish'd presently after his returne to *Rome*. While he was in this perplexity, his wife dies, leaving him two sons, which she brought him soon after their marriage; which accident somewhat encreased his pensiveness, for that she was a handsome woman and good natur'd. Not but that he liv'd with her in a strange awe and caution, for though he had a great friendship for her, because she was so well condition'd, as not to despise him, and that she believ'd him as simple as he made himselfe, yet he never durst discover himself to her, as knowing ever since he married her, that it was an impossibility with her not to tell a thing she knew, and that there never was woman lesse able to hold her peace than she. So that he was forced to an insupportable reservednesse, even in those houres wherein all others have the greatest freedome. Yet could he not but grieve for her death, as one in whom he had met with both vertue and mildnesse. But as he had not any great affection for her, and what he had might be rather called acquaintance than friendship, so, had he known no other affliction, Time would have overcome it. But he saw *Tarquin*'s power encrease every day; he saw the greatest part of any worth, banish'd or put to death; all the young men slaves to the Tyrant's fortune; and so little likelihood of any advantageous change for *Rome*, that he could hardly entertaine any hope ever to see his Country or his Reason at liberty. This brought an unspeakable melancholy, which caused him to avoid company as much as he could, nay in a manner made him desirous to avoyd himself.

But *Lucinius*, who was yet alive, and who had discover'd this secret to *Publius Valerius*, as being his intimate friend, and withall a hearty enemy of *Tarquin*'s, perceived well that *Brutus* became more and more pensive. So that he therefore spoke to *Racilia*, with whom was the little *Hermilia*, who knew not yet that she was *Brutus*'s Sister, to think of some meanes to comfort him, for he knew that *Brutus* reposed a great confidence in her. He advised her to take him into a pleasant seat she had upon the *Tiber*'s side, four miles from *Rome*. To be short, she propos'd to him the passing of three or foure dayes there; to which proposition, containing nothing opposite to his Melancholy, he consented and went thither, but with an intention not to return any more to *Rome*, but to wander about the world untill some change should happen in *Tarquin*'s fortune. For, said he within himselfe, since I cannot hurt the Tyrant, and so revenge my Father's death, and deliver my Country, to what end is it to condemne my reason to perpetuall slavery, and to captivate my selfe eternally? what glory, or what advantage is it to me, to live obscurely, and goe for the most senseleſſe and the most stupid of all mankinde; and be withall an utter stranger to all pleasure and society? I cannot in the condition I am in, be guilty of either Vice or Vertue, but live after such a fantastick manner, that since there were men, never any liv'd as I doe. Yet for all this, could the hope of Revenge and of Glory but keep possession of my heart, I could have patience; but to live without Pleasure, or so much as the hope of any, is absolutely insupportable, and that which I can no longer endure.

Thus was *Brutus* so ore-whelm'd with melancholy, and so weary of the life he led, that he resolved to leave his Country, and become a voluntary Exile. Being therefore confirmed in this designe, his onely study was to put it in execution, and put himself in a posture to leave *Rome*, and at the first to goe no further than *Metapont*, knowing he had still a many good friends in that place. He was also somewhat confi-

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done that *Tiberius* and *Racilia* would relieve him in his banishment, and would send him somewhat to subsist, though they were never so angry. Not but that what he thought of leaving *Rome*, and losing all occasions which might happen in his absence to do *Tarquin* a mischief, it a little alienated his resolution; but after all consideration, seeing no likelyhood of any to happen in a long time, and being no longer able to endure that reservedness wherein he liv'd, he hardned himself in the resolution he had taken, wherewith he neither acquainted *Racilia*, nor the young *Herminia*, who, as I told you, knew not as yet that she was *Brutus*'s Sister, as being too young to be trusted with a secret of so great importance. So that being unchangeably resolv'd, he design'd his departure within three dayes, pretending he would return again to *Rome*, so to deceive his Aunt, whom he avoyded as much as lay in his power, because she perpetually prest him, to know whence that new affliction proceeded, which she observed in him. But affecting solitude as much as might be, the day before his departure he walked along the river side, and there revolving in his minde whatever had happen'd to him, he remembred the pleasure he found in the conversation of *Dama*, *Chryſil*, and *Belamira*, and thereupon opposing one passion to another, he was satisfied he should finde some comfort, even in this, that though he quitted the noble ambition of being the Deliverer of his Country, he might aspire to the Conquest of some great Beauty.

But his mind could not entertain all these imaginations without some confusion, as he hath since confessed to me; nor could he well distinguish betweene that which comforted him, and that which afflicted him, when turning about at the noyse of a Chariot, a Slave very submissively asks him, whether the Chariot he saw coming were in the right way to *Racilia*'s house? *Brutus* being oblig'd to answer him, told him after his affected simplicity, that it was the ready way; which said, not enquiring whose the Chariot was, nor who was in it, nor so much as looking that way, he continued his walk, so great was his melancholy. Nay this very adventure added to it, and caused him to stay out later than he should have done: For, said he, to what end do I go into any company, wherein I must be what is almost insufferable to be, and such as is below the envy of all? Is it possible, continued he sighing, is it possible to be more unhappy, than to be what no man would be, no not the vilest Slave upon the face of the earth? Amidst these thoughts *Brutus* continued his walk, and that so long, that ere he returned the Lamps were lighted at *Racilia*'s. 'Tis true, he met there with excellent company, but that you may know how much he was surprised in it, I must tell you, that the wife of *Spurius Lucretius* was there with her incomparable daughter *Lucrecia*, as also the beauteous and divine *Valeria*; he met there also with *Siorilis* and *Mutius*, whom you have seen with the King, and I my selfe was come to accompany these noble persons, who were come upon no other designe, than to surprize *Racilia* in her solitude. But as this illustrious Roman is a person of conduct and oeconomy, our reception was such as if we had been expected, besides that it was with a great cheerfulnesse, for *Lucretia*'s mother and mine were her intimate friends, *Mutius* was some kin to her as well as the other two, *Valeria* and *Lucrecia* she had a great esteem for, both for their owne sakes, as also for theirs of whom they derived their being, and for my part, I was also entertained upon *Siorilis*'s account. Omitting therefore nothing requisite to our entertainment, she presently give order the house should be adorned with that magnificence, as if she were to keep some great Festivals. So that *Brutus* returning, and entring into a large arched hall, furnished to admiration, he wondered to finde there such a noble company; for you are to know, that as he had not the priviledge of much conversation, so was he not acquainted with all the Beauties in *Rome*, for he had never seen *Lucretia* unveyl'd, nor had much more knowledge of *Valeria*, though *Valerius* was of his cabell. It happen'd so that he was no sooner entred, but those two Beauties shining full into his sight, dazled him into a change of colour. For though *Valeria* were not haply as exactly handsome as *Lucrecia*, yet she may well be accounted a very excellent person. In the mean time, though none conceived *Brutus* could contribute any thing to the company, yet as one of good birth, and Nephew to *Racilia*, he was saluted, but with that coldnesse of compliment,

plement, wherewith we entertaine those whom we esteem not, and, without allowing him any part of the discourse, it was continued in the same channell it was in before. For his part he only hearkned to what was said, and earnestly viewed *Lucrecia*, who certainly that night shin'd with an extraordinary beauty. For though I know you have seen her with Prince *Sextus*, yet I shall not stick to say, she was at that time handsomer than she can be now, though she yet deserve admiration. It was impossible a complexion should have more lustre, or an eye more majesty, and withall more sweetnesse than she then had. Nor indeed did *Brutus* look on her indifferently, which when I observ'd, I came to her, and whispering to her smiling, You see Madam, said I to her, how great the power of your beauty is, since that *Brutus*, as *brute* as he is, is sensible of it, and admires it. If that which you call Beauty in me, reply'd she smiling also, produce no more glorious effect than this, I shall not hastily be too proud of it. But truly, said she, I so much pity poore *Brutus*, that I have not the heart to laugh at his stupidity.

As she said this, a great noyse was heard in the Court, and presently *Racilia* had notice, that the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus*, who said they had lost their way a hunting, desired entertainment there for that night; but the truth of the businesse was, that the former of these Princes, being fallen in love with the young *Hermilia*, took this occasion to give her a visite. Now these Princes being vertuous persons, especially the Prince of *Pometia*, *Racilia*, out of a consideration both of equity and prudence, received them kindly, though she ever abhorr'd *Tarquin*. Besides that, having a large and faire house, and that these Princes brought none with them but their Slaves, she was not much troubled at their coming, and so she staid with her former company, as if she had no further care to take. In the first place the Prince of *Pometia* related how he and *Titus* lost their way, but he did it with so much art, that I am confident the faire *Hermilia*, as young as she was, easily perceived that she was the occasion of that hunting, and that that Prince looked after no other prey than that of her heart; for turning her head aside, she blushed, and seemed not to heed what he said, though she listned very attentively.

But at last, all having taken their former places, *Brutus* having not all the while said any thing, *Titus* fell into some private discourse with *Lucrecia's* mother and *Sivelia*, so to do his brother a courtesie, for by that meanes he might the more freely entertaine *Hermilia*, who was somewhat shie of engaging into discourse, while *Lucrecia's* mother was with her Aunt. So the generall discourse happened between *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Hermilia*, the Prince of *Pometia*, *Mutius*, and my selfe; as for *Brutus*, he said nothing at all, though sometimes he was very desirous to speak something, simply or heavily, according to his custome, especially because *Tarquin's* sons were in the room. But he hath told me since, that he was so loath to speak indiscreetly before *Lucrecia*, that he thought better to be silent, than to say any thing that night. But the discourse was changed after such a manner, as gave him occasion to observe, that *Lucrecia's* Wit was as great as her Beauty. For you are to know, that as in *Rome* they work admirably in earth, whether it be for Vessells, or Statues, so *Racilia*, who studied curiosity and convenience as much as might be, had excellent Vessels, insomuch that the Slaves who waited on her, covering certaine tables, and placing all things necessary for the treatment of so noble a company, the Prince of *Pometia* observed that one of the tables was of the same materiall with those Vessels I mentioned, and was admirably wrought. It was supported by three children, who seemed to have so much adoe to carry it, that one would think himselfe obliged to help them to bear it up. The Prince liking it very well, began to commend it, and was going towards it the better to consider the workmanship of it. Which the two Slaves, who were covering it, perceiving, they lifted it up to bring to him, but so rashly, that they overturned it, and broke it all to pieces. That it seemed very admirable to all the company, appeared by the cry they all made when that mischance happened, except the Mistress, who seemed not to be at all moved at it. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, who was the innocent occasion of this mishap, he made a thousand excuses to *Racilia*; but she not being in the least angry with the Slaves, who had so indiscreetly spoyled such

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an excellent commodity, told the Prince, that the onely trouble she had, was, that it was broken before he had had the satisfaction of seeing it; but yet that that happinesse might be recovered, she would have another of the very same making; which when she had said, she with a great calmnesse commanded those who had broke that, to fetch another out of a certain place she directed them to, and to have a care they did not break it. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Lucrecia*, looking earnestly on her, How I love you for your great patience, and that you are not of those women who are angry, at all times, in all places, before all sorts of persons, and for all things! for I do not conceive any thing nobler than to raise one's selfe above a certaine peeltinesse, which is contracted by custome, and to which most women, are prone enough, since that many times it makes them doe so fantastick things as folly it self would put them upon. It is true, reply'd *Recilia*, that to be soon angry is an ill custome to take up, both for one's selfe and others. And I think, added pleasantly *Valeria*, that faire Ladies ought to have a greater care to reforme this fault, than others; for excessive anger injures Beauty. To that purpose continued *Lucrecia*, I saw, not many dayes since, a very handsome Lady, who upon such an occasion, became in an instant very deformed, and continued so for above foure houres. She had then some extraordinary cause to be angry, reply'd I, or haply she had something spoyl'd as considerable as this table of *Recilia's*. Not at all, replyed *Lucrecia*, and the adventure is so odde, that I have a mind to tell it you. You will oblige me much, replyed *Recilia*, for *Hermilia* is naturally so passionate, that if she have not a care, she will come to be very cholerick. 'Tis true, replyed the blushing Beauty, that I am naturally somewhat enclin'd to this froward passion, but yet I doe not conceive I have given the faire *Lucrecia* any occasion to make pleasant Stories of the extravagances of my passion. For my part, said *Mutius*, (who is of a nature violent enough) I cannot be such an enemy to Anger, nay I am perswaded, that it is it makes the vertue which seemes to be opposite to it; for, it is certain, a great patience is an effect of great courage, & a great courage is oftner found in those who are of a cholerick disposition, than in those who are so dispassionate, that a man knowes not when they are offended, nor when they are obliged. Passion and Choler, replyed *Recilia*, are two different things; but before I oppose what you say, added she, I shall be glad to heare what *Lucrecia* sayes, for I am perswaded that sometimes Examples are better matters than Precepts. I must indeed confesse, sayes *Lucrecia*, that I owe a great part of my moderation to the impatience of two or three of my acquaintance, and principally of her whom I am going to tell you of. Imagine then, continued she, this Lady, who is very buxome, to be in the best humour in the world the last time I saw her, for she was free, jocund, complaisant and lightsome. That which partly caused her to be in so good an humour, was, that looking in the glasse, she thought her selfe that morning handsomer than ordinary, and that two other friends of hers and my selfe, had told her so much while we were walking in her garden. To be short, her complexion was more serene, her eyes gentle, and her ligt carnation d; but at last, having walked enough, she brought us into her chamber. She had no sooner lifted up her veyl, but she goes to the glasse, questionlesse to be confirmed in the high opinion she had of her beauty; but what was most pleasant, was, she found it so strangely overcast, that she could onely see her selfe as if it had been through a thick mist. So that not knowing of a sudden, whether there were any mist in the chamber, though it were very faire weather, she turned somewhat troubledly toward her friends and me, which we perceiving, and knowing whence it proceeded, as being just opposite to the glasse, as well as she, laughed at it; and I told her jestingly, that that accident was a punishment for the excessive delight she took in her owne Beauty. But it was no sooner out of my mouth, but she blush'd for madnesse, and without making me any answer, called up hastily one of her women to know what had discoloured her glasse. But instead of asking it mildly of the maid, who was but young, and seemed to be simple enough, she presently changed her voyce, her countenance and action, insomuch that she who a minute before was of a composed aire, and had a milde and modest look, seemed immediately to be what she was. For not giving her Slave time to answer what she

asked, she presently imagined she was to blame for asking, and that she knew the reason of it without her telling. She added, that certainly it must be she, who thinking her self pretty, instead of minding her work, did nothing but view her self in the glasse. This gave her occasion to tell her, that she was much deceived, if she thought her self handsome, and to ask her why she pretended to it, and whom she so much studied to please, and talked to her so many triviall stories, that I was never so much ashamed of any thing, as I was of that person for the concernment of my sex. And when the poor Girl, whom she so much exclaimed against, would have said something to justifie her self, her Mistresse presently found something else to quarrell at, so that at last having compassion on her, I would needs excuse her. But I had hardly opened my mouth, ere the incensed Beauty changing the object of her anger, fell upon me, & told me, that if I offer'd to excuse her, I should make her so impudent, that she would be no more for her service, multiplying words so strangely, that no other had the leisure to speak. In the mean time, the Roses and Lillies of her delicate complexion were so disturbed, that they were not discernable; for her face was inflamed into a deep red, the white of her eyes was changed, which were enlarged beyond their ordinary size, looking dilturbedly and scatteringly, and indeed, as if she saw not what was before her; the figure of her mouth was not the same; she repented the same thing twenty times, and she seemed rather a mad Priestesse of *Bacchus*, than a modest Roman.

But in fine, all this came to nothing, for when she had ranted and scolded, and vented her extravagances to wearinesse, it appeared she had no reason at all to be angry. For when she came downe into the garden to entertain us, she gave order her chamber should be perfumed against she came in, so that in obedience to her commands, burning much perfume, the glasse was overcast with it, and the poore Slave, who never thought of looking into it, perceived it not. She thence at last conceived the maid had not done any thing of what she thought, and that she was to blame for having kept such a stirre. But though she was convinced of this, yet was there not an absolute calme in her minde; on the contrary, a certaine conscience of her weaknesse raising a new tempest in her, suffered her not to rest free from some soulings of indignation all that day. She answered pevishly all that spoke to her; she quarrelled with all attended her, and that before whoever came to her, without ever considering whether it were civill or not; nay I am not certaine whether she came not so high as to threaten a little Slave she had. I was never so much astonished at any thing, as to see this strange transport of spirit, and withall, what an alteration Anger made in this great Beauty. You so pleasantly describe the fantasticke anger, replyed I, that though I am naturally somewhat inclined to it, I shall henceforward take a greater care to correct it in my selfe, though I am of opinion, that this inclination of nature ought not to be blamed; nay, on the contrary, hold, that Anger in noble and regulated minds, is an argument of greatnesse of courage and integrity. For if you look upon this passion in a discreet man, you will finde it never breaks forth but upon some resentment of injury, wherein reputation is concerned, and that it is a pure effect of his vertue, and speaks the tendernesse of his soule, the delicacy of his minde, and the clearnesse of his apprehension. For how can a man of an upright soule resent a manifest injustice, and not carry a heart sensible of it? Or he, who sets a high value on his reputation, receive an affront without indignation? Nay I am of opinion, added *Marius*, that, to speak generally, the temperament most inclined to choler, is that of Gallant Spirits. Yet all nations certainly, replyed I, are not perswaded that Choler is a necessary ingredient of Valour; on the contrary, the *Lacedæmonians* hold, that it is prejudicial to it, which is the reason that they animate their Soldiers to fight with a sweet harmony, to infuse joy and tranquility into their soules; and before battels sacrifice to the Muses, to oblige them to preserve their reason entire in fight. That which to me seemes most inconvenient in choler, replyed the sage *Renée*, is, that persons of weak constitutions are more subject to it than others, as children, and such as are in a declination of age and reason, are angry at any thing. In like manner, sick persons, who are not masters of their reason, are vexed at

at trifles, such as they are ashamed of when they are in health; and lastly, women (if I may be so free to the discredit of my sex) for the most part, being not capable of any great fortitude and strength of parts, are many times hurried into humorous vexations, as appeares by the relation of *Lucretia*. I agree with you, reply'd I, that indeed it argues a weak minde, and little discretion to be angry at small matters; but I withall maintaine, that never to be moved, signifies rather an insensible minde, than any strength of reason. Nay I presume to affirme, that it is no vertue to be insensible, that Anger may produce good effects, and that it is just sometimes to give it way; but withall, I averre it is dangerous when it becomes habituall, and that it is commendable to bridle it, and that a man must never be over-maister'd by it. Certainly, replyed pleasantly *Lucretia*, where there is not a fluid minde, Anger is a dangerous habite, and suits not so well with women, for I have observed a certaine attraction in affliction and teares, but I have never seen any beauty in anger, nor knowne any impatient that were withall agreeable. That which is not insupportable in this passion, sayes the Prince of *Pometia*, is, that its object omits not any limit as the other passions do. As for instance, if a man have a great tendernesse for some one particular person, it is onely for that very one's sake that he shall betray a certain weaknesse, while his passion lasts, which is the onely testimony he gives of all those pleasant extravagances, whereof he knowes himselfe guilty. But as for Anger, it fastens on all things, it equally reaches things sensible and insensible, and the minde is incensed by things of small, as well as those of greater concernment, according to every one's humour. You are in the right, replyed *Lucretia*, for an enraged Musitian breakes the strings of his Instrument, a Painter flings away his Pencils, a Senator will be angry if you dissent from his Opinion, a Husband quarrels with his Wife for being too expensive, and a Wife quarrels with her Husband if he be too covetous; a great Beauty falls out with her owne Haires when they will not be ordered as they should be; and if it be true, that there are any Lovers in this world, it is possible, added she smiling, they may sometimes conferre their discontents together, upon over very slight occasions, if so be they are of a cholerick disposition.

Lucretia acted this exaggeration with such a grace, that she gained the commendation of all the company for her wit, and *Brutus* hath told me since, that almost forgetting his artificiall stupidity, he had been likely to contribute his praises to those of the rest. And indeed he prepared himselfe to speak, but the faire *Hermilia* hastily prevented him, which I onely observed, but at that time made no great reflection upon it, for I hearkned to *Hermilia*, who not willing to quit the discourse about anger, made it her businesse at least to excuse it. But in fine, said she, how is it possible not to be angry at a many triviall things which happen, for it is in respect to these that I would speak of anger, that is, how can the minde be so qualified as not to be stirred to anger at a many inconsiderable accidents, which every moment happen beside all expectation? *Hermilia* indeed is now in the right, said *Valeria*, since that to speak in generall terms, it is easier not to be hurried into passion upon some important occasion, than never to be moved at these sudden ones, when haply Reason stands not on its guard, but the minde is surprised, and moved before it take time to consult. For my part, added *Martia*, I shall never believe the Gods have bestowed on us such passions, as we may not innocently use; and I am strongly perswaded, that as there may be a Love without Crime, so there may be an Anger without any just blame, and that it is the use of it onely that requires regulation. I am of opinion, replyed the gallant Prince of *Pometia* smiling, that onely *Lucretia* deserves to be the Halcyon of Anger, if I may so expresse it, and that it is from her that we must receive instructions how to qualifie this tumultuous passion which is so displeasing to her. The Prince of *Pometia* hath spoken so excellently well, replyed I, that it is fit the faire *Lucretia* grant what he demands. Let her make what orders she please against Anger, replyed *Martia*, she shall have much to doe to keep it quiet in my heart, and for my part, said *Hermilia*, I must needs quarrell with her severity. You would doe better, if you advantag'd your selfe by her example, said *Cecilia* to her; but for my part, sayes *Valeria*, it will be no great trouble to me to submit to her. And it will be lesse to me to

enact my pretended lawes for the Ladies, replyed *Lucretia*, for I have no more to doe then to bid them imitate your moderation. To be short, continued she, as it is not my duty to regulate another's refreshments by my owne, so I have no more to say, but to propose *Herminius* for a pattern for men, as I do *Valeria* to all of my owne sex; for I know by experience that they are both subject to a great sensibility of spirit, and that if Reason had not taught them the lawful measure of anger, they would be overmaster'd by it, as well as so many others. Ah Madam, said *I*, looking upon her, you doe not know me, I am not fit to be a pattern of patience, for if you knew how sensible I am upon some occasions, and how angry I am with my selfe for it, it would move your pity, and you would seek into your owne reason for that which you cannot finde in my heart, as having much more frailty then can be imagined. For my part, added *Valeria*, I confesse I am mistresse enough of my owne passions, I have the art to conceale my anger, or at least to represse it, so as it never transported me to say any thing which I repented when my passion was over. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucretia*, how much am I obliged to you, for having given us in few words the most excellent rule in the world!

I would ask no more of all women, then to keep within those bounds; for if they should doe so, they would never be hasty or fearful, they would not be alwayes chiding their Slaves, alwayes quarrelling with their Friends; they would not be violently hurried into passion, before those that come to visit them, they would have a respect to themselves, and would not cloud the serenity of their eyes with a storm of fury. But if you quite take away anger, replyed *Herminia* pleasantly, I know not how Ladies can beget an awe and respect in such as make addresses to them, since in my judgement it is their onely defence. For instance, if any one be so bold, as to entertaine a Lady with some discourse that is displeasing to her, I am confident, if she blush with anger, and give some testimony of her displeasure in her eyes, this forward person will presently shift discourse, rather than continue it, out of a feare to displease her. But on the other side, if she be so patient, that she expresse no signe of anger, he will at last make her angry in good earnest. You presse this too farre, replyed *Lucretia*, for though I am an enemy to excessive anger, yet I allow women to expresse their indignation, even to fiercenesse; but I would that the redneſſe which anger spreads upon their cheeks, should but adde to their beauty, not disorder their minds, and that they preserve their respect rather by a modest severity, than by angry expostulations, which at no time become a woman, especially when they are such as are worth nothing, raised upon frivolous grounds, and a disparagement to such as are subject to them. I mean those passions which spring up anew continually in those persons who are subject to them, never taking any care by a strong resolution to correct so ill a habit, which by rendring them lesse faire and pleasing, brings them sometimes into the hatred and contempt, not onely of their superiours, but even of their inferiours.

Lucretia having proceeded thus farre, the banquet was brought in, which put an end to this pleasant and profitable entertainment. *Brutus* all this while said not a word, but ceased not to admire *Lucretia*, with whose Wit he was more taken than with her Beauty, though her beauty were admirable. But that he might be at the same time acquainted with all the perfections of *Lucretia*, it happened they came to speak altogether of her goodnesse, whereof *Valeria* related a many instances, though much against the others will, insomuch that the night was wholly spent in her commendations. So that when all were retired, *Brutus* was wholly taken up with thought of *Lucretia*.

It happened, that the chamber where this Beauty was disposed to lodge, joyned to a closet which was in *Brutus's*, which having been sometime a passage between those two chambers, they had onely nailed up the doore which went out of it into that where *Lucretia* and *Valeria* lay. But there being certain chinks in the doore, through which it was easie to see what was done in the place where these two Beauties were, *Brutus*, who had often taken notice of it, could not withhold, being retired into his chamber, from going into the closet, and beholding these two Beauties whilst they undressed

understood themselves, in whom he discovered a thousand new perfections. For the dress of Roman Ladies hiding the neck, he knew not untill this instant the perfection of theirs; indeed his heart being already devoted to *Lucretia*'s service, even before he knew so much, he fixed all his observation upon her, with such a resolute view, that he had not the power to close his eyes all the night after. This pleasing Idea, though full of all delightfull charmes, troubled his rest, occasioning a tempest of commotion into his heart, between grief and joy, which raised in him a thousand different imaginations. It made him a long time to get the designe he had taken to leave *Rome* within two dayes, and to banish himselfe voluntarily from a place, where it behoved him to hide his love, if he would preserve his life, and where he saw not any likelihood of revenging his Father's death, or delivering his Country, as he intended, whilst he continued himself to this foolish disguise. At last after a long deliberation, suddenly recollecting himself, and remembring the resolution he had taken to go away, it vexed him that he had seen *Lucretia*, he endeavoured to blot her out of his imagination; he looked upon this accident as a new misfortune, which gave him the knowledge of so excellent a person, when he had resolved to go so far from the place where she was. It is true, said he to himself, that as I shall see and be sensible of her, I need not much regret her absence, since if I fall not in love with her, I shall not lose so great a pleasure in depriving my selfe of her sight. For though faire objects delight our eyes at all times, even though our hearts be not touched, yet the pleasure of the eyes is a mean pleasure. A garden of flowers would please my eye as much as the sight of a faire woman, for whom I have no passion my selfe, nor desire that she should have any for me. On the other side, if I love her, I shall lose less by this separation; for after all, how passionate soever I become, I dare never expresse it to her, nay hope for any allowance thereof, and how can she love a man in whom appeareth nothing of wit or conversation, one that she values less than the meanest and most stupid Slave?

Let us think no more of *Lucretia*, but pursue our designe of quitting *Rome*, a place where lives a person, who perhaps may make me yet more unhappy than I am. In what part soever of the world else I shall fall in love, I shall be less miserable; for I may hope not to be despised, I may obtain leave to say, that I love some one, or at least to complain of her cruelty.

Thus *Brutus* believing he had mastered his owne will, passed the rest of the night in thinking upon his journey, and as soon as the Sun appeared, he rose with intent to walk alone without thinking on the company at *Lucrece*'s house. But whatsoever his intention was, he had not power to goe away without the curiosity of going into the closet, through which he could see into *Lucretia*'s chamber. This desire was so great he could not resist it; in fine, he entred, and peeped out at the same cranny as he had done the night before, but his curiosity received little satisfaction, for though he saw *Lucretia* asleep, yet he had a less sight of her than when she was awake, because she slept in so modest a posture, that he could see nothing but her right hand, in which she seemed to hold carelessly a little white veyle which covered half her face. This hand indeed was so white, that it made an end of that theft her eyes had begun, and stole away his heart. Yet did not *Brutus* perceive this infancy of love; he called the first motion of his passion, curiosity; he resolved to walk alone, to avoyd meeting with *Lucretia*, that he might not be obliged to speak in her presence, fancying to himself a kinde of pleasure in being separated from her, that so he might not accuse himself of having spoken indiscreetly before a person to whom he found a great inclination in himself to use all his Rhetorick, if he had been in such a condition, that he durst have discovered his thoughts. He went hereupon to walk in a Meadow, bordered with Willowes interwoven with thick bushes, which buried upon the *Tiber*. Thither he went with a resolution not to returne home, till this faire troop were gone; for having openly professed stupidity, he was not tyed to any rules of civility, and the presence of the two Princes did no longer oblige him to a self-constraint. So that to compasse his designe, he went, followed only by a Slave, to take a light repast with the Priest of a little Country Temple, not far from the place which he had chosen for his

walk. In fine, he ordered it so well, that he went not back untill it was within an houre of sun-set, and then not doubting but that the company which caused his solitary humour was departed, he took his way along the River to goe home. But as he began to walk, he was touched with a little kinde of discontent for not having seen that admirable person whom he avoyded to meet. He condemned himself almost at the same instant, and giving his thoughts leave to range without any fixed object, he sent the Slave that attended him before, and in this manner walked along the River, not well knowing where he was, untill coming to the midst of the Meadow, he beheld three women seated at the foot of an old Willow, who chanced to rise at the same time, as he perceived them, and began to walk away. Scarce were they risen, but he knew these three to be *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, and *Hermilia*, who knowing him, as he them, turned aside to avoyd him. For *Hermilia* her selfe was not onely ignorant that she was Sister to *Brutus*, but was a stranger as well as her two friends, to the true worth of this noble Roman. Not willing therefore that their conversation should be interrupted by a man, who, as they conceived, could adde nothing to it, they turned, as I said, aside. This action gave *Brutus* to understand what it was that obliged them to shun him, whereat he was infinitely troubled, yet did he comply with their intention, and saluting them a far off, went directly on to the house of his Aunt, imagining that the reſt of the company were there still. But this belief deceived him, for he found *Recilia* alone, who told him, the two Princes had been gone ever since the morning, and that the mother of *Lucrecia*, *Sivelia*, *Mutius*, and I, were newly departed. How comes it then, replyed *Brutus*, that *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* are here still? That, replyed she, proceeds from some concernments of Family, which have moved *Lucretius*, father to *Lucrecia*, and *Valerius*, father to *Valeria*, to remove their daughters for some time out of *Rome*. But being carefull to whom they would truſt their daughters, they have thought fit to commit them to my government, while the faire weather holds, which courtesie they have desired upon account of the alliance which is between our Families, and the friendship there is between these maids and *Hermilia*, there being no concernment of yours could hinder it; for that, added she smiling, you are not thought any dangerous person. *Brutus* having heard what *Recilia* said, blushed, though he himselfe knew not why. However he returned some answer to what that sage person said to him; which done, he discoursed with her about divers things. He asked her, if *Sivelia*, whom he knew to be an enemy of *Tarquin's*, had not informed her of any thing, whence might be raised a hope of some change in *Rome*; to which she answering, nothing at all, he was infinitely sad, and began to bemoan the cruelty of his destiny, and complained of it with so much sense and passion, that *Recilia* hath told me since, that she never heard man speak so well, nor so feelingly as he then did. That which yet encreased the affliction which he received from his own lamentations, was, that seeing those three faire ones, whom he had seen in the Meadow coming towards him, he rise up purposely to avoyd them, but with such an averſion, that she extreamly pitied him.

But *Brutus* was scarcely gotten out of this delightfull company, but repenting him of his purpose, he returned into the place where it was, and secretly condemned himselfe for the intention he had had. For in fine, said he, since there is almost no pleasure but that of the sight, which I may pretend to participate with rationall creatures, it were hard to be deprived of it, but I should at least make this advantage of faire objects, as to entertaine my selfe with delightfull imaginations. Upon these thoughts, *Brutus* making a short returne, spent the evening amongst these lovely Virgins, but it was rather to hearken to them, than to entertaine them. Yet he made a shift to speak once before *Lucrecia*; but it was with his affected simplicity, though he was with much trouble forced to it, for thinking it not uncivill not to answer what was asked him, and withall not daring to answer to any purpose, it must needs have infinitely afflicted him.

Lucrecia never having heard him speak before that time, whisper'd to *Hermilia*, and asked her whether he never had any more wit, which *Brutus* over-hearing, fain such

such a veneration as he had never felt before. For before he had seen *Lucretia*, he was so fiercely jealous that he was thought absolutely stupid, because it conduced to his designs; but for that admirable Virgin, he could not endure she should have the least thoughts of him, as so many others. Nay he was encouraged by the good opinion he had conceived of her, by divers things she that day spoke, against moderation of Goodnesse; for in fine, (said she to *Hermilia*, who maintained that it was sometimes prejudicial to be over good) a great mind without goodnesse may be feared & hated, but it is never loved. And I am so much confirmed in what I say, (continued she, speaking somewhat lower) that I would rather have the stupidity of *Brutus*, than the wit of the cruell *Tullia*, though she have one of the greatest in the world. But my Lord, though *Lucretia* intended not that *Brutus* should have heard her, yet he did; and what is remarkable in it, is, that though he could not think himselfe obliged any way by this discourse of *Lucretia*, yet he fancied himselfe into a certain delight, to think that she wished rather to be what he was, than to be *Tullia*; so that flattered with this imagination, he, with much satisfaction, listned to the discourse of these three maids. For my part, said *Lucretia*, I take such a pleasure to be good, that I am resolved to be so while I live, and consequently must needs prefer a great goodnesse without wit, before a great wit without goodnesse. But certainly, replyed *Hermilia*, those persons that are so good, that they can never be otherwise, are not very diverting; & to tell you what I think, I am of opinion, that goodnesse alone hath in it something too weak, and dispiriting, whence it comes, that it signifies almost nothing in some people. But it cannot be so said of wit; for I know some persons much given to be mischievous, whom yet I am taken with, though I am confident they will doe me an ill turne, when ever it lies in their power. On the contrary, I know another person of excessive goodnesse, one who would not be guilty of a thought of offending to be good, even to her enemies, who yet is infinitely troublesome to me, insomuch that hours seem ages, when I am alone with her. And hence I think I may with reason inferr, that Goodnesse accompanied with Wit, is good for all things, but without it, is almost good for nothing. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed out *Lucretia*, you are an unhappy body to say so, for it is undeniable, that Wit without Goodnesse is fit only to do mischief, and that Goodnesse without Wit, hath at least this advantage, that it can do no hurt. But, replyed *Hermilia*, an excessive goodnesse is sometimes hurtfull to those that have it, for when you are feared by none, you lye open to the affronts of all, and are thrust to the wall sooner than another. That indeed (said *Hermilia*) faith, happens sometimes, replyed *Valeria*, and through a certaine malignancy that is in the world, if you are not thought able to returne evil for evil, you must never expect good for good. So that were I to have my wish, I would certainly desire as much wit as goodnesse, were it onely to make use, when occasion served, of that precious quality, which without question raises the esteeme of all the rest, and without which they deserve no great commendation. But though one should have nothing to doe with the world, replyed *Hermilia*, Wit is still more necessary than Goodnesse; for as to Conversation, Goodnesse contributes nothing to it. Nay, on the contrary, continued she laughing, it may be said, it is very prejudicial to it; for those who are so excessively good can finde exceptions in nothing, they approve all things, they endure all things; and so the discourse dies every moment. No *Hermilia*, replyed *Lucretia*, I must dissent from you in that, since that onely those who have Wit and Goodnesse together, give life to Conversation. For are they not of a contrary humour to those, who abuse and calumniate their acquaintance, whereupon it may be inferred from what you say, that those only beget diversion, who raise quarrels and contestations in companies? But to be more serious, I boldly affirme, that it is onely a rationall goodnesse which distinguishes men from beasts, and the greatest expression of reason that can be given, is, to be able to have the use of a consideration of Vertue and Goodnesse not to doe it. Yet these good people without Wit, replyed *Hermilia*, who are good, and know not why they are so, what employment will you put them upon? And these persons of great wit, replyed *Lucretia*, who make no other use of it, than to deceive those who trust them, to raile, and raile

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ſcandalls and reports, what buſineſſe have you for them? You preſſe me ſomewhat too hard, replyed *Hermilia*, for I confeſſe I ſhould be to ſeek how to diſpoſe of ſuch malicious perſons, as ſhould make others harmes the buſineſſe of their wit. But doe you alſo, to requite me, acknowledge that you would be much troubled what to doe with thoſe good dull ones, who are guilty of neither malice nor delight. To reconcile you both, replyed *Valeria*, I think miſchievous perſons are to be avoyded, how witty and divertive ſoever they may be, and that they are not to be particularly acquainted withall; and that the good are to be excuſed, out of a conſideration of their great goodneſſe, and their imperfections are to be born with, notwithſtanding their want of wit. But to put a queſtion ſomewhat harder to be reſolved, added *Valeria*, I aſk you both, whether you would have an extraordinary Wit with an indifferent Goodneſſe, or a great Goodneſs with an indifferent Wit? For my part, replyed *Hermilia*, I ſhall ſoon chooſe; and I as ſoon, replyed *Lucrecia*, for I am already reſolved. But this ſatisfies not me, replyed *Valeria*, you muſt tell me, whether you have choſen; Methinks, replyed *Hermilia*, you might eaſily gheſs that *Lucrecia* hath taken the great Goodneſs with the indifferent Wit, and you might as eaſily conceive, added *Lucrecia*, that *Hermilia* hath choſen the great Wit, and indifferent Goodneſs. Yet I am confident, added this wiſe Virgin, that if there were two ſuch perſons, ſhe whoſe goodneſs were greater than her wit, would be much more beloved than the other. I know not whether ſhe might be more beloved, replyed *Hermilia*, but I am certain that ſhe whom I have choſen would be the more eſteemed. But what ſignifies that eſteem, replyed *Lucrecia*, which begets not friendſhip? for I lay this as a principle, we ſhould not deſire to be eſteemed, but in order to be loved, or at leaſt to be thought worthy to be loved. If you value not an Eſteem without Friendſhip, replyed *Hermilia*, what will you have me to conceive of a kind of luke-warm friendſhip without eſteem? For I cannot believe that one can have an eager affection for a perſon of mean wit, how good ſoever he may be. If the love we have for a good perſon be not grounded on the eſteem we have for him, replyed *Valeria*, it muſt needs proceed from the acquaintance we have with him, which we conceive obligeth us to love him. Nay then, replied *Hermilia*, I perceive ſhe that makes the propoſition declares againſt me. On the contrary, replyed *Lucrecia*, it may be ſaid, we are both of your ſide; for though you ſpeak againſt goodneſſe, yet we know you to be one of the beſt in the world. It is indeed true, replyed ſhe, I am not wicked; and to ſpeak truly, I would not be otherwiſe than good; but it is as true, that there are a ſort of miſchievous people that pleaſe my humour, and ſome good, who are troubleſome to me, and to ſpeak generally, goodneſſe is almoſt every where oppreſſed. Yet that hinders not, replyed *Lucrecia*, but that that vertue ought to be the foundation and ſupport of all the reſt; and that we ſhould wiſh rather to ſuffer injuſtice, than to doe it: beſides that, to ſpeak rationally, Goodneſſe is a vertue ſo well becomes a woman, that I know not any ſhe hath greater need of. I acknowledge replyed *Hermilia*, that a wicked woman is a Monſter; but certainly, one that is ingeniouſly malicious, addes much to Converſation, and is were a great loſſe if there were not ſome ſuch. Since you are ſo much taken with them, replyed *Lucrecia*, I wiſh you may never want ſome of thoſe women, who can wink at nothing, who condemne all things, who tell merry ſtories of their beſt friends, who, as ſoon as they are out of ſight, abuſe them, who envy the praiſes are given them, and themſelves commend them leſſe than thoſe who are not acquainted with them; and to be ſhort, who do them more hurt than they could expect from a mercileſſe enemy, and leſſe good than from a generous one. And the more to puniſh your obſtinacy, added *Valeria*, to *Lucrecia*'s wiſhes I adde thus much; I wiſh withall my heart, that you may have one truely good friend, who may acquaint you with all the treacheries the reſt are guilty of towards you, that ſo you may at laſt become equitable, and acknowledge with us, that true Goodneſſe is preferred before greatneſs of Wit, how ſhining ſoever it may be.

As ſhe ſaid theſe words, *Valeria* roſe up, whereupon it being late, theſe three Maids retired, and left *Brutus*, who had hearkned to them all the while, with little ceremony, yet *Lucrecia* took leave of him with greater civility than the other two, which he

he took infinitely well. For arguing from the civility she had for him in the condition he was in, that she would esteem him, if she were better acquainted with him, he was so ravished with the consideration, that it beget in his heart a certaine pleasant commotion, which one might presume to call Love, or at least something he felt, which he could never define.

In fine, not to abuse your patience, *Brutus*, who was resolved to depart, without acquainting any, could not performe it so soon; for something being yet wanting, which was necessary for his journey, he took occasion from that light hindrance, to make the less haste, not thinking himselfe that *Lucrecia* was partly the cause of his change of resolution. But three or foure dayes after he was sensible, that the Beauty, Wit, and Goodness of that person, had made a strange progress into his heart, for he could not keep out of the company of these three Maids. They at first thought him very troublesome, which he himself observed; but being such a one as was not to be treated uncivilly, neither would they doe it; insomuch that at length, making no account of him, they spoke before him as freely as if he had not been in place. *Brutus* by this meanes having *Lucrecia* alwaies in sight, and viewing her with all the charms of her Beauty and Wit, fell deeply in love with her. But to his grief *Love* entred his heart without that insinuating companion which they call *Hope*, which by her beguiling charmes makes men undergo such long and violent afflictions. Whence it came to passe, that *Brutus*, as soon as he was convinced that he really loved *Lucrecia*, was extremely troubled, and look'd upon it as a second motive to remove himself far from *Rome*. To what end, said he, should I entertain this fruitlesse passion, which I must never presume to discover? How can it be imagined that the stupid *Brutus* should be capable of admiring and adoring the incomparable *Lucrecia*? But alas! continued he, though she understood my passion, I should be no lesse miserable, for is it possible she can love a man in whom there is not the least appearance of wit? And to come yet nearer home, when I should trust my selfe to her discretion, when she should be convinced I am not what all the world takes me to be, what likelihood is there she should admit the addresses of an unfortunate man, who dares not betray his reason, lest he lose a life which he hath designed to sacrifice to the liberty of his Countrey? Shall I go and tell her I am a Conspirator, when at the same time I am to tell her that I love her? Shall I entertaine her with interests of State and Revenge at the same instant when I am to treat her with Love and Respect? But if I should thus entertain her, is it probable I might make some advantage of it, or that she would ever be prevail'd with to run fortunes with such a wretch, as in all likelihood will never be otherwise? But supposing such a miracle should be done, which cannot, that she should be mov'd with my affection, is it probable that *Lucretius*, a man of spirit and ambition, should bestow his Daughter upon a Sot, or that *Tarquin* would suffer me to marry the daughter of a Woman, who is not engag'd in his interests but by force? No, no, *Brutus*, said he sighing, thou must not love *Lucrecia*; and if thou do'st but imagine it, thou wilt really be as great a stranger to thy Reason as now thou seem'st to be. Renounce then at once both the object of thy Hatred and that of thy Love, forget *Tarquin* and *Lucrecia*; stifle together thy growing Affection, and thy desire of Revenge, since it is fruitlesse to cherish either; and goe seek in another climate a gentler Destiny than what thou hast found in thine own Countrey.

Hereupon *Brutus* thought his Reason was convinced, and that he should infallibly depart. But it was not a quarter of an houre that he had been thus resolved, ere he had a fresh conflict in his soule, which made him a minute after reflect on things quite different. What doe I, said he? what doe I? Am I still the same *Brutus* who ever was guilty of an importunate desire of revenging the death of an illustrious Father and a vertuous Brother? Have I forgotten the commands of the one, and the instructions of the other? Have I overcome the Love I had at *Crotona*, that I might forsake *Rome*? Have I for no end parted with the sage *Dame*? Have I fruitlesly renounced the use of my Reason, and hath that importunate Vertue (*Patience*) which in time overcomes all things, absolutely forsaken me? For my part, added he, I believe the Gods consider my weaknesse, and have purposely brought me to the sight of

this admirable perſon whom I adore, to ſtay me here, and hinder me from being ſo unworthy as to quit the deſigne I had of delivering my Countrey. Certainly there muſt be ſomething extraordinary in this emergencie; for what likelihood is there, that a blinde chance ſhould direct *Lucrecia* to this houſe, at what time I had ſecretly reſolved to [illegible]; and that having never ſeen her, I ſhould goe as it were purpoſely, when I had but two or three dayes to ſtay? Beſides, I at firſt avoyded her as much as lay in my power; ſhe hath hardly ſpoken to me ſince I have knowne her; and yet methinks I have alwayes been deſign'd to her ſervice, ſo violent is the affection I have for her. What probability is there that Love ſhould neſtle in my breaſt amidſt ſo many thorny diſtractions, were it not decreed that the beauty of *Lucrecia* ſhould cauſe the ſafety of *Rome*, by flattering on me a love that ſtayes me, and permits me not to forgoe the revenge I have undertaken to execute? Let us then caſt our ſelves upon the diſpoſall of Fortune, by ſubmitting our heart to ſo excellent a Beauty: Let the love we receive from the eyes of *Lucrecia* enflame our hatred to *Tarquin*, and if we muſt be unhappy in this affection, as it is very likely, let us beare our misfortunes as juſt puniſhment for that unworthineſſe we have been guilty of, in thinking to remove from *Rome*. Let us with courage endeavour to ſubdue the heart of this illuſtrious perſon, and at the ſame time overturne the throne of this infamous Tyrant; although, if I may truly ſpeak my thoughts, I am confident it will be eaſier for me to ſnatch the government of *Rome* out of the hands of the proud *Tarquin*, than deliver my heart out of the power of the divine *Lucrecia*. Let us love then, let us love, ſince it is the will of Fate, and without conſidering what may happen to us, let us obey the inclinations which directs us to adore *Lucrecia*. Let us look on her as a perſon hath preſerved vertue in our ſoul, which we ſhall eternally acknowledge, even though ſhe ſhould never do ought for us, ſince it is ſhe that hath cheriſhed in us the deſign of *Rome's* deliverance.

This ſtorme being over, *Brutus's* ſoule was as it were in a calme, which made him conceive that this reſolution proceeded from ſome ſupernaturall inſpiration, and ſuch a friendly correſpondence happened there upon this adventure between his Heart and his Reaſon, that he thought no more of his departure; his thoughts were wholly taken up with the love of *Lucrecia*, while he expected an occaſion to make *Tarquin* feele the weight of his hatred; ſo that he ſuffer'd his heart to wander into the love of that admirable perſon, though he found no other preſent advantage of his paſſion, than that he was ſtaid in *Rome* by the attractions of this incomparable Virgin, whom yet he neither durſt ſay he loved, nor hope to be loved by.

Being thus reſolved to love, he was ſo much ſatisfied in himſelfe, that it was viſible in his eyes and contenance, inſomuch that *Racilia* having obſerved it, took occaſion, the firſt time ſhe had private diſcourſe with him, to aſk him the reaſon of it. But he ſatisfied her not, for there being naturally a certaine myſtery in Love, he thought it diſcretion not to reveale a Secret, which he himſelfe knew would be thought extravagant by any one who had not the ſame apprehenſions of it as he had. Giving therefore his paſſion all the liberty imaginable, he endeavour'd to double thoſe chaines whereby he was already faſtned, and miſs'd no opportunity to ſee *Lucretia*, and to hear her ſpeak.

In the mean time, *Racilia*, though ſhe knew *Brutus* to be much more conſiderable, as to point of gallantry, than he ſeemed to be, yet did ſhe allow theſe Virgins the ſame freedome as before; nay, which is more, pray'd them to admit *Brutus* to walk with them, telling them, that it might haply enlighten his minde, that they ſhould pity one in his condition, and endeavour what they could to diſperſe that deep melancholly which encreaſed his naturall ſtupidity, adding, that their preſence had already in ſome part leſſen'd it. Not, my Lord, but that *Racilia* was as innocent in this as Vertue it ſelfe; but ſhe ſo much pitied the life *Brutus* led, that ſhe was glad any way to make it more comfortable. But to ſay truth, ſhe could not conceive he would entertaine Love without Hope, nor that any thing amorous could lodge in that heart, which Revenge had ſo long ſince taken up. Beſides, that it is not unlikely, but that if *Brutus* had a deſigne to marry ſhe would have been glad it had been either

with

with *Valeria* or *Lucretia*; as for *Hermilia* she knew well enough that *Brutus* was not ignorant she was his Sister.

This Society by this meanes became pleasant enough, for besides that these three Virgins were excellent good company, yet the admission of some other persons made it better and more divertive. There was a Sister of *Collatine's*, who spending the season of the year in the neighbour-hood, came thither often, out of a design to render her Brother some service with *Lucrecia*, whom he was in love with. The Prince of *Pometia* and his brother Prince *Titus* came thither divers times; for though they were *Tarquin's* Sons, yet the consideration of their vertue exempted them from the hatred which men had for their Father. Commonly *Mutius* came along with them: and for my part, I had ever some commands or other from the vertuous *Sivelia*, to her whose house so many amiable persons made their rendezvous. So that though *Racilia* professed all the severity of a vertuous Roman, yet being of a mild nature, allowing the freedome of the Countrey, and having a confidence in the vertue of those persons, who were under her charge, and considering that the men who came to visit them were very respectfull, as also her kinred, all except the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, and *Collatine*, she her selfe was extremely satisfied with a company wherein was nothing but what was innocent. *Lucrecia's* also came thither sometimes, and *Sivelia* oftner.

But as it is not my own History which I relate unto you so I shall not tell you, that *Mutius* & I had a certain passion, caused in us by the same person, since we both had an affection for *Valeria*; for then I should have too many things to acquaint you with, which have no relation to the adventures of *Brutus*. But I shall give you to understand by the way, that *Lucrecia* had enflam'd *Collatine* and *Brutus*, that *Hermilia* was courted by the Prince of *Pometia*, though it was suspected he was a servant of *Collatine's* Sister, who was called *Collatina*; that *Titus* was in love with her I last named, and that Love it selfe was as it were the Soule of this faire Troop. But indeed the love was not reciprocall, for *Lucrecia* had a great aversion for *Collatine*, and knew not that *Brutus* was so deeply in love with her. *Valeria* had no affection for *Mutius*, and little more than friendship for me; but for *Collatine's* Sister, she certainely had an esteeme for *Titus*: and *Hermilia*, without all doubt, had a strong inclination for the Prince of *Pometia*, though *Racilia* believed it not, and indeed is yet ignorant of it. Notwithstanding all this, Love was so well disguis'd among these persons, that nothing was visible but Courtship, Respect, Civility, Complement and Friendship. It happen'd sometimes, through the care every one took, to conceale their Sentiments, that Visits were given without the least private discourse with the person beloved. One time among the rest, I remember, the Prince of *Pometia* discoursed altogether with *Collatina*, *Titus* all the time entertained *Lucrecia*, *Collatine* courted *Valeria*, and *Mutius*, and I treated *Hermilia*. But for *Brutus*, conceiving himself not suspected of any, he quitted his ordinary reservednesse, and alwayes kept neare *Lucrecia*. This indeed was no great satisfaction to him, for not daring to discover himselfe, she suffer'd him meerly out of pity, and out of regard to his quality and her friendship with *Racilia*. But yet indeed he took a great pleasure to spight *Collatine*: not that he could be jealous of *Brutus*, but that *Brutus* kept him from having any private discourse with *Lucrecia*. Not indeed was *Brutus* at first jealous of *Collatine*; for besides, that in point of gallantry *Collatine* was none of the most considerable, it was easily perceived that *Lucrecia* had an aversion for him, though she discreetly concealed it. But his feare was of the faire and subtill *Collatina*, whose insinuating, submissive, and obliging humour, was very likely to do her Brother a good office. So that after a while, *Brutus* had to deale with at the same time, resentments of Love, of Jealousie, of Hatred, of Revenge, and of Ambition; yet without any rationall hope of ever being able to satisfie any one of these violent passions. For it was not likely *Lucrecia* should love him before she knew what indeed he was; it was as unlikely he should discover unto her a Secret, which knowne, might divert him from endeavouring the deliverance of *Rome*, and being revenged of *Tarquin*: it was also somewhat improbable he should suddenly ruine a Prince, whose power was strengthened by his cruelty: & for the

ambition he had to arrive at the rank of his fore-fathers, he had no great reason to hope it while his reason were in captivity, and *Tarquin* in the Throne. Hence was it that sometimes he thought himself the most unfortunate man living. He now and then slipt into *Rome* to confetre with *Licinius* and *Valerius* about his main designe so long since undertaken. Here was he entertained whole dayes together, with the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, the cowardise of the Senate, and the small hope they had to meet with an opportunity to discharge themselves of what lay so heavy on their hearts.

But *Brutus* in the mean time entertain'd himself with his own thoughts, and the Muses, about the love he had for *Lucrecia*; for, having, as I told you, been acquainted with *Pythagoras*'s daughter, and travell'd into *Greece*, he could have complained in verse of the cruelty of his amorous fortune, could he but have hoped that *Lucrecia* might one day be acquainted with his love. But according to the posture of his soul, he made no advantage of his talents, since he durst neither speak nor write, and yet he was almost out of himself to do either. For though Poetry be not yet very common at *Rome*, where they know little more than those Acrosticks of *Sibilla*, yet *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, understood more of things of this nature than a many others, by the means of a Greek Maid, a Slave of *Rucilia*'s, whose mother had sometimes lived with the learned *Cleobulina*, daughter of *Periander* King of *Corinth*. This Slave having an excellent understanding, had secretly taught them somewhat of her language, and had repeated to them a many excellent compositions of *Sappho* and *Phocilides*, with which they were infinitely taken. Which *Brutus* coming to know, was extremely troubled, in that he durst not make use of those things which haply might bring him into favour with *Lucrecia*; and thinking withall in himself, that he could not pretend to any esteem from her, he was afflicted beyond all belief, insomuch that in some intervalls not considering the hazard of his life, not troubling himself about the designes he had against *Tarquin*, he resolved to acquaint this admirable Virgin with his love, and that as a man that knew how to expresse his thoughts in other language, than what he ordinarily spoke. Yet could he not stave off a certain feare, that, in case he succeeded not, *Licinius*, *Valerius*, and *Rucilia*, should perpetually hit him in the teeth for discovering himself; besides the consideration he had that *Tarquin* might make *Licinius* suffer, when he came to know he had abused him. Thus resolving on nothing absolutely, he led a most distracted life, his melancholy not admitting any consolation; for he was neither able to struggle with his love, nor durst acquaint her with it who was the cause of it. Nevertheless he still loved, and that with an extreme obstinacy; for though *Lucrecia* added no fuell to his passion, yet did it sensibly encrease, even *despaire* having that effect in him which *hope* hath in other Lovers; For in fine, said he, 'tis true, I cannot hope any thing, yet this cannot weaken my love, since my despaire proceeds not from *Lucrecia*, but it is the extravagance of my destiny which makes me uncapable of hoping any thing: She does not certainly favour me much, and she were to blame if she did, and I am obliged to her for her indifference for me, since it is not the same *Brutus* she is acquainted with, that I would have in her favour. But alas! continued he, that other *Brutus* is at such a distance with Fortune, that it is not likely he will ever dare shew himself to *Lucrecia*; and if I renounce not one part of my reason, she will still be ignorant of the love she hath kindled in my heart, & consequently I shall be the most unfortunate man alive. How (cry'd he out, as he hath told me since) shall not *Lucrecia*, the admirable *Lucrecia*, know that thou lovest her, and thou art not such a Sot as thou art taken to be? Canst thou be content to be ever the object of her contempt and her indifference? No, no, continued he, I shall never doe it; nay though I should lose my life, though I should hazard all, and that *Rome* must eternally be subject to the tyranny of *Tarquin*, *Lucrecia* must know that I live under her power. She is discreet, good, and generous, and it may be she will not cast away a man, that out of excesse of love trusts himself to her discretion.

But weak man that thou art, resum'd he, hast thou forborn all rationall discourse for so long time, onely to tell *Lucrecia* that thou lov'st her? Think, think on the love

love thou owest thy country, not on what thou must have for a person, who haply will not have any for thee. Remember thy Father cut off by the cruelty of *Tarquin*; thy Brother dispatch'd the same way, and that both dying, commanded thee to revenge their losse. Consider *Rome* enslav'd by the most horrid Tyrant the earth affords; regard so many thousands of vertuous families expecting their safety from thee, and since thou wilt be base, imagine that the discovery of thy love to *Lucrecia* may haply cost thee thy life; and think at length, if there be any thing of vertue yet remaining in thee, what blot it would be to thy memory to have preferred the love of *Lucrecia*, before that of Fame and thy Country.

Upon this, such a tempest rose in *Brutus*'s soule, that it was easily perceiveable he had not herein taken the advice of his reason. To be short, he was that day so dejected and so melancholy, that he would not see any body, and the more to avoyd all company, he walked out into that Meadow, where I told you one evening he had seen *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, where he was so overwhelm'd with his melancholy humour, that he hid himself between two thick bushes above three houres, not so much as once looking towards the River. But at last, his excessive affliction forcing him to shift place, he rose up; which he had no sooner done, but he spies *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia* sitting on the River side, discoursing with the Prince of *Pometia*, while *Racilia* walked a little aside with *Collatina*'s Mother, this company being come thither since his coming out alone.

Being thus engaged not to avoyd *Lucrecia*, though he wished it, he made towards the place where she was, and having saluted the whole company, he found their discourse to be about Love, and that the Prince of *Pometia* opposing *Hermilia* (who still purposely contradicted him) held, that it was not the proper vertue of a woman to have an insensible heart, and on the contrary maintained that a Lady could not be throughly assured of her selfe untill a violent affection had possessed her soule. For in in fine, said he, I finde that a woman makes no great difficulty to oblige those whom she hath no tendernesse for, to forbeare the expressions of their love; I finde it is no great reputation to wrestle with a weak and unsetled inclination; but for a woman, courted by a man of extraordinary worth, whom she also loves, not to engage her selfe too farre, and notwithstanding all the sympathy of a reciprocall love to preserve Vertue impregnably seated in her heart, is certainly of great merit. Yet my Lord, I conceive, reply'd *Valeria* modestly smiling, that it is best not to study alwayes for this expression of Vertue, lest that at first drawn in to love innocently, one should come at last to love beyond the limits of Honour. For my part, said *Hermilia*, I conceive it more glorious to oppose love, than to entertain it, how innocent soever it may be. And for mine, said *Collatina*, (who secretly carried on her Brother's interest) I must, notwithstanding the great severity the Roman Ladies professe, affirme, that where the rules of civility are observed, there is an infinite pleasure to be beloved, and, if I may presume to say it, to love. For in fine, if the enjoyments of Friendship be thought delightfull, onely comparatively to those of Love, which they say are greater, it were madnesse not to love something, it being supposed the use of it were not forbidden. I could not have believed, reply'd *Valeria* smiling, that a Roman Lady should make Love's party good with such confidence. She is so good a Sister, reply'd *Hermilia* smiling also, that she would rather forsake the interest of her Sex than of her Brother.

Whilst these Virgins were thus engag'd, the faire *Lucrecia* fell into such a deep musing, that she minded not what was said, though she were concern'd in it. On the contrary, entertaining her selfe upon the first discourse of the Prince of *Pometia*, in the commendation of Love, she quite forgot the company, till that *Collatina* taking her by the arm, told her laughing, that she must contribute to that conversation; asking her whether she thought Love a troublesome thing or a pleasant. *Lucrecia* answer'd, that she could say nothing of a thing she was not acquainted with. To take away that pretence, we must describe that passion to you, reply'd the Prince of *Pometia*, who having an excellent wit, made it his businesse to say all he could to the advantage of Love. He describ'd all the insinuations of Hope; he represented the surprises of

of the firſt deſires which that paſſion inſpires into us; he enumerated the delights, the tranſports, the tempting illuſions it cauſes, the pleaſant reveries that accompany it; and in fine, omitted nothing which might relate to that noble paſſion. Having ſo done, he preſſed her to tell what ſhe thought of Love. But ſhe abſolutely refuſing, her companions ſet upon her and perſecuted her ſo long, till at laſt ſhe promiſed they ſhould have her opinion, conditionally they would permit her to write it down. Enquiring therefore who among them had any table-books, it happened that onely *Brutus* had one.

Whereupon, this concealed Lover, who was glad of an occaſion to have any thing of the writing of *Lucrecia*, preſented her with his table-book, wherein ſhe writ what ſhe thought of Love. But my Lord, that you may the better underſtand what a trick ſhe put upon them, I muſt ſet down the ſame words which ſhe writ, which ſhe aſſured them contained her true ſentiment of love.

Hereupon *Herminius* ſpying a table-book upon *Arontes*'s table, took it, and writ down the ſame words as *Lucrecia* had made uſe of; which done, delivering the table-book to *Arontes* and *Amilcar*, they therein found the enſuing words;

Paſt, how, there, quickly, ah, but, not, ſweet, if, ſoever, laſt, were, love, can, no, is love.

How (reply'd *Amilcar* laughing, when he had read theſe ſcatter'd words) is there any rationall ſenſe in what I have read? For my part, added *Arontes*, I confeſſe I can make nothing of them; and therefore think that *Lucrecia*'s deſigne was to finde her friends ſomewhat to do, and not deſirous to diſcover unto them what ſhe thought of Love, pleaſed her ſelf by putting them to the trouble to pick ſenſe out of words which had not any.

What you ſay my Lord, reply'd *Herminius*, continuing his relation, was the opinion of the Prince of *Pometia*, who having read what *Lucrecia* had written in *Brutus*'s table-book, told her that ſhe was a very wag, ſo unmercifully to abuſe her friends, and not give her opinion of a thing of the greateſt importance, and the moſt delightfull in the world.

I am not to learn, replyed ſhe ſmiling, that it is the property of the Gods onely to ſpeak obſcurely; but all conſider'd, ſince that out of a conſideration of modeſty I have conceived my ſelfe not oblig'd to give my opinion expreſly of a thing I am not able pertinently to ſpeak of, you muſt either interpret my words, or not underſtand me. But ſeriouſly, ſaid *Valeria* to her, is there any ſenſe in what you have written? I proteſt to you, replyed *Lucrecia* laughing, there is not onely ſenſe, but very pleaſant ſenſe, and excellently well expreſſed; and that I never in my life have, nor ever ſhall ſpeak better. But that you may not charge me with any vanity, continued ſhe, I muſt tell you that the words are not mine, but I have borrow'd them, I know not whence, nor yet from whom. Certainly, replyed *Hermilia*, you are not much beholding to the Lender, and you may as eaſily returne as much to thoſe of whom you have borrow'd them; for whatever you may be pleaſed to ſay, what you have written here ſignifies no more than ſo much Gibberiſh. Neither is it ſo good as to pretend to that fuſtian language of canting, whereby ſome that are crafty over-reach and elude the ſimpler ſort of people, for there is not any one who would not eaſily perceive there were no ſenſe in what you have written. For inſtead of ſaying

Paſt how there quickly, ah,

one ſhould ſay,

Ah how quickly there paſt,

And ſo of the reſt, it were as good as it was before, or to ſay better, as bad. If you would but change the order of the words, replyed *Lucrecia*, you would infallibly finde my true meaning; but without jeſting, ſaid *Collatina* to her, is there any reaſon in theſe words? Sincerely, replyed *Lucrecia*, the higheſt in the world; and I much admire

nevive that foure such plotting wits as you are, cannot fit it out. I would faine see (added she maliciously, thinking to make sport) whether *Brutus* can understand it better than any of you, and shall desire him to give his judgement of the question in hand. For my part, replyed *Collatina*, if *Brutus* understand this language better than we, I shall think it very strange. I pray let me first clear there, for these inchanted words, replyed *Herminius*, wherein *Lucrecia* sayes there is such excellent sense, which yet seems not to containe any reason; for if it be so, there was never in this world such a Metamorphosis.

Hereupon the table book was handed from one to another, till it passed through all, none being able to make any sense of it, nor did any think of giving it to *Brutus*, all being obstinately desirous to ghesse at what *Lucrecia* had written. For *Valeria*, who understood her, told the Prince of *Pometia*, that certainly *Lucrecia* did not dissemble, and that there must be reason in what she had written by her very looks. But at length, none being able to make any thing of it, *Brutus*, who had a huge desire to see those words, ask'd for his table-book, which had not been so soon shot'd to him, had not *Lucrecia*, who was glad they could not finde out what she had written, taken it from them; as for *Brutus*, she little feared his interpretation. Snatching it therefore out of *Herminia*'s hand, she returned it to the owner, who having received it, retreated two or three steps, and set himself seriously to consider the words. While he was looking on them, he could heare *Collatina* jeering at his earnestnesse therein, supposing he sought what he should never finde. But that which pleased him infinitely, was to heare *Lucrecia* chiding her for being so uncivill as to make sport at him. In the mean time *Brutus*, who was of an excellent reaching wit, proper for the finding out of such things, apprehended *Lucrecia*'s fancy, and disposing the words into their genuine order, he found they made up two verses of *Phocilides* which had been translated, that he had known them a long time, and that the Greeke Slave at *Racilia*'s had taught them *Lucrecia*. Finding therefore the humour very ingenious, and Love being at that time predominant in his heart, notwithstanding what thoughts he had had a little before, he could not but satisfie a violent desire he had to give *Lucrecia* a secret testimony of both his understanding and his love. Besides that, perceiving she would not explaine her own verses, he concluded she would observe the same secrecy as to the answer. For you are to know, that those two verses, the words whereof *Lucrecia* had onely transpos'd when she writ them in *Brutus*'s table-book, are two verses very amorous and pathetick, of such an easie naturall sense, that you cannot but remember them, when I have once repeated them; and in fine, those words which appeared so terrible shuffled out of their places, when they were disposed into their proper order, expressed *Lucrecia* thus;

How sweet were love, if not so quickly past,
But ah! there is no love can ever last.

Ah *Herminius*, cry'd out *Aurelia* interrupting him, how it troubles me that I could not discypher these verses! but I must see whether these words are the same with the other. Whereupon taking the table-book wherein *Herminius* had written them, he compared them word for word, till he had found there was no difference betwixt that fantastick canting, and these two verses of *Phocilides*; which done, *Herminius* thus continued his relation.

Brutus therefore having unravell'd this confusion of words, and found in them the two verses I have mention'd, immediately made two others, fantastically transposing the words, as those of the other, as you may see by what I shall write under the former, conditionally you do not interrupt me for the interpretation. For now that you have the Secret, you may easily finde them. Content your selves therefore, that I onely tell you the words which I write as I speak them.

Last, permit, ever, and, my, shall, grac't, all, some, then, love, shall, love, beauty, finde, with, thou.

I give you a thousand thanks, replyed *Amilcar*, that you have given me a dispensation as to the discyphering of these words; for I should never have done it. But to comfort me, let me soone know that the others were as little able to doe it as I.

That I must, replyed *Herminius*, and that without any flattery; for *Brutus* having wrote these words under those of *Lucrecia*, and returned them to that amiable Virgin; the table-book passed through the hands of all the company; but to say truth, rather to abuse *Brutus*, than look for any sense there. For the Prince of *Pometia* was of opinion with *Valeria*, *Collatina*, and *Herminia*, that *Brutus* understood no more of the businesse, than to set down certain words at randome. So that not able to keep from laughing at his pretended simplicity, their censure of his words was quite contrary to what they made of *Lucrecia's*; for though they could make nothing of *Brutus's*, nor indeed endeavour'd to finde any thing in them, so poorely were they conceited of him, yet they affirmed they understood them, and that they were of admirable sense. They abusively repeated the first words, which they said made a wonderfull harmony.

But while they so unmercifully jeered one whom they knew not, *Lucrecia*, who was of a nature could not endure to make sport of such as were not thought the wisest, took the table book from them; and seriously considering what *Brutus* had written (that he might see she did not slight him) was somewhat surprised to finde the words relative to those she had made use of: Fastning therefore her minde, as well as her eyes, upon what *Brutus* had written, she went aside two or three steps from her companions, and looked on the words so attentively, that she understood *Brutus* as well as he had done her; for she there found these two verses, which answered those of *Phocilides*.

Permit my love, thou with all beauty grac't,
And thou shalt finde some love shall ever last.

Lucrecia had no sooner decypher'd these Verses, but she blush'd, and that the more when turning to look on *Brutus*, with some amazement, she met his eyes half way, and saw in them a certain trouble, and withall a certain quickneſſe, which she had never before observed. But how strangely soever she might be surprised by this accident, she made a shift to conceale it, for she would neither interpret her owne words, nor discover *Brutus's*; so that having somewhat recover'd her selfe out of the amazement she was in, she came to her friends, and told them they were better ghessers than she, for she could make nothing of what *Brutus* had written: Nor did I intend it for any but your self (reply'd he negligently with his accustomed simplicity) which though it seemed to be very bluntly spoken, yet did it confirme *Lucrecia* in what she believed, which was, that there was something extraordinary in this adventure.

This made her so infinitely desirous to be at liberty, to reflect on what had happened to her, that she insensibly engaged the company to a little distance by walking aside; onely *Valeria*, who was acquainted with all her secrets, she drew aside, and related to her what she had met with. But is it possible you speak seriously, reply'd *Valeria*, or is it by chance that you have made two verses of these extravagant words of *Brutus*, who haply knowes not himselfe there is any such thing in them? You doe not consider what you say *Valeria*, said *Lucrecia* to her, for these two verses are so pertinently answerable to mine, that *Brutus* must of necessity have understood what I writ, and making them on a sudden, must of necessity have an excellent understanding, though he be accounted the most stupid among men. It is, certainly, excellently well done, reply'd *Valeria*, and as certaine, that he was never before guilty of any discovery of Love of this nature; and not to dissemble longer with you, since *Brutus* is an understanding man, he certainly loves you, and for some dayes past, I have observed him perpetually looking on you. Nay I am perswaded, added she, the love he beares you hath cleared his understanding, and that the fire your eyes have darted into

into his ſoule, hath enlightened his reaſon. Ah *Valeria*, reply'd *Lucrecia*, my eyes do no miracles, and *Brutus* muſt have been long ſince what I now finde him. 'Tis true, reply'd *Valeria*, I now ſuſpect ſomewhat more than ever I did, for I remember I have known *Brutus* privately ſpend whole dayes with *Licinius* and my Father, and ſo it is not impoſſible ſomething may be ſhrowded under this counterfeit ſtupidity.

But when all is done, how is it imaginable that a man ſhould alwayes conceale his underſtanding, and expect an emergency of love to manifeſt it? I ſhould therefore rather conceive it a prodigie, and that *Brutus* inſpired by love, ſhould ſpeak this time as thoſe doe that ſpeak Oracles, who many times underſtand not what they ſay. However it be, added *Valeria*, the adventure is ſo conſiderable, that it is fit the whole company were acquainted with it, that every one may give his opinion of it; for, after all, what *Brutus* hath written will never be taken for any declaration of Love, if you be not ſo pleaſed. No, no, reply'd *Lucrecia*, let us not be ſo haſty, for if *Brutus* have thoſe parts in him which he would not diſcover to the world, for ſome reaſon to me unknowne, I ſhall doe him no prejudice; nor indeed would I have him think that I have unriddl'd his verſes. Beſides that I ſhall not interpret my own, for *Collatina*, who, as you know, is perpetually ſpeaking to me of her Brother, would believe when ſhe had once ſeen his verſe,

How ſweet were Love, if not ſo quickly paſt!

that ſhe had no more to doe, than to aſſure me of *Collatine's* fidelity to engage me to entertain his affection. Therefore let us not ſay any thing of this accident, not even to *Hermilia*, nor yet to *Racilia*, untill we know *Brutus* ſomewhat better than we do. *Valeria* hereupon promiſing to doe as ſhe would have her, they came up to the company, which ſoon after diſperſed it ſelfe. For the Prince of *Pometia* returned to *Rome*, and *Collatina's* mother went the ſame way.

In the mean time *Brutus* was ſo infinitely ſatisfied, to finde by the actions and looks of *Lucrecia*, that ſhe underſtood him, that all the reaſons he cou'd rally up to engage his paſſion, were not able to beat him off from his reſolution of loving *Lucrecia*; and he was ſo pleas'd to think that he had at the ſame time given her a ſlight hint of his underſtanding and his love, that at the ſame inſtant, Hope, which till then was a ſtranger to his heart, became abſolute miſtreſſe of it, and brought along with her all thoſe pleaſures, which are her Attendants in ordinary. Let us love, let us love (ſaid he in himſelfe, when he was come to a place where he might freely reflect on what had happened to him) and let us not oppoſe our good fortune; let us engage our liberty for all our life, let us double the chaines which faſten us to *Lucrecia*, let us double them with thoſe hands which muſt break aſunder thoſe of *Tarquin's* Tyranny. Let us enjoy all the pleaſures of an Infant-love, and hope for all thoſe of a fortunate Lover. Let us believe the love of our Country, and that of Glory not to be inconſiſtent with them; On the contrary, let us be aſſured, that the onely ambition of being worthy of *Lucrecia's* affection, will haſten the deliverance of *Rome*; and let us not raiſe thoſe difficulties, which haply we ſhall never meet with. Let us then diſcover to *Lucrecia* all our Love and all our Worth, and let us not imagine a baſe-confidence in her, which may equally eclipſe our Reputation and our Love: for haply, continued he, if we doe not make it her intereſt to conceale our ſecret, ſhe will goe and reveale it to ſome one who may doe us a diſcourteſie. I now perceive, added he, I have carry'd my ſelfe inconſiderately for the ſafety of my life, but I cannot repent me of it, and I had rather die this day, now that I know that *Lucrecia* does but imagine that I love her, and am not *Brutus* the ſtupid, then be aſſured to live an age, without the happy acquaintance of this admirable perſon.

On the other ſide, *Lucrecia* could not quit her thoughts and obſervance of *Brutus*; but as often as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw ſomewhat in his eyes ſhe never before had taken notice of, and met at the ſame time with love and greatneſſe of mind.

This raiſed in her an unſpeakable curioſity, to dive into a ſecret which ſeemed to her ſo extraordinary; yet would ſhe doe nothing in order to the diſcovery of it, not ſo much as take any occaſion to ſpeak to *Brutus*, though ſhe paſſionately wiſhed it. But Chance befriended her the next day, for it happened that *Lucrecia*, who was naturally much inclin'd to ſolitary muſing, walked all alone into a large Court which was behinde *Racilia*'s houſe. But that in caſe the weather were over hot, they might have the pleaſure and convenience of the ſight of the Garden, there was lately built a large Arbor, open of all ſides, oppoſite to the ſtaires which led into the Garden abutting on a ſpacious walk that croſſed the Court. *Lucrecia* therefore having left *Valeria* and *Hermilia* in a ſloathfull humour, that kept them within doores, as thinking fitter to entertaine themſelves in the Hall, took a turne into the Garden, intending to returne to her friends as ſoon as ſhe had done. But inſenſibly forgetting her firſt deſigne, and withall her ſelfe, ſhe walked ſo long thinking on a hundred ſeverall things one after another, that growing weary ſhe turned into the Arbor I ſpoke of, with intention to reſt her a while, for there were ſeats all about it. They had alſo taken care to put curtaines to all the ſides, which, if need were, might be drawne againſt the Sun; ſo that *Lucrecia* finding the place very convenient, goes in, ſits downe, and continuing her former thoughts, looked into the Court. She was no ſooner ſate down, but *Brutus* comes in to her, who having walked a long time in a little Wood which was behinde the Garden, came to this Arbor to reſt himſelfe, not knowing that *Lucrecia* was there, the curtaines being drawn on that ſide he came in at; for I had forgot to tell you, that there was an entrance into it on any ſide.

That which is particular in this accident, is, that *Brutus*, engag'd in deeper meditations than *Lucrecia*, was as much ſurpriz'd to finde her there, as ſhe was to ſee him come in. But if he were ſurpriz'd, it was with much delight, for having never beene with her alone, he thought himſelfe abſolutely happy to finde her in that poſture, eſpecially being reſolved, as he was, to diſcover himſelfe truly to her, and to acquaint her with his love. But though he paſſionately wiſhed for the opportunity which Chance now favour'd him with, and that he ſaw himſelfe at liberty to ſpeak, yet had he ſuch an extraordinary commotion, and ſo great a diſturbance in his heart, that he could not but bluſh as well as *Lucrecia*. For though the adventure the day before had made this great Beauty extremely curious to know preciſely what thoughts ſhe ſhould have of *Brutus*, yet was ſhe ſomewhat troubled to finde her ſelfe alone with a man whom ſhe did not conceive to be ſuch as the world took him, and one who had manifeſted his love to her, in ſo ſtrange, ſo ingenuous, and ſo gallant a manner. Nevertheleſſe, having not any way diſcover'd that ſhe underſtood thoſe two verſes he had made to anſwer thoſe ſhe had made uſe of, ſhe recover'd her ſelf, and return'd his ſalute.

But though ſhe might without any hazard of cenſure, have ſtaid there with *Brutus*, the place being open to all the houſe, as alſo the Court, where a many Gardeners were at work; yet ſhe pretended as if ſhe would not ſit downe againe, but re-aſſume her walk. *Brutus* perceiving her purpoſe, ſpoke haſtily to her to divert her, and taking hold of a corner of a large veyle, which ſhe had on her head, but hang'd careleſſly over her ſhoulders; Ah Madam, ſaid he ſtaying her, doe not forſake a wretch you are not acquainted with, who yet dies out of a deſire that you may; but dares not diſcover himſelfe to you, if you grant him not the favour of an audience without witneſſes. Deny me not then the ſuit I make to you, that you would but heare me, and that without interrupting me. For, Madam, I have ſo many things to acquaint you with, that to heare me, I muſt beſpeak all your goodneſſe, and all your patience. *Lucrecia* hearing *Brutus* ſpeak in this manner, was extremely ſurpriz'd; for though ſhe believed him to be other than he ſeemed, yet could ſhe not avoyd a ſtrange amazement, to heare him ſpeak in an accent quite different from what he was wont. So that not knowing on a ſudden, whether ſhe ſhould grant or deny his requeſt, ſhe a little while ſtood irreſolv'd, though adviſing with her heart, ſhe was extremely deſirous to know what oblig'd *Brutus* to conceale his worth from the world; for ſhe was ſatisfied as to what then oblig'd him to diſcover it to her. However ſhe was in doubt

doubt what to do; insomuch as that *Brutus* reading her irresolution in her eyes; I beseech you, Madam, said he to her, doe not deliberate about what you have to doe, seat your selfe where you were before I came, and be assured, that if I durst cast my self on my knees to obtaine what I desire, I should not rise before you had granted it. But since I dare not almost doe any rationall action when I may be seen of any, neither may I any way expresse that extraordinary respect which I bear you, lest if I should manifest that awfull adoration which is due to the admirable *Lucrecia*, I might discover part of my reason. If you but knew my amazement, reply'd this Beauty, looking on him with eyes wherein might be seen the characters of curiosity, you would not think it strange to see me at such a losse of resolution, for my thoughts are burthen'd with a thousand things at once, which I am not able to tell you, but you might easily conjecture. In fine, added she, how can I possibly take you to be the same I have ever known you, or imagine that you can eternally disguise your selfe as you do? Is it possible to ghesse at what obliges you to this, and to conceive that you should single me out to reveale a secret of this nature to? To me, I say, whom you have found ever indifferent, if not uncivill, to you, and who have not done any thing which might oblige you to make any difference between me and *Valeria*, *Collatina*, or *Hermilia*. Ah Madam, reply'd he, you have done one thing which hath placed you in my heart, in a rank different from the others; for as to *Valeria*, I have onely an esteeme and a friendship for her; I love not *Hermilia*, but as being her Brother; and I look on *Collatina* as Sister to my Rivall, whom therefore I ought not to trust my selfe to. But for you, divine *Lucrecia*, I consider you as the onely person who governes in my heart, and who onely deserve to know the whole secret of my fortune. I am therefore resolved to cast my selfe so farre into your hands, that my life shall be every moment at your disposall. For the secret of your Fortune, reply'd modestly *Lucrecia*, I shou'd not doe well to tell you I am not desirous to know it, since it is not likely; but I intreat you proceed not in it, nor tell me any thing which may make me prefer the former *Brutus*, whom I have known, before him I now begin to know. If you are impartiall, reply'd he, I am confident you will not be offended at what I shall tell you; if you are not, I shall shew you so easie a way to be revenged of the injury I shall have done in adoring you, that to ruine me, you need no more than commend me, for if you but tell any one that *Brutus* hath any understanding, I am sure to be presently sacrific'd to the Tyrant. Feare not then any thing, Madam, from a man who puts his life into your hands, and it may be, does something more. I am so inclin'd to pity the unfortunate, reply'd she, that looking on you as the most wretched of mankind, since you are forced to conceal the understanding you have; I also consider you as such a one, as it is not the pleasure of the Gods I should destroy, but rather assist: but yet once more, tell me nothing which may cause me to repent of this indulgence I have for you.

With this *Lucrecia* sitting down, and *Brutus* seating himself close by her, he in few words acquainted her with the cruelties of *Tarquin* towards his Family, the flight of *Tarquinia* and *Licinius*, his abode at *Metapont*; thence he came to tell her of the desire he had to returne to *Rome*, there to serve his Country; the way the sage *Dama* had found out for him to return thither safely, by concealing his understanding as he had done; the miserable life he had led since his return, and the resolution he had taken to wander about the world, so at least to deliver his Reason, since he could not *Rome*. This condition, Madam, said he to her, was my soule and affaires in, when you by the charmes of your Wit and Beauty staid me here whether I would or no. Since that Madam, I have done what I could to resist you; I have objected all that to my selfe which I conceive you would have had me; and I left nothing unattempted which might oblige me to cease loving you. But when I had done all, it was impossible, so that at last I am resolved to acquaint you with my fortune, and discover to you my passion, and withall let you know, I am furnished with more understanding than is believed, and that thence I may assure you I have much more love than you can imagine, though I do not think I could give you a greater argument of my reason, than the expression of the love I have for you.

All that you tell me is so strange, replyed *Lucrecia*, that you should not think much that I have not interrupted you, though you have said many things which the stricter rules of civility allow me not to heare. But indeed the strangeness of your fortune, the miseries of your life, and the confidence you have reposed in me, by trusting me with a secret of this nature, have obliged me not to interrupt you, but to suffer you to say what you please, reserving to my selfe the liberty in my turne to acquaint you with my thoughts.

For answer therefore to what you have said, give me leave to assure you, that I think my selfe so much obliged to you for the esteem you must needs have for me, that the preservation of my owne life should not engage me to hazard yours, by revealing what it so much concernes you that none know. But that done, generous *Brutus*, I must tell you, that to give an infallible testimony of the greatnesse of your understanding, and constancy of your soule, you must overcome this affection which you say you have for me; and to give me an assurance of your pretended love, you must never more speak to me of it. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Brutus*, it is impossible for me to doe any thing of what you enjoyne, for I assure you I shall no longer struggle with my passion, but will rather die with grief, if you grant me not the favour sometimes to tell you that I love you. Were it not inhumanity to deny this weak comfort, to a wretch that puts his life into your hands, who trusts you with the greatest secret that ever was trusted to any, and who gives you the highest testimony of esteeme that any man could give?

Consider Madam, that I am the most unfortunate of men, that I was on the point of setting my reason at liberty, when you chain'd it up, that my owne Sister knowes not that I am her Brother, nor indeed that I am not the stupid *Brutus* I seem. Consider I say, that besides the miseries of my House and Country, I am also burthened with those of my Love. For, Madam, I declare it to you, I love you without any hope, and expect not any return of my love, since it were unreasonable the admirable *Lucrecia* should love a man whom the world despiseth, whom Fortune hath cast off, who is every moment in danger of being destroyed by *Tarquin's* cruelty, who hath almost quitted the hope of delivering his Country, who must never discover his reason, and who must trifle away his life with the reputation of a man of no understanding. But after all, though I doe not hope to be loved, yet I shall think my self happy enough, if you but give me leave to tell you that I love you, and suffer me submissively to complaine of all my sufferings. I doe not see how I can pretend to lesse, or desire lesse; and that your vertue as cautious as it is, cannot without cruelty deny me a thing wherein there is neither engagement nor danger. For (added he, not giving her time to answer) you cannot feare it should be suspected I were in love with you; and much lesse that you should permit my love; and when after an age of afflictions you should be pleased to expresse a certaine kinde of goodnesse, which I might call an innocent favour, there is no feare I should make it knowne, since I could not be at such a losse of discretion without hazarding my life, or exposing my self to incredulity. For if the stupid *Brutus* should say he were not hated by *Lucrecia*, none would believe it, and if he went by any reason to prove it, it might cost him his life. Consider then, I conjure you, that you are the onely she in the world whom I durst trust with the most important secret of my soule. 'Tis true, *Busilia*, *Valerius*, and *Licinius*, know the secret of my Fortune, but it is you, onely you know that of my Love. It is you, divine person, added he, shall be my Mistresse, my Friend, and my Confident; it is you shall be all the world to me. If I deliver *Rome*, you shall partake in the glory; and if I cannot doe it, you shall condole with me, for the miseries of my Country, and shall be to me instead of Kinred, Friends, and Fame. Admit then, I beseech you, a Lover that desires nothing, that hopes nothing, one that could not boast of your favours if you did him any, that makes you the sole disposer of his destiny, and that believes he hazards nothing, when he endangers all, since that, if you deale unkindely with him, he is resolved no longer to live. I therefore declare unto you, Madam, that if you feele not in your heart some favourable inclination to entertaine my passion, I expect not you should be faithfull to me. On the contrary, I give you

leave

leave immediately to tell *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, nay even *Collatina*, though my Rival's Sister, that I am not what I am thought, that I have more understanding than is conceived; that I am engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, that *Tarquin* must destroy me; and if this suffice not, tell it *Tarquin* himselfe. For what else concernes me, imagine not that I offer you a cruscient love: on the contrary, I shall tell you in Prose as much as I did in those two Verses, which you well understood, though you would seem not to doe it. Assure your selfe therefore, Madam, that *I shall love you eternally*; and withall consider, you that are so ingenious, that you will have that advantage over me, which no other Beauty can have. For in fine, all other Lovers, how faithfull soever they may be, are at the best but faithfull in their hearts, since that many times they are not so in their words, and that a thousand reasons of Civility, Decorum, and Custome, oblige them to commend other Beauties, when occasion requires; nay they have their she-confidents, who share in their affections. But, according to the rate of my destiny, I cannot commend any but you, nor love any else whatever; and as I have already told you, all my wishes, all my hopes, all my felicity, is terminated in you. And if possibly I might obtaine of the admirable *Lucrecia* any thing beyond my hope, I should not onely think my selfe the most happy, but the most glorious man in the world; nor would I change fortunes with the greatest Conquerours, whose Victories Fame hath spred through the world. Speak then, Madam, speak, continued he, but with that goodnesse and justice which may shew you pity the most unfortunate Lover that ever was. If you were simply a Suitor for my compassion, as the most wretched of all men, replyed she, you might assure your selfe of it; but that quality of a Lover which you would put on, obliges me to deny you all pity. Ah, I beseech you Madam, remember what you said yesterday,

How sweet were love, if not so quickly past!

and assure your self I shall love you *eternally*:

Since love cannot last long without hope, replyed *Lucrecia*, and that I shall give you none, this personated love will soon blow over. However, added she, trouble not your selfe about your Secret, for as I have told you already, I conceive my self obliged to be faithfull to a man, who is so well opinion'd of me, as to trust me with his life; and that you may be satisfied, that I will doe any thing I may lawfully for you, and that I have no designe to ruine you. I must ingenuously confesse, that I understood yesterday what you writ in your Table-book, and was so surprized at it, that not being able to containe within me all the reflections I made upon that adventure, I acquainted (my other selfe) *Valeria* with it. But yet feare not, added she, any prejudice from this discreet Virgin; for besides that she is naturally good, I am confident she will never speak of what she knowes, if I doe but desire her, and I will goe immediately and do it.

If you admit me to love you, replyed *Brutus*, it is certainly requisite you have the goodnesse to take care that what you and *Valeria* (whose vertue I am satisfied of) onely know, may goe no farther. But if that cannot be, as I told you, I have done all I can, and you have no more to doe than to punish my presumption by my ruine. In the mean time, as it is permitted to one that is unfortunate to fancy comforts to himself out of any thing, so you will give me leave to believe, in case you be faithfull to me, that it is because you are not yet fully resolved to ruine me. Ah *Brutus*, replyed *Lucrecia*, you distract me strangely, for *I* cannot be so base as to ruine you, yet *I* cannot endure you should interpret my generosity to my disadvantage.

While she was speaking thus, she spies *Hermilia* coming out of the house, and *Valeria* staying her by force, as if she would have hindred her from coming to the place where she was. And indeed it was so, for it happened that *Hermilia* having through the hall window seen *Brutus* and *Lucrecia* together, took pity to see her obliged to entertain a man whose conversation was no way pleasant, which made her tell *Valeria* that she would goe and relieve her. But *Valeria* knowing the adventure of the Verses, and being withall very willing that *Lucrecia* should discover *Brutus*'s secret, subtly suspe-

cted that ſo long a diſcourſe might produce ſomething; and therefore that it might not be interrupted, ſhe would have kept *Hermilia* from diſturbing them, telling her, it were fit to leave *Lucretia* alone with *Brutus*, were it but to puniſh her for her wilfull humour the day before, when ſhe would not tell what ſhe writ in the Table-book. But at laſt *Hermilia* getting from *Valeria*, came running to the place where *Lucretia* was, who, not much troubled at the interruption, left *Brutus*, and went to meet this faire Virgin, whom ſhe heartily thanked, for having delivered her out of a company which ſhe ſaid was very troubleſome to her. Yet did not *Lucretia* ſpeak with her accuſtomed freedome, as being not quite diſintangled from the adventure had happened unto her, but *Hermilia* reflected not much on it, but believed that little diſturbance ſhe deſcry'd in *Lucretia* to have proceeded from the trouble ſhe had had to entertain *Brutus*, who not able ſuddenly to ſhift himſelfe into his ſtupidity, choſe rather to remove himſelf further from *Lucretia*, then coming neare her to ſay nothing to her, or at leaſt nothing that might pleaſe her.

In the mean time, *Lucretia*, though at the preſent ſhe had no thoughts of entertaining *Brutus*'s love, was yet particularly carefull to ſpeak in time to *Valeria*, to let her know, that what ſhe had told her the day before, was of greater conſequence than ſhe conceived. Yet could ſhe not ſpeak to her till they were retired to their bed-chamber; for before, either *Hermilia* or *Racilia* was alwayes with them. But as ſoon as they were private, *Lucretia* acquainted her friend punctually with all that *Brutus* had ſaid, celebrating the greatneſſe of his underſtanding; and the difference that was between his ordinary manner of ſpeaking, and when he ſpoke freely; and in fine, pretending to *Valeria* that ſhe had a great eſteeme for him, though ſhe were not halfe acquainted with him. But all conſidered, added ſhe, *I* wiſh *I* had not knowne him, or that he had been ſatisfied to have choſen me onely for his friend, to comfort him in his affliction. Ah *Lucretia*, replyed *Valeria*, ſince, after a manifeſtation of love, you wiſh him that made it your friend, *I* am confident you would ſoon admit him as your Lover: *I* muſt then needs be prepoſſeſſed with a very ſtrong inclination, replyed *Lucretia*, for though *I* am perſwaded one may lawfully love once in their life, ſo it be withall innocently, and ſhould believe there is nothing ſo pleaſant as a tender crimeleſſe love, yet muſt *I* needs, as *I* ſaid, have my minde extremely prepoſſeſſed to ingage my ſelfe into *Brutus*'s love, ſince that you may eaſily judge, that conſidering his reputation in the world, my Father would never conſent *I* ſhould marry. For my Mother, knew ſhe truly how things ſtand, *I* am confident ſhe would lay her commands upon me to entertaine *Brutus*'s affection; for her heart is ſo ſenſibly poſſeſſed with the memory of his illuſtrious Father, that the hatred ſhe hath for *Tarquin* is certainly grounded upon the death of *Junius*, with whom ſhe was very intimately acquainted. But you may well thinke, added ſhe, that *I* ſhall not goe and reveale this ſecret to her, and conſequently have nothing elſe to doe but to avoyd meeting with *Brutus*. But if you over-warily avoyd him, replyed *Valeria*, thoſe who obſerve it will take occaſion to ſuſpect ſomething, for you have ever ſeemed leſſe deſirous to ſhun him than any. And therefore, added ſhe laughing, doe not avoyd him ſo wilfully; have a better confidence of your ſelfe, and onely reſolve to make good your heart while we ſtay here. The advice you give me, replyed *Lucretia* with a gentle ſmile, hath ſomething injurious in it, for it might be thence inferr'd, that you do not much believe *I* really would avoyd *Brutus*. But that you may be ſatisfied, *I* tell you nothing but truth, added ſhe, *I* will doe what *I* can to haſten my returne to *Rome*, for in fine, *I* muſt needs acknowledge *I* have ſo great an eſteem for *Brutus*, as to wiſh he might think honourably of me.

The next day *Lucretia* writ divers things to her Father to oblige him to ſend for her home; but the reaſons which mov'd him to ſend her for that part of the Summer into the Country being the ſtronger, *Lucretia*'s endeavours proved fruitleſs, ſo that ſhe was forced to be content to remain at *Racilia*'s, for ſhe had a ſoul too great to give the true cauſe of her deſire to return to *Rome*, ſince *Brutus*'s life was concern'd in it. In the mean time, this diſguis'd lover, from his firſt opening of his love to *Lucretia*, was glad of any occaſion to entertain her, or to write to her; and having an ingenuity beyond the ordinary

nary rate of men, he found out a hundred wayes to conveigh his Letters, and that so as she could not but receive them. But all notwithstanding, *Lucrecia* having a resolt aversion from engaging her self to *Brutus*'s love, one day represented unto him all the difficulties which she thought might break the obstinacy of his love to her. For in fine, said this discreet person to him, you may easily judge that my Father would not bestow his Daughter on a stupid *Brutus*; and you may withall conceive that the *Brutus*, whom I think worthy my greatest esteem, is not in a condition to discover himselfe; and therefore not finding how I can any way dispose of my selfe, you will excuse me if I intreat you not to speak to me any more of your love. As for my friendship, said she to him, it is at your service, and I promise you withall, that I will not avoyd you, as for some dayes I have, conditionally you admit *Valeria*, who knows all the secrets of my heart, one of our company. Your pleasure shall be my will, return'd *Brutus*, so you will permit me still to love you, contenting your self that I shall not challenge your affection, till your heart shall be overcome by the greatnesse of mine, and be forced to doe me justice. Till then that you be onely my friend, since you are so pleased, and that I may be accounted *Valeria's*, I am content; but withall, vouchsafe to stay till you fully understand what I am; and if when you are throughly acquainted with my heart, you can deny me yours, I shall have no other businesse in this world but to dye. I shall then at once forget the love of my Countrey, that of Glory, and that of *Lucrecia*, and shall have no more to doe but to commit to dust the purest flame that ever shin'd in amorous heart.

From that time, my Lord, had *Brutus* more of *Lucrecia*'s company than before, for that *Valeria* being admitted into the Club, *Lucrecia* did not so much avoid him. Yet *Hermilia* stood many times in his way, that he could not entertaine *Lucrecia* with his passion, for she was seldome out of their company. As for *Valeria*, she was so charmed by the excellent endowments of *Brutus*, that in few dayes she became as great a friend to him as she was to *Lucrecia*; and that which augmeared the friendship of these two persons, was, that *Brutus* acquainted this discreet Virgin with the particular correspondence he held with *Valerius*.

But notwithstanding all the enjoyments the company of these two admirable Virgins afforded him, yet was he still very unfortunate; for though he knew that *Lucrecia* had really a great esteem and friendship for him, yet was he not content, because it is particular to that passion his soule was engaged with, not to be satisfied but by it selfe.

This found matter of perpetuall complaint, notwithstanding the prohibitions of *Lucrecia* to the contrary; but commonly he did it by Letters, which though he found a hundred wayes to get into her hands whether she would or not, yet would she not answer any, till at last thinking at once to satisfie him, and oblige him to doe what she would have, she resolved to silence all his complaints with one answer; but left she might engage her selfe too far, she onely sent him these words.

When you more Reason dare professe,
You shall know more of Happinesse.

But my Lord, this message soon brought *Lucrecia* another, which I must needs shew you; for having undertaken to entertaine you with the History of *Brutus*, I have got from him whatever I thought requisite for your satisfaction: See then the answer of this disguised Lover.

When I professe more reason, you tell me I shall be more happy; Ah Madam, how hard is it to preserve so much Reason where there is so much Love, and how long must I continue miserable? You give me certainely, Madam, an excellent Precept, but I cannot follow it. All the Sages of Greece told me as much before I knew you, but it is onely you have taught me that all their instructions are fruitlesse. Never had I such a disturbance in my soule as now, and that which sinks me deeper into despaire, is, that haply it might be said, that for what concernes you I had no reason to despaire. For certainly you exercise no

cruelty

cruelty on me, nay I am obliged to celebrate your goodnesse; but is it not equally certaine, that you love me the lesse, by how much my affection is the greater to you? You look on my passion with so much calmnesse and indifference, that in my judgement you would be more sensible of it, were it onely a pleasant fiction wherein you were nothing concerned, nor knew any more than the relation from some eloquent person. Ah Madam, how cruell are you if this be your true apprehension! and how much more cruell if it be not! and how carefull are you to conceale the truth from me, so to make me the most unfortunate of men! What shall I say to you, Madam? since I finde you so insensible as to Love, I doubt me you are more as to Friendship; and that all the expressions I have received of yours were onely strong imaginations, and so many pleasant sallyes of your minde. Have I not other affliction enough in my passion? The difficulty to speak with you; the sad necessity of my self-restraint and reservednesse; the absence you every day threaten me with, and whereof the very thought murthers me; to which you shall not need adde an insensibility the most unkind and the most cruell that ever was, and especially since it hath all the appearances of humanity and candour. What I desire is, I confesse, too much for me to receive, but it is little for you to grant; Heaven is my Witnesse I desire nothing else. Tell me but once, I admit your love, and forbid you not to hope you may be loved; *and then though you never speak to me more, I shall be content, and my passion will be dissolv'd into serenity and joy. But if this terrible word of foure letters frightens you, and that he be the cause of all your feares, I shall consent that for the future, this LOVE be called Respect, or Friendship, or what you please, provided that between us it signifie something quite different from the name. Pity me Madam, pity the purest and most unspotted Affection that ever heart was capable of; you would certainly, could you but see the tempestuousnesse of my thoughts. My minde is discomposed by the disorder of my heart; and I am sometimes afraid I shall really come to be what the world believes me, if you doe not change my destiny. May I presume to tell you, Madam, I doe almost repent me I have ever loved you; I have wished I could love you no longer; nay, I have endeavour'd it. But soon after I have found I was not master of my owne thoughts; I have condemned my endeavours, and repented of my repentance, as of a crime. This, Madam, is the deplorable condition I am in, and must be while you are so pleased; for I am not to be acquainted with my own frailty, which you know as well as I, and therefore it is to little purpose for me to complain and threaten at the same time, since all I have to do is to suffer, to disguise, to be silent, and to love you eternally.*

This Letter being very full of passion, *Lucrecia* was a little stung with it, insomuch that she resolved to returne *Brutus* a longer answer than she had done before. For indeed not to conceale any thing from you, the great worth of this illustrious Roman, the generosity of his heart, his gallantry, the confidence he at first reposed in her discretion, the disconsolate life he led, the respect he had for her, the experience she had of his vertue, and the pureneſſe of his apprehensions, together with a certaine passionate stile, which was that of all his writings, had kindled in her soule a certaine affection, the force whereof she was not acquainted with. Yet I am confident, you will inferre from the answer which I shall read to you, that she had a certaine obliging tenderneſſe for *Brutus*, though she never allowed a thought which was not vertuous and innocent. But that you may know whether I am in the right or no, hear what was *Lucrecia*'s answer.

I should never have believed that Innocence could have been so cowardly as I finde it in my own heart. For I assure you, that though I fear not any thing either as to you or my selfe, yet am I haunted with a secret distrust, which is no small affliction to me: I cannot precisely tell what it is I feare, and I cannot but feare what I cannot tell; nor can the consideration either of all my owne vertue or yours, restore my minde to quiet and composure. It is so overcast and disordered with thousands of niceties and doubts, that if the tenderneſſe of my heart were not engaged on your side, I knew not whether I might not repent me of a great part of that goodnesse which I have for you. But to give you my true thoughts, I am perswaded

swaded this civill Warre will yet last some time. I could wish it were at an end, for you know, as Warre banishes all pleasures from those places where it hath to doe, so that whereof my heart hath for some time been the Seat, suffers me not effectually to apprehend the joy of being by you preferred before all the world, and governing in the heart of a man of extraordinary worth, and (which I value much more) one whose affection is composed of Vertue and Sincerity. In fine, is it not true that in some late private entertainments, you have observed I had not the least liberty or command of my minde? Is it not as true, I was neither merry nor melancholy, neither absolutely dull, nor absolutely chearefull? That, to speake truely, I was neither absolutely milde, nor altogether severe, and that if you had never found me more amiable than you did those two dayes, you had never loved me? However, I hope you will not blame me, the rather, if you consider I have an infinite passion for Reputation and Innocence. I know there is nothing criminall in your affection, but I know my owne weakneſſe, which is such, that I am afraid of any secret; I never was burthened with any, and all novelty distracts me. Yet it may happen, that observing from time to time the integrity of your resentments, I shall seriously resolve to share an innocent Secret with you; and shall then give my soule way to entertaine all the sweetneſſe it may finde, in being tenderly loved by a person who knowes how to love, and who can love with respect and innocence. I should tell you a thousand things more, should I pretend to answer your Letter exactly, and acquaint you with the true state of my soule. But I have not the leisure, and am not certaine whether I have the will; for, seriously, the disquitt of minde is such as I am ashamed of.

I am confident, my Lord, that though this Letter containe nothing in it of extraordinary Obligation, yet you cannot otherwiſe think than that *Brutus* should take it as a very high favour, as wherein he might easily perceive that *Lucrecia* had a great esteeme and a strong inclination for him. Nevertheleſſe he found in it some things to complaine at, as you may judge by the answer he returned to it, whereof this is a Copy.

If I love you not beyond what any one can love you; if my love admit any thing which the most exact and nice Vertue can any way censure in it selfe; if I can live contentedly, or, to say better, but onely live untill you love me, I wish I were the wretchedſt of mankinde. This is all the answer I shall make you, desire no more of a wretch, whom you have already made loſe his understanding and his reason, and if you change not your thoughts, will make him also loſe his life. But Madam, what necessity is there to answer you, you sufficiently answer your selfe? You feare, you say, and cannot tell what you feare; what signifies it, but that indeed you feare nothing, or at least have nothing to feare? You are engaged with the most fervent and the most accomplished love in the World; and if I durſt say so Madam, with your owne goodneſſe and compassion, and yet all your feares consiſt of a sort of nice Difficulties, as you your selfe call them, that is to say, reasons which are onely shadowes of Reason, such as a great and noble Soule, as yours, should never entertaine. Upon these niceties then, you would easily deprive him of all content, who of all the world hath the greateſt love for you. For these niceties he must be condemned to perpetuall torment, so as to be dissolved into sighs, groanes, and complaints, and must accuse all your past goodneſſe as so much cruelty. Certainely those who fiercely and disdainfully repulse their Lovers, are not haply as inhumane as you are; for their fiercneſſe is a remedy against it selfe, and many times saves those whom it might bring into despaire. Besides, those, when they are so scornfull, they believe they have reason to be so, and are not swayed by nicetie, and their rigour therefore is so much the more excusable. But for you, Madam, what shall I say to you? Shall I complain of you, or shall I commend you? I am in doubt whether, so much am I disordered; but this I know, whether you are mercifull or cruell, nice or not, I cannot but love you while I live; and all the difference will be this, that as you are pleaſed I shall be the happieſt or the most unhappy of all Lovers. Alas Madam, is it possible you can destroy all my felicity, all my joy, haply some part of your owne, onely because you know not whether you would have what you would, or that you wish it imperfectly? Have compaſ-

ſion on me. I beſeech you Madam, let us once be an example, that perfect Vertue is not inconſiſtent with perfect Love, and that it were very unhappy, if it were deprived of the ſweeteſt pleaſure, or to ſay better, the onely in the world. What ſerenity will you infuſe into my minde, if you can afford that which you deſire unto your owne? What glory were there equall to mine? With what Kings, and with what Lovers would I change condition? O ye Gods! how doth this very thought crown me with joy, in the midſt of all your cruelties? But if you are reſolved ſtill to oppoſe my happineſſe, I tell you ſeriouſly, you will either give me my death, or make it my perpetuall wiſh. Conſider therefore Madam, what you doe, and the more to engage you to be tender of my life, remember that the ſafety of Rome *is haply concerned in it, and that you cannot ruine me without expoſing your Countrey to eternall ſlavery.*

Lucrecia having received this Letter, ſhewed it *Valeria* in a little cloſe Arbor, which was at the corner of *Racilia*'s Garden; but ſhe did it with ſo viſible expreſſions of diſturbance in her looks, that her friend not able to gheſſe at the meaning of it, asked her the reaſon. For in fine, ſaid ſhe to her, this Letter hath nothing in it which is not full of reſpect and paſſion; and I am confident, it is no trouble to you that *Brutus* loves you. I confeſſe, it replyed *Lucrecia*, but that which infinitely afflicts me, is, that I have not that command of my heart, ſo as to be able when I ſhould deſire it, to avoyd loving him. It is certainly in my power, added ſhe, not to give him any expreſſions of it, but if I doe it, I am ſo much the more unhappy; for when ever I force my ſelf to hide from him part of that eſteem which I have for him, I am preſently haunted, notwithſtanding all my reſiſtence, with a certaine feare to deſtroy his affection by over-concealing my own. Not but that I believe I may love *Brutus* innocently, for the laſt time my mother was here, ſhe expreſly commanded me to entertaine *Brutus* with that correſpondence of affection, which a vertuous maid may expreſs to a man that were to be her husband, adding to this command another, that I ſhould never diſcover what ſhe enjoyned me.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you that *Racilia*, who was not ignorant of the great friendſhip, was between *Lucrecia*'s mother, and *Brutus*'s father, and had often obſerved that her Nephew had a violent inclination for this excellent Virgin, took one day occaſion to conferre with this illuſtrious Roman, whom ſhe knew to be implacably exaſperated againſt *Tarquin*, and told her ſhe thought it very ſtrange her Husband ſhould ſuffer *Collatine* to make publique addreſſes to *Lucrecia*, ſince it was generally known ſhe had an averſion for him. To which *Lucrecia*'s Mother repoſing an abſolute confidence in *Racilia*, made anſwer, that for her part ſhe was infinitely troubled at it, nor could imagine any way to divert her Husband from it, who propoſed to himſelfe great advantages by an alliance with *Tarquin*. But not to trouble you with an account of theſe two Womens diſcourſe, it ſhall ſuffice I onely tell you, that *Racilia*, confident of her diſcretion, to whom ſhe ſpoke, acquainted her that *Brutus* was not what he was thought to be; ſhe produced divers of his Letters to confirme, ſhe had ſaid no more of him than he deſerved; and in fine, repreſented him to her as the worthy Son of a man, for whom ſhe had had a very tender friendſhip, as a ſecret enemy to *Tarquin*; and as the illuſtrious lover of her Daughter. Whereupon ſumming up all together whatever they thought might help to break off the marriage with *Collatine*, *Racilia* oblig'd *Lucrecia*'s Mother to lay her commands upon her Daughter to be very civill to *Brutus*, not making any further diſcovery to her. For knowing that the principall reaſon which moved her Husband to admit a marriage with *Collatine*, was that *Collatine* was of the Blood-royall, ſhe doubted not but that marriage being broken off, he would be content ſhe ſhould take *Brutus* with all his ſtupidity, as being *Tarquin*'s Nephew. Not knowing therefore truly how things ſtood, ſhe laid that command on *Lucrecia*, which contributed much to the happineſſe of *Brutus*.

Hence it was that *Valeria* underſtanding by *Lucrecia* the command, which her Mother had laid on her, took occaſion to tell her thoſe little difficulties were groundleſſe, and that ſhe was of opinion ſhe might innocently entertaine *Brutus*'s affection.

But

But *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, if I ſhould, and he not know what my mother hath enjoyn'd me, he will haply eſteem me ſo much the leſſe, and if I acquaint him with it, he will think himſelfe the leſſe beholding to me for what I ſhall doe for him; ſo that I am in the greateſt confuſion in the world. For, I wiſh *Brutus*'s love, and haply ſhould be won to love him; Yet am I tormented with inſurrections of Feare, Shame, and Repentance. I wiſh I had written harſhly to him; I wiſh I had not anſwer'd him at all; I wiſh he had not written to me; I wiſh he would write to me every day; I wiſh he had never lov'd me; I wiſh he would love me eternally; and in fine, I wiſh things ſo different and inconſiſtent, that when I examine my ſelfe, I am almoſt dead for feare I ſhould love *Brutus* better than he loves me: For according to my preſent apprehenſions, I could wiſh, were it poſſible, he never had loved any thing, or that he might love nothing beſides my ſelfe; and if I could reflect on all the paſſages of my ſoule, I ſhould there finde jealouſie, deſpight and pride, but withall a mixture of vertue, innocence, and an obſtinate deſire of glory, all which torment my ſoule beyond all imagination. If *Brutus* had heard what you have ſaid, replyed *Valeria*, he were not over miſerable: but I can aſſure you replyed *Lucrecia*, that if he underſtood the true meaning of all my words, he wou'd not be much the leſſe miſerable: You are in the right, Madam, (replyed this illuſtrious Roman, ſtarting from behinde a thick-ſet hedge, where he lay hid, and withall, caſting himſelfe on his knees) for there is no condition more miſerable, than that of not being hated, and yet ſo treated as if one never were to be loved. Ah *Brutus*, cryed out *Lucrecia* bluſhing, I ſhall not excuſe the preſumption you are guilty of, in diſcovering to me that you have over-heard me. Ah Madam, replyed he, what have I heard, whence I may derive the leaſt favour? On the contrary, is not this irreſolution of your ſoul, abſolutely inſufferable? Ask *Valeria* what ſhe truly thinks of it, and I doubt not but ſhe will tell you, if ſhe ſpeak ſincerely, I have reaſon to complain, that you are yet to conſider whether you ſhould admit my love or not. I muſt acknowledge, Madam, I did not think my ſelf to be ſo miſerable, nay ſometimes I flatter'd my ſelfe that theſe groundleſſe difficulties, wherewith your Letter was ſo well furniſhed, had really no place in your heart. But for ought I can perceive, you are not yet certaine whether you ſhould love or hate the miſerable *Brutus*; and his fate is ſtill ſo doubtfull, that your owne heart is yet ignorant of its own ſecret reſentments. Complaint is ſo naturall to Love, replyed *Valeria* ſmiling, that I wonder not at yours; but when all is done, you ſhould think your ſelfe happy to have heard what *Lucrecia* hath ſaid of you; and ſhe her ſelf ſhould be ſatisfied that you have heard thoſe things which might excuſe the tenderneſſe of her heart. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I am ſo little ſatisfied in my ſelf, that I would willingly change hearts with you. If the faire *Valeria*, replyed *Brutus*, doe but juſtice to the love of *Herminius*, I ſhould haply get ſomething by the exchange. Doe not I pray charge me with injuſtice, replyed *Valeria*, at the ſame time, when out of pure goodneſſe I am your advocate; and accuſe me not of having a heart more tender than *Lucrecia*.

Hereupon theſe three perſons being mutually ſatisfied, *Brutus* and *Lucrecia* appealed to *Valeria* to judge of thoſe differences ſhould happen between them. For in fine, ſaid *Lucrecia* to *Brutus*, if you can perſwade *Valeria*, that a vertuous perſon can entertaine ſuch an affection as you mean, I ſhall conſent to admit yours, conditionally you never oblige me to be openly undutifull to my Father, that in caſe he diſpoſe of me contrary to my inclination, you will endure it patiently without hating me; and when that happens, you never ſee me after. Ah Madam, replyed he, theſe are ſtrange conditions, but I muſt accept them, provided on your behalf you ſuffer my paſſion; you favour me with all the opportunities you can to ſpeak with you; you receive my Letters, and anſwer them; and laſtly, cheerefully permit all thoſe innocent expreſſions of love I ſhall make to you. So you reſt ſatisfied with the reſentments of my heart, replyed ſhe, I ſhall do what you deſire, as ſoon as you have perſwaded *Valeria*, as I have already told you, that a vertuous perſon may be engaged to love, and ſhall have proved it to me rather by example than by reaſon; for not to diſſemble with you, added ſhe, I have not much to learn of what might be ſaid to juſtifie a vertuous love.

Ah Madam, said he to her, if there want nothing but to convince you, I am the happiest of men. For I know at *Metapont* an admirable Virgin, of whom I have heretofore spoken to you, who hath not conceived she hath done any thing prejudiciall to her reputation, in resolving to love. Might it please the *Gods*, replyed *Lucrecia*, it were the daughter of *Pythagoras*. Your prayers are heard Madam, replyed he, it is of that sage person I am to speak to you, and in few words to satisfie your curiosity, and furnish you with an example; I am onely to acquaint you that *Damo* had fortified her heart against the addresses even of the most vertuous persons in the world, as believing she could not meet with any one man, in whom there were a conjunction of Wit, Vertue, Goodnesse, Gallantry, Tenderneſſe, and Fidelity. She could not I say, be perswaded it were possible to finde a Lover, whose desires exceeded not the limits of Innocence, nor his transports those of Discretion; so that despairing to meet with a man of a vertue great enough to love, at the rate of that affection, which she imagined requisite in an upright well-meaning person, she was resolved not to love any thing but Glory. But at length one of the most famous Disciples of *Pythagoras*, named *Alcmaon*, falling deeply in love with her, and bringing along with him all those perfections which she thought it impossible to finde in any one man, she changed her resolution, and after a many thousands of applications, from *Alcmaon*, and thousands of services tendred and performed, she hath entertained his affection, and given him expressions of hers; she hath received Love-letters from him, and hath answered them; she hath favour'd her Lover with a thousand opportunities of private entertainments; she hath received verses from him, and hath returned others to him. Ah! might it please the Gods that the incomparable *Lucrecia* would make as amorous for me as those of *Damo* were for *Alcmaon*. But that you may not finde me in any untruth, and may withall be satisfied of the tenderneſſe of this vertuous person's heart; Be pleased to hear some of her amorous Poetry, and, if you can, inform your selfe thereby what are the pleasures of Love, and be convinced that Vertue it selfe inspires this passion with charmes, so that these two things not being incompatible, you might love me without any distrustfull reservedneſſe. Hereupon *Valeria*, who knew *Lucrecia*'s humour as well as her selfe, knew well she desired no more than that her innocent affection might be justified by some authority, pressed *Brutus* to repeat those verses of *Damo*; whereto *Lucrecia* by her silence consenting, he told them, that those verses had made such an impression in his heart, that they had found a place in his memory, though he had not much troubled himselfe to keep them in minde. Not that they are, added he, so excellently good, but that they have a certain veine of passion, which I am taken with, and wish you were also. Upon this, *Brutus* recollecting himselfe a little, repeated the following verses, which *Damo* had made under the name of *Lysis*, though they were directed to *Alcmaon*.

False and unjust their censure is,
Who Love account a cruel pain;
For can there be a greater bliſſe,
Than loving, to be lov'd again?

My joyes, when Lysis's *constant love*
I view, arrive at such a height,
That to deject them is above
The humble power of scorned Fate.

He who in Love is deeply read,
Knowes the least trifle to improve;
In ev'ry glance her bright eyes shed,
A thousand harmleſſe pleasures move.

A ſmile, a ſigh, one little ſight,
Contribute charmes to our deſire;
Her grief conferres to our delight,
Her very teares encreaſe our fire.

Then Lyſis *we no more delay*
To make our mutuall paſſions known,
At which let wondring Lovers ſay,
Their ſoules are twiſted into one.

Can you any longer doubt, divine *Lucrecia* (ſaid *Brutus* to her, having repeated thoſe Verſes) that a vertuous perſon may love once in all her life? Can you, I ſay, who know the reputation of *Damo*, and who have heard, there is not another maid in the world ſo ſeverely vertuous as ſhe? Love therefore, charming Beauty, or at leaſt ſuffer your ſelfe to be loved; and if you will not make amorous verſes, ſuffer others to doe it for your glory. Suffer me, I ſay, to doe any thing which may convince you of the greatneſſe and tenderneſſe of my affection, that when you once are, it may prove contagious to you. For, in fine, Madam, if we doe not a little love that which loves us, there can be no ſenſible pleaſure in being loved. Be pleaſed then to enjoy your ſelfe in the empire of my heart, by granting me a part of yours. You have ſo much of it in my friendſhip, replyed *Lucrecia*, as might content you. Ah Madam, replyed *Brutus*, how little is your acquaintance with Love, if you believe the moſt fervent friendſhip in the world can ſatisfie it! No no, Madam, decieve not your ſelfe, I cannot poſſibly be happy, if I am not loved after another manner than one loves his friends. I dare not preſume to tell you that I will you ſhould love me, continued he, but if I may without crime think it, I ſhould wiſh your heart were in a condition to feele what it never felt, and what it ſhould not for any beſides the too too happy *Brutus*. I ſhould wiſh, I ſay, you were prepoſſeſſed to my advantage; that you thought me yet more ſincere than I am, that your heart were moved when ever you ſaw me, and that from me alone you ſhould derive all your felicity. My demands, Madam, added he, are indeed great, for a man that deſerves nothing, but all conſidered I demand nothing but what is innocent. I abſolutely forbid my deſires all criminall favours, and in fine, wiſh no more than you will, ſo you will permit me to love you, and that continuing my adorations of you with the ſame fervency and ſincerity, you will give me leave to believe, that if I am not loved, I may be.

Upon this, *Valeria* interpoſing her ſelf between them, carried things with ſo much diſcretion, that though *Lucrecia* ſaid nothing that might poſitively engage him, yet did *Brutus* think himſelfe happy. For, in fine, he was allowed to make his complaints, and write to *Lucrecia*, when he could not come to ſpeech with her. It was alſo promiſed he ſhould be anſwered; they permitted him to hope he might be loved: Hee was aſſured of certaine meetings with her in the ſame place, conditionally the buſineſſe might be carried ſo as *Hermilia* and *Racilia* ſhould not ſuſpect any thing. For though *Brutus* affirmed to *Lucrecia* that his Aunt was not ignorant of his having more underſtanding than he made ſhew of, yet did they ſtand in feare of her, as not ſuſpecting ſhe knew any thing of his paſſion.

Now was it that this illuſtrious Roman thought himſelfe the happieſt of men, and what before had contributed to his affliction, ſeemed now to conduce to his happineſſe. For now he found that his diſguiſe was as advantageous to his *love* as to his *hatred*, ſince he could approach both *Lucrecia* and *Tarquin*, and feare neither *Enemies* nor *Rivalls*, thinking himſelfe ſo felicified in the love and eſteem of the admirable *Lucrecia*, that he valued not the diſ-eſteem of all the world. He was no more troubled to be ſilent before all people, ſince he was permitted to ſpeak of his love to the perſon that cauſed it; and when he could but get into that cloſe arbour,

where *Lucrecia* began firſt to ſhew him favour, he found more pleaſure to be there alone, than he could have done in the moſt pleaſant company *Rome* could afford, though he were at liberty to diſplay all the perfections of his minde.

Nor was the love of his Countrey thereby any thing abated, no more than that of Glory: on the contrary, ſince that he aſſured himſelfe of the Love of *Lucrecia*, he thought himſelfe doubly concerned to endeavour the deſtruction of *Tarquin*; not onely becauſe he being once ruined, *Collatine* would let fall all pretenſions to *Lucrecia*, but alſo out of a pure diſintereſted motive, as conceiving it neceſſarily contributed to the glory of this excellent Beauty, that by the deliverance of *Rome*, he ſhould ſet his own reaſon at liberty; and withall put himſelf into ſuch a condition, that all the world might take notice of the paſſion he had for her. As ſoon therefore as love had poſſeſſed it ſelfe of the empire of his heart, he redoubled his former endeavours to accompliſh that great deſigne, wherewith his ſoule is at this day burthened. Nor was he diſturbed by any melancholy apprehenſions for ſome dayes enſuing that wherein *Lucrecia* had honoured him with the firſt expreſſions of her love; nor knew any other affliction than what proceeded from the impatience he had to give his Miſtreſs another private viſit; when any occaſion hindred *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* to meet according to their innocent appointment: But this was no ſmall penance to him, even ſo great, that one day it grew ſo violent upon him, that he thought not a ſimple Letter ſufficient to expreſſe to *Lucrecia* the earneſt deſire he had to ſee her againe: Having therefore an excellent and eaſie vein of Poetry, though none knew it but *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and my ſelfe, he encloſed a paper of Verſes in a Letter he writ to *Lucrecia*, with intention to deliver it to her himſelfe, as he often did, when he could not meet with her but in company. But this Letter he made a ſhift to deliver her, as ſhe ſate betwixt *Collatine* and my ſelfe, for we often made viſits at *Racilia's*, whither we were drawn by no mean concernments. I am confident you are deſirous to know how he could carry the buſineſſe ſo, as to deliver this Letter to *Lucrecia*; but that you may conceive how it was done, I am onely to tell you, that *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, two or three other Ladies, *Brutus*, *Collatine* and I, were all ogether in that cloſe Arbour, where *Brutus* had the day before ſeen *Lucrecia*, and where he had that day met her, had we not diſappointed the meeting. Having, as I told you already, written his Letter, and being very deſirous to know what *Collatine* ſaid to *Lucrecia*, and more to oblige *Lucrecia* to think on him, while his Rivall entertained her; he took a walk out of the Garden for to get behinde the Arbour, whence he had once before overheard a diſcourſe between *Lucrecia* and *Valeria*; and there, as I told you, he placed himſelf to hearken to what *Lucrecia* ſaid to *Collatine*, and afterwards to appear before that excellent perſon, in hope of ſome occaſion to deliver her his Letter. But it ſo happened that this Beauty, who it ſeemes was not much taken with *Collatine's* diſcourſe, reſted her ſelfe negligently on the hedge of the Arbor, and amidſt her thoughts had paſſed her hand thorough, wherewith ſhe ſate plucking the leaves, not thinking what ſhe was doing. *Brutus* ſeeing it, ſoon knew it to be *Lucrecia's* faire hand, and was fully ſatisfied it could be no others; for beſides that, her hand was of a particular kinde of making, ſhe had on a ring, that ſhe alwayes wore, which abſolutely convinced *Brutus* he was not deceived. Not much minding the deſigne to hearken to what was ſaid in the Arbour, he put into the faire hand of *Lucrecia* a little Table-book, which he had purpoſely cauſed to be made for to write Letters to her in; and (out of a tranſport of love, which he could not retaine, though with all the reaſon he had he endeavoured it) kiſſing it he ſhut it, thereby to let her know, that what he gave her could come from none but himſelfe. *Lucrecia* being ſurprized at this accident, began to bluſh, and thought to have cried out; but by good fortune, reflecting ſuddenly on the adventure, ſhe apprehended what it was, and withheld her ſelfe. Yet *Collatine* asked her very importunately what the matter was, but ſhe onely told him, riſing up, that ſhe had hurt her hand a little, whereupon drawing it to her haſtily, ſhe wrapt it into a corner of her veyle, as if ſhe had hurt it indeed, though it was onely to hide the Table-book ſhe had received from *Brutus*, who for his part was ſo well ſatisfied with the adventure, that he came not into the Arbour, out of a feare

he

he might not conceale the preſent agitation of his minde, but went and walked alone.

In the meane time, *Lucrecia* having cunningly conveyed the Table-book into her pocket, reſumed her part in the diſcourſe; but when they had ſufficiently reſted themſelves, they all began to walk, without obſerving any order, for ſometimes the whole company marched all in rank, and ſpoke all together, and ſometimes they divided themſelves into particular entertainments. It happened by this meanes, that not able to faſten any diſcourſe with *Valeria*, with whom two women talked whiſperingly, I came all alone after *Lucrecia*, who was entertained by *Collatine*. But it happening that as ſhe went ſhe wanted ſomething out of her pocket, and that at the ſame time *Collatine* ſaid ſomething to her, whereat ſhe was diſpleaſed, ſhe minded not that ſhe had dropped the Table-book which *Brutus* had given her. For my part, though I walked muſing, yet ſeeing it fall, I took it up, and opened it, with intention to write ſome gallantry in it, before I returned it to *Lucrecia*, whereat ſhe ſhould much wonder when ſhe ſaw it. But I was much ſurpriſed my ſelfe, to meet with *Brutus*'s Letter and Verſes he had there written; of both which theſe are the Copies;

You will finde by theſe Verſes, that I think on you, when haply you beſtow not a thought on me; but I ſhall intreat you, Madam, to aſſure your ſelfe, that the affliction I have that I cannot ſpeak with you, is greater than the pleaſure my Rivall findes to entertain you; and to do me juſtice, be pleaſed to let me read in your bright eyes, when I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee them, that his entertainment hath not been pleaſing to you. I had rather not obſerve in them any favour for my ſelfe, than be in ſuſpenſe whether there is any for him. Believe it, Madam, and withall, that with as much impatience, as love, I wait for the happy ſatisfaction to entertaine you privately, imploying my ſelfe no otherwiſe in the meane time, than in perpetually ſaying,

When will the Faire, for whom I burne,
This place with her rich Preſence bleſſe?
Deare minutes fraught with happineſſe;
Ah will you never, ne're returne?

From Night to each ſucceſſive Morne,
Sorrows my Quiet diſpoſſeſſe;
Deare minutes fraught with happineſſe;
Ah will you never, ne're returne?

Having read this Letter and Verſes, I was no more deſirous to write any thing in the Table-book, as being in an incredible diſturbance. That which cauſed it, was, that I knew the writing of *Brutus*; for though he endeavoured to appeare ſtupid, yet upon ſome neceſſary occaſions he made a ſhift to write. Knowing therefore by chance, his hand, which was the eaſier to be knowne, as having ſomewhat of a ſtrange Character, for that *Brutus* had learned to write at *Metapont*, and not at *Rome*; I was in ſuch a trouble, as I am not able to expreſſe to you. For I could not believe *Brutus* able to write well, either in Verſe or Proſe, nor that he could love *Lucrecia*, nor be loved of her. No more could I conceive that ſome other ſhould make uſe of that diſguiſe, it being very unlikely any one ſhould truſt him with a ſecret of that conſequence; and if ſo, who ſhould that be? There was none but he at *Ruellia*'s, and there came no other men thither, but the *Prince* of *Pometia*, who was in love with *Hermilia*; *Titus*, who was a ſervant to *Collatine*, and *Mutius*, whom I but too well knew, had an inclination for *Valeria*. Thus not knowing what to think, and being reſolved to dive into a ſecret of that concernment, I thought fit to take *Valeria* aſide as ſoon as I could conveniently. But not deſirous to cauſe *Lucrecia* that trouble which her knowing that I had ſeen her Table-book might give her, I choſe rather to intreat

Valeria

Valeria to tell her friend that she had found it; for having an infinite esteeme for that beauteous and discreet Virgin, I should have been extremely troubled, my sight should cause her any confusion. But in fine, not to spend time on frivolous things, you are to know, that I spoke to *Valeria*, that I shewed her the Table-book, and to engage her to satisfie my curiosity, I gave it her without any condition at all, intreating her to deliver it to *Lucrecia*, after the manner I had proposed, and conjuring her, if it were a thing lay in her power, to deliver me out of the affliction I was in. But as this Wench is infinitely generous and free, and that I desired not to know the secret of her friend, but in case she might lawfully reveale it to me, so she told me, that she durst not satisfie my curiosity. In the mean time, she charged me not to speak of what had happened to any whatever, and to reward my discretion, promised she would manage the businesse so, as that *Lucrecia* and she being but the same thing, he who had written that Letter and those Verses, should make but one with me. To be short, *Valeria*, who thought it might be some advantage to her, that I were admitted into the Society, and that haply I might in many things be serviceable to *Brutus*, by the hatred I bore *Tarquin*, resolved to speak that night to *Lucrecia*, and acquaint her with what had happened: For she conceived, and rightly, that without doing so, she would not be engaged to repose any confidence in me; which done, she doubted not of her consent, that I might be of the Conclave, and her commands on *Brutus* to trust himselfe to my discretion, and to receive me as a friend. It is true, for the latter I needed not her assistance: for you may be pleased to know, that having parted with *Valeria*, I walked out all alone into a spacious Meadow, joyning to that Orchard which is beyond the Court, where I no sooner was, but I descried *Mutius* coming towards *Racilia's*, but perceived him set upon by foure men, who pursued him with their swords drawne, and cry'd out to him, that he must die. Having no weapon about me, I thought indeed they would make their words good, and that *Mutius* was irrecoverably lost, for the place was very solitary, and was not enclosed to *Racilia's* house. But though *Mutius* were my Rivall, yet I thought my selfe obliged to relieve him. To that end *I* for a little while hid my selfe behind an old Willow, so to discover who they were that set upon him, that *I* might the better single him out of the foure, whom *I* should endeavour to disburthen of his sword. But *I* had not a moment to deliberate, for seeing them presse hard upon *Mutius*, *I* ran streit to them, calling them base cowardly villaines, thinking by my confidence to make them believe that I was assured of reliefe. While I was speaking to them, and putting my selfe in order to doe what I could for *Mutius*, *Brutus* issued out of the Orchard with the same intention, who by a threatning action would signifie to those that set upon *Mutius*, that if they gave not over they might haply have the worst of it. Hereupon joyning our forces, and being by this expression of courage somewhat confirmed, that *Brutus* was not what he was taken to be, we engaged two of these Assassinats to make at us. But immediately closing with them, *Brutus* snatched his sword from him he had to doe with; for my part I could not doe as much, for he that I was engaged with was excessively strong in the armes; however I held him play so well, that pressing hard upon him, his sword became so engaged, that I easily broke it. By which meanes he not being in a condition to hurt *Mutius*, and *Brutus* having disarmed his man, these two having gotten from us ran away. *Mutius* having thus but two to deale with, and *Brutus* being furnished both for defence and assault, as I was going to fasten behinde one of them, these two Rogues, who were as cowardly as wicked, cry'd quarter, and begg'd audience. *Mutius* conceiving it concerned him to know what reason they had to set upon him, promised them what they desired, provided they delivered their swords to me; which upon promise of life they did. They hereupon confessed they were ordered by *Tarquin* to pitch upon some occasion to dispatch *Mutius*, when he went out of *Rome*; that understanding he was to come to *Racilia's*, they for more certainty waited him in that place; adding, that they were not afraid to set upon him there, as knowing that *Racilia* had not many people with her that could make any defence; that further, this Meadow was at an indifferent distance from the house, and convenient enough for an ambush, as having on the one side an

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Orchard, on the other a little Wood. They were no sooner disburthened of this confession, but *Brutus* transported with fury against *Tarquin's* injustice, said foure or five words after such a manner, as I had never observed in him before. But he suddenly with-held himself, as soon as he perceived that I observed him; whereupon I joyning with *Mutius*, put divers questions to these Villaines; which done, leaving them to their evil destiny, we left them at liberty either to repent, or commit new crimes. Yet that they might not discover that they had revealed *Tarquin's* violence, in case it were not thought safe to publish it. *Mutius* furnished them with what might recommend them to Souldiery, in some other part of the world.

Mutius being on horse-back, I desired him to go before, telling him we would follow; I am content, replyed he, it is but just I should make it known, that I owe my life to you both. Hereupon *Mutius* riding forwards, *Brutus* and I were alone, according to my desire. But so fierce was the desire I had that he would discover himselfe to me, that I was resolved to speak to him as one that were partly acquainted with his Secret. For, in fine, said I in my selfe, if *Brutus* be the same *Brutus* that I know, I hazard nothing by telling what I have aimed to tell him: and if on the contrary he be such as I imagine him, I shall accomplish my designe. Being thus confirmed in my resolution, I made a halt, and taking him by the arme, and looking steadily on him, Shew me I beseech you, said I to him, your Understanding, as you have done your Courage. For I know more of you than you think, and haply it concernes you more than you conceive, to have a confidence in me; for if you trust me not, I shall not think my selfe engaged not to discover the excessive curiosity I have to dive even into the bottome of your heart. But to oblige you to it, added I, I promise you an inviolable faith, and I offer you my friendship, without any jealousie that it is ill bestowed, for if you are beloved by *Lucrecia*, you deserve the love of all the world. *Brutus* hearing this discourse, was extremely surprized, and presently inferred, that *Valeria* had discovered him to me, and that it was to no purpose for him to conceale himselfe. Whereupon making a loud acclamation, Ah *Herminius*, said he, you are happier than I, for since *Valeria* hath acquainted you with her knowledge of my Fortune, she must needs love you, even so far as to have lost a great part of her reason and prudence. Not but that if any one were necessarily obliged to know what I see you doe, I had not made choice of you for that end; for in fine, said he to me, I know you to be a person of honour, that you love *Valeria* and hate *Tarquin*. 'Tis true, generous *Brutus*, (said I to him with an incredible astonishment) I professe honestly, I hate the Tyrant and love *Valeria*; but I must adde, I admire *Brutus*. But, continued I, that you may see my sincerity, I will tell you by what adventure I came to know you: whereupon, I related to him what had happened, intreating him not to be troubled that I knew his secret, and assuring him that *Lucrecia* should never finde that I had the least knowledge of it. Upon this *Brutus*, who was not ignorant how much our Family had been persecuted by *Tarquin*, my Father dying an Exile, would not have an imperfect confidence in me, and since I was so happy as to have his good thoughts, he opened his heart to me, desired my friendship, and offered me his, and we stayed so long entertaining one another, that *Racilia* fearing some accident had befalne us, sent out to seek us. By this meanes were we forced to repair to the company, but before we had quite reached it, *Brutus* put on his ordinary Meen and simplicity, and received the commendations which *Mutius* gave his valour, as one that knew not what it were to have courage. In the mean time, I drew neere *Valeria* and told her I knew *Brutus* without her, and craved her pardon that I had not exactly observed the instructions she had given me.

But my Lord, not to be so particular in this part which concernes my owne relation, *Valeria* and *Brutus* got *Lucrecia's* consent that I might be admitted into confidence; and there was such a noble friendship between us, by reason of the severall interests, whereby we were united, as also through a great sympathie of humour and sentiments, that for a certaine time we lived very pleasantly. But as for *Mutius*, though he had been assaulted by the orders of *Tarquin*, yet would he never take their advice who counsel'd him to remove further from him. For my part, I should have

been glad he had, first, because that in removing from *Rome*, he also removed from *Valeria*; and secondly, for that he being once out of the way, the assassination would have made a horrid noise in the world, and would somewhat have enflam'd the detestation all had for *Tarquin*. He so dearly loved *Valeria*, that he chose rather to expose himselfe to a second assassination, than forsake her, though she loved him not. So that he earnestly intreated me to say nothing of what the Villaines had discovered of *Tarquin*; but, said I to him, How can you hinder *Brutus* from telling what he knowes, considering his naturall stupidity? People so little reflect on what he sayes, answered *Mutius*, that it will signifie nothing, if you but keep counsel, insomuch that *Mutius* persisting in his opinion, I was forced to turne him loose to his own inclination, and to be faithfull to him out of a principle of generosity.

In the mean time, this friendship with *Brutus* brought me much oftner than before to *Racilia*'s; for it was the pleasure of this illustrious man, that she knew I was his friend; whereupon this excellent woman told him, that *Sivelia* also knew the secret, by which means our correspondence encreased, and that if *Hermilia* were but acquainted with it, our company might be free and unreserved. But indeed she obliged us to so much circumspection, that *Brutus* told us one day, it was absolutely necessary she knew that she was his Sister, that so strong a reason might oblige her to secrecy; adding, that it were not amisse *Racilia* knew that *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* were not ignorant of it; so that in fine, *Brutus* having thus disposed *Racilia*, she told *Hermilia* one morning that *Brutus* was her Brother; and *Brutus* told her himselfe that she was his Sister, expressing himselfe so discreetly, and so obligingly, that this amiable Virgin was extremely surprized at it. What was most remarkable, was; that though she was really glad, yet was not her gladnesse free from disturbance; however, it was then considered as having no other reason, than that her astonishment obscured the freedome of her mind; and that it is but very lately that I discovered that it proceeded from her, having engaged her affection to the Prince of *Pometia*. This is yet a Secret both to *Brutus* and *Racilia*, therefore I shall entreat you not to speak to them of it; for indeed *Hermilia* is very unhappy to place her love on a man, whose whole Family her Brother makes it his businesse to ruine. But in the mean time, she could not be charged with loving the Son of a Prince, who had poysoned her Father, and put her elder Brother to death, for when she began to love him, she knew not that she was Sister to *Brutus*. Nor indeed can she be charged with any inconstancy, for certainly she never discovered any thing to the Prince whom shee loves, that were prejudiciall to her Brother, nor indeed doth he so much as know that she is Sister to *Brutus*.

But at length to returne whence I have digressed, this first amazement of *Hermilia* being over, she carried her selfe as one that was glad of such a Brother as *Brutus*, so that ever after, when there was none but *Rœcilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Sivelia*, *Brutus*, and my selfe, our Society was nothing but Freedome, *Brutus* being the most pleasant company, and the most divertive person in the world. Not that he openly professed himself a servant to *Lucrecia*, no more than I did to *Valeria*, but we had brought up a certaine gallantry of friendship, which signified almost as much, since that the desire of pleasing, compliance, services and addresses, were the effects of it. When *Brutus* was minded to doe some high piece of Gallantry, he ever did it under my name; so that directing it openly to *Lucrecia*, it served at once to hide *Brutus*'s love to her, and mine to *Valeria*. But the loves of *Collatine* and *Mutius* were extremely troublesome to us, for when they came to *Racilia*'s with the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, and that *Collatina* was there, how pleasant soever their company might be in it selfe, we were strangely weary of it; but among the rest *Brutus* was overwhelmed with it, for as soon as any strange face appeared, he was forced to resume his stupidity, and suffer *Collatine* to say what he pleased when he was with *Lucrecia*, which was no small affliction to him. One day I remember above all the rest, which was the last Festivall day that we celebrated in the Countrey, wherein *Brutus* was both extremely satisfied, and extremely afflicted. But since you are both strangers, that you may the better understand it, you are to know, that there is one day yearely

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set apart for the celebration of a certain Feast, which is called *the Feast of the Fountaines*, on which every one adornes the Fountaines and Wells, which are within his grounds, with Garlands of Verveine and Flowers. This is performed with great ceremony, for these Garlands being prepared, are carried to the Temple dedicated to that use, where he that is to doe the ceremony, sprinkles them with Holy-water, which among us is in great veneration. This done, they pick out the fairest maids of the Quarter where the Feast is kept, who are that day cloathed like Shepherdesses; & they have each of them as many Garlands as they can conveniently carry. Thus burthened, they march two and two, having before and behinde them little Chorus's of Musick, who sing certain things in praise of the Waters, & the Gods which dispose of them. In this order they march from Fountain to Fountain, placing these Garlands upon little altars of Turfs, purposely erected for that end. This Feast then falling while *Valeria* & *Lucretia* were at *Rasilia's*, it was celebrated with great magnificence and joy: for there being a many Fountains about this vertuous womans house, & that she is very punctuall in the observation of all the ancient customs of the Country, especially those which have any concernment of Religion, she was particularly carefull for the solemnity of this Feast; and those who thought themselves interessed in the persons that were at her house, would not certainely faile to be at a Ceremony of this nature, For though it was at first instituted upon considerations of Piety, yet there is withall something of Gallantry in it. So that the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, *Mutius*, and my selfe, went thither, and brought some others with us. As for women, besides *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, there were two kinswomen of hers, who are of the house of the *Aquilii*, and foure or five other handsome Lasses. According therefore to the custome, all the men sent in a huge number of Garlands of Verveine and Flowers, for those who were to carry them; for in these occasions, the Lady who hath most given her, is the most honourable. But that it may be known on whom these Garlands are bestowed, those who send them cause the Garlands to be tied with divers knots, which must be of the same colour as the Lady is in, to whom they are sent, she being obliged that day to have on her Shepherdesse's habit divers knots of the colour she is most delighted with. By this means is she known who hath most Garlands; & the people superstitiously believe, that she to whom that happens, will infallibly within that year meet either with some great happiness or some great misfortune. It does indeed often so fall out; and if Reason were not stronger than Example, one would be almost obliged to believe it. However it be, this Feast was celebrated at *Rasilia's* with very gallant Ceremony, for all the women that were to carry the Garlands, were handsome, neat, and well made; there was an incredible abundance of Flowers, the Musick was as good as that of the great Feast of the *Salii*; the order of the Ceremony was punctually observed, even the day as to weather, favoured the celebration of this Country Festival; the Banquet was under a great bed of Jesimin on one side of the Court, in the midst whereof was a Fountain, which they had covered all over with garlands of Flowers; & the rest of the day was spent in walking and pleasant discourse. It happened in the mean time, that *Collatine* and *Brutus* had, under my name, given so many Garlands to *Lucretia*, that she had more than all the rest, unlesse it were *Valeria*, to whom I had sent more than would have served to exceed *Lucretia*; but desirous to let her friend have the honour of the Feast, she caused some of them to be laid aside. Whereupon *Lucretia* having the advantage, all according to the custome, bid her prepare her selfe for some great joy, or some great affliction, every one endeavouring to expound it according to his fancy. Some told her she should bring all hearts into subjection; others that her rigour would cost some servant of hers his life, whose losse she should notwithstanding regret; onely *Brutus* speaking to her with his eyes, signified to her what she was more pleased with, assuring her by his looks, he should love her eternally. It was certainly a strange torment to him, to see *Collatine* alwayes neere *Lucretia*, and I must confesse it moved pity in all that saw him. Not that *Collatine* is a strange person, look'd on now as a Husband, but considered then as a Lover, he seemed not to deserve *Lucretia*. For if you look narrowly on him, *Collatine* is neither well not ill made: he neither hath a

great, nor a little heart; he neither ſpeaks admirably well, nor exceſſively ill: He is at no great diſtance from a good capacity, but he advances not to a ſubtill intellection of things. If he be guilty of no conſiderable Vice, neither hath he any extraordinary Vertue to diſtinguiſh him from other men; and if he have never done any unworthy action, neither hath he ever given any Heroick expreſſion of a great Courage. In fine, he is one of thoſe men who never ſpake any thing which was not ſpoken before; one whom a man can neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe; one of thoſe who being ſpoken of, are never mentioned in their owne name; and who are moſt commonly better knowne, by ſaying he is ſuch a women's Husband, or ſuch a man's Son, than barely by their owne names. By this account therefore *Collatine* ſhould be no great eye-ſore to *Brutus*, who, beſide all this, knew that *Lucrecia* had a naturall averſion for this Rivall: nevertheleſſe, ſo prone are we to hate thoſe who pretend to conquer the heart we are ſecretly poſſeſſed of, that how confident ſoever *Brutus* was of *Lucrecia's* affection, yet at certaine times he could not endure *Collatine*. But there were alſo other times, wherein he thought himſelf ſo happy in the love and eſteeme of that admirable perſon, that he eaſily pardoned the contempt of all others. To advance his ſatisfaction, it happened that this dayes diſcourſe was ſuch as ſuited excellently well with his humour; for all the young people that were in the company, being ſeated at one end of the great bed of Jeſimine I ſpoke of, a young *Aquilian* began to ſpeak of the glory which *Lucrecia* had received in having more garlands of Flowers than all the reſt, who yet were ſuch as deſerved to be firſt in all places. The truth is, ſaid *Lucrecia* to him, thoſe who beſtowed them on me, may more juſtly pretend to the praiſe than I, unleſſe they may not haply be blamed for not making a good choice. But men are ſo accuſtomed, added ſhe, to uſe the terme *Glory* in every thing that they can hardly ſpeak without it, whereas that word in my opinion, ſhould be attributed to thoſe onely who have done ſome great exploit in Warre, or to thoſe who are eminent in ſome Vertue or Science. But doe you conceive, ſaid I to her, that one may not ſay to a beautifull perſon, that ſhe is very *glorious* in conquering all hearts, and eſtabliſhing an Empire to it ſelf without Armes, without Iniuſtice, and without Violence? This Empire is many times ſo ill eſtabliſhed, replyed *Valerie*, that it were very weakly founded upon the glory which hath no other ſupport than the inconſtancy of moſt part of thoſe who make it their buſineſſe to love; but after all, I conceive that to be true glory which conſiſts in deſerving the eſteem of vertuous perſons, and not in their love, for this paſſion hath many times ſuch a fantaſticall birth in the hearts of many perſons, that it were unjuſt to attribute much glory to thoſe women that are loved, though haply it were more unjuſt, to blame thoſe much who love them. As for Glory, ſaid *Mutius*, I am of opinion it principally pertaines to Military actions, and that the valiant may pretend to it more than others. I agree with you, replyed I, that the valiant deſerve it; but withall the vertuous may lay claime to it as much as any. For my part, I am of *Herminius's* minde, replyed the Prince of *Pontvia*; and I, added *Titus*, but it muſt be withall acknowledged, that the gaining of a battell deſerves a higher glory than the ſimple maſtering of the paſſions. To follow cuſtome, replyed I, a victory of this nature makes more noyſe than that you ſpeak of, but I am yet to know whether the deſart be ſo great, as alſo whether it be not more glorious for a man to conquer himſelfe than others. But by this account, ſaid *Hermilia*, we cannot pretend to much glory, according to *Mutius's* ſentence, for women go not to the warres. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed I, the Ladies have their victories and their triumphs, and know ſo well how to wage war even in the time of peace, that, whatever *Lucrecia* may ſay, they deſerve much glory; but to ſpeak truly, men have more than women in ſome occaſions, and I am perſwaded it is much more glorious for a man to be loved by a vertuous woman, than it is for her to be loved by a vertuous man. For in my opinion, the exceſſe of beauty takes away from the honour of the conqueſt, and an exceeding handſome woman, that ſubdues a heart, deſerves no more glory than a Conquerour, who having an army of a hundred thouſand men, and intelligence within a ſmall city, ſhould take it without reſiſtence. The glory therefore of women I take principally to conſiſt in this, that their endowments exceed their beauty, and in a word,

word, their deserts be equall to the love men have for them, though they lost all that rendred them handsome. For my part, replyed *Manius*, I am an adorer of the Ladies, yet all considered, I take it for granted, that in the businesse of Love, Glory is not much concerned. How, replyed the Prince of *Pometia*, would you think it no glory to be loved? The greatest pleasure in the world, replyed he, but methinks I should not think it that which ought truly to be called Glory. For in fine, if one be loved by a person of no vertue, he hath nothing to boast of; and if he be loved by a vertuous person, she raises so many niceties, that a man must alwayes disguise himself, he must but rarely ever look on her, he must strangely endeavour to conceale himselfe, he must complaine of her indifference, when haply she hath not any; a man must not say he loves her, and must be obliged to so many artifices, and so many mysteries, such certainly as Glory hath no acquaintance with. If you speak of *vanity*, replyed I, I am of your minde, but as to *glory*, I must dissent. For in the first place, I conceive it pertaines as much to Love as to War, and that this relation is the more symbolicall, by reason of the combats, the victories, and the triumphs of it. But I hold farther, that the more secret a Love is, the more glorious it is to the man beloved; and if you will appeale to the Company to judge, I shall undertake to maintaine, that there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so glorious, as for a man to be loved by a person of great merit and a great vertue, though the world know it not, nor haply never should.

As I spoke thus, I observed that I much obliged *Brutus*, and did not displease *Lucretia* by defending a cause wherein they were so much concerned. Besides, that I was not sorry that I had engaged my Rivall to maintaine an opinion, which, besides its ill consequence, must lose him in the esteeme of *Valeria*; and I pressed him so hard, that conceiving himselfe bound in reputation obstinately to make good what he had advanced, he undertook to do it. He spoke the first, thinking it an advantage to give in his reasons before I had mine, so that the whole company favouring us with a silent audience, *Manius* began to state his opinion by a definition of love made to his owne fancy. To make you acknowledge that true which I maintaine (said he, directing his speech to me) it is onely to be considered, that Pleasure is the soule of Love, as I may so say, and that if Love had not in it an ingredient of something pleasant, people would not be in love. When we speak of love, our mindes are carried away onely with the pleasures of it; Hope it selfe is the mother of many sensible delights; nay we finde them even in our very afflictions, so that griefe and joy are onely the effects of Love, which admits not any thing of Glory. For a man dares not boast of the least favour without dishonour, and a Lover that divulges the indulgences of his Mistresse, does himselfe more injury in divulging them, than she does her selfe in favouring him. And to speak seriously, what glory doth that man deserve, who preferres his pleasure before all things, who regards nothing but what should make him happy, who makes it his businesse through all his life to avoid whatever may hinder his enjoyments, and who thinks not of having any thing else to doe than eternally to pin himselfe to her sleeve, by whom he thinks himselfe loved? I know well, there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so charming; but I also apprehend, that every thing having some advantage which is particular to it, Pleasure is the particular attendant of Love, as Glory is of Valour. But though it were true, added he, that a certain kinde of Glory might be found in Love, it should not thence follow, that it must be a concealed love; for in my judgement, there can be no secret Glory: and to speak of Glory according to the notion I have of it, it is properly that which we mean by the word *Fame*. If it spread not, and fill all places, it diminishes, and signifies as much as nothing, as being the reward onely of transcendent actions. On the contrary, in Love, and especially in these secret Loves, the lustre and noise is that which is most avoided. A man stifles the Letters which he writes and receives; appointments are commonly in solitary places; they who love for the most part speak as low as they can, they conceale from one another the best part of their thoughts, and were it not for envy and detraction, Fame would not be much troubled with proclaiming amorous victories. Thus I suppose I may conclude, that if Love be the subject of any

Glory, it must be a publique professed love, as was that of one of our Kings, who having taken a Virgin prisoner in the wars, fell so deeply in love with her, that he got a Son on her, who afterwards became his Successor. But to think that such a love as none has any knowledge of, may be glorious, is that I shall never believe, and you will not finde very easie to maintain.

I know not, replyed I, whether I shall finde it so hard to make my party good, or no; But this I know, that I doe not believe my selfe confuted. To answer you then in some order, I shall presume to tell you, that (considering how you have endeavoured to define Love, saying, that pleasure is its soule) I must acquaint you with what Glory is; for as you speak of it, you seem not to know it well, and that you have taken Vanity instead of it. It is indeed certain, that there is a certain resemblance between these two, though really there be the greatest difference between them that may be. For Vanity is onely a beguiling apparence, which subsists not but by some other, and never makes use of Vertue; but true Glory is something so pure, so great, and so noble, that it admits not the least mixture of this Vanity which you take instead of it. Glory is as necessary a result of a vertuous action, as light is an effect of the Sun that causes it, and it results after a manner which hath no dependance on any other different cause. For as a vertuous action continues still the same, though it be done without testimony, so it necessarily followes, that Glory, which, as I may so say, is borne with it, infallibly attends it, though the action be not divulged. Thus there remaines a glory for well doing, though the world know it not; and, after all, a man must be his own spectator, and though he were sure never to meet with any other approbation than his owne, yet must he so act as if he expected that of all the world, imagining as it were a glory to himselfe, even in his own esteem. Besides, it is certain a man should labour more for his owne esteeme than that of another, and to deserve glory rather than to manifest it. For in my opinion, if any thing can weaken the glory of a good action, it is the care a man takes to make it known. Not but that it is naturall enough to be desirous of praise, but it may be withall affirmed that this desire is an argument of weaknesse, since it is certaine that this violent desire which possesses the hearts of many people, proceeds from this, that they would have divers testimonies of their vertue, and not satisfied with their owne judgement, wish theirs confirmed by that of others. But, all considered, whoever is over-desirous of the noyse which ordinarily followes noble actions, loses of the honour he ought to expect. It may, I conceive, be easily hence concluded, that if Glory may be lost in the divulging of it, it may subsist without being made known at all; and consequently, though a great action were secretly done, yet is it not deprived of its glory, which is concomitant with the thing whence it arises and depends, on that, and not on the Caprichio's of Fortune, who blames or commends whom she pleases, sometimes with reason, sometimes without.

Having thus proved, if I mistake not, sufficiently, that Glory depends rather on Vertue, than Fame: I am further to shew, that she is not alwayes chained to the chariot of Victory, and the triumphs of Conquerours. The Empire certainly of Glory is universall, for there is a glory to be learned, there is, to be generous, just, and good. It is glorious to possesse all the Vertues together, as also to be eminent in any one; there is a certaine glory in all the liberall Arts, nay even to be excellent in the Mechanick, if it stands with a mans condition; nay the simple endowments of Nature want not their glory, and it hath been the expresse pleasure of the Gods, that it should be the inseparable companion of whatever is gracefull and good in this world. It is, in fine, a kinde of glory to be well skilled in the games and recreations men have invented, whether it be to shew their slight, or try their good fortune. So that it were a very strange thing, that Glory, which a man meets with every where, should not be found in Love, especially since it is of such consequence in Friendship; for it is generally acknowledged, that it is a glorious thing to be able to love one's friends constantly, and to be so deserving as to acquire noble acquaintances. But to confine my selfe to Love, since it is the ground of the dispute, by the same reasons that you say Glory appertaines to Warre rather than to the peaceable Vertues, I

maintaine

maintain, that it is more to Love than to any thing else, since it is confessed that there is a strange resemblance between Love and War. In Love, as I have already said by the way, they talk of *Combats, Victories, Conquests, Chains, Irons, Crowns, Slaves, Captives, Prisoners, Prisons, Defeats,* and *Triumphs,* and to discourse gallantly of Love, it is so necessary to use all the termes of War, that a man cannot doe it without; since, that in the one as well as the other, there are secret *Intelligences, Surprises,* and *Stratagems.* But though it were granted you, replyed *Manius*, that Love in generall is able to dispense Glory, it will not be given you that this is to be understood of that secret love I speak of. I have told you already, replyed I, that the more secret a love is, the greater is the pleasure, and truer the glory; for can there be any thing more pleasant or more glorious (added I, looking on *Brutus*, yet so as was not perceived) than to be loved of that person for whom of all the world one hath the greatest esteeme, and to receive as an acknowledgement of his merit, the affection of a woman, who is esteemed and admired, and whose single approbation is more glorious than that of all the sex beside? Do but imagine, said I, what glory it is for a man to entertain secret thoughts of happinesse amidst a great company, being neere his Mistresse, and seeing her frowning on a Rivall, who, haply knowes not you are his, and is utterly ignorant that you are possessed of the heart he endeavours to conquer? Doe you think *Manius*, it is possible for a man to enjoy this kinde of pleasure without a sense of that which in glory is most pure, most ravishing, and most delightfull? No certainly, but when a man sees himselfe preferred before all the world, by a person whom he equally preferres before all, he infallibly receives all the satisfaction that glory can afford. Can there be any thing so glorious, as for a man to say to himselfe, though his Rivalls know nothing of it, nay though it may be in their presence, *This admirable person who slights all that come neere her, hath bestowed her heart, which was never before subdued, on me; she derives all her happinesse from me, as I doe all mine from her; I even engage her reason to submit to the passion she hath in her soule; she does for me whatever vertue will permit her to doe; I triumph, in fine, over the hearts of a person whom I esteem, and whom I love beyond my selfe; and this triumph is secret, while my Rivalls disburthen their fruitlesse sighs in her presence.* I assure you *Manius*, I should think my selfe more glorious in this secret triumph, than if I triumphed publiquely after a victory of another nature. Nay I am confident this kinde of secret glory raises the heart even to a certain noble pride, whereby a man contemnes those who he knows can never arrive at the happinesse he is possessed of, and certainly is must be, that you never knew any such glory, nor ever imagined there was any such thing, since you cannot comprehend that Glory is consistent with this secret Love, and that with such insinuation, that it far exceeds whatever the most glittering vanity can afford, that is pleasant to those whose hearts are possessed by it. Further, those who are equally made up of Love and Vanity, who love not, but to the end it might be said they are loved, never arrive at a true, nay not at a quiet glory: for though nothing be in so much disgrace as Indiscretion, yet those who are most indiscreet would not be thought such as they are. But these, on the contrary, take a thousand trifling and ridiculous occasions to make known that which they would seeme to keep very secret. Sometimes they must seem to be disturbed, sometimes melancholy, sometimes frolique, that people may aske what troubles their minde; to which answering ambiguously, they give men occasion to imagine what they would have believed. They must drop Letters purposely to be seen, though they seem to be very much troubled at it; they must trust their secrets to some false Brother or Sister, by which meanes their pretended favours are blazed abroad, though sometimes they must of necessity be moved to see that people believe not what they relate. But for my part, I am very incredulous as to what these favourites of good fortune tell me, who give out, that no conquest is difficult for them, and boast of a hundred adventures, which in all likelihood they never knew any thing of: for whoever can love can be silent, and Secrecy is a thing so engaging in Love, that without it all the favours a man receives are neither pleasing nor glorious, and to doe you justice, it was excellently well said of you ere while, that were it not for *distraction* and *envy*, Fame would not be much

acquainted

acquainted with what paſſes in the Empire of Love. You might have added, *imprudence* and *vanity*, for commonly it is not known what paſſes between two Lovers, but either through the vanity of the Servant, or the imprudence of the Miſtreſſe. But indeed however it may come to paſſe, there can no great glory arrive hereby; for if the Servant be indiſcreet, he deſerves not the favours he hath received, and cannot thence derive any true glory; if the Miſtreſſe want conduct, his conqueſt may be pleaſing, but not very glorious: and if Envy and Calumny acquaint Fame with what paſſes between two Lovers, it never proves to their advantage. I know there are innocent Loves, which yet come to be diſcovered through pure misfortune; but when it does happen, I believe a perſon of Honour ought to be troubled that his conqueſt is made manifeſt, and that there is none more glorious than that which is not knowne to any. For, in fine, it is not Fame that beſtowes true Glory, ſhe onely proclaimes it; and Glory without Acclamations, is able to ſubſiſt, and to render a vertuous man happy. Fame and Love never were much acquainted; *Mars* may haply employ her upon divers occaſion, but for *Love*, the God of *Silence* is his onely friend; for as to *Fame*, ſhe is certainly an enemy to both loves and lovers, and the true glory of two perſons mutually loving, conſiſts in this, that they are themſelves the onely witneſſes of their tenderneſſe and vertue, and eſteem themſelves and one another ſo highly, that their owne approbation is ſufficient to make them happy. Secrecy is principally that which makes for the glory of a Lover: and I maintaine, that when a man is ſo fortunately circumſpect, as to be able to conceale an affection of this nature from the eyes of the world, he feeles in himſelfe a certaine ſecret pleaſure, which cannot ariſe but from that glory which a man takes in loving, unknowne to others what he thinks deſerves the adoration of all the world, together with that of being loved by that onely perſon which he can love.

Whereas you ſay that Pleaſure is the ſoule of Love, I grant it, but I expect you ſhould alſo grant, that to ſpeak rationally, Glory is the niceſt of all the pleaſures of this paſſion: for in fine, whatever you may call favours, ſignifie in love what the Enſignes doe in war; there muſt be ſuch things had, nay they muſt be had out of this maine conſideration, that they are the emblems of Victory, which is alwayes ſucceeded by Glory: how pleaſing ſoever they may be in themſelves, yet would they not be deſired with ſo much earneſtneſſe, were they not attended by Glory: but when all is done, they are not deſired that they might be divulged, but that they might be concealed. However it be, this is certaine, that when a Lover can oblige a perſon of great vertue, and a great minde, to doe for him thoſe inconſiderable things, which if you take away Love, there were no reaſon ſhee ſhould doe, though the things in themſelves are not unlawfull: he places ſo great a glory in a triumph of this nature, that it may be ſaid, that as there is no love without pleaſure, ſo there is no true pleaſure in that love which hath no concernment of glory: Retract therefore your opinions, and repent of ſo injurious a deſign as to deprive the nobleſt of all the paſſions of that which diſtinguiſhes it from that kinde of love which even Tigers are capable of, which is much different from that I ſpeak of.

While I thus diſcourſed, *Brutus*, who applied all I ſaid to himſelfe, was incredibly enlivened; for if ever concealed Lover found the ſweetneſſe of this ſecret glory I pleaded ſo much for, it was queſtionleſſe *Brutus*; ſince that while I ſpoke, he ſtood neere this Rivall, who was ſo far from ſuſpecting he was loved by that perſon whom he loved, that he thought him not capable of entertaining any love at all. But if I did him any pleaſure by diſplaying the apprehenſions I knew him ſubject to, I cauſed ſo much diſturbance in *Lucrecia*, as that ſhe could not forbeare bluſhing. However her bluſhes were not interpreted as they might have been, though *Collatine* obſerved them; for to ſpeak truly, it was not eaſily imaginable there ſhould be ſuch an intrique of affection between thoſe two perſons:

But to returne at length to the queſtion in debate, the whole company gave ſentence againſt *Mutius*, who doubtleſſe was ſorry he had undertaken that taſk. Not but that he is naturally given to cracking and oſtentation, and conſequently ſpoke as he thought; But that *Valeria* reproached him after ſuch a manner, as he might eaſily

inferre

inferre that ſhe would never give him occaſion to employ Fame to publiſh the favours he ſhould receive. Yet *Mutius* is a perſon of extraordinary merit, but certainly he is too ambitious of fame and publick acclamations. It is true, he hath a heart contains whatever may deſerve them, for *Rome* affords not a ſtouter man than he, nor one more capable of doing thoſe heroick actions which caſt honour even on whole Nations.

But my Lord, to returne to my Story, you are to know that the ſubtill *Collatina*, whoſe buſineſſe at *Racilia's* was onely to doe her Brother a good office, and who is a perſon of the greateſt curioſity in the world, ſtaying two or three dayes with *Lucrecia* and *Hermilia*, took an humour one morning to ſearch *Lucrecia's* Cabinet, which ſhe had forgotten to lock. Not that ſhe did with any deſigne look for that which ſhe found there, but with intention onely to take ſomething out which *Lucrecia* had worn, for to preſent her Brother with, as a favour ſhe had procured for him; but the firſt thing ſhe met with, was a Letter of *Brutus's*, whoſe writing ſhe knew not. However purſuing her curioſity, ſhe read it, and found it ſo excellently well written, that ſhe was much ſurprized at it, though it were couched in ſuch termes, as ſpoke not clearly, that the writer was loved, yet ſuch as gave occaſion to imagine he was not hated, nay put it out of all doubt, that he might love, and that moſt paſſionately. She was ſo ſurpriſed at this accident, that ſhe read over this Letter three times, yet cou'd not imagine who had writ it; but going to ſearch if there were any other, *Racilia* comes accidentally in to the chamber where ſhe was, whereupon locking the Cabinet haſtily, yet keeping the Letter, ſhe could not continue her ſearch, by reaſon *Lucrecia* came alſo into the roome. *Collatina* in the mean time was ſtrangely perplexed, as not knowing whether ſhe ſhould acquaint her Brother or not with what had happened; for ſhe was loath to raiſe any jealouſie in his heart. But ſhe thought it not unfit, he knew he had ſome concealed Rivall. She at firſt ſuſpected I might have written the Letter, but coming that day to *Racilia*, ſhe cunningly engaged me to write ſomething for her, to diſcover my writing, which ſeeing it was nothing like that of the Letter, ſhe was at a greater loſſe than before, for ſhe was confident that neither the Prince of *Pontetia* nor *Titus* had any hand in it, ſince they made it their buſineſſe to further *Collatine's* marriage with *Lucrecia*. As for *Brutus*, ſhe little ſuſpected him to be her Brothers Rivall, clearely forgetting ſhe had ever ſeen of his writing: but believing him very ſimple and naturall, ſhe thought ſhe might fiſh out of him, who had within ſome few dayes paſt, ſent to *Racilia's*, ſo to diſcover ſomething of this Letter, which cauſed her ſo much diſturbance. Being thus reſolved, and to that end putting her ſelfe in order to go and finde out *Brutus*, who was walking in the garden, *Collatine* comes in, but in his way meets her alone reading the Letter once more, before ſhe ſpoke to *Brutus*, but with ſo great attention, that as ſhe read it, he looking over her ſhoulder, read it alſo, wherein he found theſe words, and heard *Collatina* after ſhe had read it, breaking forth into this exclamation, not thinking any had been ſo neare her; Who would ever have thought *Lucrecia* ſhould receive ſuch a Letter?

It is now paſt all diſpute, Madam, that I ſhall never be ſatisfied; for if I ſee you not, I die, and if I doe ſee you, I die alſo, in that I can but half ſee you, and that before ſo many witneſſes. What neceſſity is there I ſhould be miſerable? Of all that you ſay to others, I make no advantage, neither do you Madam, ſince they do not allow it that eſteeme which they ought; and though they cannot but admire you, yet they conſider not your converſation as the moſt delightfull, and the moſt charming of any in the world. But for my part I dare not commend you as they do, nay I may not preſume to honour you with that faint affection which they call Friendſhip. O ye Gods, was ever any ſelf-conſtraint more harſh, more inſupportable, and more importunate upon your compaſſion! If your delicate mouth can ſay nothing that may comfort me, let your fair hand at leaſt acquaint me with my condition in your ſoule, that I may know whether, amidſt that throng of people that ſometimes crowd about you, you ſecretly afford ſome few thoughts on a man who beſtowes all, his on you, and who would not live but to love you.

Collatine had hardly read over this Letter, with all the commotions a Lover, who feels the first agitations of jealousie rising in his heart, could be guilty of, but snatching it out of *Collatina*'s hands, Ah Sister, said he to her, is it possible that you should be the bearer of such Letters to *Lucrecia*, and is it possible she should receive them? As to your first question, replyed *Collatina*, it is not true; to the second, I must confesse it, that you may not justly blame me. But I pray, replyed *Collatine*, who is this fortunate Rivall of mine, who presumes to write so amorously to *Lucrecia*, and who expects to be answered? I know not, replyed *Collatina*; and as you came in, I was going to *Brutus* who is the other side of the Garden, hoping to know of him, who hath sent hither within these three or foure dayes, for I have taken this Letter from *Lucrecia* unknown to her; I know not the writing, and all I can tell you is, that it is not *Herminio*'s. Ah Sister, you are too cruell to raise a jealousie in me, and not informe me of the Rivall that causes it. This past, though *Collatine* came purposely to give *Lucrecia* a visit, yet instead of repairing where she was, he went with *Collatina* to *Brutus*, little imagining that the Rivall he so earnestly looked after, stood nearer him than he thought. Being come up to him, he asked him whether there had been any great company at *Racilia*'s, since his last being there; whereto *Brutus* not guessing at *Collatine*'s intention, and thinking he asked him that, as conceiving him onely able to say yes or no, simply answered there had not been any body. But I pray, replyed subtilly *Collatina*, came there not some Slaves hither, directed to *Lucrecia* that brought her any Letters? *Brutus*, who could not imagine what she would drive at, and knew not of the coming of any Slaves, answered, againe simply, that he had not seen any. But doe you not know this writing (said *Collatine*, shewing him his own Letter, not thinking he had writ it) and did you never know any Letter received by any one of a writing resembling this? *Brutus* looking on what *Collatine* shewed him, was much astonished, for he presently perceived what it was. However, he had such a command of himselfe, that neither his Rivall nor *Collatina* could observe any disturbance in his countenance. But to gaine time to reflect on this adventure, he took upon him to read the Letter over and over, and having in so short a time well considered the businesse, he concluded that *Collatine* knew not he had written it, for he suspected not that *Lucrecia* had betrayed him, but believed that some accident yet unknowne to him, had brought this Letter into his Rivalls hands. Fearing therefore he might haply shew it to some body that would discover it to be his writing, he took at once a crafty and confident resolution; for having sufficiently considered the Letter, he, with a simplicity excellently naturall, told *Collatine* that he had never seen any writing so like his owne as that was. No, no, I warrant you, replyed *Collatina*, abusing him, you never writ this Letter. I doe not tell you that I have (replyed *Brutus* without the least disturbance) but onely tell you that this character is much like mine.

Upon this *Collatine* and his Sister left *Brutus*, without the least suspicion that he had any hand in that they were so inquisitive about, so much were they deceived in his fained stupidity; besides that if they had not thought him so stupid, they would hardly have suspected he should write to one in whose company he was every day. Thus was *Collatine* excessively disquieted, for the more he strived to ghesse who should write this Letter, the more unlikely was he to finde it.

On the other side *Brutus* was not without affliction; for he was not a little troubled that this Letter fell into the hands of *Collatine*, not so much for his owne interest, though it concerned his life, as for *Lucrecia*'s. So that seeing *Collatine* and his Sister halted to talk together, he took a walk about to finde out *Valeria*, that he might acquaint her with what had happened, by whom *Lucrecia* might be informed, conceiving she yet knew not that she had lost the Letter. He was so happy as to meet with *Valeria* in a place where he might safely tell her what he pleased. *Valeria* having reasoned a while with him about what was to be done to hinder this adventure from spreading any farther, went immediately to *Lucrecia*. To gain time, they entreated *Hermilia*, having acquainted her with the businesse, to go meet *Collatine* and her Sister, and entertain them in discourse while they should resolve what to do. They were indeed

deed at a mighty losse; but at last *Valeria* told her, that since there was no name mentioned in the Letter, it were best that *Lucrecia* first spoke of it before *Collatine*, and that she took some occasion to say that she found it in one of the walks on the Fountain-Feast day, when there were so many people at *Rucilia*'s, and that she could not imagine whose it should be. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I cannot have that confidence. You must have much more, replyed *Valeria*, if *Collatine* shew this Letter as directed to you. Besides, *Brutus*'s life being concerned in it, if it should be known to be his, methinks nothing is to be sticked at. But if you would, replyed *Lucrecia*, you might doe what you propose to me, for though I am confident that *Collatina* must have taken this Letter out of my Cabinet when I left her in my chamber, you may say you gave it me to keep. I will doe so, said *Valeria*, but you must first see whether *Collatina* have taken any more. Going hereupon to satisfie themselves in what they desired to know, they found that of all *Brutus*'s Letters there wanted onely that, and so went to entertaine *Collatine*, his Sister, and *Hermilia*, who were in a low room, while *Rucilia* was busie with some that were expressly come from *Rome* to speak with her. They were no sooner entred the roome, but *Lucrecia* perceives in *Collatine*'s eyes the first startings of a violent jealousie, and in *Collatina*'s a fierce indignation; Nevertheless she kept her countenance, and not expressing any notice she had taken of the change of theirs, she asked *Collatina* where she had met her Brother, and afterwards asked *Collatine* what newes at *Rome*. Whereto he answering coldly, *Valeria*, who knew what she had to doe, begin to play upon him for his sadnesse, and telling him that when a man is in a melancholy humour he should never make visits, but stay at home. I was not (replyed he coldly) so sad when I came from home as I am now. And what sad accident have you met with by the way, replyed *Hermilia*? It may be, replyed *Valeria*, he hath lost a Letter of as great consequence as that I found the last Feast-day, when there were so many people here: I am sure if I had lost such a one I should have been extremely troubled. But before you can lose any of that nature, replyed subtilly *Lucrecia*, it must be conceived you are fit to receive such. It is then a very strange Letter, replyed *Collatina*. To be free with you, answered *Valeria*, it is such a one as in my judgement seemes very like a Love-letter; and were it not that the over-curious *Lucrecia* had taken it from me, lest I should shew it to some one to finde out who writ it, and to whom it was directed, I would presently shew it *Collatine*, that he might assist me to discypher it. *Valeria* spoke this in apparence so ingennously, that *Collatine* began to hope that the Letter he had might be the same which *Valeria* spoke of. So that desirous to be satisfied, he solicited *Lucrecia* to shew it him; *Collatina*, who was of the same opinion with her Brother, told her that she must communicate that Letter, for they both concluded that if she could not produce it, they could not charge her with any thing. *Hermilia* for her part knowing what *Valeria* and *Lucrecia* drove at, took occasion to tell *Collatine*, that that Letter was not so terrible. For, in fine, said she very cunningly, it is easily perceived that he who writ it is in love, but there is nothing whence it may be inferred that he is loved. But why did you not shew it me, sayes *Collatina* to *Valeria*? Because *Lucrecia* was pleased to take it away from me, replyed she, but to engage her to shew it you, I should in revenge make you believe that she her selfe lost it. Ah *Valeria*, you take a strange course to make me shew it; but I shall not doe it, added she, if *Collatine* and his Sister promise me not never to speak of it, and to restore it me as soon as they have read it; nay I will doe nothing, if, that you may be disappointed from shewing it to others, you consent not it may be presently torn to pieces.

You may imagine, my Lord, that considering the violent desire which *Collatine* had to be satisfied in this businesse, he promised to doe what *Lucrecia* would have, and that his Sister did the lik. But for *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, *Brutus*'s life being concerned in it, as also the reputation of their friend, they did that in this adventure to deceive *Collatine* and his Sister, which cannot well be imagined. *Lucrecia* pretended to goe and fetch the Letter which she said was in her Cabinet, carrying her selfe so in the businesse, as if she made no question but to finde it there. But as she went to

her chamber, which was the other side of the house, she spies me coming in, and points to me to come straight to her, which I obeyed; but not affording me leisure to speak, she told me, what had happened, and I promised her my best assistance to deliver her out of the trouble she was in. I went therefore immediately to the company, as if I had not met her at all, soon after which *Lucretia* returning, I saluted her, as having not seen her before. But *Lucretia* having returned my salute, began to tell *Valeria* that she asked her for a thing she had not, and that she must have taken it againe out of her Cabinet; for, added she, I am certain it was there yesterday, and as certain that it is not there now. I assure you, replyed *Valeria*, I took it not. It must be then *Hermilia*, replyed *Lucretia*. For my part, answered that faire creature, I can assure you I have it not. But, replyed *Valeria* speaking to *Lucretia*, is it not because *Herminius* is here that you make a new difficulty to shew it? No indeed, replyed she, for I am confident of *Herminius*'s discretion; but there is nothing so certain, as that some body hath taken it. It must be then *Collatina* that hath it, replyed *Valeria*, for as to *Hermilia*, I see by her looks she hath it not. *Valeria* herein speaking the truth, *Collatina* blushed, so that *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, and I, said all together, that certainly *Collatina* had it, that she must produce it, or at least, for her justification, permit *Hermilia* to search whether she had it about her or not. To be short, this confident wench, who yet does every thing she does handsomely and discreetly, beset her selfe to do what was given her in charge. Whereupon *Collatina* perceiving the Letter would be found about her, and believing by the chearefulnesse of the other three, that the businesse was as they made it, told them laughing, that it was true she had it: But she added a little lye to the matter, for she hath since confessed she took it out of the Cabinet, but she then affirmed she had found it in *Lucretia*'s chamber. As for *Collatina*, he was so glad to think the Letter had not been written to his Mistresse, that he joyned his entreaties with mine to his Sister, that she would deliver it, since she confessed she had it. *Collatina* accordingly delivers it to *Valeria*, who was very earnest to have it, saying, it was she that found it, and consequently it belonged to her. But as soon as she had it, she shewed it to *Collatina*, as if she had not known that he had seen it. *Collatina* also pretended he had not read it before, but coming at last to my hands, I said I knew who had written it, and to whom it was directed, but would not discover it, because the Lover was one of my friends. This past, I earnestly entreated *Valeria* to bestow that Letter on me; for if you knew, said I to her, in what affliction the Lover is who writ it, you would pity him. But to satisfie you further in this adventure, you are to know, that this Letter was never seen by the Lady to whom it belongs: for he who writ it had it about him the day there were so many here, intending to send it to his Mistresse that evening, which was the time he could with most ease deliver his Letters to a young Slave she hath lately entertained. You will therefore doe justly if you restore it to me, and never speak of this accident, for by divulging it, there will be a necessity of discovering what men were here at the celebration of the Fountain-Feast, and then haply it might be ghessed what Lady were concerned in this Letter. As for *Collatina*, added I, I have nothing to beg of him upon this occasion; for I look on him as a man so rationall, that I am confident he will do that for my friend which he would wish were done for himselfe, were he so happy as to be in a condition to lose some Love-letter which the faire *Lucretia* should have received. As I spoke this after a manner, ingenuous, yet earnest enough, *Collatina* and his Sister were convinced the thing was no otherwise than as I said, so that the jealousie of this Lover was by this meanes absolutely smother'd.

But to disguise the businesse a little further, *Valeria* said she found some difficulty to deliver me the Letter; for it may be, added she, if you restore it to him that writ it, he will send it to his Mistresse, and so I shall occasion her receiving a Love-letter. And if he doe not send that, replyed I, he would haply write another more passionate; therefore trouble not your self with these groundlesse inconveniences, but let me have that which you have found. Hereupon *Hermilia*, *Lucretia*, as also *Collatina*, telling *Valeria* I spoke but reason, I became master of the Letter, which absolutely

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cited *Collatine* of his jealousie. He was fully perswaded that if that Letter had been written to *Lucrecia*, she would not have suffered it to come into my hands; for some dayes he was not well assured whether I was his Rivall or not: however, he did not suspect me to have written that Letter; because he knew my writing. His minde therefore being fully beguiled, he was the rest of the day more jocund than ordinary; and to tell you the truth, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Horatia*, and I, were not very sad; for we were so elevated, that we had once more secured *Brutus*'s life, and that our imposture had proved so fortunate, that we were excessively merry that afternoon.

But that which was most excellent was, that when *Collatine* and his Sister were departed, and that *Brutus* was at liberty to speak in private with *Lucrecia*, she told him she would not have him write to her any more, and had almost told him as much as that he should not love her any longer. After all, said she to him, when you have well considered it, it is a kinde of madnesse to be engaged in any affection how innocent soever it may be, since it always layes one open to censure. For how can one love without writing? How can one write without passion? How can one be assured not to lose Letters, when one writes so often? And how, in case one may lose any, can we expect always to meet with such as interpret things of this nature to the best? On the contrary, is it not true, that as soon as it is said a man loves a woman, it is believed she also loves him; and that as soon as it is thought a woman loves a man, they distinguish not between her loving, and her being subject to censure, and then it is immediately imagined that the expressions of her affection exceed their own bounds? Therefore *Brutus*, if you will take my advice, love me not, for it is a sad thing to consider that the unhappy accident that discovers the innocent affection which is betweene us, should expose your life to the cruelty of *Tarquin*.

Ah Madam, cryes out *Brutus*, how cruell are you your selfe to speake to me thus! and with how little experience of Love, if you think he troubles himselfe with any ratiocinations, or that he can be distracted by feare or difficulty? On the contrary, obstacles and dangers encrease it in a generous minde; and if you knew, Madam, what pleasure I feele when ever I consider that by discovering my love to you, I have put my life into your hands, you would not say what you do. For, Madam, since it is in your power when you please to betray me to the world, methinks I owe you my life a hundred thousand times, and that if you preserve it, you preserve it as a thing which belongs to you, and in which you have a greater interest than my selfe. Admit not then any repentance, I beseech you, for those innocent favours you have done me: I receive them with so much respect, I remember them with so much gratitude, I enjoy them with so much pleasure, and I desire the continuance of them with so much earnestnesse, that if you should change your minde, you were the most unjust person in the world. And lastly, Madam, this dayes adventure ought not to discompose you, for if *Collatine* had taken away my Letter, I should have met him by the way, and rather than your reputation should have been prejudic'd, I would have exposed my life a thousand times. Banish then all fears, Madam, I beseech you, recommend your heart to an innocent confidence, be satisfied that you know you are Vertue it selfe, that your example makes me more vertuous than I should be, that in fine, there is nothing you can upbraid your selfe with; and entertaine not as you doe, the apprehensions of misfortunes which likely will never happen: for to expect in love at all times as much Prudence as Vertue, is the onely way to be always miserable. Alas, replyed *Lucrecia*, is it so easie a matter to be happy? I know not Madam, said he to her, whether it be possible the experience you have of my affection, might render you happy; but this I am certain of, that as long as you repent you not of that goodnesse you shew me, I cannot be miserable, and defie Fortune, though she sometimes makes even Kings unhappy, that ever she shall be able to force *Brutus* to think himselfe unfortunate, while he hath the glory of your favour, and while he shall be so happy as not to see you in the power of another. 'Tis true, Madam, I can live contentedly though I possesse you not, provided another do not enjoy you; and I love

with ſo much tenderneſs, that the onely pleaſure of your favour and indulgence enables me to endure, without repining, all the torments which are the inſeparable accendants of love.

I know not what you will ſay of me, replyed *Lucrecia*, that I permit you to ſpeak ſo long without interruption; but certainly, there is ſo much obligation even in my ſilence, that you ſhou'd not quarrell at it. For while you have been ſpeaking, my reaſon hath ſuggeſted a hundred things againſt you, which I was loath to tell you, and indeed never ſhall. And therefore ſince I am ſo unjuſt as not to follow all theſe advices, you were better ſpare the grief it would be to you to know, that I doe my ſelfe ſome violence when I beare it not, and that it is withall a pleaſure to me to heare you.

This paſt, *Brutus* ſaid ſo many excellent things to *Lucrecia*, that their hearts were in an abſolute compoſure and calme; I reſtored *Brutus*'s Letter to that faire Lady, and for ſome dayes ſhe and her Lover met not with any diſturbance: 'Tis true, this faire weather laſted not long; for you are to note, that the day of the Fountain-feaſt the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, and *Mutius*, concealed ſo ill their ſeverall paſſions, that *Racilia*, deſirous to break thoſe haunts, haſtened her returne to *Rome*, ſo to deprive theſe Lovers of all opportunities, that might be advantageous to their Loves. Not that *Racilia* was fully acquainted with the deſignes of thoſe two Princes, but knew as much as engaged her to croſſe them. But when *Brutus* came to underſtand that *Lucrecia* was to returne to her Fathers, and that he was now to loſe all occaſions of entertaining her, he was inſupportably afflicted. 'Tis true, he had the comfort to ſee that *Lucrecia* ſhared this affliction with him, and took this ſeparation moſt heavily. There was yet a weak hope left of ſeeing one another at *Valeria*'s; for *Brutus* being at liberty to go at any time to *Valerius*'s houſe, he imagined thence great advantages to his love. But all conſidered, he was extremely afflicted at *Lucrecia*'s parting; and their converſation at that time was ſo amorouſly paſſionate that I ſhall not repeat it, leſt I ſhould move you too much; for I have a many other things to tell you, which will ſufficiently engage your pitty. Their onely comfort was, that bidding one another adieu, they promiſed to write to one another every day if they could; and accordingly, when they were returned to *Rome*, there paſſed not a day wherein they heard not of one another. Things fell out at firſt ſo happily for *Brutus*, that his love was no longer ſecret, neither to *Lucrecia*'s mother nor *Racilia*; but theſe two vertuous Ladies approved it ſo well, that they were reſolved to uſe all their endeavours to compleat it in a marriage. So that the admirable *Lucrecia* making no longer difficulty to entertaine an affection abſolutely innocent, writ more obligingly to *Brutus* than ſhe had ever done before: for as to Viſits, they could not be eaſily contrived, at leaſt with that liberty, that they might ſpeak freely one to another, ſince it muſt have been when none were at *Valeria*'s when they came thither. But being both of a diſpoſition highly paſſionate, they endeavoured to comfort one another by certaine *aſſignations* of the minde, as I may ſo expreſſe it, for they agreed upon a certain houre every day, during which they promiſed to think one of another: and that which was remarkable in it, was, that *Brutus* did really many times wait for that houre with almoſt as much impatience, as if he expected to ſee *Lucrecia*. For he found ſomething ſo pleaſing in being aſſured that ſhe expreſly thought on him at the ſame time as he thought on her, that when he thought fit to expreſſe to me the enjoyments which this kinde of aſſignation afforded him, I could no longer doubt but that he was the moſt amorous of all mankinde. He would indeed tell me, that he never writ with more eaſe and greater paſſion to *Lucrecia*, than when he choſe that houre to write in,; and that the confidence he had that *Lucrecia* was as punctuall in thinking of him as he was of her, did both ſharpen his invention, and augment his love. I ſhall read you one Letter thus written, that you may ſee *Brutus* diſſembled not when he ſaid ſo, and withall acknowledge that the greater a love is, the more ingenious it is to finde it ſelfe great pleaſures, as well as great affliction. But what is yet further conſiderable, was the manner how I came to know this new kinde of aſſignation. You are then to know, that coming one evening to ſee *Brutus*, I

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ſtaid there ſo late, till the houre appointed with *Lucretia* was come, ſo that on a ſudden I perceived he had left me, though I was in the room with him. My meaning is, his minde was at ſuch a diſtance from what I ſaid, that he behaved himſelfe as one whoſe ſpirits were otherwiſe employed, and would have been glad to have been alone. I left him a while in that poſture, but after a tedious waiting, out of the curioſity that is permitted in a friend reaſonably intimate, I importuned him to tell me what he ailed. He at firſt made ſome difficulty to confeſſe the buſineſſe his minde was taken up with, as fearing I might laugh at this ſupererogation of love; but at length ſeeing me importunate to oblige him to ſpeak, he turned to me, and having conjured me not to make ſport at his amorous punctilio's, he told me that *Lucretia* then thought of him, that he was obliged to beſtow an houre on her; and that if I had not the goodneſſe to ſpeak to him of *Lucretia*, I ſhould not ſpeak at all, and ſhould leave him either to meditate or to write. It were much better to leave you to the laſt, replyed I, for you would not finde that delight in what I ſhould ſay, as you would in what you ſhould write; as for what you ſhould onely think and not write, *Lucretia* were never the better for it. Thus engaging him to follow advice, conditionally I might ſee what he did, he writ the Letter I am going to read to you.

I cannot, Madam, better performe the promiſe I have made you, than by telling you in this inſtant that I am as good as my word, and that my thoughts are wholly taken up with your charmes, my love, your goodneſſe, and the eternall faith I have promiſed you. In this employment I have already beſtowed almoſt an houre; but is it poſſible for me to tell you how many things I have thought on in that time? I cannot, though I ſhould write till the morning; for the thought is much more nimble than the hand, and the thought of a Lover much more than that of other men. But Madam, you may aſſure your ſelf I have thought nothing unworthy you; and, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, unworthy a man you affect. Pardon me this vanity, Madam, it is haply more excuſable than you conceive: For in fine, the acclamations of the people, ſuppoſing I could deſerve them, Statues and Triumphs ſhould not raiſe me to ſo much, nay I ſhould haply think my ſelfe as much above all things as I conceive my ſelfe beneath you; Ah Madam, it may be I have told you as much before, but I cannot but repeat it again: Is it not poſſible you ſhould apprehend what pleaſure it is to be loved by the moſt admirable and moſt accompliſhed perſon in the world? You would finde there were nothing ſo pleaſant, and that in proportion to this felicity all other are but misfortunes. Yet conceive not, Madam, but that theſe over-happy minutes are mingled with thoſe that are leſſe happy. But for that I am onely to conſider the injuſtice of Fortune, and reflect on the invincible difficulty which hinders me from ſeeing you often, and acquiring the eſteem of others, that ſo I may be more worthy of yours. How can I be aſſured Madam, that you love me as much as I wiſh, proportionably to the merit of my paſſion, or at leaſt as much as your laſt charming termes to promiſe me, even in not promiſing? In the mean time, Madam, know that I doe not punctually obey your laſt command, which was that I ſhould love Vertue more than I loved you; for I love you both equally, ſince that really you are but the ſame thing. I doe by one oath more confirme it to you, and if I fail I ſhall be content, as an ungratefull and perjured perſon, to forfeit all the affection you caſt on me. But Madam, if you will love, even to my Tomb, tell me ſo much I beſeech you, and believe me, you can neither tell it me too often, nor too clearely, ſince that I know no pleaſure, no joy, no comfort, ſave that of imagining that I am alone intereſſed in your heart, and that you will never force me thence.

Brutus having writ this Letter and ſhewed it to me, and folded it up in order to be ſent away the next day; he opened it again and added this Poſt-ſcript.

Conſider with your ſelfe that I am the moſt miſerable man in the world, when I am one day without ſeeing you; Ah! if you conſider it not, I am much more miſerable than I thought my ſelf.

I ſhould never have done, if I ſhould ſtand to particularize all the little circumſtances

ſtances of the loves of *Brutus* and the vertuous *Lucrecia*, who was perfect in that admirable art of making the tenderest passion in the world consistent with the greatest vertue: for she never was so rigorous to *Brutus*, as to give him occasion of any rationall complaint, nor was she ever so prodigall of her kindnesse as to question her innocence.

But not to wrong your patience over-much, I must hasten to tell you, that *Brutus* was hardly warm in his hopes of happiness, but *Lucrecia*'s mother died, wherein he was so much troubled, as if he had never met with a greater misfortune; for, besides that the consideration of the friendship that was between them made him more sensible of her losse, as also the grief which *Lucrecia* took at it, his affliction was increased in that with her he lost all his hopes. About the same time there was a great conspiracy, ready to break forth, discovered: For, my Lord, though *Brutus*'s soule was taken up with the love of *Lucrecia*, yet is it certain, that of Glory and his Countrey were not dispossessed; but even while he seemed to write such excellent and such passionate Letters, was he not unmindefull of the liberty of his Countrey; and if I should acquaint you with all the attempts he made, and which onely Fortune crossed in their effects, you would stand amazed at it. That which is considerable, is, that though he were the first wheele in all the commotions that happened in *Rome*, yet was he not so much as suspected to have a hand in any; his affected stupidity eluding as well his Enemies as his Rivalls. It did indeed much retard his happinesse in his love, a misfortune would admit no remedy, since it would have been madnesse in him to acquaint *Spurius Lucretius* that he was a more understanding man than he was thought, for it would infallibly have cost him his life, by reason of the obligations which were between *Lucretius*, *Tarquin*, and *Collatine*. *Brutus* by this meanes was incredibly afflicted, and the pleasure he before had found in being loved, was turned into the greatest torment in the world. For certainly there is nothing more cruell than for one to know that he is loved equally as he loves, and yet to meet with perpetuall obstacles in the accomplishment of his happinesse. In fine, to shorten my relation, for six moneths *Brutus* writ every day to *Lucrecia*, there happening no miscarriage neither to his Letters, nor to those of that admirable Lady; but it being impossible to be alwayes so carefull, but that sometimes one may forget what he seemes most to minde, it unfortunately happened that *Lucrecia* passing through her Fathers chamber, dropped one of those little Table-books, which I told you *Brutus* had caused purposely to be made to write to her. *Lucretius* seeing it fall, instead of calling to his Daughter, suffered her to go out of the chamber, and took it up; for being made after a particular fashion, he was so curious as to look on it. Opening it therefore hastily, not thinking to finde in it any thing should move him, he was much surprized to meet with a Letter directed to *Lucrecia*, and that a Love-letter. But that you may be the better informed, I will read you a copy of this Letter, which *Brutus* hath furnished me with; for this unhappy writing being that which utterly wormed him out of all felicity, he still remembers it, to encrease his misery. This was it *Brutus* writ to *Lucrecia*.

Fortune was pleased yesterday to punish me for that excessive generosity, which made me preferre the interest of R— not onely before my own satisfaction, but haply before yours: for in fine, excellent Lucrecia, *I did in a manner nothing of all I had proposed to doe, as being extremely out of humour. But that you may know how farre the love I beare you exceeds all considerations of glory and friendship, you are to know that my disturbance happened through my endeavours for the liberty of my C— and that I could finde no diversion even in the company of one of the most vertuous persons in the world, and one most endeavred to you and me. But certainly it is impossible to avoid disquiet, having lost all occasion of seeing you, and withall imagining the advantages of your conversation. I go out in the morning about the great affaire you know of, and if I can, I will come to the place where I could not yesterday. Doe me the honour to meet me there, for I will do whatever lies in my power, to come and tell you in that place, that I die for love, and withall, that there is nothing more pleasant, nothing more charming than to die so.*

You

You may well imagine, my Lord, that *Lucretius* was much surprized at this Letter, yet knew he not the character, as having never seen of *Brutus*'s writing; nor would he shew it to any who should better informe him, because he could not do it without making it known that *Lucrecia* had some under-hand Loves; besides that imagining some other wayes to scrue out this secret, he thought not of this. In the mean time, being an understanding man, he easily apprehended when he had read the Letter twice over, that the *R.* standing by it self almost at the beginning, stood for *Rome*, and the *C.* about the middle stood for *Countrey*; but all could not enable him to guesse at the person who writ to *Lucrecia*. He also concluded that this Lover was engaged in some Plot against *Tarquin*, nor did he doubt much but that this Lover was loved, yet could not imagine who it might be. He at first thought to call *Lucrecia*, to make her confesse by force what he desired to know; but changing his purpose he thought fitter to take some other course to finde out the truth, looking on that as the last refuge, if this failed. Finding therefore in the Letter that he who had written to *Lucrecia*, entreated her to come that day to a place where he was to goe, he resolved his daughter should be secretly followed thither, so to discover who was at the place where she was appointed to come. This commission he gave a certain Slave, who being very faithfull to him, acquitted himselfe punctually of this charge. According to the appointment and the pleasure of Fortune, *Lucrecia* came to *Valeria*'s, in hopes to meet *Brutus* there, for that it seems was the place he had appointed her to come to; but *Brutus* being forced even against his will, to stay at *Licinius*'s, where there was a secret Club, consulting about the great affaire they had then in hand, entreated me to go and make his excuses to this Beauty, which employment I was very glad of, not onely out of the great affection I had for *Lucrecia* and *Brutus*, but also because of the opportunity I had thereby to see *Valeria*. To serve therefore my friend, I went to the place where he was expected, not thinking there was a spy to observe who came to *Valeria*'s. It happened also, that *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and my selfe, being very merry together, we staid till it was very late, besides that *Valerius*, whom I had left with *Brutus*, had enjoyned me to stay his returne home, that I might know what had been resolved on at the Club, whereat for some reasons it was thought fit I should be.

In the mean time, this Slave of *Lucretius*, *Lucrecia* being gone from *Valerius*'s acquainted his Master where she had been, and assured him that none came thither besides but my selfe. *Lucretius* was hereupon perswaded that I was a Servant to his Daughters and conspired against *Tarquin*. This apprehension had some appearence of truth, for he knew I had often seen *Lucrecia* at *Racilia*'s while she was in the Countrey, and there were not many then knew I was in love with *Valeria*; and as *Brutus* had often made use of my name in divers gallantries and addresses to *Lucrecia*, as I have already told you, so had it raised a small report that I had some affection for her, insomuch that sometimes *Collatine* himself knew not what to think. *Lucretius* therefore having received some slight intimations, of what I tell you, absolutely concluded I was the Conspirator, and the Lover: for my Father dying in banishment, he thought it was likely I might be guilty of hatred to *Tarquin*, as love to *Lucrecia*. So that having thus reconciled the businesse, he caused this Beauty to be called to him, and carrying her into his Closet, he began to treat her most reproachfully, and that with so much transportation and fury, that *Lucrecia*, who is sweetnesse it selfe, was much amazed at it; but what encreased her amazement, was to see in her Fathers hands the Table book, which she thought safe enough elsewhere. Not knowing therefore how to excuse, much lesse cleare her selfe, she resolved to be patient, and withall summoning the greatnesse of her spirit and courage, she bore all that *Lucretius* said to her, and heard him with the greatest attention might be, so to discover whether he knew who had written to her. But she soon perceived he knew not, for *Lucretius* having tired her with the bitterest reproaches, told her there was yet one way left whereby she might excuse her weaknesse, which was to acquaint him with all she knew. For, said he to her, since your love hath such an influence on *Herminius*, as to oblige to communicate to you the designes he hath against *Tarquin*, you must give me the particu-

ars, and by giving me occasion to do the King a signall service, engage me to forget your miscarriage. *Lucretia* hearing her Father speak in this manner, was surprized afresh; for she gathered from his discourse, that he knew not the truth, and was not acquainted with *Brutus's* writing, since he believed me to be in love with his Daughter. She at first was a little glad to see that her servant's life was out of danger, but was at the same time troubled that I was unjustly suspected. She therefore did all that lay in her power to perswade *Lucretius* that I had not writ the Letter, and to convince him that my love to her was as to a Friend, not a Mistresse. But there being a many circumstances which made *Lucretius's* opinion seem the more likely to be true, he was the lesse satisfied with his Daughter; For in fine, said he to her, if you say true in that, why do you not tell me who writ what I finde in this Table-book? For to think, continued he, to deny all, and confesse nothing, is absolute madnesse. All I can tell you, Sir, replyed *Lucretia*, is, that my misfortune is greater than my guilt, and if I have entertained his affection, whose Letter you have in your hands, it was by the commands of the most vertuous Mother in the world. I know well that yours, replyed he hastily, affected *Tarquin's* enemies; but though that be true, yet it justifies not you; and if you discover not to me all you know of the Conspiracy, I shall engage you in such a manner, into the interests of those whom you wish ruined, that you will be forced to change your opinion. I may well change my fortune, replyed she, but for my judgement it is impossible; therefore Sir, presse me no further, all the favour I beg of you is, to believe that *Herminius* is no servant of mine, and that he writ not the Letter you now have in your hands, as I shall make appear to you by shewing you his writing, which is quite different from that. But to deprive you at once of all occasions of persecuting me to no purpose, I declare that I will never tell you who writ that Letter, and though I knew all the circumstances of any Conspiracy, I should not discover it. Nevertheless know, that my heart is still innocent, and that I am not engaged in any thing that is criminall.

Lucretius being hereupon enraged against this admirable Virgin, treated her with the roughest language he could, thinking thereby to terrifie her into some confession. But seeing her not to be shak'd out of her constancy, he resolved to force her to marry *Collatine*; for he had long since observed her backwardnesse as to that businesse. Since you will not, said he to her, discover what I so much desire to know, I must needs engage you for some concernment of your own, to hinder this secret Conspiratour from acting any thing against that Family into which you shall be disposed. I therefore command you to prepare your selfe to marry *Collatine* within three dayes; he was importunate with me this morning about it, and I will it should be absolutely effected within the time I allot you, and that in the mean while you see no body, and least of all *Valeria*; for since you have made her the Confident of your criminall loves, she is not fit to be acquainted with your marriage.

Lucretia hearing this resolution of her Father's, cast her self on her knees, beseeching him with teers not to force her to marry *Collatine*. You may choose, said he to her, and to avoid it you have no more to do than to name this secret servant of yours, and discover the Conspiracy: for if you will be so obstinate as to do neither, I will immediately carry this Letter to *Tarquin*, that he may take some course to finde out whose writing it is. Nor shall I so much as blot out your name, and thereby manifest your weaknesse, choosing rather to see you covered with shame, than expose my house to the indignation of an incensed Prince, who haply will come to know this enterprize by some other hand, and thence infer, that my Daughter having a Servant among the Conspirators, I might be ingaged in the Conspiracy. There is therefore no meane, you must either discover your Servant, or marry *Collatine*, or be content that I carry this Table-book to *Tarquin*.

You may easily judge, my Lord, what an extremity *Lucretia* was in, for she was confident *Tarquin* knew *Brutus's* writing, and as confident, that if that Prince came to discover he had any understanding, it would prove the occasion of his ruine, though he contributed nothing to the liberty of *Rome*. On the other side, to marry *Collatine* was a thing almost insupportable, but to expose *Brutus's* life was much more. She

was

was ever over-burthened with the thought that *Lucretius* might imply do what he ſaid, and that it would be ſpread about *Rome* that ſhe had a ſecret Love, which it may be would not have been thought ſo innocent as indeed it was. So that ſeeing which way ſoever ſhe directed her choice, all was inſufferable, ſhe wiſhed for death as the onely remedy could free her of all the miſeries ſhe was in a manner over-whelm'd with. But looking on this as a fruitleſſe wiſh, ſhe made uſe of perſwaſions, intreaties and teares, to move her Father not to force her to a choice wherein ſhe muſt needs be unhappy, what reſolution ſoever ſhe took. What made her the more deſperate, was, that when ſhe imagined her ſelfe in her Fathers caſe, ſhe thought he had reaſon to be diſpleaſed, though really ſhe deſerved no blame, nor indeed could ſhe oblige him to change his purpoſe, and all ſhe could do was to prevaile with him not to take any abſolute reſolution till the next morning. But to ſecure her, he ſet a guard upon her chamber.

Lucretius being thus convinced, that if I were not a Servant to his Daughter, I muſt be of the Conſpiracy, went and told *Tarquin* that there was ſome plot a-foot wherein I was engaged; upon which intimation, this Prince, alwayes ready to believe what ever was ſaid againſt the children of thoſe whom he had ill-intreated, ſent out orders to take me. For beſides *Lucretius*'s intelligence, he had been informed by ſome of my ill-willers, that I contracted not any particular friendſhip with any but ſuch as were ill-affected to him. Being therefore ſatisfied with a bare pretence to deſtroy me, he gave order I ſhould be ſecured, but it could not be iſſued out ſo ſecretly, but a friend of *Sivelia*'s having notice of it, acquainted her. She immediately cauſed me to be found out, and told me, I muſt leave *Rome* and provide for my ſafety. But there being many things to engage my ſtay there, I could not eaſily reſolve to depart, nor haply ſhould I at all, had not *Valerius* and *Brutus* come and told me that the Tyrant had diſcoved ſomewhat of the Plot, and believed that I was the onely man had been named to him. It was impoſſible then for me to ſtand out any longer; I was forced to depart, and that without bidding *Valeria* adieu.

Brutus knew not all this while that he was more unfortunate than I, yet that day he began to be a little diſturbed, as having neither heard from *Lucretia*, nor ſent to her. Nor could even *Valeria* her ſelfe rid him of this diſquiet; for though ſhe had at leaſt ſo much friendſhip for me, as to be concerned in my removall, yet was ſhe not in condition to go as far as *Lucretia*'s, who on the other ſide was in an incredible diſcompoſure, as having paſſed the night without any ſleep, and yet not faſtened on any reſolution. And certainly when ſhe conſidered that ſhe was to marry *Collatine*, and ſhou'd ſee *Brutus* no more, ſhe ſuffered ſomething beyond all imagination: but when it came into her minde, that her Father might carry her Lover's Letter to *Tarquin*, that he would diſcover the writing, that ſhe ſhould loſe her reputation, and that *Tarquin* would put *Brutus* to death. She was at a loſſe of all reaſon, and was no longer Miſtreſſe of her owne thoughts. It could never enter into her imagination, that ſhe ſhould ever accuſe him whom ſhe loved beyond her ſelfe, and ſo ſhe had onely two things to examine. But the more ſhe conſidered them, the leſſe able was ſhe to make any choice whether of theſe two indigeſtible propoſalls ſhe ſhould accept. That which added to her miſery, was, that ſhe could have neither advice nor comfort; for *Lucretius* had taken ſuch order for her cloſe impriſonment, that ſhe had not the liberty either to write or ſpeak to any whatever. But there was a neceſſity of reſolving on ſomething, though this Beauty after a night paſſed without ſo much as cloſing her eyes, was the next morning as farre from any reſolution, as ſhe was the night before, ſhe indeed began to change her judgment when ſhe underſtood by a woman ſlave who waited on her, and was locked into the Chamber with her, that ſhe heard one tell a man that was talking with her Father, that I had made my eſcape, and was out of *Tarquin*'s power: whereupon repreſenting to her ſelfe more ſenſibly the danger *Brutus* was in by her meanes, in caſe he were diſcovered by this Letter, her onely conſideration was how to ſecure her Lover, and ſhe conceived there ſhould nothing ſeem hard for her to do upon that account, nay not even marrying with *Celatine*. So that *Lucretius* coming into her chamber, when her minde was

thus taken up, and earneſtly preſſing her to chooſe, or expect to ſee him doe what he ſaid he would, ſhe felt in her ſelfe ſo great an apprehenſion of *Brutus*'s death, and the loſſe of her own reputation, that ſhe promiſed to marry *Collatine*, conditionally *Lucretius* would returne the Letter he had, that he would never enquire further who writ it, and as much as he could, trouble not himſelfe to gueſſe at him. *Lucretius* believing that when ſhe were wife to *Collatine*, and conſequently engaged in the intereſts of a Prince, whoſe near kinſman ſhe had married, ſhe would be eaſily induced to ruine even the whole Faction, whereof her former ſervant was, promiſed to do what ſhe deſired, provided the Letter ſhould not be returned till the wedding-day; and that till then, ſhe ſhould pretend her ſelfe indiſpoſed, ſo to avoid the occaſions of all viſits. Thus *Lucrecia*, notwithſtanding all the averſion ſhe had for *Collatine*, and all the tenderneſs ſhe had for *Brutus*, expected the celebration of the Marriage with ſome impatience, that ſo ſhe might ſecure her ſervant, by remanding a Letter which might haply coſt him his life. She thought not fit to acquaint him with her condition, becauſe ſhe imagined he would adviſe her to ſomewhat diſadvantageous to himſelfe, and that he could not eaſily apprehend what reſentments ſhe then had for him.

Brutus, in the mean time, though he were much troubled at my departure, was yet much more that he heard nothing from *Lucrecia*. But underſtanding that they gave out at home that ſhe was not well, he inferred that ſhe was out of humour to ſtirre abroad, and that ſhe had failed writing to him upon no other account, not dreaming that it would not be long ere he heard the ſaddeſt, and to him the ſtrangeſt newes in the world. According to what he had reſolved, my Lord *Lucretius*, who thought it the ſafeſt way immediately to diſpoſe of a Daughter, cajoll'd by a ſecret love, managed the buſineſſe with ſo much diſcretion and diligence, that he engaged *Collatine* to preſſe him for his Daughter *Lucrecia*; and he carried it with ſo much judgement, that *Tarquin* conſenting to the marriage, it was preſently concluded, and three dayes after ſolemnized. All was done very privately, *Lucretius* giving out, that his Daughter being yet in mourning for her Mother, it was not fit it ſhould be done with much ceremony. So that the firſt newes that *Brutus* had of it, was, that *Lucrecia* was in the Temple in order to be married to *Collatine*; for having been employed in ſatisfying thoſe who had taken any alarme at my departure, he had heard nothing at all of it. But he had no ſooner heard this newes, but he received this Letter from *Lucrecia*, which contained onely theſe words;

Being obliged by a cruell neceſſity, either to marry Collatine, *or be cauſe of your death, I have choſen rather to abjure all the pleaſures and enjoyments of my life, and conſequently make my ſelfe eternally unhappy, than to expoſe yours to any danger. Bemoane my hard deſtiny, I beſeech you, and, in gratitude for what I have done for your ſake, forgive me, if you can, and ſee me no more; for I muſt love you no longer, and yet I ſhould not avoid it if I ſaw you. Obey therefore the cruell command I lay on you, to ſee me no more, and aſſure your ſelfe I ſhall lead ſuch a ſad and ſolitary life, that I ſhall give you no occaſion to think me guilty of inconſtancy.*

I leave you to conſider what a condition *Brutus* was in when he had read this Letter; he knowes not yet himſelfe what he thought in that terrible inſtant, and all the account he gives of it, is, that not knowing preciſely what he intended to do, he went to the Temple where they ſaid *Collatine* was to marry *Lucrecia*. He was no ſooner in, but he underſtood that the Ceremony was paſt, and that all things were performed in much haſt, becauſe it was feared *Lucrecia* might ſwoune. He underſtood alſo, that *Lucretius*, notwithſtanding his daughters indiſpoſition had cauſed the Ceremony to be performed; and that as ill as ſhe was the cruell *Tullia* was gone along with her to *Collatine*'s houſe. Not knowing therefore what to doe in this diſtracted condition, he went to *Valeria*'s, whom he acquainted with his misfortune by ſhewing her the Letter he had received. But in all theſe things his countenance ſpoke ſo much deſpaire, that he moved a great compaſſion in the generous *Valeria*. Well, ſaid he, looking on her with the teares in his eyes, what ſay you now of *Lucrecia*? What

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muſt I think of her? and what muſt I doe? Can you imagine by what charmes Fortune hath changed her heart, or what ſtrange adventure hath obliged her to preferre *Collatine* before the unfortunate *Brutus*? For my part, replyed *Valeria*, I underſtand nothing of it, nor indeed can imagine either that *Lucretia* hath ceaſed to love you, or hate *Collatine*, or altered her judgement. But do you underſtand, replyed *Brutus*, why ſhe ſhould not acquaint me ſooner with this deſigne; or why, in caſe *Lucretius* have uſed any violence, ſhe hath not given me leave to die before ſhe married *Collatine*? For in fine, ſince the affection ſhe had for me, was not ſtrong enough to hinder her from becoming the wife of my Rivall, ſhe ſhould alſo have given him the ſatisfaction of my ruine, and ſpared me the grief to ſee her in the embraces of another, and ſee my ſelf forſaken by a perſon for whoſe ſake I was willing to forſake all things, and for whom haply I had forfeited much of my reputation. It is juſt in you, O yee Gods, (ſaid he to himſelfe, while *Valeria* was ſpeaking to ſome one that aſked for her) to puniſh me, for having admitted into my heart any paſſion that ſhould divert it, or haply hinder it from the deliverance of my Country. At the firſt dawning of my love I looked on *Lucretia*, as the perſon by whom I was ſtaid at *Rome* for the execution of this great deſigne; but I muſt now look on her as an inconſtant woman, who is the cauſe that I have not deſtroyed the Tyrant. She took up all my thoughts; her repreſentation followed me into all places; and though I then believed I did all that lay in my power to revenge my Father and Brothers death, and to ſhake *Tarquin* out of his throne, yet now I am of opinion, that I was more employed about the love I had for *Lucretia*, than the hatred I had for the Tyrant: But is it poſſible, reſumed he, that *Lucretia*, the vertuous *Lucretia*, ſhould be dazled with a greatneſſe ſo weakly eſtabliſhed, ſince it is grounded on injuſtice? Is it poſſible, I ſay, ſhe ſhould ally her ſelfe into a Family which ſhe knowes I am obliged to deſtroy? Does ſhe believe that any concernment of hers ſhall hinder me from turning *Tarquin* out of the Throne, if opportunity favour me to doe it? Or will ſhe, to ſecure the Tyrant, reveale what deſigne I have againſt him? Proceed *Lucretia*, proceed, continued he, for by expoſing me to the cruelty of the Tyrant, you doe me leſſe injury than by making me feele your owne. *Valeria* coming to him when he had proceeded thus far, he renewed his complaints, beſeeching her aſſiſtance, at leaſt to finde out what might be the motives of *Lucretia*'s defection: for I cannot be perſwaded, ſaid he to her, that ſhe is ſo poorely opinion'd of my heart, as to imagine that I can entertaine death with leſſe eaſe than I can her loſſe. Do me but the favour, continued he, that I may ſee her, for if ſhe be not ſo mercifull to me, I ſhall certainly think no violence too great for me to do my ſelf.

This diſcourſe of *Brutus* came from him with ſuch earneſtneſſe, that *Valeria* fearing he might haply do himſelf ſome violence, promiſed to doe what he deſired, though ſhe was not certaine to prevaile; for ſhe ſufficiently knew *Lucretia*'s heart, and eaſily fore-ſaw that ſince ſhe was reſolved to be *Collatine*'s wife, ſhe would be no longer *Brutus*'s Miſtreſs. But willing to appeaſe the preſent grief of this deſpairing Lover, ſhe told him not what ſhe truly thought.

While *Brutus* thus groaned under incredible afflictions, *Lucretia* amidſt her melancholy, had one great comfort, in that her Father had kept his word with her: for being ready to go to the Temple, ſhe got *Brutus*'s Letter returned to her, ſo to ſecure his life. Nor could ſhe but be ſomewhat pleaſed that ſhe was taken ill at that time, and continued ſo ſtill, becauſe the indiſpoſition of her body ſerved for a foile to that of the minde. But all conſidered, what comfort ſoever ſhe might raiſe from the preſent thought of having ſacrificed her ſelfe to the ſafety of her Servant, yet ſoon after ſhe thought her ſelf the moſt unfortunate perſon in the world: for ſhe irrecoverably loſt a man whom ſhe infinitely loved and eſteemed; ſhe married another for whom ſhe had an extreame averſion; ſhe ally'd her ſelf into a Family, which all vertuous perſons endeavoured to ruine, and ſhe reſolved to give her ſelf over to perpetuall ſolitude. But at laſt theſe conſiderations contributing to her melancholy humour, ſhe fell really ſick; by which meanes it was more eaſie for her to conceale from *Collatine* the ſmall ſatisfaction ſhe found in being married to him. She would needs remove

from *Rome* purposely to avoid all meeting with *Brutus*. She began to commend the aire of *Collatia*, as being better for her health, in so much that she was conveyed thither sick as she was. By this meanes was she in a condition to be more solitary, never hardly to see *Brutus*, and to see her Husband lesse often, who being obliged to shew himselfe at Court, would be forced to leave her many times.

In the mean time *Valeria* could not come to sight of her, for *Lucrecia* writ a Letter to entreat her not to attempt it, for some reasons which she should one day acquaint her with. So that *Brutus* not knowing what to do, was afflicted beyond all expression. Yet were there some intervalls, wherein he found some slender comfort, to understand that *Lucrecia* was sick and melancholy: but there were also others wherein he gave so much way to his despaire, that he had not the command of his owne thoughts, and there was no consideration of violence which his mind reflected not on. But the great vertue which guarded his soule successefully, opposed all those irregular apprehensions which his love and his despaire suggested; yet could it not overcome the extreame desire he had to see *Lucrecia*, though she had forbidden it him in the last Letter she had written to him. Directing therefore all the efforts of his minde to finde out some way to satisfie himselfe, he cunningly informed himselfe, by the meanes of *Valeria* (who might more easily come to know it than he) that *Lucrecia* who began to recover, though against her will, her former health, spent the afternoones for the most part, when her Husband was absent, all alone in a Garden, adjoyning to *Collatine's* house: and that sometimes she staid there till she went to bed, when it was faire weather and the Moon shined. *Brutus* being thus particularly informed what *Lucrecia* did, acquainted not *Valeria* with his intention, lest she might oppose it: but when he was fully satisfied of all he desired to know, he trusted himselfe to a faithfull Slave, who had lived with him ever since his being at *Metapont*. Pretending to go into the Countrey, he went by night to *Collatia*, and took up his lodging, disguised at a man's house whom his Slave was acquainted with: for having been there divers times, he knew the walls of *Collatine's* Garden were but low, so built purposely for the prospect of the first story of the house, which is built on one side of the garden; which not being absolutely levell, hath in one part divers hedge-rowes and little arbors, that the unevenneſse might the lesse appeare.

Having thus laid his designe, he came, as I have already told you, to *Collatia*, at a time when he knew *Collatine* was not there, and that his Sister was at *Rome* with her Mother, who was yet alive. But to do his businesse the more easily, he had brought with him one of those Ladders, which fasten on a wall as soon as they touch it, and had so well provided for all things that might contribute to his entrance into the garden, where they said *Lucrecia* came every day, especially in the evenings, that he doubted not a successefull issue of his enterprize. For he knew that the walls of *Collatine's* Garden were in a lone street, through which none passed after it was once night. It is true he had some reason to feare any one came along with *Lucrecia*; but he had been so perswaded that she was alwayes alone, that, considering the desire he had to see her, this difficulty signified nothing with him. He had also this advantage, that he feared not to be seen from the house, though it were built towards the garden, because that uneven corner which I mentioned, was taken up by two or three large Arbours. But in fine, not to trouble you with so many inconsiderable circumstances, which you may easily suppose, you are to know that *Brutus*, not debating his resolution any longer, undertook by this course to see *Lucrecia*; besides that having the reputation of stupidity, & being withall of some kin to *Collatine*, though he were found in the garden, it would have passed for a little extravagance of a man whom many believed to be quite out of his wits; by which means *Lucrecia* should fear neither the jealousie of her Husband, nor censure of the world. *Brutus* therefore came thither one evening, attended only by his slave, whom he appointed to wait him on the out-side of the garden-wall; and he was so fortunate, that as soon as he was gotten downe into the garden, and hid himselfe in one of the little Arbours, he by the light of the moone sees *Lucrecia* beginning her walk, having forbidden her women to follow her, and left them sitting in a little Lodge at the Garden-doore. 'Tis true, he was somewhat troubled

troubled to see that in a quarter of an houres time she came not to that side where he was, nor could he go where she was, without being seen by those women who sate in the Lodge. But at last *Lucretia* in her solitary humour fasting obscurity, quitted the plaine part of the garden, and passing along a thick hedge-row, came so that arbour where *Brutus* was; who fearing that if he were perceived before she were come quite to the place, she might call her women, bid himself so to give her way to come in. She was no sooner in, but sitting down she fetched a deep sigh, and that with such an accent of anguish, that *Brutus* was extremely moved at it, and transported with love, without any further hesitation, Ah, I beseech you Madam, said he, casting himselfe on his knees before her, tell me whether the unfortunate *Brutus* be any thing concerned in the sigh he hath now heard; and if he be, permit him to returne you sigh for sigh, till he expire at your feet, and assure you dying, that there never was any servant more amorous nor more faithfull, than he whom you have with so much cruelty forsaken. *Lucretia* was so surpriz'd to heare *Brutus* speak, and to see him in the posture he was in, that she was not able to expresse her astonishment by any crying out: on the contrary she was seiz'd by a most piercing griefe, and continued a while unable to speak. Yet thrusting him from her with her left hand, she made a sign to him with her right, that he should be gone, and that he was to blame for what he had done. No no, Madam, said *Brutus* to her, you need not thrust me away, since I am come for no other end, then to know from your owne mouth the cause of my misfortune. And I beseech you, said *Lucretia* to him, going to rise, have you as great a care of my reputation as I have had of your life, and expose me not to a suspition of having spoken to a man, at such a time and place as this. The place where you are, reply'd he, is so farre from that where you have left your women, that they can neither see me, nor heare me; nay they cannot come towards this place but you must see them, and you further know, your reputation can receive no prejudice from the stupid *Brutus*, and that the *Brutus*, whom you are acquainted with, hath no designe against your innocence. Permit therefore Madam, that I ask you what I would faine be satisfied in; for if I were sure to be discovered, I should not be gone, since it is certain I cannot injure you. But have I not forbidden you to see me, replyed she? But am I obliged, replyed he, to obey a person who hath taken her heart out of my hands, to bestow it on my Rivall? Ah *Brutus*, replyed *Lucretia* relenting, I were more happy, and, it may be, more innocent than I am, if either I had done it, or could yet do it: yet raise no advantage to your selfe of what I tell you, for I assure you, you will be never the more happy for it. Nor shall I satisfie you so far, continued this illustrious Lady, as to particularize my misfortunes, lest thus by satisfying my selfe to your apprehension, and acquainting you how much I have obliged you, and the true state of my soule, I should engage you to love me as you have formerly. How Madam, interrupted he, can you suffer me to be ignorant of what you thought, while you made me the most unfortunate Lover that ever was? Can you wish I should not know what might be the pretence, or excuse of your cruell proceedings? Can you desire I should be utterly ignorant of what is done in your house? Ah Madam, if it be so, I must think you never loved the unfortunate *Brutus*, nor ought he to love you, though he were in a condition to dispose of his own thoughts. But alas, he is far from it, for he loves you and adores you, notwithstanding all your infidelity. Ah, I beseech you, replyed *Lucretia*, accuse me not of infidelity, & be satisfied that I am so generous as not to accuse you as cause of all the misfortunes of my life, since that is upon your account that I am wife to *Collatine*. Upon mine, Madam, replyed *Brutus*? It is certaine, replyed *Lucretia* sighing; and since you are so desirous to know the true cause of your misfortune and mine, you shall have it. Whereupon *Lucretia* told him how she lost that fatall Letter, which her Father had found; which passage she aggravated so with words so smartly expressing the confusion she was in when *Lucretius* would oblige her to discover who writ it, or to marry *Collatine*, that he was extremely moved with it, especially when she fully convinced him, that the feare of hazarding her owne reputation, and principally that of exposing the life of such a man as he was to the cruelty of *Tarquin*, had obliged her to conceale it from her Fa-

ther;

ther. Consider now (added she after she had ended her relation) whether I have loved you faithfully, and whether I deserve to be thought inconstant. However it be continued this vertuous Female, as my love to you hath been always innocent, and that I can love you no longer, since I am *Collatine's*, I must, though I die for it, resolve never to see you more. For this reason is it also that I am resolved not to see any, but shall lead a life so solitary, that though you should be so unjust as to persist in your love, you shall never have any opportunity to let me know of it. Nay I will so carry my self towards *Collatine*, that I hope, expecting my melancholy, he shall have nothing to object to me. Yet can I not but acknowledge, that the aversion I have for him will last as long as I live: but after all, since a consideration of honour hath prevailed with you to conceale your reason for so many yeares, I must needs think my selfe obliged by a like motive, to conceale the aversion I have for a Husband, and the affection I have for a Lover. Ah Madam, it is much easier to conceale ones Reason than ones Love, and if you ever had any for the unfortunate *Brutus*, you would rather have permitted him to die a thousand times, than forsake him. For, Madam, do you consider the sad condition I am in? Another Lover would finde a hundred comforts in such a misfortune as this; he would betray your inconstancy to all the world by his complaints; he might revenge himselfe by pretending to some other affection, and he might haply be recovered of his misery by such a remedy, or at least would be the better enabled to beare the ill successe of his love through the consolations of his friends. But for my part, Madam, who am the unhappy man that all the world shuns, and no body knowes, I am not capable of any comfort. You were to me all the world; I found in you a Friend & a Mistresse; I found in you all pleasure and all glory; and I imagined my selfe so happy when I had but one minutes private discourse with you, that I would not have changed fortunes with the most fortunate Monarch in the world. I was somewhat pleased with my selfe, that my understanding was onely at your service, and for your sake; you were absolute Mistresse of my will; you had the same power over my desires; and in fine, you had such a soveraignty over me, that never any Empire was better established than yours. But what said I (resumed he, correcting himselfe) you *had*? you *have* the same power still, and it is onely Death that can dissolve it. It is true Madam, how unjust soever you have been in preferring my life before my quiet I am the same man I was; and it shall be your fault, if I finde not some lenitive in my misfortunes. Ah *Brutus*, replyed *Lucrecia*, since I have changed my fortune, you must change your judgement. But Madam, said he to her, continually I shall beg nothing of you, that I not so much as tell you that I love you, what matters it to you what is done in my soule? Permit me then to see you sometimes; you know *Collatine* and I are of kinred, that he can never suspect me to be in love with you, and that my palpable stupidity will give me as much freedome any where as I would take. Give me leave to see you, provided I never entertain you with the secret resentment of my heart. No, no, *Brutus*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I would not you should esteem me less than you have; nor will I ever doe any thing which I may object to my selfe as destructive to true glory: for all considered, to be *Collatine's* Wife, and *Brutus's* Mistresse, are two things absolutely incompatible. Ah Madam, replyed he, will you then be pleased to become my Friend? I heretofore in the beginning of my loves refused your friendship, but I now beg it, and that with teares. When I proffer'd you my friendship, replyed she, I could without any difficulty entertaine your love; but alas *Brutus*, the friendship of a Lover is not to be accepted when a woman is once another mans wife, and hath the least tenderneſſe for her reputation. Resolve therefore not to love me any longer, and that, if I may so say, for my sake, as I have resolved to be unhappy for your sake; and that you may be assured, I do all I can, and haply more than I ought, I permit you to believe, that I shall grieve for you while I live. On the other side, feare not I shall ever discover your secret: for though you cannot in any likelihood destroy *Tarquin*, but you must withall give check to the fortune of that Family, into which I am entred, I shall lay nothing to your charge while you meddle not with *Collatine's* person. Not but that if you conceive I speak for my owne interest, I should advise you to forsake *Rome*; to set

your

your reason at liberty, to go and live at *Metapont*, where you have friends of both sexes, and where you may be cured of what passion your soule is sick of. For in all likelihood Vice will ever triumph over Vertue. *Brutus* will be alwayes miserable, and *Tarquin* alwayes happy. How, Madam, replyed the unfortunate Lover, you would have me forsake *Rome*, quit the design of revenging my self, and delivering my Countrey, but for no other end than that I might be the further from you. Ah Madam, I neither can doe it, nor ought, and if Death do not deliver you from my presence, you shall never be delivered from it. I shall be delivered from it, replyed she, if I reside constantly at *Collatia*, whither you will have no pretence to come; and though *Collatine* himselfe should command me to see you, I would intreat him to pardon my disobedience: and this pretended stupidity which heretofore furnished me with a pretence to see you, shall henceforward be my excuse not to see you againe; but *I* shall think my selfe the more obliged, if without any further dispute you obey the command *I* lay on you, not to endeavour it. But is it possible, replyed *Brutus*, that my sight is become so insupportable to you, and that having expressed so much goodnesse as to let me believe that *I* might be the object of all your happinesse, *I* am now thought the onely cause of your misfortune? For *I* tell you once more, Madam, that if you will be pleased to be my Friend, *I* shall not think my selfe absolutely miserable: and if *I* ever forget my selfe so far as to speak any thing to you whence you might gather *I* would be treated in the quality of a Lover, *I* give you leave to acquaint *Tarquin* that *I* am a dangerous Conspiratour, and deserve death. But do you think, replyed she, that when *I* lost you, *I* withall lost all reason, and that *I* can be perswaded that *Love* may be turned into *Friendship*, or *Friendship* into *Love*, when one pleases? If it be so in your heart, added she, you never knew any true passion; and *I* should punish you for your dissimulation past with eternall banishment. One might indeed in a short time passe from *Love* to *Hatred*; one may sometimes passe from *Love* to *Indifference*, and it is not impossible to ascend from *Friendship* to *Love*; but to descend from *Love* to *Friendship*, is that *I* cannot comprehend how it may be done. *I* could believe, added she, there may be some Husbands, who having been infinitely indulgent of their Wives, are after a long time cooled, so as to have onely an *indifferent* affection for them, which may be called *Friendship*: but for a *Lover* to become a *Friend*, is a thing *I* conceive impossible, and shall never believe. Persist not therefore in the proffers of your friendship, or the designe of mine: for since Fortune hath been pleased to crosse the innocence of our affection, *I* will see you no more, and *I* professe to you, *I* shall hate you, if you continue to perswade me to a thing which *I* beleive inconsistent with my duty. For in fine, *Brutus*, you but too well know that *I* have loved you, and you haply imagine that *I* shall love you as long as *I* live, therefore our conversation can be no longer innocent: one look of yours raises a controversie in my soule; *I* must not any longer trust either you or my selfe in such a case as this; and *I* have already spent too much time with you, in debating a thing already resolved. Go your wayes therefore, *Brutus*, go, the unfortunate *Lucrecia* commands you; be carefull of the life she hath preserved you, and remember sometimes, that it hath cost her all the happinesse she could expect. But hold, added she, rising from her seat, think on nothing that concernes me: for if *I* thought you remembred it, *I* could not haply forget you. How, Madam, cryes out *Brutus*, you cannot but remember me, and can you imagine *I* should obey you, when you command me to forget *Lucrecia*? No no, Madam, abuse not your selfe, it is onely death can raze you out of my heart; and if the despaire that hovers about my soule were not kept off by the love *I* bear you, my hand should soon rid *Tarquin* of an Enemy, and *Lucrecia* of a Lover. But Madam, since that if *I* lost my life *I* should cease to love you, if excesse of grief take it not away, *I* shall not, which *I* do not but out of a pure consideration of love, since, as you may easily imagine, Madam, *I* must expect to live the most miserable of any man in the world, which can afford nothing more insupportable, than for a man to see his Enemy in the Throne, and his Mistresse in the embraces of his Rivall. For, all considered, Madam, *I* concur with you, that Love can never be remitted into Friendship, and when *I* begged the quality of your Friend, *I*

onely meant to tell you, that *I* ſhould never ask any thing of you but what a vertuous friend might deſire of a vertuous woman. Aſſure your ſelfe therefore, Madam, that *I* ſhall love you to the laſt gaſp, and that *I* ſhall love you ſo intirely, as never any man did the like. But in requital, Madam, added he, promiſe me that you will not make it your buſineſſe to hate me; for *I* had rather be deprived of your ſight, than that you ſhould not promiſe to love me alwayes. Ah *Brutus*, *I* neither can nor muſt promiſe you any thing, replyed ſhe; in the mean time, *I* muſt leave you, & be gone, for *I* ſee one of my women coming to tell me that it is time to retire; and indeed *Brutus* turning his head, ſaw a woman-ſlave who was come half wayes the Garden, and made directly towards the place where he was. This put him into a ſtrange diſturbance, for he thought he had a thouſand things more to ſay; nay he imagined that if he had ſaid them, they would have moved *Lucrecia*; but if he ſhould have offered to detaine her by force, ſhe would have taken it in much diſpleaſure. He therefore ſubmiſſively took her by the garment, and would, out of an amorous tranſport, have kiſſed her hand, and intreated her to favour him for one minute more: but this vertuous woman, troubled at her very ſoule for him, certainly did her ſelfe a ſtrange violence in refuſing him what he ſo paſſionately begged. So that commanding him abſolutely to let her go, and doing it as one who expected obedience, he in effect obeyed her: he diſmiſſed the hand and garment of this afflicted Beauty; and he had this comfort at leaſt, to perceive ſhe thought well of his reſpect and obedience. For having gone as far as the entrance of the Arbor, where this diſcourſe paſſed, ſhe turned to him, burſting forth into teares, and reaching to him the ſame hand which ſhe had taken from between his, Farewell *Brutus*, ſaid ſhe to him, might it pleaſe the Gods that the innocency of our affection would permit me to think on you, and that you might alſo think of me. At theſe words *Brutus* taking her by the hand ſhe preſented to him, kiſſed it with ſuch a tranſport of love, that if ſhe had not drawn it back with ſome violence, he had not ſoon diſmiſſed it. But this ſlave, who was come to tell *Lucrecia* that it was about the time ſhe uſed to retire, was ſo near, that he was forced out of a conſideration of reſpect, to withdraw himſelfe without anſwering the laſt words *Lucrecia* had ſaid to him. When ſhe was departed, he looked on her through the leaves as long as he could, but ſaw ſhe had let down her veyle, which he conceived was to hide her teares from the ſlave that followed her. He alſo obſerved, that ſhe twice turned her head towards the place where ſhe had left him, as alſo that ſhe went from him very ſlowly; for though he was in an unconceivable deſpaire, yet the exceſſe of his love quickened his apprehenſion of any thing related to his paſſion, but to any thing elſe was inſenſible.

Lucrecia and her woman being gotten into the Houſe, and having locked the lodge-doore that went into the Garden, though he knew not well what he thought on, yet could he not reſolve to be gone. For obſerving a greater light in one part of the houſe then in any other, he concluded it was *Lucrecia*'s chamber, and looking on the Windowes, he had ſuch a diſturbance and confuſion in his thoughts, that it were impoſſible to expreſſe them. He found indeed ſome eaſe in ſeating himſelf in the place where that Beauty had ſate, and in that poſture he intertained his love and his affliction till the break of day, not thinking of the Slave who knew his deſigne, and waited for him without the Garden. But at laſt the Cock crowing acquainting him what time it was, he went out as he came in, and repaired to the houſe where he had taken up his ſecret Quarters.

In the mean time, as *Hope* is ſuch a Montebank in Love, as inſtead of one reall pleaſure, entertaines us with a hundred imaginary, he was really perſwaded he might ſee *Lucrecia* in the ſame manner another night: but though he came to the ſame place, he met with her not; for this vertuous woman conceiving he might come againe, went thither no more. So that *Brutus* not thinking it ſafe to ſtay any longer in that place, whither *Collatine* came the next day, returned to *Rome* exceedingly grieved: for *Lucrecia*'s vertue rendering her more amiable than ſhe were otherwiſe, it made him the more unfortunate. Not long after he was told that *Lucrecia* had perſwaded *Collatine* to make the walls of his garden ſomewhat higher, though it much

much prejudiced the proſpect from the houſe, which he might eaſily apprehend onely for his ſake. This neverleſſe diſcouraged him not, for having a heart great as his love, he omitted no artifice or opportunity from the time that *Lucrecia* was married, to ſpeak with, or ſend Letters to her, or to oblige her to permit *Hermilia* or *Valeria* to ſpeak to her of him; or to procure the favour that he might ſee her in ſome place, though he ſpoke not to her. He alſo, notwithſtanding the hatred he had for *Collatine*, made frequent viſits to him, in hope of ſome occaſion thereby to ſee *Lucrecia*: but all theſe contrivances and deſignes amounted to nothing, *Lucrecia* leading a life ſo ſolitary, and diſengaged from the diſturbances of the World, that I think there never was woman gave higher expreſſions of a great vertue than ſhe did. For it is out of all controverſie, that never Wife lived better with a Husband than ſhe did with *Collatine*, though ſhe had an averſion for him; nor did ever Miſtreſſe expreſſe ſuch a conſtant rigour and ſeverity towards a ſervant, though ſhe had a tender affection for *Brutus*. Thus was *Brutus* extremely taken with her vertue, and fearing that diſconſolate ſolitude might ſhorten her life, he ſent her word by *Valeria*, that he had ſo great an eſteem for her, as, to break her from that reſerved carriage, he would make it his main buſineſſe to avoid her, that ſo ſhe might quit that melancholy courſe of life; conceiving his misfortune would be the leſſe, if he were alone unfortunate. But ſhe would not be perſwaded, nay would not ſo much as return *Brutus* thanks for his compliance and reſpect. However, I dare aſſure you he was never in his life ſo deeply in love with this admirable woman as he is at this preſent; nay I may preſume to tell you, that the love he beares *Lucrecia* is greater than the hatred he hath for *Tarquin*: but his love is upon the hardeſt condition that love can be capable of, ſince it admits no Hope, nor the ſight of its object. All the comfort therefore that he hath, is, what conſiſts in the hope of ſatisfying that juſt hatred he hath for *Tarquin*, ſince he can now pretend nothing to *Lucrecia*.

Herminius having left off ſpeaking, *Aronces* thanked him for the excellent entertainment of ſo pleaſant a relation: and *Amilcar* expreſſed himſelfe ſo well ſatisfied with it, that if he could have reſolved to be conſtant, he would have wiſhed himſelfe *Brutus*, as unfortunate as he was, looking on his Hiſtory as a thing extraordinary, though it was not furniſhed with thoſe heroick adventures which raiſe the admiration of thoſe that heare them. But to make ſome advantage to your ſelfe of the acquaintance I have made you with *Brutus*, replyed *Herminius*, ſpeaking to *Aronces*, acknowledge that you are neither the moſt unfortunate Lover, nor the moſt unfortunate man in the world: for certainly *Brutus* being now paſt all hope, and leading ſuch a life as he does, is a thouſand times more miſerable than you are. Ah *Herminius*, cryed out *Aronces*, I am not of your opinion, but account my ſelfe much more unhappy, in that I have to feare *Clelia*'s death, than *Brutus* is to ſee *Lucrecia* in the arms of *Collatine*. But my Lord, the misfortune you feare, replyed *Amilcar*, it may be, will not come to paſſe, and ſo your fear is of a diſaſter that is uncertain; but for *Brutus* he is paſt the feare of a miſhap, he undergoes it, and that without any hope of ſeeing any end of his ſuffering. He hath yet this comfort, replyed *Aronces*, to know that *Lucrecia* cannot ſuffer any thing but what the affection ſhe hath for him, impoſes on her; but for what concernes me, I ſee *Clelia* expoſed to the violence of a Tyrant, whether he love her or hate her: nor can I yet perceive by what meanes I can deliver her, nor who will deliver my ſelf. It being by this time very late, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* retired, and left this illuſtrious Lover at liberty, to compare his misfortunes with thoſe of the illuſtrious *Brutus*.

The end of the firſt Book of the ſecond Part.

CLELIA.

Second Part.

Book. II.

AS no part of the life of *Brutus* was reserv'd from *Aronces*, he went the next day to his Chamber, imagining he might receive some delight by discoursing with an unhappy lover, whose mis-fortunes parallel'd his; and these two illustrious lovers did at first so Sympathize, and love so united both their hearts, that though they were both miserable, and that their discourse contained nothing but Melancholy subjects, yet a delightful pleasingness did at this time dispel those dull fumes which clouded their Intellectuall faculties: but whilst they did as it were thus sport away the tedious hours, and that *Herminius* endeavoured by the assistance of his friends, both to prosecute his passion, prejudice *Tarquin*, and serve *Aronces*, the discreet *Amilcar* acted for *Aronces* against *Tarquin*, for *Clelia* and *Plotina*, and all the other captives, and endeavoured likewise to engage the fierce *Tullia* to deliver all those Prisoners, principally those to whom he was obliged both by friendship and inclination; he write to *Tarquin*, to the Prince *Sextus*, to *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*: Yet had he time to compose several things, which are usually made but in a pleasing idleness; for *Herminius* and he made each of them a short song, according to the *African* custome: they had a certain gallant aye which contained both ingenuity and love, pleasure and rapsillery, they using both simple and natural expressions, and it seems that they intented but to trifle time in making these songs, and that 'twas not impossible others fancies should concur with theirs. In the mean time, as they had sent to the Camp for *Celeres*

and *Zenocrates*, they came to *Rome*, but could not inform them of any considerable thing in reference to their affairs; for during the Truce, all the young men went continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp; *Artemidorus* not being willing to permit *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to be more happier then he, went with them to see *Aronces*, whom he highly esteem'd; and these three being arrived at *Rome*, and having the same liberty as *Herminius*, to visit *Aronces*, they passed some dayes in a society pleasing to unhappy persons. For as these new Commers were of this secret, they were commonly together; and after dinner *Rarilia*, *Hermilia*, *Valeria*, and *Sivilia* accompanying them, there was doubtless a society composed both of accomplished and agreeable persons; for though *Aronces*, *Brutus*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres* were men of known integrity, 'tis certain that *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had extraordinary merit; *Artemidorus* was well made, he had a judging Spirit, and a grandeur in his Soul; but he so equally possessed all good qualities, that though he was a compleat man, he was just one of those which make a particular character, and which resemble not any person, though many would willingly resemble him; for *Zenocrates* he was tall, of a fair proportion, and good deportment, white teeth, a lively tincture, brown hayrs, a most agreeable smiling, and a pleasant countenance which gave delight to all; but he had a certain languishing indifferency to which his temper carryed him; it gave him sometimes a stupity of Spirit, which made him appear as if he were in an idle dotage, and obliged him to keep in certain occasions a kind of a melancholy silence, that he could not suffer without some slight reluctation, when he knew he might if he would speak more agreeably then the most part of those to whom he gave audience: but for all this amiable dulness, the gallantness of his Spirit and ingenuity appear'd, when he writ either in Verse or Prose; and I can assure you, that if he had an heart more susceptible of loves impression, it had been very fit to make illustrious conquests: for *Zenocrates* was (as I have already told you) fair, and of a good deportment, he had much Spirit, he was both discreet and wise, he had a charming affability; all his inclinations were noble, he was modest, respectful, and faithful to his friends; but a languishing melancholy so possessed his Spirits, that though he was an accomplished gallant, he could not affect any one person, though adorned with all the excelling features, had he been assured of a correspondency in love; so much did he fear dangerous enterprises. He had beginnings in love, which should have had continuance; but the fire which flamed in the morning, extinguished in the evening. I know not how he could make an opiniative lover, for the faculty would have hindred the augmentation of his passions, the great difficulty would have rebated his Spirit, and the only thought of a long constancy, would have much perplexed him; he had no desire to engage himself to love a person with was not above him, neither would he resolve with himself to love one of that quality, if fortune had forc'd him to do it; so little he affected to enterprise difficult things: Had he likewise past the commencements of his life without having any of those Demy-Mistresses, that are loved without inquietude that are willingly left on the first occasion that presents, 'Tis not but confessed, that he had been in love, and he might be again: But those which are intelligent in tenderness, believe not that he was capable of any great attachment; and though he was accused of some temerity, and inconstancy in love, he was known to be very sincere and agreeable in friendship; and he was so amiable, and merited such estimation, that he would not be known without esteem and love. *Artemidorus* and he being then joyn'd with their illustrious friends, this society had been full of delectation, if those which composed it had been more happy; there was during this time a small cessation in the distemper of *Aronces*, which deferr'd the Voyage *Celeres* and *Zenocrates* had resolv'd on; *Amilcar* having acquainted this unhappy Prince, that he had conferr'd with *Tullia*, that he was the confident of her jealousie, and that he did not despair but he should oblige her to deliver *Clelia*; and farther told him, that this cruel person had promis'd him to suborn him which kept her, and that on his part he was engaged to carry this fair *Virgin* into *Africa*, and not let her return from thence; he knew moreover that those of *Ardea*, which negotiated with

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Tarquin, demanded above all things, the rendition of the Captives; and it might be if *Tarquin* should refuse to do it, he would exasperate the people and the Souldiers, which might justly murmur, to see that he had rather continue the War, then to accord a thing of so little consequence; and that by this means it would be possible to excite some commotion in *Rome*, and the Camp where they should have need of two men as valiant as *Torquatus* and *Valerius*. Thus their departure being defer'd, and hope having taken possession of the heart of *Aronces*, the conversation became a little more delightful. But there hapned an accident which gave some disturbance to this favorable disposition; for as things were reduced to this estate, unknown persons enterprised one night to take away *Clelia*, they fastning scaling Ladders to the Windows of her Chamber, some of the Guards their confederates having given them admission at one of the Garden gates: 'tis true, they were constrain'd to retire, because he to whom *Tarquin* had confided the keeping of *Clelia*, hearing some noise, awaked, and went with a party of his Companions to the same Garden, where they found a man of a good presence, at the head of 10 or 12 others, whilst two resolute Souldiers ascended those two Ladders they had put against the Windows of *Clelias* Chamber, who was then in a strange perplexity; for she did not know whether those that endeavoured to open her Windows, were friends or enemies; she saw no likelyhood that this enterprise was made by *Aronces*, since *Amilcar* who had the liberty to see her, had not advertised her of it; so that she imagined there was more probability to think it was the Cruel *Tullia*, who would have her in her power; but this imagination soon vanished: for how valiant soever he was which had undertaken this enterprise, he must yeild to number, for those whom he had left to secure the Garden gate by which he entred, being disanimated, and the gate shut upon him; there was no other resolution for him to take, then to render himself, or dye like a desperate person: And as the State of his soul permitted him not the hope to live happy, he chose the last, and acted such prodigious things, that *Clelia* and *Plotina* who were now dress, and who beheld that which passed in the Garden (by *Cynthias* beams which illuminated it) had compassion to see a valiant man reduced to such a condition, whose visage they could not discern; *Clelia* fearing he (that so valiantly defended himself) might be *Aronces*, and desiring rather to expose her self to save the life of a valiant Enemy, then let a faithful lover perish, she cryed to him who kept her, that he should not kill one deserted by his men, for there remain'd now none but himself to oppose so many adversaries; the voyce of *Clelia* perswading him to whom she spoke that it may be she knew who that unknown was, who so resolutely defended himself, and believing he should render a great service to *Tarquin* to take him Prisoner, he commanded his men to endeavour it, but not kill him; and this brave stranger who had heard what *Clelia* said, turning his head to see her, three of those which environ'd him spying this advantage, cast themselves upon him, seiz'd his sword, and took it from him, though he made terrible efforts to hinder them: 'tis not deny'd but he was dangerously wounded in divers places, but being resolved to sacrifice his life (since his enterprise was destroyed) he acted the part of a desperate man; but he was now compelled to yeild to number, and submit himself to the conduct of them who had disarm'd him; his strength being so decayed by his losse of blood, that his feeble limbs could scarce support him. In the mean time as this news was divulg'd, all the palace were alarm'd; the cruel *Tullia* being advertised of it, and Jealousie having wholly possessed her spirit, she was more irritated against him which hindred *Clelia* from being taken away, then against him which endeavoured to do it; she would have known his name, but no person could tell it her, neither would he acquaint her with it; *Tullia* then demanded if any of his men had surviv'd the Combat, but they answered her, that two of those he had imployed in this occasion, and who were hurt as well as he, knew not themselves, or at least wise feign'd not to know it: this giving no satisfaction to *Tullia's* curiosity, she sent for *Amilcar*, to endeavour to discover if this unknown had attempted this enterprise for *Aronces*; and he which had the keeping of *Clelia*, sent to advise *Tarquin* what was passed: there was such a great noise dispersed of it throughout *Rome*,

that *Aronces* had quickly notice of it, but very confusedly, for some said *Tullia* had plotted it, desiring to have the prisoners at her disposé; others that *Tarquin* had contriv'd it, to have them in his power without angring *Tullia*, and that his design had proved ineffectual, through the inconsideration of those to whose confidence it was committed; some said 't was *Aronces*, others 't was *Horatius*; and so many various relations were formed according to the capricious humour of those which reported them, that 'twas impossible to ground therein any real conjecture: *Aronces* hearing these several reports by *Brutus*, *Artemidorus*, *Contratus* & *Cethegus*, was much perplexed to know how he should comprehend the reality of this adventure: *Herminius* assured him, there was no appearance that *Horatius* had left *Rome*, it could not be *Tullia*, because she at this time employed *Amilcar* on the same designe: there was no reason to imagine it was *Tarquin*, for he knew better how to carry on his enterprises. *Aronces* could not then tell what to think, for the more he considered still what his imagination proposed to him, he conceiv'd far from the truth; but at last he believ'd, that as the Prince *Sextus* had a violent inclination for *Clelia*, before he was captivated with *Lucretia*'s beauty, and that he was most violent in his passions, he had attempted to steal away this fair person, both from him and *Tarquin*; finding more true semblance in this opinion, than all those he had premised, he fixt his thoughts here, and was so overcome with grief, that he designed to revenge *Clelia* for that violence which was offered her, and to seek all means to assault *Sextus*; he having need of no assistance both to vanquish and punish him: but after he had contrived this revenge, he saw *Amilcar* enter, and not doubting but he was of the same opinion, he went to him and said, tell me my dear *Amilcar*, do you yet believe that *Sextus* is more amorous of *Lucretia*, than *Clelia*, since the last nights adventures? I assure you replyed *Amilcar*, *Sextus* hath no hand in it, for I come from being *Tullia*'s Agent, so discovering who hath made this attempt; and from speaking to him who hath so courageously exposed his life in this dangerous occasion. What replyed *Aronces*, have you then seen him, which hath so valiantly defended himself? Yes replyed *Amilcar*, I have seen him, and seeing him, I see that fortune hath given you none but illustrious Rivals. Is the report then true that 'tis *Horatius*? replyed *Aronces*: No replyed *Amilcar*, but not to hold you in suspence, it is the Prince of *Numidia* who hath performed this grand action. What! cryed *Aronces*, is it *Mharbal*, which would once more take away *Clelia*? he had no such thought (replyed *Amilcar*, for he protests he pretended no other thing then to free her from the cruelty of *Tarquin*, and to retire her into the hands of *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, whom he assures me are nigh *Rome* by your favour. *Amilcar*, said *Aronces* to him, tell me all you know of this adventure, and how you knew it. Since you will be informed in all particulars replyed *Amilcar* I must tell you that *Tullia* sent for me, that I obeyed her orders, and I found such a fury seated on her countenance, that it almost struck me into a palsie; at first she accused me to be one of the confederates in the last nights enterprise; but I gave her such solid and satisfactory reasons to excuse my self, that as she is endow'd with all the advantages of a grand Spirit, she imagined I was too real to equivocate with her, and not knowing what to think, she sent me to him who appeared to be the chief conductor of this enterprise; but I confess I was astonished when I knew the Prince of *Numidia* had acted it, as he was a man buried in grief, and very much hurt, he did not so much as cast his eyes upon me when I approached him: No sooner did he hear my voyce, but he turned his head, and extending his hand towards me, Though said he to me you have been always my Rival's friend, yet I am glad to see you, to tell you, before I expire, that I dye with a strange regret not to have had so much affection to him, as to yeild him *Clelia* without repugnance, or hate him so much as to dispute her with him; and assure him (if you ever see him) that I pretended no other advantage in delivering *Clelia*, than to give her liberty, and render her to *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, who are not far distant from *Rome*, and are at this time at —— As he desired to pronounce the name of the place where they resided, his strength fail'd; and though we applyed all remedies to recover him, there was a full Hour elapsed before the expiration of this fit; but though his fainting

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ſpirits were recovered, he was yet deprived of reaſon; for ſince that he knew not what he had told me, and I could not demand of him where were *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, and ſeeing he had loſt the uſe of reaſon, I conceived it would be dangerous to acquaint me with it before ſo many perſons, and though the Prince of *Numidia* be your Rival, I ſhould incur much blame, if I ſhould let him be treated with ſeverity, and not diſcloſe his quality both to *Tullia* and *Tarquin*, to whom they have ſent an expreſſe to inform him of the precedent accidents, and diſcovering it was the Prince of *Numidia* which would have deliver'd *Clelia*, I ſhall hinder you from being thought conſcious of it, and clear my ſelf from all ſuſpicion. I would do the ſame (replied *Aronces*) were I in your condition, but I am much afflicted, for I fear, and not without cauſe, that this accident will confine *Clelia* to a cloſer impriſonment, and that your deſign will not take effect.

As 'tis by *Tullia's* means I hope to procure her liberty (anſwered *Amilcar*) this accident will not deſtroy our intentions; but will, as I conceive, much conduce to the furtherance of them; for *Clelia's* Keeper having retained her with ſo much circumſpection, hath acquired ſuch credit of *Tarquin* by fruſtrating this deſign, that if *Tullia* ſuborns him, as ſhe hath promiſed, it will facilitate her eſcape; but in the mean time we muſt arm our ſelves with patience, as there appeared ſome probability of truth in this conjectural opinion of *Amilcar*, and that lovers uſually catch at any ſhadowy glimpſe of hope, though grounded on incertainties; yet a dull melancholy eclipſed the countenance of *Aronces*; *Amilcar* demanding from whence it proceeded? He confeſſed he would admit of no conſolation, whileſt any of his Rivals pretended affection to *Clelia*; the Gods know, ſaid he, that I am not capable of envy, and that I do not emulate the glory of any one; but when it reflects on my Paſſion, I cannot confine my grief, eſpecially when I ſee a Rival endowed with excellent qualities, expoſe his life for the ſafety of a perſon I love, whom ſhe beheld with her own eyes to contend for her liberty; and 'tis impoſſible being as generous as ſhe is, ſhe ſhould requite with ingratitude the curteſie of *Mahrbal*. Oh Sir (replied *Amilcar*) it is not ſo, for I have ſeen *Clelia*, I have told her his name whom ſhe ſaw ſo couragiouſly defend himſelf, but far from retaliating any affection to him; ſhe beleeves that taking her from the power of *Tarquin*, he had the ſame thoughts as heretofore, when he would have taken her from *Horatius*, when he fought with him on the Thraſimenian Lake; and this *delicateſſe* of love which you teſtifie, gives you grief built on no rational foundation: What (replied *Aronces*) do you beleeve I have juſt complaint to deplore the condition to which fortune had reduced me? what? do you beleeve I can ſupport a voluntary impriſonment, without ſome regret not to have power to deliver *Clelia*? Ah *Amilcar* purſued *Aronces*, 'tis certainly little leſſe difficult for *Brutus* to draw a Vale of ſtupidity over his reaſon, then for me to make uſe of mine in ſo ſtrange a manner; for in fine, if I ſhould continually labour for to deliver *Clelia*? if I ſhould every moment expoſe my life to effect it, I ſhould not ſuffer leſſe then I do, in nothing but reaſoning with my friends upon incertain hopes; but I am very glad to hear that this enterpriſe proceeded neither from *Tullia's* hate, nor from *Tarquin* or *Sextus* love. For *Sextus*, replied *Amilcar*, caſt away fear, for *Artemidorus* hath told me, he is ſo amorous of *Lucretia*, that he cannot command his Paſſion; nor can he teach his tongue to bury her in ſilence.

As this Rival cannot prejudice *Brutus* (replied *Aronces*) I receive extream ſatisfaction at it; for if he were not his, I am really perſwaded he would be mine, which would be dangerous for *Clelia* in this eſtate. Whileſt *Aronces* thus ſpoke, *Brutus* arriv'd, and a little after *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, to whom they confided the whole ſecret of the intended enterpriſe, reſerving onely *Brutus* his affection for *Lucretia*; and they being ignorant of it, beleeved there could be nothing more ſatisfactory to *Aronces*, then to perſwade him *Sextus* had deſerted *Clelia*, and that he was caught in the ſnares of *Lucretia's* beauty; but if this diſcourſe pleaſed *Aronces*, it afflicted *Brutus*, whoſe heart was at this inſtant ſupplied with a new hatred againſt *Tarquin*, ſeeing now (as if it were before his eyes) the expiration

of his father and brother, and the total destruction of all his family; All the crimes of the Tyrant and *Tullia* had wholly possessed his thoughts, and *Sextus* his love for *Lucretia*, did so discompose the serenity of his temper, that he would not suffer them to make any mention of it; for said he to *Celeres* (who spoke of this Princes Passion) that *Species* of transportment which seizes *Sextus* when his eyes salute a beautifull person cannot be termed love; for if a clear inspection could be made into his heart, there would be found nothing but impetuous desires, which respect neither a becomming grace, nor vertue, there would I say be found an Antipathy between his Passion and Spirit; I am even perswaded he doth not much care to be beloved, and that he would be as content if a woman should offer her self to him, through the consideration of interest and ambition, without resigning her heart, as if she was forced by a violent affection to favour his love; but 'tis otherwise in those which are rightly capable of love, they being not perfectly happy, unlesse there is a reciprocal affection, and there are none but those which are infected with brutish appetites, who regard not what motive obliges any woman to use them with civility; 'tis true (said *Aronces*) an interessed is a superficial favour, and I should have no great obligation to a woman which would rather submit her self to my fortune not affection; but it happens so often (replied *Amilcar*) that those whom fortune favours, merits not to be favoured by themselves, and they would much wrong their judgements to complain that a woman permits their visit, rather through interest then love. I am of your opinion (replied *Artimidorus*) that an interessed Lady merits not to have a Lover which considers her through any other cause then his own satisfaction; and *Brutus* hath reason to say that this *species* of resentment cannot rightly admit the term of love, since 'tis not correspondent; for if we consider well what passes in the hearts of two persons framed after this nature, we shall find avarice in the Ladies, and brutality in the Lovers; that which you say (replies *Brutus*) squares with reason; but I must adde, that a Lover composed of this humour, can neither be faithfull nor happy, for in his heart the end of an irregular desire, is the beginning of another; and since he dis-regards the love of his beloved, he respects nothing but pleasure in the fruition, and is capable of an amorous impression at the sight of any thing which delights his fancy: these brutish Lovers cannot confine themselves in their voluptuary passions; sometimes affecting brown, and sometimes fair persons; and in fine, their affections are in a manner so brutal, that the love of the most savage and cruel Animals, is no lesse then theirs; therefore I should extreamly commserate the fair and vertuous *Lucretia*, for having surprized the heart of *Sextus*, did not her solitary retirement shelter her from the persecutions of such a Lover: and as *Herminius* noted the agitation of the spirit of *Brutus*, he diverted the subject of their discourse to the adventure of the Numidian Prince, which was considerable enough to deserve their attentions; for it seem'd very extraordinary that an African Prince should have so much intelligence in *Rome* as to enterprise to take *Clelia* from the Palace of such a Prince as *Tarquin*. And passing from one thing to another, they had a desire to pre-divine the actions of this violent Prince, when he should have notice of this accident; some said he would be transported to the ultimate extremity against the Numidian Prince; others that for his own interest he would consider the quality of *Maharbal*; some said he would poison him; but *Aronces* who was wholly composed of generosity, and whose heart was sensible of compassion since the last conference with this illustrious Rival; and since he left a Letter at his departure from the Willow Island, intreated *Amilcar* to reverse, by his sedulous indeavours any cruel sentence should be decreed against him; and *Amilcar* so flattered *Tullia's* humour, and wrote such a judicious Letter to *Tarquin*, that the storm of anger soon vanished, which threatned the destruction of the Numidian Prince; and what they descanted upon, proved but aëry imaginations; 'tis true his wounds were dangerous, and his death almost inevitable, his Feaver augmented his reason was not yet remitted to its proper seat, and those which dreft him much feared his Recovery; so that we may very well say his deplorable condition was some means to secure his life. 'Twas most remarkable

remarkable in this incounter, that *Tarquin* learning the Quality of the Numidian Prince, conceived his love for *Clelia* incited him to steal her away, he not being ignorant that *Clelia* a long time resided at *Carthage*; imagining then *Clelia* more amiable since she had attracted such illustrious persons, he felt a reduplication of love in his heart, and the cognisance he had to have found a new Rival, renewed his affection, if I may use that term, he had even some joy to think that wheresoever *Aronces* was, he would have some despight against the Numidian Prince for indeavouring to deliver *Clelia*; and his thoughts were consonant with those of a violent Prince, though love had never been the prevailing passion; he gave order to redouble the Guards of *Clelia*, and confirmed an ampler Commission to him who commanded them, which was very satisfactory to *Aronces*, because that *Amilcar*, assuring him that *Tullia* was perswaded she should gain him, he might hope suddenly to effect *Clelia's* liberty; he knew likewise that those of *Ardea* obstinately persisted in requesting *Tarquin* to deliver the Captives before the commencement of the Treaty, and that the people began to murmur at *Rome*, as well as the Souldiers in the Camp, because *Tarquin* denied their proposition.

These things put such a favourable disposition in the spirit of *Aronces*, and all his friends, that they found themselves capable to injoy all the sweetnesse hope gives them, who passionately desire any thing; for there is a hope of revenge as well as a hope to possesse a Mistris; those which had no effective interest in this place, were at last interested in their friends behalf; as for *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, 'twas friendship which contin'd them to this place; but for *Brutus* and *Herminius*, they had both many interests to induce them to reside here, their friends, their love, and their Country; and things being now reduced to a better estate then they had seen them long before, they were partakers of the same hope; 'tis not that *Brutus* expected any thing on *Lucretia's* part which might advantage him, but at least he imagined, if he destroyed *Tarquin*, he should likewise destroy *Sextus*; so that a jealous resentment exciting in him a desire of revenge, it seemed to him he could no lesse act against *Tarquin* in quality of a Lover, then of a true Roman. Hope thus finding entertainment in the hearts of so many discreet persons, their conversations was very agreeable; when they consorted at night to render an account what they had learned concerning their common interests; it often hapned that *Ratilia*, *Hermilia*, and *Valeria* were there; for *Volerius* permitted his daughter to remain sometimes two or three dayes with *Hermilia*, who was become her chiefest friend since the solitude of *Lucretia*; for *Clelia*, she had likewise her part in the repose of others, *Amilcar* acquainting her with the hope she had, giving her news of *Aronces*; and assuring her according to the information of the Numidian Prince, that *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* were not far from *Rome*, and *Plotina* fitted her humour with such Scenes of mirth, that they at this time chac'd away those melancholy thoughts condens'd by the contemplation of her misfortunes; there were likewise other happy Lovers, for the Prince of *Pometia* knew he might claim affection in *Hermilia's* heart, who thinking all those which assembled at her Aunts house, contriv'd nothing but how to compasse *Clelia's* liberty, remained satisfied to have acquired the affection of one of the most vertuous Princes. *Titus* on his part had received such demonstrations of love from *Collatina*, that he was glad the time gave him occasion to repay a visit to his Mistris, the most unhappy were *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who had both assuredly interests without *Rome*. 'Tis true the last not being of a humour to send his heart and spirit where he was not, had more tranquility then the other. *Amilcar* one evening noting that *Brutus* had brought them into *Hermilia's* Chamber, she keeping it by reason of some indisposition, and with whom *Valeria* was then demanded of him, if the serenity of his spirit proceeded from his fortune or temperament, and of *Artemidorus* if his anxiety was an effect of his mis-fortune, or the melancholy of his humour, as to *Zenocrates* (replied *Artemidorus*) I can onely answer you for him, that he makes his own tranquility; and I can answer you for *Artemidorus* (replied *Zenocrates*) that the sensibility of his heart acts as much against him as his evil fortune; if those

who give us audience were informed in our lives (replied *Artemidorus*) they could perhaps confesse that my sensibility is more excusable then sometimes your indifferency; for you know absence (which is a great disease in love) is not a very sensible malady in you, but on the contrary, cures you of many others; in truth replied *Zenocrates* smiling, which added a grace to his expression, you tax me with an unjust reproach; I confesse sometimes I do not remember those persons I see not, but I protest unto you, as soon as my memorative faculty represents them to me, they command the same affectionate priviledge as before; you discourse of this so pleasantly (replied *Hermilia*) that you seem to have no desire to remember those you have loved when they are absent from you, because you can affect none but those who are present before your eys; yet (replied *Artemidorus*) he is not assured to love all those he sees, for he is subject to certain petite absences of heart, which sometimes much distract his friends; and 'tis certain I have seen him more then once waver in his affection; 'tis not but he knows how to make declaration in love; for I remember he writ four in the compass of a day which contained much gallantry; 'tis true 'twas onely to divertize a company of amiable Ladies; but (said *Zenocrates*, dying his cheeks with a modest blush) I may very well say I have had a thousand loves in my life; but among all those, I can scarce insert three or four in the Catalogue of true loves; and I am assured if you compare mine with yours, you may conceive me to give you the denomination. 'Tis not (added he) that I beleeve those men who boast of a violent passion, love not a little more then others which are more sincere; and for my part I beleeve I love as much as I can love, and that if it were as permanent and durable as some, I should be the most amorous of men; but I confesse it sometimes sooner passes away then that of *Artemidorus*, who beleeves he should recede from his honour, if he should be suspected to change first, there are some hours when if it hath continuance it disturbs my repose; and when I make voluntary imprecations to explicate my self out of this amorous labyrinth; for I may very well say love is a great affair. Ah *Zenocrates*, cried *Amilcar*, if love is a great, it is an agreeable affair: you ought then to be perswaded in what you say (replied *Herminius*) since if you love none of this nature you deny your own expressions: I pray said then *Zenocrates* to *Amilcar*, learn me how I must order my self when I would dissemble love, for I have more then twenty times essayed to do it, without arriving at my intended end: For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I find no great difficulty in it; for when I see a jovial Lady who hath any facility in her humour, or gayety in her spirit, and that I find my fancy disposed to make a volatile love, I can desert when I please, and which gives me delight as long as it lasteth; I accustome my self to speak to this person more then any other, I look upon her, I praise her, I continually cast forth artificial sighs resembling true ones, I sometimes sing some slight ayrs I formerly composed, which she applies to her self, and sometimes I expresse my self in amorous Verses, languishing regards; and in fine, I tell her I love her, or at least make such pretentions, afterwards for that small pleasure she hath taken in my affability, she retaliates hers, hope then possesses my heart, and after that I feel I know not what, that I call love; for in fine, that you be not deceived, it is not of these slight imaginary loves, as others, where love precedes hope, since in this, hope must precede love, and he must first be assured of the progresse of his affection, before he commence his; the Lady you chuse must not therefore be so full of complacency that her behaviour hath too much facility, neither must you chuse women whose hearts you can conquer but by forms; but you must find one neither too austere nor too facile, who hath no particular Gallant, and who affects Gallantry, neither must she have a furious spirit; 'tis good she should be a little tractable in love; and in fine it suffices she should be fair, young, a little merry, and without capriciousnesse, for if she hath more imagination then judgement, she shall be so much more fit to make one of those Demy Mistresses, that I may leave without despair, when my fancy prompts me to do it, and with whom I may passe most pleasant hours. You exagerate that so handsomely (said *Valeria*) that I beleeve *Zenocrates* will essay

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it on the first occasion; in truth (replied he smiling) I think I should now experiment it, were there any Lady here which might admit the Character of *Amilcar*; but for my misfortune I know none of this humour at *Rome*, do you know at *Leontine*, at *Panorme*, at *Syracusa*, and at *Agrigentine*, said *Artemidorus* to him: I confesse it (replied he) but it may be before I return, my fancy will, as usually, soon vanish; but said *Herminius* to him it seems requisite to me, that we should be better informed of your Adventures, I know *Artemidorus* hath recounted them to *Aronces* after he had acquainted him with his own; but 'twould not be just to trouble him to relate them; and 'tis much better your self should satisfie our curiosities: For my particular (said *Zenocrates*) should I undertake to recount my History, I should no sooner mention my self but *Artemidorus* would interrupt me, and affirm I am not well acquainted with my self; and I beleeve my adventures ought not to be known of so many persons, and there are some considerable accidents in my fortune, which are not convenient to publish til it pleases my destiny to change the state of things; but for *Artemidorus* it much imports his repose that all his friends should know his fortune, to banish the most unjust grief, ever seiz'd a lovers heart; for till this time none can perswade him he hath injury, and as 'tis convenient for his repose, I offer my self to be his Historian; for though I should not be accused of too much ardency or levity in love I condemn it not. I would therefore have the permission to recount the affection of *Artemidorus*, for if these persons here present do not perswade him that the excesse of his secret grief is unjust he will never be cur'd; all then testified a great impatience to obtain the consent of *Artemidorus*, for *Brutus* was not displeased to know if he might find a lover as unhappy as himself: *Herminius* by a tender resentment wished the power to consolate *Artemidorus*: *Amilcar* by an universal curiosity, desired to know the life of this Prince, and both *Valeria* and *Hermilia* according to the nature of their Sex, had an earnest desire to hear the narration of *Zenocrates*, induc'd thereto by a natural resentment incident to Ladies of their quality and perfections; for *Aronces* as he knew all that which had happened to *Artemidorus*, he augmented the curiosity of the Company; and in fine, he was so prest by their forcible perswasions, that he consented *Zenocrates* should relate his adventures, but not desiring to be at the recounting of them, and *Aronces* having already heard them, he requested him to withdraw into his own Chamber; and after their departure *Zenocrates* having consider'd on what he had to say, began to speak in these terms, addressing his speech to *Hermilia* onely, he being then in her Chamber.

The History of Artemidorus.

THough *Sicily* is not so far distant from *Rome*, that I conceive you are ignorant of the Customs thereof, yet I pre-suppose there's many things which never arriv'd your knowledge; for Madam to speak ingeniously, the Romans so despise all other people, that they beleeve they should injure themselves even to know their manners. And our Ladies not being so reserv'd as here, 'tis requisite you should be pre-acquainted with the general usage of divers places I shall have occasion to insert in my narration; for fear you condemn not in particular those who have interest in those things, I intend to relate unto you, I shall then tell you, Madam, that *Sicily* having at this time the Commerce of *Affrica* and *Italy*, as well as of *Greece* and *Asia*; I may say this famous Isle is the common country of different Nations, and there is a confluency of divers people in all places where Commerce is most consign'd, and except at *Panormes* there's scarce in any part the true manners of the Country; and 'tis rare that in all the Maritime Towns except that, I

intend to mention, they have a certain ſpirit which retains ſomething of their oppoſite neighbours; ſo that the Coaſt of *Miſſena* which was called heretofore *Zangle*, when the Gyants, as is reported, inhabited it, hath a reſemblance with thoſe of *Rhegeum*, the Coaſt which looks on the Jonian Sea, with the Aſcatique and Heraclea and Agrigentine with the Affricans cuſtomes; but for Leontine which is the native Country of *Artemidorus*, the Cuſtomes there have ſome conformity with all theſe different nations, agreeing likewiſe with thoſe of the Country; but to ſpeak in general, there is in all places ſo much liberty and gallantry, that without doubt there is ſcarce any Country in the World, where one may have ſuch a delectable reſidence; for beſides that the Country is pleaſant, fertile, and very diverſified, the people are full of ſpirit, and have generally ſo much, as for that reaſon they are ſuſpected to be artificious and a little inconſtant; but as I ſhall ſpeak but of *Leontine* and *Agrigentine*, I ſhall tell you nothing of the other Cities of this famous Iſle, neither ſhall I much trouble my ſelf to ſpeak of the firſt, becauſe I cannot do it without mentioning many things, which have reference to the Princeſſe of the Leontines, ſiſter of *Artemidorus*, whoſe adventures I ought not now to recount to you, be contented then to know, that as the Country of the Leontines, is nigh the fertileſt in the Iſle, all pleaſures are there in their greateſt luſtre, except in *Syracuſa* and *Agrigentine*, where I may ſay with the permiſſion of *Amilcar*, all the Affrican gallantry hath paſſed: But to come to the principal Hiſtory I have to relate to you, without telling you all thoſe ſlight things which reſemble themſelves in all the Commencements of love in the World; you muſt know that this illuſtrious unhappy perſon, is his brother who is now Prince of the Leontines, and of the admirable Princes who hath now found an Aſylum in the King of *Cluſinus* Court, and being at his birth indowed with all noble inclinations, he was in eſtate to merit the eſteem of all thoſe who knew him; for his perſon I ſhall ſay nothing of it, for you ſee 'tis fram'd according to the exact rules of proportion, but for his ſpirit, though you know it hath all advantages imaginable, yet I aſſure you, you do not ſufficiently know it; for his grief hath ſo clouded his humour, and left ſuch an indifference and melancholly, that he hath no more the ſame agreement he uſually had in his converſation, and that he yet would have, ſhould joy reſume it uſual place in his heart; as for his temperament 'tis without doubt tender and paſſionate he loves glory, and is extreamly gratefull, maintaining the greateſt of all Vices, is ingratitude; he is both liberal and juſt, and few have equalled him in merit; 'tis true, that for thoſe he doth not eſteem, he hath not a too regular civility, he is very free to thoſe which pleaſe him, elſe reſerv'd to all. *Artemidorus* then meriting that Character in which I have repreſented him to you, and being in a ſplendid Court, ſubmitted to the love of an amiable Virgin, as ſoon as he returned from a Voyage he had made into *Greece*: 'Tis true ſhe was none of the greateſt beauties, but ſhe hath ſuch an agreement, that ſhe gave envy to the faireſt, and love to the moſt inſenſible; for though her perſon is well made, and infinitely pleaſing, ſhe hath a ſweet and tempting ſpirit, which repels nothing, but attracts all; ſhe hath it neither too free nor too ſerious, and there is ſuch a charming facility in her entertainment that 'tis not ſtrange if *Artemidorus* was ſurpriz'd with its attractive Charms, and I may very well aſſure you, that I think this Virgin which is called *Clidimira*, had nigh as much affection for him, as he for her, at leaſt ſhe gave him ſuch innocent teſtimonies of eſteem, which made him beleeve ſhe would permit him to bear her Chains: *Artemidorus* being thus immerged in love, *Clidimira* made ſome ſeeming difficulty to ingage her ſelf to love him, becauſe ſhe foreſaw the Prince of the Leontines would not ſuffer her to eſpouſe him, there being ſome difference between him and her father; but flattering her ſelf with the hope that the love of *Artemidorus* might ſurmount this obſtacle, ſhe took care to foment his paſſion, and gave him ſuch innocent demonſtrations of affection, as a vertuous virgin might licenſe a man ſhe beleev'd might one day eſpouſe her, for as ſhe wrote gallantly and tenderly, *Artemidorus* received many Letters from her, and during a long time, he was the happieſt Lover in the World: But in the end his felicity was eclipſed, by the Prince

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his brother who seeing this love was divulg'd in the Court, cast out some expressions, intimating his dissenting from it; *Artemidorus* therefore used all possible means to perswade his brother to alter his determinate will, though there was no likelihood to effect it, and the Prince of the Leontines seeing with what order *Artemidorus* spoke to him, forbid him not onely to think of espousing her, but to absent himself from seeing her, declaring to him that if he would not obey him, he would confine this Virgin to a place where he should not see her, and seeing *Artemidorus* persever in his affection, he defended *Clidimira* from suffering his brothers visits, yet she would receive him into one of her friends houses; in fine, seeing all his Commands were slighted, he committed her to the custody of her who commanded the vailed Virgins at *Leontine*, which are consecrated to *Ceres*, and he more easily effected his intention, because *Clidimira* having no mother, and being rich, he made her interest a pretext to inclose her there. In the mean time, *Artemidorus* was overwhelm'd with grief, for *Clidimira* was in a sacred place where no violence might be offered her; on the other side, this Virgin being thus immured in a solitude, and not having permission to breath himself in the open ayr, became buried in such a languishing melancholy, that it much impaired he health. *Artemidorus* having notice of her indisposition, and having ineffectually tried all waies both by affability and violence, either to divert his brothers indignation or to steal away *Clidimira*, and fearing her grief would bring her to the Margent of her Grave, caused information to be given to the Leontine Prince, that to essay to cure his Passion, he was resolved to perform a Voyage, on condition that as soon as he was departed he should set *Clidimira* at liberty, or at least commit her to a Lady of quality, who should be responsible for her; afterwards divers persons ingaging themselves in the negotiation of this affair, this unhappy lover to deliver his Mistris fled both from himself and Country, by a pure resentment of love, for you must not think he had any design no more to affect *Clidimira*, he being at this time more amorous then ever, at his departure he writ a Letter, containing many tender and passionate expressions, which he left with a confident of her passion to deliver her, and withall to tell her that he would sacrifice all for her interest, and that he would account himself happy in his exile, if she would inviolably preserve her affection; assuring her that if the state of things did admit of any mutation, he would unknown return to *Leontine* to see her, and to carry her away with her consent, if she had any desire to run his fortune, he recommended her to the Princesse his sister, and to all his friends at Court, not forgetting to perform any thing a faithfull lover was oblig'd to do, after that he embarqu'd in a Vessel which return'd to *Rhegium*, carrying with him all *Clidimira's* Letters as his onely consolation during his exile; for I forgot to tell you that the Prince of the Lontines was not ingaged to free *Clidimira*, unlesse *Artemidorus* departed the Isle. Behold him then imbarqu'd not for any long Navigation, but as the Sicilian Sea is very dangerous, an impetuous wind rose on a sudden, forcing the Vessel where *Artemidorus* was, between those two Rocks so famous for Shipwracks, known by the name of *Sylla* and *Charibdis*; 'tis true the fortune of *Artemidorus* was so happy that the Pilot having had a design to steer his course to *Messena* where the Tempest had cast him, his Vessel which was ingag'd between these two famous Rocks, after it had suffered much agitation, run upon a shelf of sand not far from the shore, those whowere within seeing the Vessel, take water on all sides, resolv'd to make their Arms their Oars to save their lives; for *Artemidorus* he signalized his love in this encounter, for not beleeving at first he would save a Casket in which were all the Letters of his Mistris, and being not resolv'd to leave them, he remained last in the Vessel; but in fine, having tied this Casket on two Oars laid a cross, and fastning them with a Cord to his left Arm, cast them into the Sea, throwing himself after, swimming with so much force that he reach'd the shore, and preserv'd those precious testimonies of *Clidimira's* love, part of the goods cast into the Sea were again recovered and part lost, and as this Shipwrack was very nigh *Messena*, *Artemidorus* went thither, but he was in a condition to be commiserated, for his equipage was lost, and his men

periſh'd, and if he had not remembred that he knew a man at *Meſſena*, which heretofore belong'd to the King his father, he had been certainly expoſed to extream neceſſity; for the Captain of the Veſſel was not of *Leontine*, and was withall reduc'd to ſo much miſery that he was not in eſtate to afford him any aſſiſtance. *Artemidorus* being gone to *Meſſena* had the fortune to find the party he ſought for, but as he would not have his quality known, he chang'd his habit, & took a common ſouldiers habit, had he deſired to appear like himſelf, that man who aſſiſted him was not in a capacity to fit him with an equipage proportionable to his condition, *Artemidorus* found ſome relaxation in his misfortunes, when he conſidered that by this diveſting himſelf of his gorgeous attire, he ſhould not be ſubject to all thoſe ceremonies which are inſeparable concomitants to perſons of his condition in their paſſage through forraign Countries, he was much troubled to chuſe a place where he ſhould reſide; for in the eſtate where he was, he would not paſſe to *Rhegum* he having no acquaintance there, after ſome conſultation with himſelf; he had a deſign to go to *Heraclea*, from whence he hop'd eaſily to have notice what tranſactions paſſed at *Leontine*, he thought 'twould be advantagious for him to take this reſolution, becauſe there was war now between the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and the Prince of *Heraclea*, for the limits of thoſe two petty eſtates: For as you know *Sicily* is divided into ſo many different Dominions, that 'tis impoſſible they ſhould alwaies be at peace, and as the *Leontine* was enemy to the *Agrigentine* Prince, *Artemidorus* beleeved if he ſhould bear arms againſt him, the Prince his brother after he was inform'd of it, would perhaps repent of the injury he had done him againſt the intereſt of his love, 'tis not but *Artemidorus* as he is juſt did not know that the Prince his brother was injuſt in hating the *Agrigentine* Prince, who was a man of extraordinary merit, deſiring therefore to go to the War, he had rather take the part of the Heraclean Prince then anothers, enemy to his brother; after he had ſpent one moneth at *Meſſena*, he departed from thence with a deſign to Liſt himſelf in the Heraclean Troops; but going thither he met ſome avant-coureurs of the *Agrigentine* Army, as he would not have been taken, he did what he could to eſcape them, and he having met eight or ten Cavaliers which were returning to the *Heraclean* Camp, he animated them to their defence; and they ſo couragiouſly defended themſelves, that there was ſcarce ever ſeen a Combate ſo terrible, and of ſuch a long continuance between ſuch an unequal number, the *Agrigentines* being four times as many as the *Heracleans*; for *Artemidorus*, he acted ſuch prodigious things (remaining alone in a fighting poſture) that they which environ'd him reſolv'd to ſave his life, though he refuſed to render himſelf on any conditions: At laſt, overpowr'd by number, he was forced to receive his life, after his Sword was broken: There was amongſt theſe *Agrigentines* a man of command and quality, called *Terillus*, who judg'd this action too bold and advent'rous to be perform'd by a ſimple Cavalier, ſuch as his habit repreſented him, and he ſaw ſomthing in his ayr ſo great and noble, that he believ'd he ought not to treat him as a common priſoner, he caus'd him to be attended with much circumſpection, and after he had ſent back part of his men to the Camp, he went himſelf to preſent his Priſoner to the Prince, who was gone for two or three days to the City of *Agrigentine*. *Artemidorus* was doubtleſs much afflicted to be a Princes Priſoner, who was at ſo much enmity with his Brother, that 'twas almoſt impoſſible they ſhould come to any reconciliation; for he believ'd if he knew his quality, he would thereby much advantage himſelf; and the Prince of the *Leontines* when he was advertiſed of it, would perhaps be tranſported with anger againſt *Clidimira*, becauſe he would look upon her as the immediate cauſe of this inauſpicious accident; he therefore hoped he ſhould not be known, there being no great commerce between *Leontine* and *Agrigentine*; and having heard he was at a Caſtle he had built on the further ſide of the City, he thought he ſhould not be expos'd to the view of many perſons; that he ſhould ſuffer but the diſquietude of Impriſonment, and that in ſome general exchange of Priſoners, he ſhould recover his liberty; and to flatter himſelf with ſome conſolation, he likewiſe imagined, that the Wars between theſe two petty

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States would soon be put to a period, and that there was nothing more requisite for him, then with constancy to support his Imprisonment: Being setled in this resolution, he patiently submitted to their conduct. But Madam, before I declare to you in what manner *Artemidorus* was presented to the *Agrigentine* Prince, and how he was treated, 'tis necessary for me to give you a brief character of the Prince to whom he was presented, and of the Princess his Daughter, and another person of the same Sex, who hath much part in this History; to the end that in the continuation of my recital, you have a more perspicuous understanding of what I intend to relate; for, for my part, I love to have an accurate description of those of whose adventures I receive a narration. Therefore I must tell you, that the Prince of *Agrigentine* is a man in all things illustrious, His house to which the Principality appertains, is not only most Noble, and of great Antiquity, but more eminent by the opposition it made against the Tyrannie of the cruel *Phalaris*, who rewarded the Inventers of any new punishment, and whose injustice is at this time in so much horror amongst the *Agrigentines*, that I dare not pronounce his name but with detestation; for to entertain their hatred against him, and render his name odious to posterity, they one day in a yeer publikely shew (with Imprecations) a brazen Bull made by one call'd *Perillus*, to the end those whom the Tyrant would put to death, should be therein enclos'd, and a fire being made round about it, the voices they pronounc'd resembling bellowings, would the less alienate the peoples hearts; you may conceive his Tyrannie by this Invention which was made to please him; but he found one act of Justice in his life, for he put him to death in this brazen Bull who was the Inventer of it, though he was accustomed to recompense those who invented such things: But if he was just to *Perillus*, the gods were just to him; since after innumerable cruelties, he expired (like *Perillus*) in this Brazen Bull; and the hatred which the *Agrigentines* had conceiv'd against him was so great, that because his Guards were habited in blue, which he employed to exercise those cruelties, they forbade their dependents from wearing this amiable colour, and 'tis but about a year since that the Princess of *Agrigentine* at the earnest request of one of her friends whom she passionately loved, hath again introduc'd it: But to resume the thred of my discourse, the Prince I have mention'd being of an ancient Race, and enemy to this cruel Tyrant, he is in much veneration at *Agrigentine*, and if he should be recommendable but by his own vertue, he would be very much respected by his Subjects; for besides as he nigh governeth the City as if it were a Republique, he hath spirit, learning, capacity, and experience; He is an excellent Souldier, and a great Captain, he keeps his Troops in exact Discipline, he knows the art to make himself fear'd and lov'd by his Souldiers in particular, and his Subjects in general; he hath qualities befitting a man of his Birth, he is curteous, civil, and obliging, principally to the Ladies; he understands and speaks with facility many languages, he favours learning, he is magnificent and liberal, and hath an heart sensible of glory; he takes all innocent pleasures, he retains a certain gallant ayr, demonstrating to those which know him that his heart is susceptible of love. But if this Prince merits an high encomium, he hath a daughter worthy of him, and able to command admiration from all, *Philonice* is this Princess of *Agrigentines* name; she is the most surprizing Person in the world: for you must know, that as the Princess her mother was wrapt in the cold embraces of the grave ere she compleated a triennial age, her illustrious Father having at that time many warlike preparations, which have since impal'd his brow with victorious Laurel, instead of leaving her at *Agrigentine*, caus'd her to be educated at a magnificent Castle belonging to him, scituated in the *Campagne*; and as she appear'd in the world, she was adorn'd with all imaginable politeness, and I assure you without flattery, that she is acquainted in many things which her only imagination hath dictated to her; for her person, 'tis infinitely pleasing, her head is crown'd with black resplendent hair, she is of a mean stature, yet so agreeable and noble, that it admits of no disadvantage, her action is free and natural without any affectation, the circumference of her visage shews the extremes

of an imperfect Circle, and almoſt form'd it to a perfect oval, the new fallen ſnow was tann'd in compariſon of the refin'd purity of her complexion, her mouth for ſhape ſham'd the imitation of the moſt exquiſite Painters, and all the features of her face had ſo neer a kindred of proportion and ſymetrie, as the ſevereſt maſter of *Apelles* art might have call'd it his glory to have copyed Beauties from her as the beſt of models, her eyes darted forth ſuch a radiant ſplendour, as neither the firmeſt eye, nor the ſtrongeſt ſoul could arm themſelves with reſiſtance of proof againſt theſe pointed glories, but there reſults from all theſe perfections ſuch a modeſt ayr on the viſage of *Philonice*, that her only Phyſiognomie clears what blemiſh can be imputed to the vertue of her ſoul, and delicateneſs of her ſpirit, 'tis not but when ſhe meets with any that ſhe neither eſteems nor pleaſes her, ſhe hath a certain coldneſs which (without being uncivil) ſeems more touching to thoſe to whom it is addreſs'd, ſhe's affable, but the grandeur of her ſoul, and habitual probity, retains her from making thoſe deluſive careſſes which by many Ladies of the Court are practiſed with ſo much prodigality; but for a perſon ſhe loves, there's no Princeſs in the world can teſtifie her tenderneſs in more obliging and real expreſſions; ſhe is of ſuch a liberal inclination, and all her reſentments are ſo diſcreet and generous, as ſhe believes her actions ſhould not bely her words; for ſpirit, ſhe hath it to admiration, ſhe ſpeaks both naturally and gallantly, ſhe writes pleaſant letters in a ſtile ſo natural, reſerving her quality, that I can mint no expreſſion to equal their praiſe, ſhe hath a ſolid vertue, glory is the chiefeſt of her delight, her heart is tender, ſpirit firm, her amity both conſtant, ſincere, and agreeable, ſhe's diſcreet in all her actions, ſhe's never capable of any tranſportment, ſhe is both young and wiſe, ſhe hath judgement without experience, and prudence without pride, and ſhe is ſo accompliſhed, that I can tax her of nothing but of too much vertue, ſince 'tis certain ſhe is ſo modeſt, that ſhe doth not well know it, at leaſt ſhe ſpeaks as if ſhe eſteem'd her ſelf not ſo much as ſhe ought; 'tis true, ſhe accuſes her ſelf in ſuch an ingenious manner, that her own words betray her. There's likewiſe in this place another Virgin, whoſe Father is Governour of the Caſtle of *Agrigentine*, who is highly eſteem'd by *Philonice*, not without deſert, for beſides as ſhe is fair, and hath an engaging ſpirit, which both pleaſes and charms all thoſe who approach her, ſhe knows how to fit the humour of all perſons, her Diſcourſe is admirable, ſhe never appears diſtemper'd at her company, ſhe hath a modeſt jovialty, that gives delight to many perſons. This Virgin called *Bereliſa* hath moreover ſuch a paſſionate ſpirit, that ſhe makes her glory conſiſt in knowing how to love her friends; and as *Philonice* hath much inclination for her, ſhe's commonly with her: The day in which *Artemidorus* was brought to the Caſtle of *Agrigentine*, ſhe was with this Princeſs in a great Hall, where the Prince her Father was, with many other Ladies leaning on a Balcony which jetted on the Court, to ſee twelve ſtately horſes that had a little before been ſent to her Father, and ſhe deſiring to go next morning to the Chace, he would have both her and *Bereliſa* chuſe thoſe they would have for that gallant ſport; as their eyes were wholly employ'd in ſurveying theſe Horſes, *Terillus* who had taken *Artemidorus* entred into the Hall, followed by his Priſoner, leaving his men at the entry of the gate; you know *Artemidorus* is of a gallant deportment, which will eaſily make you believe that he attracted the regards of the *Agrigentine* Prince, of the Princeſs *Philonice*, and the amiable *Bereliſa*, and all the reſt of the company, for though his habit was but ſimple, yet had he the ayr of a perſon of Quality, though in the deſign he had to diſguiſe himſelf, he affected unuſal ſimplicity: 'Tis true, ſeeing all perfections concenter in theſe Ladies, he would not hinder himſelf from ſaluting them with ſuch a grace, that diſpos'd them to conceive a good opinion of him; In the mean time *Terillus* who preſented him to the Prince of *Agrigentine*, ſeeing him prepar'd to give him attention, thus ſaid, Sir, I come to preſent to you this Priſoner; I am obliged to praiſe, and to excuſe the weakneſs of thoſe who took him, and to give you occaſion to treat him whith civility; for to ſpeak as a perſon of Honour, who ought to commend the courage of his enemies, it hath ſomtimes been more eaſie for me to put five hundred men to flight,

then

then to vanquish this valiant man; for there was so much difficulty to make him render himself after his Sword was broken, that I conceiv'd it requisite to acquaint you with his Valour; to the end, that treating him according to his merit, he should repent himself from having expos'd his life, rather then to be your Prisoner: It is so natural (said *Artemidorus*) for generous Conquerors to praise the courage of those they have vanquished, that I ought to draw no vanity from the praises you have attributed to me. He which praises you is so brave himself, reply'd the *Agrigentine* Prince, that you may glory in his praises, and if you had ever seen him in any dangerous occasions, as he hath seen you, you would retribute the like praises to his Valour; and as your great magnanimity and the ayr of your Visage easily dispose me to believe you are of illustrious blood, though your habit contradicts that opinion; Tell me what you are? and what's your condition? and what motive induc'd you to take such an injust party? I know by your accent you are no *Heraclean*, but I am confident you are a *Sicilian*, and concluding you a *Sicilian*, and not an *Heraclean*, I confess to you I cannot tell precisely whether you are of *Syracusa*, *Panormus*, *Erycine*, *Messena*, or *Leontine*, though it seems your pronunciation speaks you the last. Sir, reply'd *Artemidorus*, as I have many particular reasons which oblige me not to discover either my name or Country, dispense with it if you please, and I assure you I will not complain of you, if you do me the favour to treat me as a private Souldier, and as a Prisoner of War. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Philonice* and *Berelisa* attentively fixt their eyes upon him, and the Prince of *Agrigentine* after an exact survey, noting the whiteness of his hand, turning towards *Philonice* and *Berelisa* thus said: I pray, What think you of this Prisoner? may I credit his words, or my reason? For my part (replyed *Philonice*) I find him to have the ayr of a person of quality. For my particular, added *Berelisa*, I am perswaded this prisoner is a man of condition and spirit, and if he should have confessed it to me, my belief would not receive any stronger impression; for pursued she, depressing her voice, if he was but a simple Souldier, he would heighten his condition to be more civilly used. *Philonice* confirm'd what *Berelisa* had said; and all the other Ladies were of Opinion, that this Prisoner was neither a simple Officer nor Souldier: The Prince of *Agrigentine* turning towards him with a gallant and civil ayr, natural to him: As 'tis advantagious for you we should doubt of your words (said he to him) and that all these Ladies will not believe you, nor suffer me to do it, permit me to think you are not such a person as you represent your self, therefore you shall be treated with all the civility and curtesie that a generous Prisoner may claim, but kept with as much exactitude as persons of quality; and in time (it may be) you will resolve to speak with more confidence. 'Tis not for the vanquish'd to give laws to the Vanquisher, reply'd *Artemidorus*, and I have doubtless nothing to do, but constantly to support my Imprisonment; I render thanks to these Ladies for their advantagious opinion: *Artemidorus* pronounc'd these words with such a noble ayr, that it added a confirmation to their belief; and having sent for *Berelisa's* Father, who (as I have already told you) was Governour of the Castle, he commanded him civilly to treat him, and to take strict care of him; who departed with his Prisoner assoon as he had receiv'd this expres order from the Prince. But to the end (said the Prince of *Agrigentine*, addressing himself to *Berelisa*) this Prisoner should have no desire to cancel those chains the fortune of War hath impos'd upon him, give him I entreat you, those of love. 'Tis affirm'd it is so dangerous to desire to give much, without exposing themselves to take a little, reply'd *Philonice* (seeing *Berelisa* fram'd no answer) that I would not counsel her to obey you. Her silence (he reply'd) gives consent, and she hath so attentively beheld this Prisoner, that I imagine the Beauty of his Person hath already storm'd her Inclination. I ingeniously confess (answered *Berelisa*, a Vermilion tincture shadowing her cheeks) this Unknown pleaseth me, without knowing him, I pity him as an unhappy person, whom I believe worthy of my compassion, and to whom I will voluntarily render all the favour lies in my power, not prejudicing your service. If you oblige him to love you, reply'd the Prince

of *Agrigentine*, he will love his Imprisonment, he will bless his captivity, his chains will be grateful, he will it may be change party, and you will give me a new Subject, by procuring a new slave. At these words all jested with *Berelisa*, seeing it pleas'd the Prince, and they were minted the more to do it, by reason *Terillus* there present was amorous of *Berelisa*, though she could not affect him: This Lover thus finding all to counsel his Mistris to conquer this Prisoners heart, and having noted she had lookt upon him with extraordinary attention, he even wished he had not taken him, and could not conceal his anger from *Berelisa*; who perceiving it, and not being thereat displeased, suddenly chang'd her manner of speech, to answer to the Rayllerie of the *Agrigentine* Prince; she told him that after some consideration she imagined she should perform a charitable office, to give love to this Prisoner but to the end (pursued she) that the more glory should reflect on me, I must first know whether he is a person of quality, whether he is of your enemies Country, or whether he is amorous that I may effare his first Mistris from his heart, that I oblige him to renounce his party, and to forget his Country. But if he should change his party (replyed *Terillus*) would he be worthy of your esteem? and do you believe that a man without honour should merit your love? For my part reply'd *Berelisa*, I love glory as much as any person, and I cannot suffer a degenerate action, but in case of love, I would not have honour to be alledged to me, to destroy my intentions; and if I had a Lover, and that I was so unjust as to demand a testimony of affection from him, which did not rightly square with Justice, I would he should be unjust for the love of me, and that he should yeild to love me; for if I make no scruple to be injust for the love of my self, sure I cannot think it fit my lover should do it for the love of himself, and that he prefers his interest to my will, I know to speak prudently, love ought not to contradict honour, but to speak as Mistris of it, love ought to make a Lover act any thing to please his Lady. Ah *Belerisa* (reply'd *Philonice*) you say too much of it, for the means to esteem him who obeys you, if you command him any unworthy act. I have already told you reply'd she, that I can esteem my lover no more then my self, and that I would he should be capable of all that I do, and all that I would have him do; 'tis not that I should be assured, I should be ever incapable to command any in dignity, but I am likewise assured, that a Mistris cannot think it good that she should not be blindly obeyed, and that if he disobeys, he should yet pretend to be a lover. For my part, reply'd the Prince of *Agrigentine*, which have (it may be) as much experience in love as war, I believe that a man of honour which sees himself constrain'd to commit an unworthy action, or disobey his Mistris, ought not to perform her commands, but desert her empire, and endeavour to cure his amorous Lethargie, by the knowledge he hath of her Injustice, but he ought not to pretend to continue to be belov'd, sure to speak of the thing in general, it appertains not to a disobedient lover to aspire to that advantage, and when 'tis ones misfortune to love a less generous person, he must renounce her love and favours, to preserve his liberty to reason on all that she commands him; it is a thing so opposite to the Laws of this passion, that 'tis onely fit to destroy the empire of love; all those Titles of Prisoner, Captive, and Slave, which are given to a Lover, are infallible marks he is oblig'd to obey; and he must relinquish the empire of this god, which makes so many both happy and unhappy, if he will not obey without reason and knowledg, but when I conclude he must always obey his Mistris, I infer he must submit to none but those who have generous hearts. But Sir, reply'd *Terillus* (whose spirit was enrag'd) if a man is oblig'd to obey without any consideration, what then belongs to a reciprocal love; Do you think it should be just that a woman should refuse inconsiderable favours, saying, her vertue restrains her, and that a man may not say to a woman that he is retain'd by love from obeying her? For if you desire a Lady to give you an assignation, she says by doing it she should hazard her reputation: if you entreat her to write to you she will answer you, that though it may be innocent, it is so dangerous to accustome her self thereto, that she cannot resolve to do it, and these things she refuses by a resentment of glory, are not things criminal,

yet you will have a lover refuſe nothing; and that in a word there ſhould be no reciprocal love. I pray reply'd *Philonice*, to pleaſe *Bereliſa*, do not you imagine that if it ſhould be true that a woman might love as much as ſhe ſhould be belov'd, ſhe was oblig'd to the ſame things, for there are reciprocal affections whoſe teſtimonies ought to be different. 'Tis true ſaid the Prince of *Agrigentine*, for Kings ought to love their Subjects, and Subjects their Kings, yet their obligations are different; for the one hath power to command, the other ought to obey. Fathers and Children ought likewiſe to have a mutual affection, and ſo there ſhou'd be between maſters and ſlaves, though their duties have no reſemblance; likewiſe, though the heart of a Miſtris as well as a lovers ought to be tipt with a tender beam of affection, yet the teſtimonies have ſome diſagreement; a lover was never heard to ſay to his Miſtris, I command you to obey me; yet no perſon is ignorant but in a Ladys mouth a command is more obliging then a requeſt, and between entreating, ordaining, and commanding, cuſtome hath put certain diſtinctions, which makes a lover whoſe heart is fram'd in the delicate mould of love, rather to deſire his Miſtris to ordain, then entreat any thing of him, and to conceive a greater pleaſure would accrue to him by the word command, then requeſt; therefore I conclude, that a lover muſt obey, or relinquiſh his love; for aſſoon as he commits any diſobedience, he flies his love, and hath no more right to pretend to any affection: and if the fair *Bereliſa* can acquire this valiant Priſoner to inrol himſelf under my Standard, I ſhall eſteem it a great felicity. I confeſs (reply'd ſhe) I ſhould not be diſpleaſed at it; and were I advantag'd with a larger proportion of Beauty, or grac'd with more charms fit to conquer hearts, I would not deſpair of my intended ſurpriſal, for all my intelligent faculties ſeem to court my heart to affect him. You ſomtimes ſo harſhly cenſure thoſe you know, ſaid *Terillus* to her, that this your new kind of injuſtice doth not ſurpriſe me. Thoſe you ſay I know are it may be ſuch ſtrangers to themſelves (reply'd *Bereliſa* to him, her accent expreſſing her anger) that they have no great reaſon to accuſe me of injuſtice. After theſe words the Prince of *Agrigentine* chang'd the Diſcourſe, ſpeaking to all the Ladies which were to accompany the Princeſs the ſubſequent day to the Chace; and when night began to vail the ſky with its ſable mantle, the Prince and *Philonice*, with all the other Ladies return'd to the Palace ſcituate in the middle of the City; *Terillus* follow'd the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and *Bereliſa* remain'd at her Father's houſe, who was named *Afranor*, and who being of the moſt conſpicuous quality next the Prince, had the ſole power committed to him when the Prince engaged in any warlike action. In the mean time the Chace next day was perform'd with all imaginable magnificence; the day was uſher'd in by a fair morning, not one cloud wrinkling the brow of heaven, and the company were wholly faſhioned to delight. *Philonice*, who could guide with much dexterity the reyns of her horſe and who was dreſt after the moſt gallant and exquiſite mode, had this day all the pleaſantneſs of her humour, and *Bereliſa* alone had ſuch diſpoſition to melancholy, that ſhe could not ſurmount it; *Philonice* had therefore for her a thouſand obliging cares; for though ſhe did not paſſionately love blue, which ſhe had caus'd to be uſed at *Agrigentine*, on purpoſe to pleaſe *Bereliſa*, ſhe was at this time clothed in that amiable colour; ſhe had ſent to her a kind of Coif with plumes, to ſhade her from the ſcortching heat of *Phœbus*, and in fine, ſhe forgot nothing which ſhe thought might oblige her to baniſh this ſevere melancholy. Nevertheleſs *Bereliſa* could not conceal her diſtemper. 'Tis true, that as ſhe did not affect *Terillus*, and that he did this day importune her, ſhe conceiv'd him to be the ſole cauſe of her anxiety; and when *Philonice* having ſeparated her from the company, demanded her the reaſon of it, ſhe anſwered her 'twas the great concourſe of people: But ſaid *Bereliſa* to her, who would you baniſh? I would aſſuredly baniſh *Terillus*, replyed ſhe, and if I might effect my deſires added ſhe ſmiling, I think I ſhould ſend him to the place of that valiant Priſoner, to whom I would willingly reſigne his, for at leaſt if he did not delight, he would not importune me. Seriouſly (ſaid *Philonice* to her, ſhadowing her cheeks with a modeſt ſmile) I believe the valour of that Unknown Perſon

sways your Inclination. 'Tis true, I have a good opinion of him, reply'd *Berelisa*, but above all, that which engages me to desire to serve him, is a resentment of amity, for (as you know) I have a Brother very dear to me, who hath already compleated above a year in peregrination, and who it may be is expos'd to such adventures; I fancy that there is a certain equity which obligeth the gods to render us all the good we desire; and I am resolv'd to desire all I may for this Unknown, in hope that the gods will cause the like to be retaliated to my Brother, in what place soever he resides; for as you know, *Telesis* is as well my Friend as Brother, and I am both his Sister and Confident; and conceiving my self more oblig'd to love him because he treats me as a Friend, then because he is my Brother, my thoughts continually reflect on him, and 'tis assuredly the precedent motive which hath induc'd me to interess my self in this valiant Unknown. *Telesis* is certainly worthy of your expressive tenderness, reply'd *Philonice*, but I know not (added she) if this Prisoner was deficient in those noble qualities which hath rais'd him to the height of an accomplish'd man, he would as much remember you. There's no doubt of that reply'd *Berelisa*, but I principally interess my self in this Unknown, because there's some resemblance between him and my Brother; for *Telesis* is nigh of his age, he is (as you know) well proportion'd, he hath given some evident testimonies of his courage, he hath spirit, and is in fine (if I dare say it) as gallant as this Prisoner seems to be. As *Berelisa* thus spoke, she was interrupted by the *Agrigentine* Prince, who told her the Chase would not permit a long discourse, and that they should not transpose the pleasures of it; so that *Berelisa* gallantly answering the *Agrigentine* Prince, the rest of the Chase pass'd in an agreeable manner, and at night the Prince made a magnificent Feast to all the Ladies which had enjoy'd the benefit of this Princely sport, *Artemidorus* who was lodg'd in a chamber which look'd upon the garden of the *Agrigentine* Castle, had seen them return from the Chase; for though his chamber was but a foot higher then the Garden, it was built on such a rising ground, that it discovered all the Country which environ'd the City; the sight of a company where joy seem'd to be so universal, gave some addition to his melancholy; for he imagin'd what would be *Clidimiras* grief, if she knew he was Prisoner to an enemy of the *Leontine* Prince; he even thought that his absence alone would cause her an incredible affliction, and when he remembred all those demonstrations of affection which had past between them, he doubted not but she would employ all the moments of her life to think of him, and regret his absence; and he felt not only his own grief, but he suffered that which he presupposed *Clidimira* would endure for his consideration. In the mean time, his Guards reported divers things to *Asranor*, which perswaded him that this Prisoner was of a greater condition then he said; he was kept very exactly, though treated with much Civility, he had the liberty in the day time to be alone in his chamber, and as those which had taken, had not rifled him, because his Valour claim'd their respect, he had yet divers letters of *Clidimira*, which he often perused to consolate himself; for when he departed from *Messena*, he thought that desiring to pass for a simple Cavalier, 'twas not convenient for him to carry that precious Casket which was the depositary of all the secrets of his heart, but contented himself to take the last letters of *Clidimira*, to give him some consolation during his voyage: *Artemidorus* living in this manner, spent whole days in ruminating on *Clidimira*: and *Berelisa* by a resentment of Inclination, pity, generosity, and tenderness for her absent Brother, was very solicitous to render to this prisoner all those things she conceiv'd might sweeten the rigour of his Imprisonment; But if in the beginning she believ'd her self oblig'd by the prementioned reasons, she found her self afterwards engaged by a more puissant motive: You may remember (as I have already told you) that the chamber of *Artemidorus* was a foot higher then the Garden, from whence the prospect is very delicate, for it had two windows, the one facing the Campagne, the other the end of a Walk, which look'd upon a Garden-knot so enamell'd with the choisest of *Floras* treasure, and beautifi'd by Art in such ingenious manner, that Art and Nature did therein contend for mastery. This Walk being

being very agreeable when the Sun doth not guild it with its radiant beams, *Berelisa* towards the evening often repair'd thither, and there being two seats at the ends and in the middle of this Walk to repose on, commodiously to enjoy the fair prospect, there was a seat against the window of *Artemidorus* so contriv'd, that though the Window was grated, it admitted the conveniency of discourse with those which were seated on this side the Walk. It often hapned that *Artemidorus* which was oblig'd to *Berelisa* for the good opinion she had testified of him, saluted her with much respect when his window was found open; and *Berelisa* who was civil and curteous, and who had a secret unknown reason which rendred her more affable then ordinary, did often entertain discourse with *Artemidorus*; but as 'twas not possible for her to harbour an ill opinion of him; the more she saw, the more she esteem'd him; and seeing melancholy enthron'd in his face, compassion so invaded her heart, that seeing every day the charming Princess of *Agrigentine* more usually then before, the Prince her Father being gone to the War, she often spoke to her of her Prisoner, for she sometimes us'd that term, she having such a special care of him, and she did it principally to give *Berelisa* the curiosity to converse with him, to the end that acknowledging his merit, she might at the Prince her Fathers return, endeavour to obtain his liberty, and *Philonice* who is compassionate and generous, and who seeks occasions to render any one any curteous office, told *Berelisa*, that the first fair day she would go to the Castle of *Agrigentine*, to see if she had reason to give such encomiums of her Prisoners spirit, as 'twas then the fairest season in the year, the next day being serene and calm, correspent to the desires of this Princess, and she being willing to perform her promise made to *Berelisa*, went to the Castle with this amiable Virgin, accompany'd with many Ladies, carrying likewise with her one that had relation to her, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent to certifie her of a considerable advantage he had gain'd over his enemies; for as he was one of *Berelisas* friends, and was of a pleasant disposition, she believ'd he would render their recreation more delightful, and it succeeded as she imagined; *Berelisas* humour being at this time tun'd to the highest pitch of mirth; but in fine (without trespassing on your patience by relating those things which have no reference to the life of *Artemidorus*) I shall tell you, that the hour being come when they might take a commodious walk in the place I have already mentioned, *Philonice* and all the company went thither; but as *Berelisa* told her, she would not expose her prisoner to speak before so many persons, the Princess only (follow'd by *Berelisa*) went towards the window of *Artemidorus*; who seeing the Princess approach, saluted her with a profound reverence; after which (through respect) he would have withdrawn himself from the window; but *Philonice* recall'd him, Return valiant Unknown said she to him, return, and do not fly those who seek you. I am Madam so unworthy of this honour, reply'd he, that you ought not to think it strange if I would have depriv'd my self of a pleasure that I am incapable to merit: All honest unhappy persons reply'd the generous *Philonice*, merit every ones compassion, and if you should be but what you pretend, you would deserve the protection I offer you, but to speak sincerely to you, I desire you precisely to tell me whence and who you are? If I would Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, I might easily invent a lye, which you cannot presently disprove; but as I profess sincerity, I believe I had better ingeniously confess unto you that I have reasons which depend on none but my self, which both obstruct me from telling you the place of my Birth, and from inventing any fabulous narration. But at least confess reply'd she, that you are of a quality proportionable to your spirit, and that as you have neither the language nor heart, you have not the birth of a simple Souldier; for in fine, I assure you *Berelisa* is very much your friend, and I should be as much, would you have this sincerity for me; you may confide your secret to us, without fearing to be betray'd. The secrets of an unhappy person Madam reply'd he, are so little worthy knowledge, that if I should be what you think I am, I should not acquaint you with mine, for I should appear very ungrateful to recompense your generosity by a long recital of melancholy adventures;

therefore Madam, if it please you, do not command a thing that I cannot nor ought not to perform; and be certain that I am so sensible of the honour you have done me, that if my misfortunes were of that nature to admit of any diminution, the honour you vouchsafe me by conversing with me, would give a cessation to my miseries. Ah *Berelisa*, you have reason said the Princess to her, and your Prisoner is not what he would make us believe; I pray Madam (said then *Artemidorus*) acquaint me whether the Prince of *Agrigentine* hath given me to the fair *Berelisa*. No reply'd *Philonice*, but she so much interesses her self in your affairs, that she is insensibly accustom'd to entitle you her Prisoner, and to oblige others to use that denomination; for as you will not discover your name, you ought to be known by some remarkable title. I am very happy in my misfortune (reply'd he) to be the prisoner of so fair and generous a person. In truth said *Berelisa* blushing, you have thereby no great advantage; for though I call you my Prisoner, 'tis not in my power to break your chains. As she had thus said, all the company approach'd, so that *Philonice* being seated, and having commanded all the Ladies to take their seats, and *Clisias* likewise, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent to bring news of his Victory: The conversation began in this place, *Artemidorus* believing he was exempted, would have retir'd; but as *Philonice* had found the grandeur of his spirit, which had given her much curiosity, and being perswaded he was a person of quality, she commanded him to stay, and at least to give attention to what they said, if he would not have any conference with them: *Artemidorus* return'd thanks to the Princess for the excessive bounty she had demonstrated to him, and remain'd, leaning against the bars of his windows, which looke upon the seat where this company were; hardly were they seated, but *Clisias* said, 'twas more happier for one to be a Prisoner of War then Love; If one being a Prisoner of War could not be a Prisoner of Love (reply'd *Philonice*) you would have reason to speak as you do, but in my opinion they are not incompatible chains, and one may have them both. In this case (reply'd *Clisias*) a man should be very unhappy. As he thus spoke, *Berelisa* casually looking on *Artemidorus*, saw he changed colour, and presupposing he might be both a Prisoner of War and Love, she had both a desire to say something to him, and to make *Philonice* note the change of his countenance; but a little after repenting her self of this first thought, not knowing wherefore, she blush'd, and held her peace, permitting *Clisias* to continue his discourse; who answered *Philonice* he would ever maintain, that a Prisoner of War without love, was less unhappy then a Prisoner of Love in Liberty. It seems to me agreeable, then said *Philonice*, that as there is no man here but this valiant Unknown which can know the weightiness of those divers chains, 'tis for him to give his opinion; for my part, who have ever had my heart free, who have never been a Prisoner, and who according to all appearances never shall be, I cannot give you a satisfactory answer, therefore I request *Berelisa* to command her Prisoner to answer you. As Love reigns in all Countries (reply'd *Artemidorus*) and that it is found in all sorts of Persons, without any distinction of conditions, I will not say I do not know Love; therefore Madam, without expecting the command of the fair *Berelisa*, I will obey you, and on the contrary maintain, that how unhappy soever a Prisoner of Love is, he had better be so, then a Prisoner of War; 'tis not that the chains of a Lover are less weighty then those the fortune of War imposes on any man, but there are a thousand and a thousand pleasures which accompany the first, and which are not found in the second. But after all said *Clisias*, a Prisoner of War how carefully soever he may be kept, hath his heart and spirit free, and is certain one day to be freed from his restraint; whereas a Prisoner of Love in an apparent liberty, is in a continual slavery; for he not only doth not what he would, but doth not think what seems good to him; he knows not when his Imprisonment will finish, nor can he wish the conclusion of it. That which you say reply'd *Artemidorus*, seems to make against you; for since a Prisoner of War continually desires to recover his liberty, and that a Prisoner of Love doth not desire it, it follows that the chains of Love are more pleasing then the others; in effect,

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there's no punition in love which hath not been preceded or followed by a pleasure, and desperation often comes after one hath tasted the sweetness of hope, without which there can never be any violent love: for is it not true that the grief of absense comes not and cannot come till after one hath had the pleasure to enjoy the presence of a person one regrets? And fear likewise doth not possess a Lovers heart, till hope hath first led the way; and Jealousie is never altogether violent, if it is not in the heart of a beloved Lover, or who at least believes himself to be so; 'tis not that other Lovers cannot be infected with jealousie, but 'tis not so cruel as that I have before spoken of; moreover those which have the infelicity to find Mistresses whose Inconstancy renders them unhappy, have at least had the satisfaction to be belov'd: and I in fine maintain (as I have already said) that all the punishments of love are either preceded, or follow'd by most great pleasures; I likewise confidently say (added he) that a part of those pains which make so many groan, sigh, and emit forth many dolorous exclamations, have something more pleasing then that liberty you mention'd, when you affirm'd that a Prisoner of War without love, is less miserable then an amorous man in liberty. I subscribe to your opinion (reply'd *Clisias*) that there no torments in love but are either preceded or followed by some pleasures; but to speak sincerely, those pleasures are dangerous, since they render the privation more sensible, and imprint all the subsequent misfortunes in a more livelyer character; for 'tis certain that sometimes a favourable regard causes many displeasing hours; because one imagines that if he was continually nigh the person he lov'd, and obtain'd nothing more then the only pleasure to see, and to be seen of her, he should be crown'd with happiness; and nevertheless it often arrives, that after one hath try'd a hundred inventions to attain but a sight of the beloved object, it happens I say she is found in a humorous temper, and that which he believ'd would have elevated him to the supreme top of felicity, often precipites him into the gulf of despair; on the contrary, when one finds her affable, he is but a little more happy; for that Lover who thinks he should be content when he should be prostrate on his knees before his Mistris at that time is deficient in many things which should compleat his happiness; likewise instead of praising that favour she accords to him he hath so much desired, he requests an hundred other things, and believes himself as unfortunate as if he had obtained nothing: I even affirm, that 'tis not in the power of the fairest person in the world, to make an amorous man confess (during the space of six moneths) that he is content; so true it is that love is uncapable of power to render one happy. I confess (reply'd *Artemidorus*) 'tis difficult to find a Lover which desires nothing, and who always says he is content; but I sustain, that that which frames one part of his pleasure, is, that there's always something wanting to his felicity, that he hath a certain species of an amorous inquietude, which is the most pleasing and agreeable pain imaginable, and that one of the most sensible pleasures is, to hope with an ardent desire. 'Tis true (reply'd *Clisias*, you have reason to speak so much of the advantage of hope; at least I know (pursued he) that I have noted an hundred and an hundred times in my life, in divers occasions, that not only a Lover without hope hath no great pleasure, but that usually he merits no more to be happy as soon as he is content; no sooner is he assured to be beloved, but the fire of his former love grows extinct, at least he is not so sensible, so solicitous, so exact, so complaisant, and so respectful as before, and the certainty he conceives to have pleas'd his Mistris, taking from him the desire to please, he comes sometimes to please no more. Ah *Clisias* reply'd *Berelisa*, I would hate a Lover, if he would not take as much care to preserve my heart, as he hath done to acquire it. You have reason Madam (reply'd *Artemidorus*) for I believe a man which is negligent when belov'd, deserves to be hated, and that it is as just to desert the love of those negligent Lovers, as those which are unfaithful: I know not (added he) if the procedure of those persons whom good fortune buries in a certain Lethargie of heart, where they lose all the sensibility of love, have not something more outragious then that of those inconstant lovers, which are charm'd with novelty; at least I know, that if I

was a Lady in such an adventure, I should be more displeas'd that my own charms destroy love in the heart of a Lover, then if others should deprive me of it. You discourse so well of this passion (reply'd *Philonice*, rising from her seat) that I die for fear you should not be at one time a Prisoner of War and Love. I am very rederable to you for such an obliging fear (reply'd *Artemidorus*) I therefore presuppose Madam that it only proceeds from a conceit you have that I have not merit enough to entitle me a happy Lover. As Love is as blind as Fortune (reply'd *Philonice*) you know it never favours merit, and I confess to you, my thoughts did not proceed from that cause your modesty dictated to you: In fine, *Philonice* said something more to *Artemidorus*, to intimate to him, she did not believe that which he said of himself; and to assure him, that she would serve him in all occasions: After which she began to take a Walk, but whilst it lasted, *Berelisa* Prisoner was the subject of their conversation: *Philonice* likewise pray'd *Clisias* to entreat the *Agrigentine* Prince on her part, that this Prisoner might have liberty to take the Ayr, his guards accompanying him; and few days were added to the age of time after *Clisias* return to the Camp, but *Asranor* had order to permit *Artemidorus* to go forth with his guards, and that they should shew him those things worthy of note in the City, which invite the curiosity of strangers: They presented to his sight the magnificent ruines of a great Palace, called the Palace of the Gyants, where were Columns of such a prodigious immensity, that it evidently appear'd the first Inhabitants in this Isle were of a larger proportion then other men; he likewise saw admirable Aquaducts which are at *Agrigentine*; he visited the Temples of *Æsculapius*, of *Vulcan*, of *Hercules*, of *Jupiter*, of *Concord*, of *Juno*, and of *Pudicity*, that stately structure being erected by the Princess *Philonice*, to evidence the immaculate purity of her soul; he saw many magnificent Tombs, built as memorials for many Horses; for you must know, that those of the *Agrigentine* land in particular, are of such admirable strength and beauty, that they are every where famous, and they are so excellently good, that their masters have rais'd for them several magnificent Tombs, so great hath superfluity been at *Agrigentine* since it encreas'd in riches; at first it was a City of small importance, but when *Phalaris* sway'd the Scepter, there was numbred nine hundred thousand Inhabitants: But to return to *Artemidorus*, since he had the permission to walk, he more often saw *Berelisa*, for in the designe he had to acquire her friendship, to the end he might by her assistance more facilely recover his liberty: The more he saw her, the more *Berelisa* found him amiable; and this puissant inclination became so predominant, that she could not doubt but Love did insensibly steal her heart; and as her vertue was eminent, she blush'd at this weak resistance, and would have made some opposition (thus correcting her self, as she hath since told me) What's become of my reason? I despise *Terillus* who adores me, who is of a proportionate condition to mine, and resigne my heart to an unknown Prisoner, who hath no affection for me, and who it may be hath plac'd his love on another object: But said she, can I doubt of the condition of this Prisoner? His spirit confirms me that his Birth is noble, and all those groundless suspitions which my imagination suggests to me of the pre-engagement of his heart; his civility to me dispersed those aery vapours, and confirms me that love hath not yet tryumphed over him, and that his heart is at my devotion? No *Berelisa* (added this amiable Virgin) flatter not thy self, and believe if he were in love, he would acquaint thee with it; and perhaps, if thou should'st disclose thy affection to him, he would not credit it; resolve then to repel this dangerous inclination thou feelest ready to force thy heart; resist the merit of this Unknown, and weave not the web of thine own destruction, thou dar'st not commit this secret to the fidelity of any person, though it should crack the organs of thy vital faculties. This was her last resolution, and during some time, she believ'd she had eradicated this affection from her heart, there happning an accident which diverted her spirit from the contemplation of this object; for *Telesis* her Brother return'd from Travel, and as they tenderly lov'd one another, their joy swel'd to such an height by the sight of each other, that all former occurrences were

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now buryed in oblivion; he related to her all those adventures which happed in his voyage, he acquainted her with all the atchievements of gallantry he had perform'd in those places he had pass'd, and desiring to go to the Camp, though the Trees now began to be periwigg'd with snow, he left with her divers letters, and the pourtraicture of a person whom he then lov'd, and of whom he made a pleasing relation: *Berelisa* having her spirit thus busied, felt not for some days her usual inquietude, as her soul was in this tranquility, she one morning repair'd to the aforesaid Walk, where she had hardly taken two turns, but she heard one speak very high in *Artemidorus* his chamber: *Berelisa* hearing this noise, and not being able to comprehend the occasion of it, approached thither, and heard the Prisoner earnestly entreat his guard to redeliver what he had taken from him; and he answering in insolent terms, he would not, but that he would carry it to *Afranor*, to the end he should transmit it to the *Agrigentine* Prince: She had scarce heard this, when the Prisoner reiterated his entreaties with so much earnestness, that she conceiv'd what had been taken from him was of too great a concernment to be seen; so that tenderness engaging her heart, and curiosity her spirit, she call'd him by his name who so much contested with *Artemidorus*: This man hearing himself call'd by his master's daughter, went to the window, requesting her to inform him what she desired: I would have you tell me (said she to him) why you give such uncivil language to a Prisoner, whom you ought to treat with civility, and from whence proceeds the grounds of this contestation? Madam (reply'd this man, his eyes sparkling with anger) This Prisoner hath suborn'd some of my companions, for having taken from him a letter, with intention to carry it to my master, he so much prest me to render it him, that I was transported with anger, by reason he thought me capable to betray my fidelity. I pray Madam (said then *Artemidorus*, speaking to *Berelisa*) if you repent not of your excessive goodness towards me, do me the favour I conjure you, to use your power over this man, as that Letter I have written may not be seen by any person. You see Madam (said he who had spoken to *Artemidorus*) this Letter must consequently be of importance, and that I should have injured the Trust reposed in me, if I had rendred it to him. I protest unto you, reply'd *Artemidorus*, that it neither concerns the Prince of *Agrigentine*, nor *Afranor*, but hath only reference to my self. To find a mean to reconcile you (reply'd *Berelisa*) permit me to survey your Letter, and rely on my discretion, and if I find that neither the Prince nor my Father have any Interest in it, I will redeliver it to you, and oblige him who hath taken it from you, not to disclose any thing, neither will I ever speak of it; without this I am assur'd your Keeper will not render it you: but on this condition (added she) I believe I can easily obtain it, sure he imagins I will neither betray the Prince, nor my Father. This man consenting to *Berelisas* Proposition, *Artemidorus* was constrain'd to suffer this Virgin to peruse what he had written, imagining after she had perused it, she would permit him the favour to write another, or to send this to *Clidamira*, for 'twas to that fair person to whom this Letter was addres'd: After he had consented to what she proposed, and when his Keeper had given the letter to *Berelisa*, she found it contained these words,

IF I only tell you I am the unhappyest Prince in the world, I should not sufficiently Inform you of the grandeur of my Misfortune,

At these words *Berelisa* staid, and a joyful emotion seiz'd her spirits, seeing that secret inclination which had taken possession of her soul, had a more noble foundation then she imagined; so that this resentment renewing the tenderness of her heart, she often read these three or four lines, as if she had there desired to limit her curiosity, but at last rebeginning the letter, she found the contents fram'd after this manner.

IF I only tell you I am the Unhappyeſt Prince in the World, I ſhould not ſufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my misfortune; but aſſuring you I am the unhappiſt Lover that ere ſubmitted to the flames of love, my infelicity cannot be paralleld; for in fine, my Liberty is reſtrain'd, I know not whether you are free, nor whether till this time you have retain'd your affection inviolable; I am only aſcertain'd that I fancy your Idea continually preſent before my eyes; and all the compaſſion of two of the moſt exquiſite Beauties Nature ere made for Wonder, cannot ſweeten the rigour of thoſe miſeries I endure: Behold to a Charming ———

As this letter was not fully finiſhed, *Bereliſa* could know no more, but ſhe knew enough to diſturb her repoſe; ſince if the beginning flatter'd her with joy, the concluſion ſadded her heart with grief: for if ſhe had learn'd this Priſoner was a Prince, ſhe had likewiſe learn'd he was a Lover, and that he believ'd he was beloved: and as ſhe learn'd it with ſome agitation of ſpirit, her Cheeks were planted with a Roſeate tincture, inſomuch that ſhe turn'd her head to conceal her bluſhing from *Artemidorus*. In this diſturbance of her heart, grief produc'd the ſame effect as joy had done before giving an additional renovation to that eſteem ſhe conceiv'd his merits might command; for there is nothing fitter to augment a new-born inclination in the hearts of moſt women, then to learn that thoſe they love have already gain'd the affections of others. *Bereliſa* was in a ſtrange perplexity, time not permitting her ſo much leiſure as to conſult her reaſon in this occaſion, but at laſt generoſity and tenderneſs being the more prevalent, ſhe told his Keeper, that this letter neither concern'd the Prince of *Agrigentine*, nor *Afranor*, expreſly commanding him not to ſpeak of it; and being induc'd, by a jealous reſentment, ſhe commanded his Keeper to endeavour the diſcovery of him whom *Artemidorus* had ſuborn'd, to the end he ſhould be diſmiſs'd his place; afterwards ſhe deſired him to leave the Priſoner at liberty, to ſpeak with her in the Garden, that ſhe might render his letter to him; and this man obeying her, *Artemidorus* came to render her thanks, and to ſpend ſome time in walking with her, whilſt two of her attendants ſpoke to him who commanded *Artemidorus* his guards at the end of this Walk. How ſhall I methodize my language Madam ſaid he to her, to thank you for your laſt ſignal favour, and what may I do to teſtifie unto you my recognition? You will cancel that obligation (ſaid *Bereliſa*, the blood leaping into her face) by wholly confiding your ſelf to my diſcretion, for though your letter acquaints me you are of Royal extraction, that you are amorous, and that your Love is reciprocal, it doth neither inform me of your name, nor hers you love, nor of the place of your nativity; and I deſire ſatisfaction in thoſe things before I re-deliver your Letter. Ah Madam ſaid he to her, if you knew the importance of your demand, you would it may be not perſiſt in requeſting it; for you are ſo generous, that I am confident you would not prejudice me in any thing. On the contrary (reply'd *Bereliſa*) 'tis principally to generous perſons to whom it appertains to be in power to prejudice, becauſe they have no will to act it, therefore without repenting what I have ſaid, I re-demand ſatisfaction in thoſe three things. For my Name and Country (reply'd *Artemidorus*) I can tell you, not being aſham'd of either, though I cannot do it both without danger and imprudence; but for the name of the perſon I love, ſince my Letter hath not declar'd it to you, I ſuppoſe I ought not to do it, and you ought leſs to perſevere in that demand, added he, you are ſo oblig'd to that charming perſon; for Madam, if ſhe had not enſlav'd my heart, and had I been free when I came to *Agrigentine*, I ſhould aſſuredly have been amorous of you, and doubtleſs much importun'd you with my complaints; for as I love with an immeaſurable ardour, I ſhould have caus'd you more diſpleaſure then *Terillus*; therefore Madam ſince you have this obligation to the perſon whom I love, conſtrain me not to violate my diſcretion, and remain ſatisfied that I expoſe my ſelf to ſufficient danger, by telling you that I am brother to the enemy of the *Agrigentine* Prince. What? (reply'd *Bereliſa*) Are you *Artemidorus*

Brother

Brother to the *Leontine* Prince, who departed from this place about six moneths since? Yes Madam, I am that *Artemidorus*, who would not it may be have been so civilly treated as he is by the *Agrigentine* Prince, and the charming *Philonice*, had they known his true condition; I therefore declare to you Madam (said he) that the only interest of my love hath oblig'd me to feat a long Imprisonment, and hath detain'd me from discovering my quality. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Berelisa* spirit was much disturb'd; for you must know, that *Telesis* her Brother, who had related to her all the adventures of his Voyage, had told her, that he was amorous and belov'd by a *Leontine* Virgin, whom the Prince *Artemidorus* (absent from thence) formerly affected, and that he had left in her custody at his going to the Camp, a Pourtraicture, and many letters; but as she had given but slight attention to his relation she not imagining to have any particular interest therein, she had forgot the name of that person, and not knowing if it were her to whom *Artemidorus* had begun to write, she had both an extream desire to acquaint him with her Brothers recital, and to peruse those letters he had left with her, to see whether she could gather any satisfaction from them: As her imagination fancy'd divers things, the irresolution of her spirit was visible in her eyes; which *Artemidorus* noting, believed her inquietude proceeded from her not being resolved whether she should discover his quality to her Father, that he might declare it to the *Agrigentine* Prince: But this opinion soon vanished, for *Berelisa* devining his thoughts, and not wiling he should believe her capable to reveal a secret he had confided to her, thus said, looking attentively on him; Think not I examine whether I ought to discover your Name, I declare to you I am not resolv'd to reveal it, on condition you will promise me two things, the one not to enterprise any thing against the *Agrigentine* Prince, the other positively to tell me all your love; for it may be I know many particulars in your Fortune, of which you your self are ignorant. As they were on these terms, and that *Artemidorus* demanded of *Berelisa* the beginning of his Letter, *Philonice* arriv'd; *Berelisa* therefore not being wiling neither to answer nor to deliver him his Letter, went to the Princess, who made her a thousand caresses, and told her she came to bring her good news; for in fine said this charming Princess, the Prince my Father will return within four days, having finish'd the war with honour; and having forc'd his enemies to demand peace, and till 'tis concluded, *Clisias* hath obtain'd that your Prisoner should be on his parole, and that he may walk where he pleases without his guards on condition every night he repairs to his Lodging in the Castle; the conversation *Clisias* had with him, having imprinted such a good opinion of him in his mind, that he thought himself bound to perform this civil curtesie, and if you believe it requisite, he shall accompany us when we go to meet the Prince of *Agrigentine* at *Carisalis*, which as you know is about eight miles hence; for it seems just to me you should permit your prisoner to go, to the end he not appears ingrateful: *Berelisa* whose spirit was pre-possess'd with many different things, did not give a regular answer to that which *Philonice* propounded; she therefore made a signe to *Artemidorus* who remain'd behind, to approach; telling him he was oblig'd to the Princess of *Agrigentine*, and explaining to him of what nature was this obligation. *Artemidorus* receiving much joy at this news, gave many thanks to the Princess; But I pray said she to him, do not thank me yet, for it may be peace may not be easily concluded, and many moneths may be expir'd ere you recover your liberty; but your guards being dismiss'd (added she) be more cheerful, and expect the end of the War with more tranquility. *Artemidorus* answered to this discourse with much spirit and civility; and *Berelisa* being in a profound Melancholy study, *Philonice* jested with her, demanding the cause of it; for said she, you are less subject then any Virgin to those absences of spirit which reproach so many amiable persons, your heart is ever amongst those with whom you are, you divide not your self betwixt your present and absent friends, and it must necessarily be, there's something which pleases, or extraordinarily displeases you: In the mean time, you have need that the gayety of your humour appears in its greatest lustre the day we go to *Carisalis*, since I in-

tend all the Ladies shall go thither on Horse-back, decks in their most gorgeous attire: *Berelisa* then endeavouring to replant the banish'd joy in her face, told the Princess that she was somwhat indispos'd, but she hoped her indisposition would diminish ere the day she intended to meet the *Agrigentine* Prince; but whatsoever she did, 'twas impossible for her to remit in her eyes their ordinary tranquility; and *Philonice* return'd, not being able to penetrate into the secret of her heart. Before her departure, she made known to *Afranor* the order of the Prince of *Agrigentine*, whose letter she shew'd him; so that *Artemidorus* was not oblig'd to suffer the inutility of his guards: But though it effectively gave him joy, he could not hinder himself from being afflicted, that this order came not one day sooner, because he should not have been expos'd to that adventure he had been, nor engag'd to discover his secret to *Berelisa*: He infinitely esteem'd, and had much amity for her, but in case of love, he affected not to discover it to any one, if necessity did not thereto compel him. This grief was nothing in comparison of *Berelisa*, when she was alone in her chamber; for that violent and puissant inclination she had for *Artemidorus*, which she thought she had overcome, suddenly assaulted her soul; and the knowledge of his condition and love, plac'd both a resentment of glory and jealousie in her heart, which augmented her tenderness: Assoon as she was in her chamber, she had a designe to look on all those things *Telesia* had left in her custody; but one of her maids who had shut the door, not thinking of it, remaining yet in the garden, she must have patience till she could be call'd; but expecting her coming, What did she not think? What said this amiable Virgin to her self? Have I surmounted my heart when I did not know *Artemidorus*? and can I not be Mistris of it, when I know he is amorous, and is belov'd? But if it chance (reply'd she) that the Person my Brother loves at *Leontine* is the same who hath inflam'd *Artemidorus*, Would it not be possible to banish her from his heart, by displaying her infidelity? for by that means I shall render a curtesie to my Brother, by taking from him such a Rival, and it may be to my self, if I can acquire such a Lover. But what do I say, Fool as I am (reply'd she, as she hath since told me) Have I lost my reason? or am I so inglorious as to desire to love one who doth not affect me? No, no, added she, I have not doubtless such degenerate thoughts as to love *Artemidorus*, but I at least imagine that the desire to gain his love is not criminal whilst it neither makes me say or do any thing repugnant to the exact rules of decency; the desire to please in general is not esteem'd a crime, wherefore then should it be one to desire to please a great Prince in particular, without any other design then to be preferr'd by him before all other persons in the world. As she had thus said, her maid arriv'd, and opened her Cabinet, where she presently entred, and visiting all the letters her Brother had left, she was clearly convinc'd that the person who had writ them, was the same of whom *Artemidorus* imagin'd he was faithfully loved; afterwards she look'd on the Pourtaicture; but though her Mirior spoke her Beauty superiour to *Clidimira*, she found a certain ayr in the Physiognomy of her Rival, which much displeas'd her, it seeming very agreeable, and she even despair'd, finding so much spirit in *Clidimira*'s letters, because she fear'd the sight of this Pourtraicture, and those letters would only introduce jealousie into *Artemidorus* his heart, without chasing Love from thence, and that she should give an enemy to her Brother, without acquiring a lover, yet had she some pleasure to think she should acquaint him whose heart she would conquer, that his Mistris was unfaithful; for said she, assoon as he shall be inform'd what hath pass'd at *Leontine*, he shall know the very next day after he departed, there arriv'd a stranger who presently gain'd the estimation of *Clidimira*; and perhaps if I pre-acquaint him with her Infidelity, he will esteem himself oblig'd to retribute to me any curtesie I desire; But presently suppressing this imagination, she could not resolve to do it, and doubtless she would never have perform'd it, had not she receiv'd the next morning a letter from her Brother, intimating to her that the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent him to *Syracusa*, to negotiate some important affair, and that from thence he would go to *Leontine*, to have some private conference with *Clidimira*. And *Berelisa*

then

then seeing her Brother absent, conceiv'd it the best time to prosecute her intended resolution: Though this thought did seem to settle the emotion of her spirit, sleep did not this night close the casements of her eyes, and the Sun did no sooner guild the fringes of the Clouds with his luminous radiations, but she took an exact survey of *Clidamira's* Pourtraicture, and perused her letters. She would have observ'd some letters from *Artemidorus*, they being flourish'd with too much eloquence, but it hapned that in those which were most Rethorical, her affection to *Telesis* was painted in such lively colours, that they conduc'd most to erase *Clidamira* love from the heart of *Artemidorus*; Pity likewise invaded her heart when she read those affectionate lines this Prince began to write to this *Leucrine* Virgin, considering to what height his grief would swell, when he learn'd his love was requited with such ingratitude; but when she remembred he had told her, that if his heart had not been pre-engag'd, she should have been the Saint to whom he would have paid his devotions; and the letter he began to write to *Clidamira* evidencing this verity, her modesty could not hinder her from wishing his love to *Clidamira* was now buryed in oblivion, though she was resolved not to testifie any affection to *Artemidorus*, nor to act any thing which might in the least blemish her reputation, unless he first by his amorous, yet real expressions, confess'd *Clidamira* inconstancy had stopt the progress of his love, and that he made to her a total resignation of his heart; But not knowing how to compass the discovery of this designe, *Artemidorus* presented her with an opportunity to effect it; for after he had visited *Afranor*, and the Princess *Philonice*, he thought himself so oblig'd to *Berelisa*, that she might justly challenge the next visit; he therefore went to her chamber, and found her in her Cabinet, there being nigh her on a little Jasper Table, the Pourtraicture of *Clidamira* (the case whereof was shut) her letters were likewise there, he not knowing whose they were, by reason he could not see the writing: Her eye no sooner reach'd him, but *Berelisa* blush'd, and would have treated him with more ceremony then ordinary; but *Artemidorus* oppos'd it with much address: I pray Madam said he (in a low voice approaching to her) remember that 'tis but for you I am *Artemidorus* at *Agrigentum*, and that in what estate soever I may be, I should have more glory by respecting you, then by receiving so many particular demonstrations of your Bounty. After that she desir'd *Artemidorus* to take a seat, which having done, he earnestly entreated her to render him that letter he had begun to write to the Person whom he loved. That Person reply'd *Berelisa* blushing, is so unworthy to receive it, that I believe my self bound not to restore it to you. Ah Madam (cry'd *Artemidorus*) it appears you do not know her, for I can assure you, if you knew her, you would love her. I know not reply'd she (her cheeks being stain'd with blushes) what I should do if I knew her by my self, but I am very well assur'd I hate her for the love of you; for not to vail truth with artificial conceits, you love an unfaithful person, who certainly is very affectionate to them she loves, but who contracts an irreconcilable hatred against those whose affections she hath deserted. But Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, (much astonish'd at those words) I have not told you the Persons name whom I love, and I believe 'tis impossible since yesterday you should have notice of it. To demonstrate to you what I know (reply'd she, opening the case where *Clidamira's* Pourtraicture was enclos'd) see if you know this Picture. Ah Madam (cry'd *Artemidorus*) I know it but too well if 'tis true *Clidamira* should be unfaithful; but Madam (added he, changing colour) who gave you this Pourtraicture, which was at first intended for me, and which had not received the last hand of the Painter before my departure? Hath not *Clidamira* sent it me to bring me some consolation during my imprisonment? And hath not this charming person having notice of the place of my residence by some way unknown to me, thought by this means to obstruct my death? You will see by this letter (reply'd *Berelisa*) giving him another paper, and left her; and *Artemidorus* taking that she offered to him, suddenly opened it, and knowing the characters were frain'd by *Clidamira* hand, he read these words.

Clidimira to Telesis.

I Confess to you Artemidorus *hath given me many testimonies of his affection, and likewise assure you this Picture was at first design'd for him; but the mutability of my Fortune intruding many intimable obstacles to impede the progression of this love, my reason did at last free me from it; and as I doubt not but absence will be a sufficient remedy to cure the affection of* Artemidorus, *I freely engage my self to permit yours; and promise you (as you desire) that if his love receives no variation, it will not in the least alter my intent, of having no Commerce with him, and of loving* Telesis, *whilst he persevers in his love to* Clidimira.

Whilst *Artemidorus* read this letter, *Bereliſa* attentively fixt her eyes upon him, and noting the change of his countenance, expreſs'd ſome emotion of joy; which *Artemidorus* taking notice of, What Madam (ſaid he to her) have you the cruelty (though you exceed in all excellent qualities any perſon in the world) to acquaint me with ſuch doleful news? For in fine, there's nothing more cruel then to know *Clidimira* is inconſtant, and that my Rival is the brother of the generous *Bereliſa*, to whom my obligations are innumerable: But Madam (added he) How can I ſo ſoon deface *Clidimiras* image engraven in my heart, for whom I have acted thoſe things which deſerve a large compenſation; for her alone I have contracted the anger of the Prince my brother, for her I have deſtroy'd my fortune, and rejected glory; can it be then poſſible that *Clidimira* from whom I have receiv'd ſo many amorous teſtimonies, ſhould reſigne her love to another? Speak generous *Bereliſa* ſpeak, for though I have accus'd you of cruelty, you can bind me in no ſtricter obligation then to diſcover all you know of *Clidimiras* infidelity, and to ſuffer me to peruſe all her letters which ſerve to the confirmation of it. I will voluntarily do it, reply'd *Bereliſa*, on condition you promiſe me not to be my Brother's enemy, who hath not injur'd you, ſince he knows you not, and that he believes you did not in the leaſt pretend to her, when ſhe engag'd her ſelf to him. Ah Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, 'tis not poſſible for me to promiſe you not to hate a Rival, crown'd with the Title of happineſs; and all that I can promiſe you is, That your amity ſhall retain the effects of my hatred againſt *Teleſis*: Speak then Madam, ſpeak, but do not ſpeak yet, and let me firſt ſee all *Clidimiras* letters; and ſhe having given him one, he opened it, which contained theſe words,

Clidimira to Telesis.

IF Joy is a favourable Diſpoſition to Love, you will ſometimes find me the pleaſanteſt perſon alive; I know not whence it proceedeth, whether from the ſimple effect of my Temperament, or from the Conqueſt of your heart; and neither you nor Fortune can ruine this ſerene humour, unleſs you baniſh my love from hence.

Ah *Clidimira* ſaid *Artemidorus* (caſting this letter on the Table) 'tis your gayety will chanel my cheeks with tears, but 'tis requiſite for me to know how far your perfidiouſneſs hath tranſported you; and opening another letter, he was much ſurpriz'd to ſee 'twas one he had formerly wrote to *Clidimira*; which he would have ſacrific'd to his anger, had not *Bereliſa* hindred him. Ah *Artemidorus* (ſaid ſhe to him) What intend you to do? I am but the depoſitary of theſe things I ſhew you, I ought to render them to my Brother, with whom I ſhould have great contestation, had I loſt that he confided to my care. But Madam ſaid *Artemidorus*, Can I ſuffer a letter I heretofore wrote to *Clidimira*, to be in my Ritalls hands? Look on another (ſaid ſhe) and let me view that: and *Bereliſa* by an amorous curioſity being diſpos'd to read that letter, *Artemidorus* deſir'd to hear it read, conceiving

ceiving it would be a means to heighten his intended hatred against *Clidimira*; and *Berelisa* opening it, it spoke these words.

ARTEMIDORUS *to* CLIDIMIRA.

I Shall have this day Madam the honour to visit you, but 'twill be only in Ceremony, and with as much care to smother my passion, as I should have had in the Declaration of it: Pity me I pray you, and whether my spirit suffers an Eclipse or not, assure your self, that the sole love of the adorable Clidimira, *can either give or deprive me of it, and that neither my words or silence serve but to evidence your dominion over me.*

I spoke this Madam said *Artemidorus*, when I believ'd *Clidimiras* heart was moulded in the same frame as mine; but alas, her thoughts now stream in another current! After this he opened one of *Clidimiras* letters, character'd in this manner.

CLIDIMIRA *to* TELESIS.

I Think you ought to be assur'd of my affection, when I tell you I love you; and that I voluntarily resolve (with my Parents consent) to desert my Country, and run your Fortune. But since you require new assurances of my love: I declare to you, that if I ever violate my promise, I willingly consent you should blot me out of your remembrance, as I have Artemidorus *out of mine.*

Ah! 'tis too much cry'd this afflicted Lover, and I should degenerate from all men, if I should still retain the same affection for *Clidimira*: But alas (added he) I cannot hate her when I would! I crave your pardon said *Berelisa* to him, for occasioning this distemper; for I imagin'd my self oblig'd (*Clidimira* being soon to be titled my Sister) to incense you against her, that you might sequester a Passion from your Spirit, which would infallibly rob it of all repose. I am bound to you Madam (reply'd *Artemidorus*) for your good intention; but my obligation would be extream, if you would so far honour me, to condescend to permit my love, to the end my heart might be imprinted with an indelible hatred against *Clidimira*. *Berelisa* blushed at this discourse, and had not power to shape a reply: 'tis true *Artemidorus* took no notice of it; for his grief did so exceed the limits of moderation, that he scarce knew in what language he had expres'd himself to her. And having entreated *Berelisa* to relate to him the commencement of the love of *Telesis* for *Clidimira*, she told him, the same day he departed from *Leontine*, *Telesis* there arriv'd; and seeing *Clidimira* come forth of the Temple of *Ceres*, where she had been enclos'd, lest she should see *Artemidorus*, he at first sight found her so amiable, that he sought her acquaintance; and having the happiness to please her, she had so much joy to find her self free after she had endur'd such a long Imprisonment, that she was resolv'd to deliver her self from a Pareille persecution, by forgetting her first love; and to suffer that of *Telesis*, who engag'd himself to her at his departure, to return to espouse her, assoon as he should have obtain'd *Asranor's* consent. But said *Artemidorus* to her, Is not this a delusion of *Clidimira*, to acquire some tranquility during my absence? No reply'd *Berelisa*, my Brother hath told me, that what you alledge being suspected, *Clidimira* submitted her self to the proof of that famous and sacred Lake, which (as you know) clears all dubious conjectures. But as we are not acquainted with the operations of it, said *Amilcar* interrupting *Zenocrates*, and that the reports which are fram'd thereof do not give us a plenary satisfaction, we entreat you (as far as you know) to content our desires. As I am no *Leontine*, reply'd *Zenocrates* I cannot give you so full an instruction as others; I only know 'tis a general opinion, that when one assures any

thing as true, and that he sweats it on the brink of a Lake nigh *Leontine*, if he writes his name on a little Table of wood, destin'd to that purpose, and that he casts it into the middle of that Lake, it floats at the top if what he says is true; but if false, it descends to the bottom: It is likewise ascertain'd, that he which is perjur'd, is at the same time seiz'd with a kind of a slow consuming Fever, which pines him to death. And this opinion is so receiv'd at *Leontine*, that when a person puts himself to the Tryal of the Lake of *Delo*, for so 'tis call'd, the verity of his words are unquestionable. *Berelisa* having told *Artemidorus*, *Clidimiras* affection to *Telesir* was experimented in this manner, his affliction was so unconfin'd, that *Berelisa* repented her self for having reduc'd him to such extream misfortune; He was not transported with anger against *Telesis*, but complain'd of none but *Clidimira*, all whose letters he severally perused; but the more he read, the fuller evidence he had of her Infidelity: At length *Berelisa* smooth'd his grief with such obliging words, that it rescu'd part of that consolation his affection had put to flight; for said she to him, It grieves me that my Brother should occasion your displeasure; 'Tis not (added she) since *Clidimira* was capable of change, she would not have chang'd if my Brother had never seen her; for I believe Inconstancy doth not so much proceed from one who particularly delights those which are capable of Infidelity, but because their pleasures are generally sway'd by novelty: therefore generous *Artemidorus*, seek to consolate your self, till your good fortune presents you with a Person more constant then *Clidimira*, to recompense that fidelity you have wasted on an unfaithful person. Ah Madam said he to her, were it possible for me to unchain my heart from *Clidimiras* love, and level it at another object, would you counsel me to expose my self to suffer such unparalleld affliction as I now endure? If I believ'd (reply'd *Berelisa* blushing) that all women were as unfaithful as *Clidimira*, I would not insinuate such dangerous counsel; but Sir, I cannot harbour such an ill opinion of my Sex, as to believe it impossible to find a constant Virgin; I know there are many deserve that Title. Alas Madam said he to her, I fear I shall not be so happy to disinchant my self from this passion; I would now act the most difficult things imaginable to force my hatred against *Clidimira*; I would willingly resigne my affection to another, though a thousand dangers attended it; but I feel in my heart such a grand confusion of Jealousie, Grief, Anger, and Love, that I know not which of them will be the most predominant. In the mean time Madam, added he, the friendship and respect you command from me, retains me from expressing any anger against that happy Rival, which tryumphs in my miseries; and believe that except the unfaithful *Clidimira*, never any person could claim the like esteem as you; Dispense therefore (Madam) with so much goodness, as to alleviate my affliction, and let me find more stability in your friendship, then the love of that inconstant person hath deny'd me. I assure you (reply'd *Berelisa*) that if it lay in my power, I would soon period your misfortune; but as that depends more on *Artemidorus* then *Berelisa*, disquiet not your thoughts, but yeild to reason, which will soon remedy this unjust grief. Ah Madam (reply'd he) this Disease destroys the cure of reason. After this *Artemidorus* incited by an irresistable motion, would have opened the case of *Clidimiras* Pourtraicture; But *Berelisa* who fear'd the sight of this Picture would rather encrease then decrease his Passion, took it from him, and told him, he ought now to contemplate nothing but the infidelity of his Mistris. You have reason Madam, said he to her, I would hate *Clidimira*, and I would have your friendship be my sole consolation. But generous *Berelisa* (added he) why do you not endeavour to heal the passion of *Telesir*? for as *Clidimira* hath left me for him, she will perhaps desert him for another; Do him this curtesie, and by this means you will act my Revenge. For what concerns my Brother (reply'd *Berelisa*) I have no desire to blot out his affection, it being not so easie to cure a Beloved as a Deserted Lover; and for what concerns you, I would rather gain *Clidimira* twenty lovers, then deprive her of one, that your hatred might extend so far as never to permit any reconcilement. After this *Artemidorus* express'd many obliging words to *Berelisa*, but they were so interweav'd

weav'd with others which glanc'd on his former affection to *Clelius*, that she hearkned to them with different resentments; when he was return'd to his Apartment, he esteem'd himself so unhappy, that he wish'd his death had anticipated that day in which he lost his liberty; for he was at variance with his Brother, he had destroy'd his Fortune; he was a Princes Prisoner enemy to him from whom he deriv'd his extraction, he saw himself cashier'd by that person who had wounded his heart, he had a Rival which generosity and gratitude forbid him to destroy being a Virgins brother to whom he ow'd the favourable treatment he receiv'd in his veins, and who knew him to be the Prince of *Lycaria*'s Brother; not knowing then how to direct his thoughts, his sole consolation was *Berelisa*'s friendship. On the other side this amiable Virgin was not exempted from inquietude; for though her joy exceeded the ordinary limits of moderation, she having introduc'd Anger and Jealousie into a Lovers heart, from whence she would have banish'd love; yet she fear'd his despight would not accord to such a degree, as utterly to extirpate this Love, and that if this first should be extinct, his heart would remain incapable of a second Passion: The words of *Philonice* tending to the conclusion of the War, did in some measure heighten her grief, because the imagin'd Peace should no sooner be compos'd, but *Artemidorus* would receive his liberty, and that secret love which had seal'd the Fortress of her heart, even tempted her with the declaration of the true quality of *Artemidorus*, to the end his liberty should not be so soon licens'd, she conceiving his life would not thereby be expos'd to any danger: But generosity soon strangled these unjust thoughts which Love would have imprinted in her mind.

In the mean time the charming *Philonice*, who thought of nothing but how to manage the reception of the *Agrigentine* Prince with most magnificency, sent out her Orders to that purpose, so that all the Ladies were wholly imploy'd in providing those things which might most advantage their perfections; the Princess was likewise advertiz'd by a Letter from *Clisius*, that the day the *Agrigentine* Prince should come to *Carisalis*, she should receive a letter from the *Syracusian* Princess, who is a Person embellish'd with all those graces which compleat a perfect Beauty: Her Body shap'd with such exact Symetry, that Nature hath here shewn how far she transcends the Art of the most curious Pencil: For the Prince of *Syracusa* having sent me to the *Agrigentine* Prince at that time as he sent *Telesis* to him, the Princess of *Syracusa* entrusted me with a Letter for the Princess *Philonice*; and having told it *Clisius* when I arriv'd at the Camp, he gave her notice of it; and when I delivered her the Letter, she parted with so much goodness, as to receive me with an extraordinary civility, bringing a Testimony of the Friendship of such an exquisite Person.

But before I relate to you what pass'd that day the Prince of *Agrigentine* return'd, 'tis expedient for me to acquaint you with three things, to the end the Narration of this Festival might prove more delightful to you: The first, that I had been a long time one of the principal friends of *Artemidorus*. The second, that I believ'd he had undertaken a long Voyage, not in the least suspecting he was a Prisoner at *Agrigentine*. The third, That 'tis necessary to describe the Scituation of that place the amiable *Philonice* had selected to receive the Prince her Father; for I ought to render justice to this Beautiful Princess, to demonstrate to you that there appear'd both Spirit and Judgement in all her actions; and there hapned in this place so many things depending on this History, that I believe I shall not traverse my reason by describing a place which hath given me so much delight, both by its natural Beauty, and by the merit of him who resides there: For *Clodamas* to whom *Carisalis* belongs, is a Person of eminent desert, whether one considers the grandeza of his Spirit, or the solidity of his judgement, his capacity, politeness, integrity, gallantry, or generosity; But to execute my Designe, *Carisalis* is a place so fram'd for pleasure, that 'tis impossible to give you a perfect description of it; 'Tis not one of those whose Beauty appears by the opposition of the circumjacent places; for you no sooner come from *Agrigentine*, but fair objects salute your eyes; the way

ties in a direct line, a river with its silver streams travelling along with you this pleasant voyage, the diversity in all places where you pass, and the only pleasure of the beautiful prospect, seems to cheat the length of the way; 'tis even so singular, and the ascension so inperceptible, that you receive no incommodity by it, though 'tis scituated on a mountain; this mountain is crown'd with a great Plain, it having nothing ordinary but the commodity to discover all the Beauties of the adjoyning fields, to Limn out in lively colours this amiable Country in general, 'tis sufficient in particular to character *Carisalie*; Imagine as if you were now in a Court of a proportionate grandeur to a Building your eyes at your entrance survey on the left hand, the Symetry whereof fram'd to breed delight; on the Superficies is a Balustrade, beyond which is a kind of a Rustick *Vestibulum*, the Columns whereof are *Cyprus*; This *Vestibulum* is bounded by a row of great Trees, plac'd on purpose there to hinder at first sight the pleasure which doth compose this place; on the top Madam of the premontioned mountain, there is a grand *Parterre*, like a *Taras*, along which is contriv'd a Walk, flank'd with fair Trees, you ascend this Walk by two stately steps, between which are two Balconies erected, fixt to a marble *Balustrade*, from whence one might discover so many different objects, that I fear I shall be tax'd either of equivocation or exageration, if I only represent part of them unto you; for in fine, Madam, there is to be seen all those things which frame a delightful prospect, you may see many remote and cacuminous mountains, embroydred with spreading Trees of a famous Forrest, which without constraining the sight, confine it to an agreeable arrest; but before your eyes meet with these Mountains and Forrest, a great and pleasant River for some while detains them, which to shew it self with a better grace, forms a Crescent, whose horns of Silver, (if this term is not in Prose inconsistent) bury themselves in the grass of two delicate Meadows; but as if 'twas not sufficient to see this fair and great River, there's a less, which not daring to appear so nigh the other, presents but a little Rivelet, which divers times shews, and then again hides its self; for somtimes its *Maanders* deludes the eyes, and somtimes one may see its *Argentine* streams shine through the Willows, and run into a little Valley, expresly made for modest Ladies to bathe their naked Limbs; this fair Valley is at the foot of a little hill, so pleasantly seated, that no words can reach the full description of it; For Madam, there is a thousand agreeable inequalities; You may see Groves with little Rustick houses, a small Vilage where an Hill almost denies the sight of the eye, a little Temple, and several other things which have now slipt my memory; on this side between the great and little River, there's divers Meadows enclos'd with Willows, as if they were several Halls destin'd for Rural-sports; this Country is so spacious, directly opposite to the *Parterre* that you may see all that which the industry of Agriculture hath taught men for the preservation of life; and Nature hath so stor'd the fields with diversity of Flowers, shaded with such exquisite colours, that all others serve but as foyls to set forth the luster of this amiable place; I may likewise very well say, this Country hath all the tranquility of a solitude, though not so dismal as Deserts, for the great River hath Boats of all sorts, the less hath somtimes Shepherdesses, which in their Bathing, sport themselves in this Watry Element; and all these Meadows are as it were sown with flocks of Sheep and Pastures; this is not all the beauty of *Carisalie*, for behind this high Alley, from whence you may discover so many things, is an agreeable Wood, the beauty whereof cannot be limited to any praise; 'tis of no great extent, there is eight principal Alleys, in the middle of which is a Statue of *Venus*, they are divided into several little paths and solitary retirements, which so often cross one another, that one may weary themselves, and not find the place where they first entred; there is seven Cabinets, every one carv'd a several way, the Trees are so fair, the ground is so plush'd with verdant grass, and the shade so charming, that my eyes never met with a fairer object; the Ayr is so pure, & the sight of two rivers so sweetly seduces the imagination, that it dispels those melancholy cares which oppresses a Lovers breast; the scituation of this place doth admit of several prospects; the eight great alleys of the wood have different objects,

which

which limit the sight; one faces a Balcony inseulpt with divers curiosities of Art, another a pleasant Grove, there's one which looks on the Plain, another from whence your eye cannot reach heaven; in fine, there's such an alluring diversity in this place, that none can come in competition with it. This variety of objects runs through all the parts of the Building, but especially from an high Hall you may take a full survey of this delightful place; there's round about *Carisalis* many Structures which have consum'd inestimable Treasure, and if they are advantag'd by Art and Magnificence, yet Nature is definent, which lively shews it self in *Carisalis*. This Building being then adorn'd with singular advantages, 'twas a fit place to receive a Prince who return'd plum'd with victory.

The Princess *Philonice* forgot nothing which might contribute to the honour of the Prince her Father; *Asranor* went at the head of all the *Agrigentine* men of quality, to meet the Prince six miles beyond *Carisalis*, and from thence to *Agrigentine*; the Inhabitants of the City which us'd to bear Arms, rank'd themselves in a Warlike posture; The Princess follow'd by *Berelisa* and the fairest Beauties of the Court, habited alike, in magnificent Chariots went to *Carisalis*, where *Cleodomas* receiv'd her with his accustomed Civility. But before I acquaint you with the reception of the *Agrigentine Prince*, you must know that every Lady was accompanied by a Person of quality, when she mounted on Horseback to meet the Prince; for *Philonice* had retain'd as many men as Ladies, which in sumptuous apparel should illustrate the glory of this day: She desir'd *Artemidorus* to wait on *Berelisa*, telling him that since he was her Prisoner, 'twas fit he should supply that office: *Artemidorus* whose melancholy had alter'd his disposition, excus'd himself, fearing to be known in such a confluence of people; but *Philonice* and *Berelisa* added so many perswasive entreaties, that he at last comply'd with their desires: As all men ought to be invested in the richest attire in this occasion, *Asranor* offered to supply *Artemidorus* with all things necessary, but he refus'd to accept his curtesie. To return to *Carisalis*. No sooner had *Philonice* notice that the Prince her Father was four miles distant from thence, but she mounted on her Horse, follow'd by twenty Ladies of quality: These Ladies were habited as *Dianas* Nymphs are painted, they had a Bowe in one hand, and a Quiver on their shoulder, their heads were shadow'd with Coifs of plumes, mixt with such lively and different colours, that they compos'd the fairest and imaginable object: In this Plain I have before mentioned, which is on the top of the mountain, on the right hand from *Carisalis*, *Philonice* amongst the others, seem'd *Diana* her self, she had such a noble air, and such an innate modesty appear'd in her face; but as a mark of distinction, her Bowe and Quiver were enamell'd with precious stones, the tower of plumes which form'd her Coif, had a knot of Diamonds, which represented that demi-Crescent plac'd on *Dianas* head, every Lady was attended by a person of quality, proudly mounted, and richly habited, who seem'd to be there to serve and defend her, and every one had two slaves cloth'd in her colours, with Collars of Silver, who march'd on both sides her Horse, to stay him if need should require: And to signifie the arrival of this gallant Troop, there was an Harmony part *Pacifique*, and part *Warlike*, which infinitely pleas'd; and after all these Ladies, came all the Officers of the House of the Princess, and after them two hundred Archers on Horse-back, which equally divided themselves both before and behinde; the day was fair, and the way so commodious, that every Knight entertain'd his Lady with what discourse he best imagin'd would conduce to her delight: *Artemidorus* being nigh *Berelisa*, the secrets of whose heart lay open to her knowledge, turn'd towards her, and casting forth a sigh, thus said; I could wish Madam the unfaithful *Cladimira* did behold me this day, for you are so attractive and amiable, and this dress so becomes you, that certainly she would believe you are the Goddess who sways my thoughts, and I am so acquainted with her humour, that I am confident she would be highly displeas'd. Your expressions savour too much of flattery, reply'd *Berelisa*, yet to recompense you, I willingly consent to be the immediate cause of your revenge; and though I fancy not the reality of your words, I should be extreamly satisfied

should *Cleidmira* credit this perswasion Madam reply'd he, you are compos'd of too much goodness, to interest your self in my revenge, but to render it effectual, I must submit to love you, and you may not contract any hatred against me Truly reply'd *Berelisa* smiling, which of these two things believe you the most impossible? It seems to me a sufficient difficulty to oblige a person who never affected any thing to begin to love, and there's as much to relinquish one, and assume another love. Ah Madam reply'd *Artemidorus*, I am not in a condition to reason on that question you have proposed to me; all that I can answer, is, that sometimes I hate *Cleidmira*, and am transported by an earnest desire to love another, but I dare not pronounce your name. As *Artemidorus* thus spoke, he was interrupted by a Lady marching behind *Berelisa*, who jestingly told him, He was so attentive to his Discourse, that he noted not the appearing of the *Agrigentine* Prince: These two Troops following their receiv'd Orders made a stand at an equal distance, from a great tryumphant Arch erected in the middle of the way which traverseth this Plain; the Prince of *Agrigentine* was preceded by those who made a warlike harmony, who were follow'd by five hundred men on Horseback, with Javelins in their hands, next came the Officers of the Princes Houshold, who lead many stately Horses, the Guards of the *Agrigentine* Prince came after them, and next came the Prince himself at the head of many Officers of the Army, and men of Quality; though this Prince had out-pass'd his juvenile yeers, yet he appear'd on Horse-back with more grace and vigour then any of the Courtiers; He was this day richly habited, and his Deportment alone spoke him Master of his Followers: As I was a stranger, and had been sent to him by a Prince whom he highly esteem'd, he vouchsafed me all imaginable honour, retaining me always nigh him; for *Terillus* who was a great Adorer of *Berelisa* Beauty, and who desir'd the first advantage of her sight, he was in the first rank, 'tis true his condition claim'd that place, but his Love prov'd the more forcible inducement; as some days were fyl'd on the Register of time since my arrival at the Camp, I had heard there was an unknown Prisoner at *Agrigentine*, whom *Terillus* had taken when the Trees began to shoot forth their Vernal blossoms, whose Spirit and Behaviour commanded respect from all. No sooner did these two Troops come in sight of one another, but those who made the harmony hastned their pace to joyn at the Tryumphant Arch erected in the Plain, where they made a kind of Military Consort, which in its irregularity seem'd agreeable, after that, those which preceded the Prince and Princess, rank'd themselves on the right and left hand; these two Troops slowly marching towards one another, the Prince of *Agrigentine* (who is an accomplish'd Gallant) remained at the Head of his Troop twelve paces from the Arch, saying it appertain'd to none but the Ladies to pass under the Tryumphant Arch; he therefore caus'd them one after another, followed by their Knights and Slaves, to go under this Arch; after which they went towards him, wheeling on the right hand, to resume the way of *Carisalis*; Then the Prince and those which were with him, saluted all the Ladies with much civility, which they repay'd with an obsequious flexure: This Prince noting every Lady had but one Knight, commanded some of those which attended him, to supply the vacant place; for which purpose he elected the chiefest of his Train except me, whom he only chose as a stranger, and instead of giving every Lady him who had the greatest desire to wait on her person, he separated all those which he conceiv'd had any familiarity with one another; He did it principally to please *Berelisa*, who did not affect *Terillus*, though he wasted his time in courting her affection. For the Princess, she had with her the young Prince of *Messena*, who was then in this Court, and the Prince of *Ericine*, who is one of her alliance; but when *Berelisa* approach'd, accompany'd with her Prisoner, I was surpriz'd at the sight of *Artemidorus*, but I express'd no mark of my astonishment for knowing the contestation between the *Agrigentine* and *Leontine* Prince, I imagin'd he was not known; the Prince of *Agrigentine* willing I should accompany *Berelisa* as the most amiable person in the Court, and as favourite of the Princess his Daughter, declar'd to me so many things of this unknown Prisoner, that it confirm'd my Belief

lief 'twas the same whose Character I had received in the Camp; for when *Berelisa* pass'd by, whose perfections did this day shine forth in their greatest splendour, Go *Zenocrates*, go, said he to me, lend us your assistance to discover this Unknown Prisoner; make love to *Berelisa*, more easily to effect it, whom I presuppose he now loves; for 'twould be a shame for him to have remain'd so long Prisoner of War in a Castle where she resides, and not become Prisoner of Love: Go then *Zenocrates*, go added he, and endeavour the discovery of your Rival. I receive Sir, so much advantage by your commands, reply'd I to him, that I am sorry time will not give me leave to return you thanks for such an inexpressible favour. But Madam, if I was surpriz'd to see *Artemidorus*, he was no less at the sight of me, for he fear'd I had discover'd him; and remembring he had seen me at *Leontine* when he made his addresses to *Clidimira*, my sight excited a commotion in his heart; which I taking notice of, and imagining from whence it proceeded, to resettle his troubled thoughts, ranking my self on th'other side of *Berelisa*, with a respective observance, thus said, Madam, The Prince of *Agrigentine* whose curiosity can be confin'd in the discovery only of this valiant Unknown, hath sent me to you, that I might share his happiness by attending your person; but Madam, added I, my infelicity would be extream, should you deny your consent. You have so little knowledge of your pretended Mistris (reply'd *Berelisa*) that I would advise you not to obey the *Agrigentine* Prince. If you knew him who speaks to you, reply'd *Artemidorus* to her, you would know that several passions in his heart do at one time receive both their life and death; but I pray added he, disguising my knowledge of him, forbid him to discover me, though he should happen to be one of my intimate acquaintance: We march'd in this order to a place where we made a stand, because the Prince of *Agrigentine* desired the Ladies should arrive last at *Carisalis*, he therefore pass'd before them with all his Troop, that the fairest shew might conclude the Tryumph: For my part, I confess my heart was wounded with the perfections of all those twenty Ladies who accompany'd the Princess *Philonice*; for as I am an universal lover of all those objects which delight my eye, even at the first sight, and these twenty Ladies dress'd in this Nymph-like habit appear'd, grac'd with the accession of such charming features, that my amorous heart could not resist those piercing beams shot from their conquering Twins of light. In fine, we arriv'd at *Carisalis*, where *Clodamus* welcom'd the Prince with an eloquent Oration, penn'd in such concise terms, that it far transcended the capacity of vulgar Intellects: The Prince not desiring to return to *Agrigentine* till the darkness of the night began to ruine the days splendour, *Clodamus* treated him with a magnificent Collation: But whilst things were preparing more ceremoniously to invite his stay, the Ladies by the assistance of their Knights dismounted from their Horses, and went to breath out the fourth part of an hour in that high Walk I have before mentioned; for my part (I confess) never any sight did so much please my eyes, as these twenty Ladies and forty Knights; to avoid confusion, the Prince of *Agrigentine* had commanded all his other followers not to enter into the house of *Clodamus*, but that they should be entertained in the fairest houses of the same Village, and not seeing in this Alley and the pre-mentioned Wood none but persons exactly proportion'd in all the dimensions of their Bodies, and beholding their waving plumes and glitt'ring habits through the leavie boughs, I may confidently say, never any object did more deserve my attention, as the pleasantness of the place inspir'd joy; all the company were so fashion'd to delude time with amorous discourses, that they perceiv'd not the melancholy which deny'd mirth to *Artemidorus* and the jealous *Terillus*: In the mean time, *Artemidorus* had an urgent desire to confer with me, and on the first presented occasion, he briefly acquainted me with his adventures, demanding of me what I had heard concerning *Clidimira*, he not being ignorant that all memorable accidents which pass'd at *Leontine* were obvious to me. I know said I to him, she is both ingrateful and unfaithful; and imagining she should be constrain'd, if she made not a publike recantation of your love, she engag'd her affection to a deserving person, and submitted to the Tryal of the Lake

of *Dela*, to assure him of her fidelity; therefore if you credit my words, I would advise you, by another love to banish this passion from your heart. Ah *Zenocrates* said he to me, none can renounce love so soon as you. Time would not permit us longer discourse, for one came to advertise the Ladies that Dinner was now prepar'd; they were conducted into the fair Hall I have before mentioned, where they were serv'd with all magnificence befitting persons of their condition; and the Prince of *Agrigentine* Din'd with some of his Nobility in a low Hall, a foot higher then the Garden. The Ladies after this repast entred into a fair chamber, directly opposite against the Hall, with a part of the most accomplish'd Gallants, the rest remaining with the *Agrigentine* Prince, who related to *Clodamas* divers things concerning the last Campagne: But entring there, *Philonice* whose curiosity extended to all delightful objects, cast her eye on a Picture hanging on the way to this chamber, it being design'd by a Virgin ally'd to *Clodamas*; and as this Picture merited some observation, *Philonice* call'd *Berelisa* to see it; This Picture is fram'd with ingenious Art; one may see there a pleasant Country, with a fair Tree, at the foot whereof is a beautiful young person sumptuously attir'd, and behind her three women, she holds a Distaff in her right hand, presenting it to *Hercules*, whom a young *Cupid* holds chain'd in a golden chain, and drawing it with her left hand, she forces him to cast away his Club, and to take the offer'd Distaff; but better to explicate this Picture, the little *Cupid* holds in his right hand a Torch, and with the other retains the Fillet that blinds his eyes, which seems to be fann'd by the gentle Breizes of the Wind; Underneath are some Greek word, which speak thus in our Language,

From my Fire proceeds my Force.

After *Philonice* had consider'd the explication of this Picture, she said (turning her self to *Berelisa*) That for her part she believed the power of Love proceeded not but from the debility of those whom it assaulted. But Madam (reply'd she blushing) do not you see *Hercules* who appears far superiour in strength to that young Child, forc'd by him to embrace what he desires. Ah *Berelisa* reply'd she, there's a certain weakness of heart commonly found in men, which is not incompatible with the force of the Body, nor with the greatest Valour: *Philonice* had hardly pronounc'd these words, but all maintain'd Love's Party: The Prince of *Ericine* amongst the rest, said, He could not admit Love to pass for debility, unless in the hearts of those who persever in loving an unfaithful person. *Artemidorus* who felt himself touch'd with the expressions of the Prince of *Ericine*, chang'd colour, and could not frame an answer; whereupon *Terillus* thus reply'd, that it argu'd not so much weakness to continue to love a person, though she had chang'd affection, as to persist in loving a person, whose affection 'twas almost impossible to acquire; for (added he) 'tis the greatest subject of complaint one can imagine, to Court a Person without hope to attain her love. 'Tis doubtless a great unhappiness (reply'd the Prince of *Erinice*) but the inconstancy of a Mistris is far greater. Ah Sir (reply'd *Terillus*) 'tis more injurious not to be beloved, then to be deserted by a Mistris. After this every one took the part either of the *Ericine* Prince, or *Terillus*, except *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*, whose Interests were engag'd in this question; for if *Artemidorus* yet affected the inconstant *Clidimira*, *Berelisa* treated *Terillus* with so much cruelty, that she saw he spoke against himself, to have occasion to speak against her; but as the conversation seem'd curious to *Philonice*, she seated her self, and caus'd the other Ladies to take their places, the men standing before them, except some, who kneel'd upon Cushions, more conveniently to entertain their Ladies, whilst the Prince of *Ericine* and *Terillus* disputed nigh *Philonice* and *Berelisa*, on the precedent subject: For my part reply'd the Prince of *Ericine*, I find no comparison between these two things; for as 'tis not impossible that a woman who loves you not should esteem you, I find that in ceasing to love her, you are not oblig'd to hate her, that 'tis sufficient to render indifferency for indifferency, that you are even bound to expres Civility to her, when you happen to meet her; and if you dis-esteem her, and unchain your heart, you sufficiently punish

her

her for her injustice and insensibility, without adding hatred and despisal, but for an inconstant person: Ah *Terillus* (pursu'd he) you cannot too much hate, nor too much despise her: I likewise assert, that if a man hath been very amorous, and hath believ'd his affection hath been requited, he cannot limit his hatred to an unfaithfull person; and I believe 'tis very easie to cure his Passion, by ballancing the grandeur of her love and her inconstancy; for by remembring that his anger wil be screw'd up to such an heighth, that he will think no punishment sufficient to requite her wavering nature, which should not be express'd to a person which hath contemn'd your affection, either through aversion or indifferency.

Ah Sir, replied *Terillus*, our resentments are different, for I believe 'tis more easie and more just to despise a woman which hath slighted your love, then one from whom you have received many demonstrations of affection, though she retains those testimonies, and varies in her former thoughts; for 'tis the greatest injustice one can offer to an amorous man who is permanent in his love to reject his Passion; 'tis so natural to love them who affect us, that when a man is so happy to perswade his love to any person whom he adores, if this woman doth not correspond in her affection, dis-esteems the lover, is averse to his Passion, or hath entertained another; if she loves another, she is criminal for permitting a new lover to ingage to serve her; if she doth but a little esteem him, the lover should be very unjust to esteem her much; and if she is averse to him, he ought to retribute the like to her; and in what manner soever it should be, a generous lover which hath wasted many daies and not gain'd the affection of his Mistris, ought to hate and contemn her who hath with such pertinacity resisted his love, since 'tis certain that ingratitude is a capitol crime; and there is nothing more ingratefull then not to love those which love us: For I have already told you 'tis so natural, that love produces love; that if this Passion is not produc'd in a womans heart which is ardently lov'd, it either proceeds from the small desert of the Lover, the capriciousnesse of the Mistris, or from the abovesaid reasons; nothing seems to me more just, or ought more easily to be done, then not to have any esteem or complacency for an insensible person. I say one ought to requite her with all the incivility a discreet person can be capable of: And if it was possible there should be any matter of indiscretion, between a neglected Lover and his Mistris, I think I should permit him to be indiscreet; for in fine, as he should have no indiscretion, which might make him be suspected of vanity, or which might injure the reputation of an unsensible person, it would be a sweet and innocent revenge; if I did not generally hold that persons of quality ought not to revenge themselves of their Ladies in the same manner as they would revenge themselves of their enemies. I am of your opinion, replies the *Ericine* Prince, that an insensible person to whom one hath given many testimonies of love, if she ingratefully requites him, she merits the same ingratitude; but that which I maintain, is, that 'tis more easie to hate an inconstant then an unsensible person, and that the revenge appears more just. On the contrary, replied *Terillus*, I assert 'tis more difficult to relinquish the love of an unconstant, then an unsensible person, and that if a man hath been once favour'd and affected by a Lady he is indispensably oblig'd, not to be deficient in his discretion to her, though she hath chang'd her thoughts; but one should not so act with an insensible Mistris, of whom he might more innocently revenge himself, because her insulcation is greater by beginning not to love her then the other, by deserving the affection of his Lady, nor can he be oblig'd to any discretion. But separately to speak of these two things, I will at first make you to see, that 'tis more easie for an abused Lover to dispel love from his heart, then for a Lover which hath been favoured; there is in the memory of a Lover obstinately despised, nothing which can or ought to retain love in his Soul; since that if he call'd to remembrance the person whom he hath serv'd, he sees her cold, insensible, and alwaies indifferent, if he remembers to have written to her, he will likewise remember that she hath not answered to him; or if she hath, her answers have contain'd no affectionate expressions; if he remembers his eyes have saluted hers, his memory will tell him, that she turn'd

her face from him with contempt; or that she beheld him with a kind of stupid indifferency which is insupportable in love; if he thinks what actions he hath performed to please her, he remembers either she hath slightly receiv'd, or scornfully disdain'd them, perhaps he hath prais'd her beauty, but it often appears he hath thereby betray'd his judgement; for it often happens love intitles those fair which deserve not to be plac'd in that number: Moreover, a Lover hath no obligation to a person whom he loves without the same requital; so that his heart raising no opposition against his resentment, it seems easie to me even by his anger to cure his love; honour likewise might do it with much facility, since there is nothing more fit to banish love, then the remembrance that one hath lavish'd much time in courting a person, which despises him; and who hath distinguish'd him from the rest of men by a secret aversion; but for a woman which hath once lov'd you it is not so, for she hath esteem'd you and preferr'd you before all men; she hath chosen and confided in you; but 'tis not so in the other; for there's nothing in his memory but indifferency which might retain affection; there is a thousand and a thousand thoughts in a Lovers heart which hath been belov'd, which may retein his love in despight of the inconstancy of the beloved person, he may see tender and passionate Letters, not respecting the person who hath wrote them; she being unfaithfull, he may behold her Portraict, no acknowledgement reteining his resentment, and even the possibility to revenge ones self, arrests a part of ones revenge, and every time one remembers so many amorous regards, so many obliging assignations, so many favourable discourses, and so many innocent favours, there's means enough to destroy the desire to reconquer the heart one hath lost, and likewise to destroy the hope thereof; for after he is assured he hath done all he can imagine to please her, since he hath pleased her; he thinks he is wanting in something, that in demanding pardon, he may recover the treasure he hath lost; and even supposes if he can accuse himself of nothing, but lay the whole accusation on her, 'tis a capricious humour which will soon vanish, and that then he shall receive more affectionate assurances then he did before; therefore hope may subsist in a Lovers heart whose affection hath been entertained with a correspondency, though his Mistris hath proved inconstant, and there is much difficulty to disingage his Passion: To speak with sincerity, there's nothing so puissant to retain love, in an heart composed of tenderneſſe, then to hope a pleasure he had before enjoy'd; one will sometimes recede from glory to preserve his Conquest, and to hinder his Rival from gaining any profit by it; jealousie which boasts it self to be the most puissantest enemy of love, reteins it often in a lovers heart deserted by his Mistris, when he is devoid of hope: Judge then (I pray you) if an indifferent Mistris which gives you neither hope nor jealousie, can or ought to be difficult to forget, for the remembrance of the pass'd cannot render it amiable to you; the present exasperate you, or the future flatter you with successe: But if you consent (replied the *Ericine* Prince) that 'tis more easie, and even more just to hate a person of whom one cannot be lov'd, then one of whom one hath been favour'd, though she hath now cancel'd all favours, consent likewise that a Lover is confin'd to a stricter limit with her, which hath alwaies despis'd him, then with her which hath betray'd him; for she which hath never lov'd you, having promis'd you nothing, she hath not injur'd you so much as that person who after she had sworn to you an eternal affection violated her word; and I conclude you ought to be more reserv'd to one then to another; I am of your opinion (repli'd *Torillus*) but 'tis not according to your Method; for I maintain that a man who hath been uncivilly dealt withall by a woman, ows no more civility to her then to all women in generall; I know not whether hee can dispense with it in some occasions; but for a woman which hath once lov'd, I affirm, that if she at length hates him, he ought to respect her; and is oblig'd to have discretion, though his love seems extinct; and as it is just that an abused Lover perpetually keeps in his heart the resentment of the ingratitude and indifferency of his Mistris, so a deserted Lover should ever preserve a kind of acknowledgement for his Precedent favours; and this recognition must even oblige him not to be so far transported, as to injure the reputation

nion of his Mistris, from whom he once receiv'd favours, which might still deserve his love. I believe it (replied the Prince of *Ericine*, yielding to *Terillus*) for as all the favours of Ladies stream from pure Fountains; I am of opinion they may retract them when they please, without being term'd indiscreet, principally when they practice no new Gallantry; as I never fathom'd the resentments of a forsaken Lover, and believe that I never shall be expos'd to try those of an injur'd Lover: 'tis not strange I never attain'd to the knowledge of those excellent things you have so judiciously discoursed of; I have (it may be) lesse experience then you, in the estate of a Lover forsaken by his Mistris (repli'd *Terillus*) and have more interest then you imagine (added he, looking on *Berelisa*) in the condition of a Lover, whose Mistris slights all those favours he offers to acquire her esteem; but to take my choise in these two things, I had rather continue in the same resentments I now am, to have been once affected by the person I love, though she should vary in her affection, then to believe I shall never arrive to that happinesse. The event is so dubious (repli'd the *Ericine* Prince) that we ought never to admit of despair: we commonly use those expressions to an unhappy person; repli'd *Philonice*, but there is some things we may confidently say will never happen. You have reason, Madam (repli'd *Berelisa*, on purpose to anger *Terillus*) for by example, when one hath a natural aversion against any person; how is it possible to vanquish it; but if it is not possible to surmount a natural aversion (repli'd *Artemidorus*) is there any way to subdue a violent inclination. In truth, answered the *Ericine* Prince, I believe there's much equality in these two things; and that if it is not easie to expel hatred from his heart; 'tis very difficult to banish love from thence. Ah Sir (repli'd *Berelisa* who would not have *Artemidorus* entertain this resentment) I assure you there's divers occasions to which our hatred may not extend, and yet they blot out our love. Who will not say (repli'd *Philonice*) that *Berelisa* hath had many Lovers and many enemies, which have experimentally taught her to frame these distinctions? and how can't be true she hath never yet had either love or hatred. Ah Madam, repli'd she, her cheeks being dy'd with a modest blush, if you had remembred my true sentments, your language would not have so far exceeded ——— I pray (said *Terillus*, interrupting her, speaking to her in a low voice) do not give a clearer explication of your thoughts; for the person to whom you speak, too well knows what she hath said: *Berelisa* had answered him, had not the Prince of *Agrigentine* entred, which caused all to rise from their seats; but every one was surpriz'd to see the Prince so soon as he was entred go directly to *Artemidorus*, and looking upon *Berelisa*, know (said he, to her) your Prisoner is a Prisoner of importance, and that if you have profited of the Counsel I heretofore gave you, when I desir'd you to inflame his heart with an amorous affection, you have gain'd an illustrious conquest. As I believe I have not done it, repli'd she blushing, I think, Sir, I may say for my honour I never had any design to effect it; Conquests of this nature being more often perform'd when one hath the least suspicion of them, repli'd the *Agrigentine* Prince, 'tis therefore impossible for me to give any direct answer. but expecting till you resolve my question; let me complain of the diffidence the Prince *Artemidorus* conceiv'd of my generosity, by concealing his true condition; at these words, every one cast their eyes on this illustrious Prisoner, who was plung'd in a deep perplexity; for he knew not whether it was *Berelisa* or I who had made this discovery, *Berelisa* who suspected the thoughts of *Artemidorus*, sought by her eyes to justifie her innocency; and I likewise by some private signs evidenc'd to him, I was not conscious of this action.

In the mean time, as his heart is great and noble, he did not much study for an answer, for seeing he was known, he did deny not the truth, but ingeniously confest it, and addressing himself to the *Agrigentine* Prince, Sir (said he to him) I intreat you to believe you are not the cause of my disguise, and those who have declared my quality, have perhaps told you that I departed from *Leomine*, but for an interest of State. I know it very well, repli'd the *Agrigentine* Prince, for the Parents of fair *Cliamira*, having sent hither a man expres to inform them of *Telesis* who

is to espouse her; it hapned that this man being born at *Agrigentine*, though he resided at *Leontine*; and coming hither with a desire to see this solemnity, knew you; and being born my subject, he thought himself bound by Allegiance to discover you to me: but when he acquainted me with it (added he) it seem'd he had no Designe but that you should live in a splendour proportionable to your Quality; for he highly exaggerated the injustice of the *Leontine* Prince, and your own merit; neither am I resolv'd to use you otherwise, nor to change any thing of your Fortune, but to give order you should be treated like a Prince: for though the Treaty of *Heraclea* be not concluded, you shall receive your liberty as if your condition was not known; I offer you likewise my Court as an *Asylum*, till the Prince your Brother remits his anger, and resolves to respect you according to your merit. Your expressions are so generous (reply'd *Artemidorus*) that I can frame no language to reach the grandeur of your excessive Favours, immeritedly bestowed upon me, nor can I requite your generosity, but by assuring you I will unsluce the azure Conduits of my veins for your service, whil'st honour permits me to expose my life for your Interests.

After these words the Prince of *Agrigentine* saying 'twas time to depart, the Princess thereto dispos'd her self, but not till she had made an obliging complement to *Artemidorus*, to whom all the Ladies and the rest of the company did the like. *Terillus* did likewise salute him, but with a kind of compulsive civility; for remembring all those curtesies *Berelisa* had performed to this Prisoner, he believ'd it may be she knew him; and had more suspition of it, because she express'd a great emotion of joy at the generosity of the *Agrigentine* Prince, when *Clodamas* who came with this Prince approach'd her, she could not restrain her self from testifying her satisfaction. Sage *Clodamas* said she to him, what say you of this adventure? You who can set a just price on heroick actions, how do you esteem this action of the *Agrigentine* Prince? and how do you like the reception of it by the Prince *Artemidorus*? I find (reply'd *Clodamas*) you have your part in the glory of this day, since *Artemidorus* is your Prisoner, and that you were the first who knew his merit. As *Terillus* had attentively hearkned to the words of *Berelisa*, his heart was enslav'd with such a jealous passion, that swaying all his rational faculties, it retained Love, which was ready to forsake its residence. But not to intrude on your patience by reciting several things not material to this History, I shall retrench them, and only tell you, that the Ladies having re-mounted on their Horses, return'd to *Agrigentine*; where the Prince was receiv'd with all the Ceremonies usual in such occasions: Before he departed from *Carisalis*, he caressed in a singular manner the sage *Clodamas*, highly commending his sumptuous entertainment: for the amiable *Philonice*, she was so pleas'd with the delectable Scituation of his House, that she promis'd him to return thither ere *Cynthia* had once repair'd her wained horns, to pass away some few days with more pleasure and delight. I shall not Madam tyre your attention by the recital of the Feast in the Princes Palace, or the Masques and Balls, which lasted the space of eight days; but shall only tell you, that the *Agrigentine* Prince incited by his natural generosity, forc'd *Artemidorus* to accept an equipage correspondent to his condition; This Prince then appear'd without constraint the most amiable of men, though his Melancholy did somwhat eclipse his humour; and esteeming *Berelisa* in an high degree, 'twas not easie for her to vanquish her puissant inclination: As *Berelisa* was the first Lady in the Court to whom I had spoken, and who favour'd *Artemidorus*, being my particular friend, she testifi'd unto me so much goodness, that I became wholly oblig'd to her; and sometimes I imagin'd if my heart had not been already engag'd, I had dispos'd my self to love her: Judging then *Artemidorus* by my self, I counsell'd him what I could to love *Berelisa*. Alas, said he to me, when I spoke to him of it, my heart is fram'd to love her; there's nothing I would not do to content her; and I esteem her a a thousand times more then *Clidimira*: but I cannot raze that unfaithful person from my heart, and in despight of my anger, jealousie, and grief, my soul is disturb'd; when I suddenly hear her name pronounc'd, my imagination represents

her

her to me, and my heart desires her; and if my words may not be constru'd in a degenerous sense, my heart yet affects her, though she is inconstant: I am likewise resolv'd (reply'd he) to re-enflame, or cure my passion, to write once more to *Clidimira*, to see if she'll have the confidente to forbid me to love her, and always deny my love. I would have diverted him from his intention, because I fear'd this person would flatter him with uncertain hope; but as his Designe was absolute, I assisted him therein, commanding one of my men to carry his letter, which contain'd these expressions, if my memory prove not trecherous.

The Faithful ARTEMIDORUS, to the Inconstant CLIDIMIRA.

YOur variable Nature (Madam) is the subject of all Discourse; and though the Title of my Letter doth seem to evidence my Belief, yet I confess to you my doubts are not fully resolv'd, till your own hand cleat my suspicion: I know you have given all my Letters to my Rival, that your Lines to him demonstrate the Reality of your Affection, and that you have given him the Pourtraicture design'd for me: Though these things may be convincing, your Writing only can render me happy, or undective me. I am perswaded you sanctified Love to acquire your repose during my absence. For my part I shall not declare to you what affection sways my heart, before you have resolv'd my question; Inform me then whether your Perfections are still grat'd with a permanent Love, or whether your Inconstancy hath deform'd your Beauty.

Artemidorus somwhat scrupled to send this Letter before he had shewed it to *Berelisa*; but as she was the Sister of *Telesis*, he thought if he spoke to her of it, she would not permit him to send it; at last he did not insist on this consideration, whereupon I gave it to one of my men who went to *Leontine*, I having other Interests which oblig'd me to send thither: I know not (Madam) whether you remember I told you, that when *Telesis* departed from the Camp to go to *Syracusa*, where he was sent by the *Agrigentine* Prince, he wrote to *Berelisa* he would go privately to *Leontine*, desiring her to tell no person of it: It hapned that when *Clidimira* receiv'd the letter of *Artemidorus*, *Telesis* was there; you may judge then what answer she return'd to oblige the last, and to introduce despair into the first Lovers heart, she wrote to him but these words, which doubtless were fram'd on purpose to banish love from the faithfull'st Lover Nature ever produc'd.

CLIDIMIRA *to* ARTEMIDORUS.

AS we ought never to engage to Love, without the Hope to be Crown'd with Felicity, I hold we may desert that love, to the end we should not be plung'd in misery; therefore Sir, Knowing the state of your Fortune and mine hath distanc'd our Happiness, I have chang'd my Affection, to change my Destiny: Forget I pray you, all that which hath past'd between us, as I am resolv'd to bury it in Oblivion.

You may judge Madam this Letter quickned the anger of *Artemidorus*; for my part, I never saw any man more enrag'd after he had perused it: What *Zenocrates* said he to me, *Clidimira*! the ingrateful *Clidimira*, Hath she wrote unto me a letter of this Nature after she hath buoy'd up my love with Lines both tender and engaging! Can I still preserve an inviolate affection? Ah no, no, added he, I can hate her, I will hate her, and I already hate her, I will love another, or expire. Your thoughts are so various (reply'd I to him) that I fear you can resolve on nothing. Ah! to hate *Clidimira* (reply'd he) I feel my self already dispos'd, and the difficulty is to know whether I shall persever in this hatred. If I was in your place

(said I to him) instead of perplexing my self with hatred, which is an unquiet passion. I would assume love, Ah *Zenocrates*! (reply'd he, when one seeks it, 'tis not so easily found, for it commonly steals on you on a sudden; and after this adventure, I fear any more to enter the Lists against it; for I confess I never in the least apprehended that infelicity which hath hapned; I lov'd, I was lov'd: I acted many things to please *Clidimira*, and I receiv'd from her the same demonstrations: In this condition my passion was glorious to me; I alienated my self from her to compass her repose; I never had any suspition she would change her resentment; yet I was no sooner benighted from her piercing eyes, which had fir'd my soul with a beam of their mingled luster; but she deserted my love, and embraced another, thereby becoming the most unjust and unconstant Person in the World. Cannot you do by reason what she hath done by Inconstancy? reply'd I. Ah *Zenocrates*, said he to me, 'tis easie for you to counsel me, but 'tis not for me to pursue your counsel. Thus you see Madam how the spirit of *Artemidorus* was seated. As for *Berelisa*, her thoughts were divers, her aversion still reigning against *Terillus*, she had a violent inclination to *Artemidorus*, of whose affection she had some expectant glympse of hope; but her heart was confusedly disturb'd at her involuntary weakness. *Terillus* had both Love and Jealousie; 'tis true, he had heard *Artemidorus* was amorous at *Leontine*, but he saw him daylie pay so many devoirs to *Berelisa*, which she accepted with so much satisfaction, that he repented himself for having presented this Prisoner to the *Agrigentine* Prince, and not having left him conceal'd as he desir'd, he repented that he had took him; and though all his actions were noble, yet he repented for not depriving him of his life: *Artemidorus* always civilly acknowledg'd that curtesie he had receiv'd from him; and since his condition was discover'd, he repay'd him in generous and obliging terms.

In the mean time, the Treaty of peace which appear'd so nigh conclusion, was quite dissolv'd, so that the liberty of *Artemidorus* was as far distant as ever; 'tis true, he was not the more confin'd, for the Prince of *Agrigentine* suffer'd him to go on his Parol, highly esteeming and affecting him, though he was Brother to his enemy; his esteem was augmented by the information he had that the Prince of *Leontine* having notice how *Artemidorus* was treated at *Agrigentine*, was so displeas'd, that he intended to declare him criminal; as if 'twas an effectual crime civilly to use a Prisoner of War; and if the Princess of *Leontine* (his Sister) had not retain'd a part of his violence, he had accused *Artemidorus* of complotting with his enemies, and proceeded against him as a rebellious Prince. But to enlarge his injustice, he fancy'd that *Telesis* being at *Leontine*, and *Artemidorus* in this Court, the love of *Telesis* was but a fictive invention to carry *Clidimira* to the Prince his Brother, that 'twas but a feigned love, and specious Nuptials, and that *Clidimira* did yet affect *Artemidorus*: Being advertis'd *Telesis* was unknown at *Leontine*, he would have arrested him, and would have re-entomb'd *Clidimira* in the Temple of *Ceres*; as for *Telesis*, he could not have him in his power, by reason a faithful friend who conceal'd him, gave him notice of it, and advis'd him to return to *Syracusa*, where he had been sent by the *Agrigentine* Prince: For *Clidimira* she alledg'd her love was now extinct, but he would not credit it, neither would he believe the Tryal of the Lake of *Dela*; therefore to repose his Spirit, he design'd to espouse *Clidimira* to some other; as she is opulent in riches, he found a person of quality, who not being able to maintain himself in that garb his condition requir'd, resolv'd to espouse her: But *Clidimira* was much afflicted at this new persecution, because she utterly disliked that person which was propos'd to her.

In the mean time as this news was soon known at *Agrigentine*, the joy of *Artemidorus* was extream, when he had first notice of it. But *Berelises* breast harbour'd inquietude; for she fear'd that the persecution this Virgin suffer'd for the consideration of this Prince, would foment his love; her fears prov'd not vain: This first emotion of joy being pass'd, *Artemidorus* became very compassionate, being much afflicted because she was persecuted for the love of him; so that pity now chang'd that design he had conceiv'd to hate her. The Sun had not eight times

measur'd

measur'd this terrestrial Globe, when there was an alteration in his thoughts; for we were inform'd at *Agrigentine*, *Telesis* had been secretly at *Leontine*, that *Clidimira* had invented a way to escape from the place where she was inclos'd, that she was at *Syracusa* with *Telesis*, from whence he had sent to *Agrigentine* to demand permission of his father to espouse this Virgin, and to bring her to his house, representing to him that he had already consented to the marriage, and that the goods of *Clidimira* were of such a nature, they might easily be transported thither.

Artemidorus hearing what *Clidimira* had done for *Telesis*, form'd a resolution to banish her his heart, appearing somewhat displeas'd at the intended comming of *Clidimira* to *Agrigentine*: *Atranor* at first seem'd highly incens'd against *Telesis*; but as the Prince of *Agrigentine* is always favourable to Lovers, he straight allay'd the fury of his anger; for *Berelisa* she could not imagine what to desire, for it imported her, her brother should espouse *Clidimira*, but she wish'd not her company at *Agrigentine*, for fear her sight would revive love in the heart of *Artemidorus*, there was no means to obstruct it, because *Clidimira* being amiable gain'd the esteem of the *Syracusian* Princess, whilst she resided there, for though this Virgin was stole away from *Leontine*, it appear'd not so to every one, it being generally conjectur'd her kindred had carried her from thence to free her from an injust persecution; one of her Aunts coming with her from *Leontine*, therefore the Princess of *Syracusa*, who esteem'd and lov'd her, wrote concerning her with so much affection to *Philonice*, that she obtain'd of her father and *Atranor* what *Telesis* desir'd: *Berelisa* on the other side, durst not openly display the secret thoughts of her heart and *Artemidorus* by the grandeur of his Soul, would not oppose the return of *Telesis*, since he could not solemnize his marriage with *Clidimira*, neither did he believe in the estate he was now, he could render with honour any discourteous office to the brother of *Berelisa*, and *Atranor's* son, by whom he had been so civilly treated during his imprisonment, he imagin'd how apprehensive his grief would be when he should see *Clidimira* in the arms of *Telesis*, who had already contracted his hatred though he had never seen him: *Telesis* in the mean time, knowing his affection for *Clidimira*, would not come back to *Agrigentine*, till *Hymen* had ty'd that indissoluble knot, which none but death can dissolve. During this negotiation, *Artemidorus* was continually with *Berelisa*, for he always lodg'd in the Castle, and as she is a most charming person, the more he saw her, the more he esteem'd and lov'd her; he did not imagine his heart was betray'd to her perfections, but conceiv'd his spirit would still retain his love to *Clidimira*; *Berelisa* on her part did too well perceive, that if she did not yet affect *Artemidorus*, she might easily thereto dispose her self.

In fine, the Spring had no sooner cloth'd the Trees in their verdant Liveries, when *Telesis* after he had espous'd *Clidimira* at *Syracusa* brought her to *Agrigentine*, the Troops being then ready to begin the *Campagne*, *Artemidorus* whose grief had impair'd his health, was order'd by the Physicians for change of air to go to a pleasant house in the Precinct of *Carisalis*, at the same time, as *Telesis* brought *Clidimira* to *Agrigentine*. It likewise happened that *Philonice* after the departure of her father, went to the house of *Cludamas* to dissipate that melancholy his absence had contracted, accompanied by *Berelisa* and four or five other amiable persons; amongst which was one call'd *Lysicoris*, to whom *Berelisa* confided her most secret thoughts, she had not yet declar'd to her, her inclination for *Artemidorus*; but she had acquainted her with her aversion for *Terillus*, his unhappiness could receive no addition, he being jealous, his affection slighted, and being forc'd to go to the Army, and to leave *Artemidorus* with *Berelisa*.

Things were on those terms when *Telesis* and *Clidimira* arriv'd at *Agrigentine*, as she had Letters from the Princess of *Syracusa* to *Philonice*, she went the next day to *Carisalis*, where she saw her Sister in Law, she having a noble and sprightly air, extreamly pleas'd *Philonice* who admitted her into her Chamber, and after some discourse went with her to *Berelisa*, who secretly wish'd she might not appear amiable to her; but she was constrain'd to alter her desire, and to confesse she was in-

dow'd with some charming features; *Philonice* thinking to please *Berelisa*, intreated her to stay at *Carisalis*; and *Berelisa* not willing to oppose her was forc'd to thank the Princesse for a civility which would conduce to her affliction. *Artemidorus* who was prescrib'd some remedies to disperse his disease went not for some daies to the house of *Clodamas*, and being very melancholy he had rather not see *Berelisa*, who was his sole consolation, then to see so many other persons; so that 'twas his onely divertisement to breath his languishing thoughts, when night began to mantle the skie with a gloomy shade, nigh that little River I have formerly mentioned, which travell'd with its silver streams through a delightfull vale; for as heat did at this time usurp the most part of the day, the evening and morning were onely commodious to invite our recreations; *Artemidorus* then every night repairing to this amiable place, commonly left his men a remote distance from thence, he one time descended his melancholy, not permitting him to note his way into a little Grove, ore-spread with close compacted bushes, not far from a place where this little River form'd a Demi-cirle between two Meadows; but as he was ready to leave this little Wood, he spy'd through the bushes many women at the brink of this pleasant River, and it seem'd to him his ears were invaded by *Clidimira's* voyce; for you must know this night all the Ladies who were with the Princess *Philonice*, amongst whom were *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, had design'd to bath themselves in this delightfull place. When *Artemidorus* first perceiv'd them they began to re-invest themselves with their apparel, 'tis not easie to divine his thoughts when he heard *Clidimira's* voice, since anger and hatred with some interval of pleasure, mixt with curiosity did then surprize him, seeing he might make a nigher approach, he softly stole between those bushes, till he had attain'd one which might shelter him from the Ladies sight, and from whence he might over-hear their discourse, when he was there, he look'd upon the Ladies, who though newly come out of the Bath, were in such a modest manner, they might not fear the sight of the most curious eye, amongst those Ladies *Artemidorus* spy'd *Clidimira*, hardly had he given passage to his regards, when he saw *Berelisa* nigh her, but in a different nature, all the Charms of *Clidimira* being Epitomiz'd in her face, her hands lean and squalid, her breast deform'd, and not any part matching the agreement of her eye-, *Berelisa's* hands are shap'd with exact proportion, her breast white as snow, and all her other parts correspondent, the beauty of the one displaying the defects in the other, *Artemidorus* was highly pleas'd at this sight, imagining *Berelisa's* husband would receive a far greater happinesse then *Clidimira's*. In fine, Madam these Idea's were so strongly imprinted in his spirit, that when the fear of being seen commanded his retirement, he contemplated the remainder of the night, the ones beauty, and the others defect, remembring the infidelity of *Clidimira*, and all those curtesies *Berelisa* had conferr'd upon him, his person likewise did wholly imploy their thoughts, whilst darknesse blinded the World, they not imagining themselves the objects which kept unseal'd the incloſure of his eyes, for though *Cliamira* had the confidence'd to justifie her actions, she fled the sight of *Artemidorus*, and 'twas not possible for her to remember so many testimonies of affection she had bestow'd upon him, without being confus'd at her inconstancy: *Berelisa* both fear'd and desir'd this interview; for if *Artemidorus* should never submit his heart to her love, she would have some satisfaction if he deserted *Clidimira*, in these thoughts she wish'd the conclusion of this dangerous occasion, fearing there might happen something which might cloud her propicious fortune; for she had acquir'd so much esteem with *Artemidorus*, that to her his thoughts wore no cover; but as she would not be too curious in prying into his Actions, she intreated her dear *Lysicoris* to observe with a vigilant eye the Passages betwixt *Clidimira* and this Prince, she did not relate to her the cause of her curiosity, though she was one of her dearest friends, colouring it over with her Brothers interest; for 'tis more difficult for a woman adorn'd both with spirit and vertue to confesse a violent inclination to any person, who doth not expresse his love to her, then to avow she favours a Lovers passion, as the last adventure had arm'd *Artemidorus*

against

againſt the charming force of *Clidimira's* eyes, knowing that if he went not to viſit the Princeſſe at *Clodamas* his houſe, ſhe would prevent him by comming to him, he determined to wait on her after dinner, which ſurpriz'd the company, they not imagining the ſtate of his health had yet licenc'd him to leave his Chamber. When *Philonice* was inform'd of his arrival, ſhe was in the great Hall, I have formerly mention'd, no ſooner did *Clidimira* and *Bereliſa* caſt their eyes on this Prince, but their faces were ſhaded with a crimſon colour, which even planted his Cheeks with bluſhes; he could not conjecture whether this agitation proceeded from his new or ancient love, confuſion did at this time ſo diſtract his ſences. In fine, after he had ſaluted *Philonice*, ſhe preſented *Clidimira* to this Prince, and knowing what accidents had formerly happened between them, ſhe did not ingage them in any long diſcourſe, but ſpoke to *Artemidorus*, who ſeeing now onely the beauties of *Clidimira*, was glad he had diſcover'd the diſſimilitude of her other parts, ſhe being ſo diſcreet that her hands never lay open to the ſight of any perſon, her breaſt was masqu'd with a pleated ſcarf, which barr'd the eye from deſcrying her deformed features, ſo that if any one had ſeen her dreſs'd after this mode, would have judg'd the whole compoſure of her body proportionable to the ſplendor of her eyes; but *Artemidorus* contrary'd this opinion, her defects being now as apparent to him, as if they had been viſible; for *Bereliſa*, he knowing the pure whiteneſſe of her breaſt, and the perfect ſhape of her hands, admir'd her modeſty for not diſcloſing thoſe things, which *Clidimira* conceal'd through affectation; and concluding it an effect of her vertue, began to feel his heart retreating from *Clidimira's* love, to be ſtorm'd with *Bereliſa's* perfections: as *Clidimira's* ſpirit was a little diſquieted, it ſtopt the Organs of her ſpeech, which incited *Bereliſa's* deſire to wing away the time in pleaſant diſcourſes; 'tis true her ſpirit was not yet re-ſtated in its former tranquility; but knowing how far her beauty ſurpaſs'd *Clidimira's*, her joy fram'd her to this agreeable humour; *Philonice* after a little ſtay in this Hall, went into the Wood follow'd by *Clodamas* and all this company; at firſt they diſcours'd of the beauty of the place, and clearneſs of the day, but the company being ſtray'd into theſe divers alleys; fortune plac'd *Artemidorus* between *Bereliſa* and *Clidimira*, all three were ſurpriz'd to hear no words break from each others lips; the unfaithfull Miſtris durſt not ſpeak to *Artemidorus* before her ſiſter, to appeaſe the diſtemper of his ſpirit, cauſed by the levity of her former actions; and *Bereliſa* willing to ſee to whom *Artemidorus* would addreſs his ſpeech, did not unlock the ſilence of her harmonious voice: this Prince not knowing in what language to expreſs himſelf, in the preſence of theſe two perſons, expected one of their tongues to ſupply its office; in this manner they arriv'd to a Balcony at the end of this Alley, where *Philonice*, *Clodamas*, and *Lyſicoris* ſtay'd his comming; this Princeſs ſeeing them walk in this mute poſture, ſcarce taking notice of her, demanded of *Artemidorus* on what ſubject he entertained the attention of theſe two amiable perſons. I aſſure you (repli'd *Bereliſa* not giving this Prince leiſure to ſhape an anſwer) my ſiſter and I are not jealous of what *Artemidorus* hath ſaid, for he hath been ſo ſparing of his words, that he hath ſpoken no more to one then to another. I had more to ſay to one then another, repli'd he, but I did not think it convenient to declare my thoughts; for my part (added *Clidimira*) being a ſtranger here, I did not imagine my ſelf oblig'd to begin any diſcourſe; for my particular (added *Bereliſa*) I am ſo pleas'd with my own idle fancies, that my words would have been a penance to me for interrupting my ſweet repoſe: It ſeems to me (repli'd *Clodamas*) that the fancies of ſuch an excellent perſon (as *Bereliſa*) if ſhe declar'd the ſubject of them, would produce much delight; for it onely appertains to thoſe who have tender hearts, to be skill'd in the pleaſures of a certain pleaſing deliberation, which diverts the ſpirit, and ſo ſweetly ſeduces reaſon, that one cannot define its inticing allurements: 'Tis true (repli'd *Bereliſa*) all mens humours do not comply with this delightfull dotage, and there's many ſpeak of it, who believe it onely conſiſts in licencing their ſpirits rather to the motions of their hearts, then to the conduct of this imperious reaſon, to enjoy our pleaſant fancies we muſt

let our ſpirits wander up and down, confine them no where, we muſt have ſomthing in our ſouls which whiſpers no diſturbance, our temper muſt be inclining to Melancholy, we muſt think on ſomthing which pleaſeth us, and we muſt be capable of a certain Lethargie of the ſenſes, which imprints belief in all our thoughts, and the uſe of reaſon muſt be for ſome time ſuſpended; I ſay, we muſt but confuſedly hearken to the ſinging of the Birds, or the murmuring of the Springs, neither muſt our eyes diſtinguiſh the diverſity of colours. Ah *Bereliſa*, cry'd *Clodamas*, you deſcribe theſe fancies too clearly to be ignorant of them. If idle imaginations were a crime (reply'd ſhe) I would not ſubſcribe to your opinion, but as they are the moſt innocent pleaſures, I confeſs I know them, and that I ſomtimes prefer them before all company whatſoever. But you do not dream (reply'd *Philonice*) that you have ſaid, to draw theſe fancies to the life, there muſt be ſomthing in our hearts which doth not diſpleaſe us. Pardon me Madam (reply'd *Bereliſa*) but that ſomthing I have nam'd, is not that ſomthing you imagine. I aſſure you (reply'd *Artemidorus*) that if one mention *ſomthing* as you have done, it will admit of no other explication then that of the Princeſs. Whatever it ſhould be (ſaid *Clodamas*) I ſhould think that man happy which ſhould inſinuate into *Bereliſas* heart, that ſhe hath call'd *ſomthing*, which in a vulgar expreſſion is term'd Love. *Bereliſa* bluſh'd at this diſcourſe, and Fortune conducting *Terillus* to this place, they chang'd the ſubject of their converſation: on the contrary, *Philonice* finding her ſelf on a ſquare Baſe of ſtone on the right hand from the houſe as one aſcends the high alley, *Clodamas* ſent for ſeveral embroider'd Cuſhions for the Ladies, who ſeated themſelves in divers ranks on the two ſides of this Marble ſtone, leaving the middle void, leſt any perſon ſhould hinder the ſight of the Princeſs *Philonice*; as a mark of diſtinction from the reſt. *Clodamas* plac'd the Cuſhions deſtin'd for this Princeſs, at the foot of a fair Tree, whoſe diſtended branches ſerv'd as an *Umbrella* to ſhadow her from the Sun's heat. All the company being ſeated, 'twas the fortune of *Terillus* to be next *Clidimira*, and of *Artemidorus* to be next *Bereliſa*; for *Lyſicoris*, ſhe was next *Clodamas*: *Philonice* ſeeing theſe two dear friends ſeparated, ask'd *Bereliſa* if ſhe was not jealous to ſee *Lyſicoris* leave her for *Clodamas*? Ah Madam (ſaid *Terillus*, whoſe Jealouſie even conſum'd his vital ſpirits) Do not ſo much injure Jealouſie, as to believe it can be found in friendſhip, and do not deprive love of that thing wherein its power is effectually ſeen. *Bereliſa* who knew what conſequence he would draw from his own words, oppos'd him, demanding (in an angry voice) on what reaſon he buſit his conjectures, that he durſt affirm Jealouſie belong'd more to Love then Friendſhip? For my part ſaid *Artemidorus*, as I never had but the Jealouſie of Love, becauſe my friends have always prov'd conſtant, I cannot give any ſatisfactory anſwer to this queſtion. For my particular (added *Clidimira*, not ſeeming to take notice of what the Prince had ſaid) I believe that as there is not a long love without Jealouſie, ſo there is no Jealouſie without Love; and that it cannot be admitted in friendſhip. For my part, ſaid *Philonice*, I am ſuch an enemy to Jealouſie, that I dare not give my judgement of it: I therefore conſtitute the ſage *Clodamas* to be the Soveraign Judge when *Bereliſa* and *Terillus* have alledg'd all they can to aſſert their opinions. I conſent to't ſaid *Bereliſa*: and I likewiſe ſaid *Terillus*; whoſe Jealouſie preſſing him to ſpeak, and he beginning to attaque *Bereliſa*, ſhe declar'd ſhe would not be deny'd from interrupting *Terillus* when her fancy prompted her to do it. I conſent thereto ſaid he, on condition you will grant me the ſame liberty; but to ſpeak ingeniouſly, added he, I think you will have ſufficient difficulty to confute my reaſons, without deſiring that permiſſion. There's none ſo ignorant ſaid he, but knows Love produces Jealouſie, and that they are inſeparable concomitants; and that that which is called Jealouſie in Friendſhip, reſembles not the true Jealouſie. Is it not certain that Jealouſie is the violenteſt of Paſſions? That 'tis more ſenſible then Love which produces it? 'tis reſtleſs, cloudy, and ſomtimes ſubtile? That 'tis capable to inſpire all crimes, that it tranſports one to revenge, and that it often excites a man to dye his hands in blood? If admitting then this definition, can we believe it may

proceed

proceed from Friendship, and that such a tumultuous Passion can spring from such a pleasing and peaceful Mother? To speak truth, Jealousie is an effect so necessary in Love, that one cannot be wounded with the Darts of Love, without being provok'd with the stings of Jealousie: For, if one hath no Rival, it receives pendant from several other things: By a jealous resentment one envies the glory of the beloved object; one desires always to be with her, to entertain her alone, to admire and to adore her, one would have sometimes so much Jealousie essentially attach'd to Love, that the Beloved person should love none of her acquaintance; that she should have no manner of attachment for insensible things; and I know not whether one would have her love her self, unless for the love of another: I know there's some injustice in these fantastick thoughts, but I like not to know that a prudent love is no love; and that the disorders of this passion which are blemish'd by no crime, compose the most sensible pleasures. Judge then if Jealousie, which is the greatest irregularity of Love, and from whence proceeds the most various subjects, can be found in Friendship; for if you are not ignorant that this kind of affection is ordinarily produc'd more by reason then inclination; and that if the proper effects of things were attrib'd to their right causes, Friendship would be term'd a necessary effect of merit and vertue, since Friendship stays men to love all those who deserve esteem, but if it should not be so, 'tis true, there's Friendship for many persons, and if one should yeild to your opinion, there would be many Jealousies, which would be the terriblest things imaginible; all the world should then be fill'd with crimes; and as there's none but either love many, or one peculiar person, it would follow all the world should be jealous, and every one would seek to destroy or hate each other; and it may be a man would be so unhappy to have resentments of Jealousie mix'd with the friendship of his *Father*, *Mother*, *Brothers*, *Sisters*, *Kinsmen*, *Friends*, *Wife*, *Slaves*, and *Mistris*. You exaggerated this so pleasantly (reply'd *Berelisa*) that I am much pleas'd at it; for when one is constrain'd to insert agreeable things, where solid reasons are necessary, 'tis an infallible signe one maintains a wrong part. What (reply'd *Tarithus*) do you believe that by explaining to you 'tis possible to have many friendships, and many Jealousies, my reasons are more pleasant then solid? If you could prove your words (reply'd *Berelisa*) I would not have said that which I have done, but far from consenting to that opinion, I pretend one cannot love nothing of which one might not be jealous; for without examining, if there's reason to term jealousie a passion, or if one ought to consider it as a simple effect of the tenderness of our heart; lets look upon it in it's self, Jealousie is not to speak properly, but a violent desire to preserve that we either affect or possess, and to hinder another from the enjoyment of that we would attain the possession; from whence I conclude, I we may be jealous of all that we love, and that we cannot love nothing without Jealousie: I know this resentment is sometimes so weak that those which have it, have no perception of it, but when 'tis so, 'tis doubtless that the attachment we have, which gives such a feeble Jealousie, is not great, and that those which have it, have a confiding spirit, which makes them repose so much trust on their own Fortune, that they believe no power able to destroy that which they have once gained, but after all, whosoever loves any thing, wishes the possession of it, and desires to possess it when he hath acquired it, he hath ever an inquietude to preserve it, proportionable to the inclination and reason which hath fixt it in his thoughts; so that jealousie is stronger or weaker according to the power of the attachment, and 'tis that which without doubt makes the difference between those effects, the Jealousie of love inspires, and those which are produc'd by friendship. But the difference which is seen between these two jealousies, are sometimes found in jealousies produc'd by the same passion, for Lovers are not equally jealous, the diversity of their Temperament and Fortune altering their resentments; and though they all have jealousie, yet perhaps in theirs is as much difference as between that of Love and Friendship; there's jealous persons who evaporate their sighs, complaints, and tears in amorous verses; there's some whom Jealousie makes to compose a Song,

and there's others whom it deprives of reason and vertue, who have recourse to steel and poyson, to carve out their revenge on the person they love; but this diversity doth not hinder that the jealous Lover, who only makes a Song to testifie his jealousie, should not be effectively jealous, since 'tis true one cannot otherwise name a certain resentment, which is produc'd in our heart, with the desire to acquire something, of what nature soever; but to speak of Friendship, I affirm, that though 'tis prudent, it cannot be tender, unless it be infected with a little jealousie, I know that the jealousie of Friendship doth not take from us the light of our reason, and that it doth not make us act such fantastical things as the jealousie of love; but Friendship is not tender, if we do not desire to be preferr'd before others, if we do not do all things we can imagine to effect it, if we have not some despite when we believe we have not attain'd our desires, if we are not displeas'd at those who we see preferr'd before us, and if we take neither care or inquietude to preserve what we have gain'd; you will it may be tell me we may see a thousand and a thousand friends which have no sensibility of what you have alledg'd: To that I will answer, there are many persons who believe they love, when they have no affection, and who call Friendship a kind of Society, or necessary commerce of life; but when I speak of friendship, I mean an effective friendship, both tender and solid, of a friendship where there is a commutation of hearts and secrets: every one is not jealous, according to the proportion of his friendship, neither doth every one seat it in its right place; but to speak sincerely, these luke-warm friendships do not produce violent jealousies, no more then that love which tunes our spirits to a musical harmony; but that doth not shew that friendship doth not produce jealousie; at least I know I have sustain'd it for *Lysicoris*, for I remember when she once went into the Country without bidding me adieu, I was extremely griev'd at it; 'tis not but that I am an enemie of all constraint and ceremony, but because she gave her farewel to another of her friends that she ought not to respect so much as me, I was extremely displeas'd: and I complain'd a thousand times of her, and even hated her whom she had visited. But it may be (reply'd *Terillus* looking on her) you have sometimes Love, not thinking you have any. No, reply'd she blushing, for I assure you I know so well how to distinguish Friendship, Hatred and Jealousie, that if I had love, 'twere difficult to deceive me. But is it possible (said *Terillus*) you can call Jealousie all those light despites that a resentment of glory produces in friendship, when that one renders you not the Justice you think to merit? But is it possible (reply'd *Berelisa*) that you doubt friendship hath not its Jealousies as well as Love? That which makes me doubt of it (reply'd *Terillus*) is, that I am perswaded Jealousie is not but an effect of the irregularity of Love, and that Friendship cannot have the same irregularity, neither can it have jealousie. But friendship (reply'd *Berelisa*) hath it not all that which is found in love? It hath little cares, and great services, it contains the desire to please, complacency is always thereto annex'd, there's likewise of the favours of friendship effective confidences, and of trifling secrets: one esteems the letters of his friends absence is not rude, Presence is sweet, and in fine, there is found in a tender friendship all that one can attribute to a tender love. But reply'd *Terillus*, Do not you comprehend that one cannot be jealous but of that one possesses, or may possess? And that being so, one cannot have Jealousie in Friendship; sure 'tis true that our friends cannot be absolutely ours; for take the perfect'st friend in the world, if he hath a Mistris, he will be ofter with his Mistris then friend; so that Friendship giving nothing which might solely depend on us, it is impossible to be as jealous as if one had a Mistris: but as solid Friendship is too little divertising, Love is robb'd of divers things which have dependance only on it; so that those little cares, and all those things of which you have spoken, are become its mode by Usurpation; but for Jealousie, believe me *Berelisa*, it hath ever appertain'd to Love; neither can it be admitted to any passion but this. But how call you that I felt for *Lysicoris*, reply'd *Berelisa*? for I would be more loved by her then another; I should be angry if I was less, I would know her thoughts, I would have her, if she

is in love with any one, to declare it to me, and I should never suffer her without much distemper to write to any of her friends, without shewing me the Letter: and I very well know the commotion of my spirit proceeds from Jealousie; I even hold (added she) that the Jealousie of Friendship is more Jealousie, if I may so say, then the jealousie of Love; for as it retains Reason still entire, the least effects it produceth in a friends heart, ought to be more considered then those it produceth in a Lovers: But in what place may we see jealous Friends (reply'd *Terillus*) who have their eyes wandring, their tincture pale, their humour melancholy, and their spirits disquieted through excess of their jealousie? But in what place reply'd *Berelisa*, have you seen friends which receive contempts without grief, which patiently suffer tepedity, oblivion, indifferency, and irregularity when they believe they are neglected by a new Friendship. I confess 'twould be difficult for me (reply'd *Terillus*) to shew you a Friend so patient to suffer all those things you have nam'd without resentment; but I call it despite, and not jealousie: And for my part (reply'd *Berelisa*) I will call revenge all the resentments of a jealous person after your mode; but to speak rationally, as Love and Friendship derive their original from the heart, and that we know not how to love nothing but by a certain universal cause, which forms all Loves and Friendships in the world, there is likewise in the heart of all men, as well a jealous, as an amorous disposition, and this disposition acts doubtless more or less violently (as I have told you) according to the form of the affection which causes it, according to the subjects one hath to entertain Jealousie, and according to the temper of men which are capable of it; to speak truly, Friendship being no other thing then an imperfect Love, it would be strange if the inseparable concomitant of Love doth not follow it, though not with all those torments and punishments it trayls often after it in a Lovers heart. Therefore I entreat the sage *Clodamas*, who ought to be our Judge, to condemn you to have an eternal jealousie in all manners imaginable, and to execute his arrest, I offer my self (added she with a malicious smile) to solicite all the persons you the most love to give you cause to be jealous; *Terillus* would have answer'd *Berelisa*, but the last thing she said, having fram'd the company to laughter, he had an extream despight, and could not have retain'd himself, if the Princess who noted his grief had not turn'd towards *Clodamas* to tell him he should pronounce his sentence on this question in which so many were interessed. (As universall as jealousie should be reply'd) *Clodamas*, it appears Madam that you are not a little jealous of your authority, by commanding me to speak before you, but at least (added he) do me the honour to give me your advice, and permit me to take the opinion of all the Company; No, no, reply'd *Philonice*, I would know your pure resentments in this occasion, before I declare mine. Since 'tis so, reply'd he, permit me to render exact justice, and to begin by the Elogium of *Terillus*, for he without doubt so ingeniously sustained. Jealousie appertains not but to love, that if *Berelisa* had less spirit and eloquence, I should have been expos'd to have given an injust arrest; but to speak sincerely, she hath so couragiously defended the part of truth, that 'tis to no purpose I should declare their jealousie in friendship as well as jealousie in love, and that if there are found friends without jealousie when they have cause to have it, there are friends without tenderness, which unjustly usurp a quality they do not merit, since 'tis absolute impossible to have a durable love without some stains of jealousie. Nevertheless, to clear up the spirits of *Terillus* for asserting a grand error; I believe, as he hath more love then friendship, he knows not but one kind of jealousie, and judging others by himself, he hath believ'd there would be no jealous friends: on the contrary, *Berelisa*, who knows by her own experience, that friendship gives jealousie, and who perhaps hath lovers to whom she hath given it, hath been better instructed then *Terillus*, and hath so admirably maintain'd her part, that I am forc'd to pronounce my arrest, and crown her with the victory. In effect, I declare none can better sustain the truth, then *Berelisa* hath defended hers, she having acquir'd the sole advantage of the dispute. I therefore intreat her (added *Clodamas*) to moderate her resentment,

and not to wish that *Terillus* who knows so ingenuously to defend a bad cause, should have at one time so many different jealousies; for the jealousie of friendship if there's any, reply'd *Terillus*, I do not fear to have it, but for the jealousie of love if I have it, I shall be very much deceiv'd if *Bereliſa* takes it from me; she is doubtless more fit to give then to take away reply'd *Philonice*, rising from her seat: I assure you Madam reply'd *Bereliſa*, that I know not how to do neither the one nor the other; but in the choice of these two, I had rather give this evill to whom I would, then desire to heal it, for the power to give reply'd *Terillus*, one must have given it another before, and for to cure, one must take the first one hath given.

As I know not how to divine Enigma's reply'd *Bereliſa*, I cannot answer to what you say; if you desire said *Terillus*, I will more clearly explain it to you, 'tis better (reply'd *Philonice*, beginning to walk for fear *Bereliſa* would give him too severe an answere) at this time any farther to insist on it; for *Bereliſa* is now in such an humour, she will not understand what she desires not to hear; after this all the company began to direct their steps towards the house, for *Artemidorus* he was so melancholy, that he scarce knew the subject of their disputation, and his passion for *Bereliſa* did so much possess his spirit that his former love for *Clidimira* seem'd almost extinct, his soul was likewise so suspended between love and hatred, that he would not speak to *Clidimira* for to complain of her, nor to *Bereliſa* for to tell her he fear'd she had too much cur'd his love for her sister; *Bereliſa* and *Clidimira* explain'd his melancholy in the same manner, for *Bereliſa* thought *Artemidorus* was buried in this anxiety because he yet lov'd *Clidimira*, and *Clidimira* imagin'd that this Prince yet lov'd her, so that mauger her inconstancy she had some slight compassion; but for *Bereliſa*, she had a strange despight to see *Artemidorus* should be so little sensible of the out-rage he had receiv'd, that he should yet affect *Clidimira*, though her affliction lay not open to the discovery of every person, she could not ore-canopy her grief from *Lyſicorus*, who perceiv'd it, and demanded one night from whence it proceeded, as they were leaning over a Balcony at the end of the high Alley, When *Cynthia* with her borrowed light repair'd the essence of her brothers lamp, and silence so raign'd in this fair solitude, not troubled by the agitation of the leaves, that *Lyſicorus* and *Bereliſa* cast forth two or three sighs, and desiring to know the reason of them, I pray said she to her, tell me what makes you sigh, for I confess I am ignorant of the cause thereof; your fortune is happy, the Princess prefers you before her other attendants, you are beautifull, and in the flower of your age, you have naturally both spirit and vertue, and you command the affection of all: Ah *Lyſicoris* reply'd, she a sigh stealing from her heart, you are a flatterer, truly reply'd she, I do not flatter you; 'tis certain, I know men whose affections are chang'd to you, but none who desire not your love, yet you are melancholy, you flie company, and sigh, not willing to declare the subject of them; do not you repent your rigor to *Terellus*, and dare you not through pride publickly confess it; no reply'd *Bereliſa*, and I can assure you, the more *Terillus* loves me, the more he becomes insupportable to me; I know he is magnanimous, and is advantag'd by a great spirit, yet he hath many other things which displeaseth me; tis true reply'd *Lyſicoris*, his body is not of perfect a composure as that of *Artemidorus*, but it seems to me love should not solely submit to beauty; and if I am not deceiv'd, there's other qualities more essential then this; 'tis true added she, if this Prince was the Rivall of *Terillus*, I should think you had reason to prefer him, for he hath not only a more gracefull deportment, but more affability and vertue; but as you know, if he is yet amorous, 'tis certainly of your sister, and *Terillus* being the compleateſt of our Court, you act too much injustice by treating him with such severity: 'tis needless to know whether 'tis justice or injustice reply'd *Bereliſa*; but I confess to you, I would have you discover if *Bereliſa* loves my sister, and if you desire to be inform'd what thoughts possess my heart when I sigh, they onely spring from my brothers Interest, and from the apprehension I have that *Artemidorus* and *Clid-*

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mira renew their former Gallantry, the face of *Artemidorus* appears maskt with so much melancholy since the arrivall of my sister, I have noted it as well as you, reply'd *Lysicoris* but other sighs not in such a manner for a brothers interest, and your words vary'd from true sincerity, when you invented the precedent expressions, what would you have me tell you, reply'd *Berelisa*, I would know reply'd *Lysicoris*, from whence proceeds these sighs, really repli'd she, I think *Artemidorus* hath occasion'd them; if so, you are captive to your Prisoner reply'd *Lysicoris*, for I am assured, when one breaths forth such heart-breaking sighs as yours, they must of necessity proceed from an excess of an amorous tenderness; you are so knowing in sighs reply'd *Berelisa*, that one may imagine your life hath been but a continual suspiration, if I have not sigh'd reply'd she I have seen many sigh, but the sighs of love differ from others, and if you will speak sincerely, confess to me those sighs I have heard were not produc'd by domestick affairs or ordinary accidents; if they they were sighs of jealousie reply'd *Berelisa*, what would you say of them? I should much murmur reply'd she, for they must then proceed from a concealed passion which precedes it, murmur then answered *Berelisa*, turning her head, since 'tis too true for my misfortune, that my heart is infected with a terrible jealousie, though I have no violent affection: Ah *Berelisa*, reply'd *Lysicoris*, that cannot be, and if you are very jealous, you must doubtless have much love; in truth reply'd she, I feel nothing but jealousie, if so reply'd *Lysicoris*, you feel more grief then pleasure; 'tis not so reply'd *Berelisa*, but 'tis that I dare not tell you, for the confusion of it hath almost prescrib'd limits to my life; but it may be there's something more contemptuous reply'd *Lysicoris*, then to confess one hath jealousie; yes reply'd *Berelisa*, and if t'was not that I conceive it expedient for me, you should know the secret of my heart, to endeavour to know that of an others, and the more easily to conceal mine from the rest of the world, I should never tell it you, though you have ever been the confident of all my secrets; you have then a strange secret reply'd *Lysicoris*, more strange then you can imagine reply'd *Berelisa*, since in word my dear *Lysicoris*, I swear I have a simple desire in my heart to be affected by *Artemidorus*, in the mean time it gives me such a violent jealousie, that I fear I cannot conceal it, for since my sister-in-law came hither, such melancholy cogitations so benight his pleasing humour, that I doubt not but he yet loves her; believe me *Berelisa*, reply'd *Lysicoris*, when one ardently desires the love of any person, there must needs be a strong affection to the desired party, In truth reply'd she, I do not believe I love *Artemidorus*, but I would not have him love *Clidimira*; he hath so much friendship for you reply'd *Lysicoris*, that I believe if he loves her, and you demand satisfaction in that point, he will not deny it; if I was not the sister of *Telesis* answer'd she, I should ere this have demanded it: 'Tis not added this fair Virgin rather then to remain in this incertitude; I resolve in the end to speak to him of it, but as I fear he'le divine 'tis not the interest of *Telesis* which frames my curiosity; I shall be much perplexed to execute my design, though hitherto I have had sufficient power over my self not to perform any action, or speak any word, which might give any occasion to *Artemidorus* to suspect I had any particular inclination for him, for in fine I love glory, and I so much wish the estimation of this Prince, that if I should not be severe by my own vertue, I should be cruell for the love of him; those Madam were the resentments of *Berelisa*, those of *Clidimira* were of another nature, for when she thought *Artemidorus* yet affected her, she was more confus'd at her infidelity, then ever she had been before; 'tis not that she would renovate her affection with this Prince, for she hath vertue, but she at least would not have been displeas'd if she could have excus'd her self to him. As she considered she could not easily effect it, she avoided him as much as possibly she could; for *Artemidorus* he fled every one, his griefe was so extream to finde himself amorous of *Berelisa*; 'tis not but he wish'd he might be in love with *Berelisa* in the first transports of his anger, but he wish'd it when he did not think t'would arrive, so that now feeling himself in a different estate, he contrary'd his former wishes, but they prov'd ineffectuall, for the defects of *Clidimira* and her

infidelities were so recent in his memory, that they banish'd from his heart his precedent love; on the contrary, *Bereliſa* appear'd to him both amiable and charming. The great care *Clidimira* us'd to hide her deformity, and the little care of *Bereliſa* to ſhew her excelling features, did produce ſuch a ſtrange operation in his thoughts, that *Artemidorus* deſpiſed the one, and eſteem'd the other; but after all, he ſaw he had better not engage himſelf to love *Bereliſa*: if there had been no other reaſon but that this fair Virgin was a Princeſs, whoſe Father was enemy to the *Leontine* Prince his Brother, who would doubtleſs ſay when he had notice of it, that he ſought onely to love his enemies. As his reaſon was already accuſtomed to yield to his love, his greateſt grief was, to think that perhaps he might not be loved; for *Terillus* ſeem'd to him a diſcreet man, and he fear'd to ſhare his fortune, he knew *Bereliſa* had more friendſhip for him then *Terillus*, but this friendſhip ever diſquieted him, and he thought t'was an eaſie matter to compaſs the love of any perſon which had but indifferency for him, then a Virgin who was already of his intimate acquaintance; for *Terillus* he was altogether unhappy, he was a lover, his love was rejected, he was Jealous, and not without cauſe, he muſt go to the Camp and leave his Rivall with his Miſtris, but mauger ſo many melancholy thoughts; the charming *Philonice* made the ſociety at *Cariſa is* appear very agreeable; the ſage *Cloanas* likewiſe deſirous to ever uſe the memory of her reſidence there, parted all the Alleys and Cabinets of the wood, between ten or twelve perſons who compos'd the pleaſure of this illuſtrious Princeſs, and fixt inſcriptions at the end of every Alley, conſonant to the humours of thoſe perſons from whom they deriv'd their names; he gave likewiſe names to the little paths which croſs'd this amiable wood, and he call'd one the Alley of ſighs, becauſe it ſeem'd a fit place to caſt forth a ſecret ſigh: t'was in this that *Bereliſa* not thinking him to be there, having found *Artemidorus* alone whilſt the reſt of the company were in the great Alleys, heard this Prince ſigh; he had not yet any deſign to tell her he lov'd her, neither had ſhe any intention to ſpeak to him in particular, but a caſuall accident making them meet in this Alley, preſented them with an opportunity; they little expected; as they both ſought this place of the wood, to flie all diſcourſe; they bluſh'd when they ſaw one another, they explain'd not the change of they colour as they ought; for *Artemidorus* believ'd the modeſty of *Bereliſa* made her bluſh, and *Bereliſa* imagin'd the alteration of his countenance proceeded from his being ſurpriz'd in an amorous deliration for *Clidimira*, whom he ought to blot out of his remembrance, ſhe having ſtain'd her vertue by her unfaithfull levity, and the curioſity ſhe had in her ſoul becoming more ſtrong; confeſs the truth ſaid ſhe to him, her cheeks being replanted with bluſhes. You are not ſo vindicative as you imagine, and you yet permitted the inconſiſtant *Clidimira* a firmer ſeat in your heart then her mutable affection might claim: Nevertheleſs added ſhe, I will believe you conſtrain your ſelf for the love of me, for I preſuppoſe it's becauſe *Clidimira* is my ſiſter that you flie her, that you do not ſpeak to her, and that you ſeek not the occaſion to eſſay to revenge your ſelf of her infidelity. I ingeniouſly confeſs reply'd *Artemidorus*, (looking on her with an amorous eye) you are the cauſe that I flie *Clidimira*, but charming *Bereliſa*, 'tis not by the reaſon you imagine; No, no, reply'd *Bereliſa*, invent not a deluding ſincerity to puniſh me for my vallery; for in fine, ſince the firſt inſtant you have review'd *Clidimira*, you are not the ſame as before, and the change of your humour is ſo great every one takes notice of it. I confeſs to you I am ſurpriz'd at it, for 'tis true, *Clidimira* hath perform'd ſuch unworthy actions, that I conceive not how you ſhould yet retain your love: ah if I have any for *Clidimira* cry'd he; I intreat the Gods *Bereliſa* ſhould never have any for *Artemidorus*, though he cannot hope to be happy unleſs he is once honoured with *Bereliſa's* affection. I pray reply'd this Virgin with much aſtoniſhment, do not anſwer in this manner a perſon who ſpeaks to you ſeriouſly as a faithfull friend. I pray Madam reply'd he, do not thus anſwer a perſon who ſpeaks to you with ſincerity, and as a faithfull lover reſtrain me from the ſentments of *Terillus*; and do not crucifie me more by your rigor, then *Clidimira* hath done by her inconſtancy.

For

Whilſt *Artemidorus* thus ſpoke, *Bereliſas* ſpirit was in a deep diſquietude, for ſhe knew not with what temper to receive theſe expreſſions of the Prince; ſhe ſaw doubtleſs in his eyes and viſage all the ſigns of an ardent love, and the tone of his voice juſtifi'd his ſincerity: but fearing *Artemidorus* would deceive her, to have a pretext more eaſily to ſee *Clidimira*, her ſpirit was enrag'd, and not to expoſe her ſelf to ſuch an adventure, ſhe thus ſpoke to him; Sir ſaid ſhe, a ſerious gravity being ſeated in her face, though 'tis not my cuſtome to remember any perſons of thoſe curteſies they have received from me, yet I entreat you to recal into your memory the intention I ever had to render your reſtraint more pleaſing. I pray Madam ſaid he, interrupting her, Change not your thoughts I conjure you, and act as favourably for a Prince, who will be always fetter'd in your chains, as you have acted for your unknown Priſoner; but to begin to do it, (added he) believe (if you pleaſe) I am ſincere, that I love you a thouſand times more then I ever lov'd *Clidimira*; Yes, charming *Bereliſa* I have learn'd to love, by ſerving her, and you alone have taught me to hate her; for I confeſs unto you my imbecility and ſtupidity, if you had not chas'd her from my heart, ſhe would have maugre her inconſtancy, ſtill tryumph'd in my misfortune; Commiſerate then a Lover, who is ſo well skill'd in the tenderneſs of love; for if you do not, I know not what will become of me. That which you ſay is ſo ſurprizing (reply'd *Bereliſa*) that I know not what to think of it; for in fine Sir, if I could believe you lov'd me, if I ſhould deſire it, how ſhould I be perſwaded your affection is real? Is it not true that the day which preceded *Clidimiras* arrival, you yet lov'd her? I very well know (ſaid he) that I would not have lov'd her more, and that I wiſh'd my heart was ſubmitted to your Love; but as I am ſincere, I confeſs if I am not deceiv'd, I had then ſome love for *Clidimira*; and admiration and friendſhip only for the charming *Bereliſa*; but alas things have now aſſum'd a new face; for I love *Bereliſa*, and ſo contemn *Clidimira*, that I reſolve to upbraid her with her infidelity: Let *Teleſis* peaceably poſſeſs her, added he, I will not emulate him; and if he beſtows on me his amiable Siſter, I will voluntarily reſigne to him my ancient Miſtris. But Sir (reply'd *Bereliſa*) how can Love ſo ſuddenly die, and ſo ſoon revive? Do you deſire Madam I ſhould tell you, ſaid he to her, that it may be I am as unfaithful as *Clidimira*? And that I did not love you, when I believe I lov'd her? But I know I love you more then ever I did any, and there's nothing I ſhould not be capable to do to convince you of it; I know (purſued he) you uſe to give love without receiving any, and that *Terillus* hath a cruel experience of it: But Madam, ſince he hath the unhappineſs of your hatred, and that it ſeems you ſport your ſelf with his misfortune, uſe the occaſion I offer you, to torment him, and love me by a cruel reſentment for him; if you will not love me by a reſentment of tenderneſs for my ſelf. But yet reply'd *Bereliſa*, How ſhall I know how this pretended Love hath entred into your heart? By the trecherous windows of my Body, reply'd he. But you do not conſider what you ſay, reply'd ſhe, for I am not grac'd with more perfections then I was three moneths ſince; and *Clidimira* (as my Brother hath ſaid) is more beautiful then ever. 'Tis true ſaid *Artemidorus*, but *Clidimiras* beauty is leſſen'd in my eſteem, and yours is heightned by the oppoſition of her defects, Demand therefore (Madam) no more ſatisfaction of me, and reſt ſatisfied, that I love both your ſpirit and perſon with an equal ardour, and that I am perſwaded whoſoever takes from *Clidimira* the ſplendour of her eyes, the freſhneſs of her tincture, the carnation of her lips, and a certain gallant aer in her face, will deplume her of her attractive features; for her Spirit as 'tis inconſtant, it admits of no praiſe. *Bereliſa* hearing *Artemidorus* ſpeak in this manner, was ſurpriz'd at it, for as the imperfections of a Rival picture a ſtrong impreſſion in the ſpirit, ſhe remembred *Clidimira* had no charms to allure the eye but her viſage, and the proportion of her body, and ſhe was not ignorant that ſhe was imbeliſh'd with all thoſe graces which are requir'd in the compoſure of a perfect Beauty; and this imagination ſpreading her face with a ſcarlet colour, ſhe ſhadow'd it with her vail to conceal her bluſhes: But as ſhe was ſhaping an anſwer, ſhe ſaw *Terillus*

and *Clidimira* appear, who not seeking them, accidentally found them in this place, this sight confus'd all parties, but as there was no way to fly their company, they joyn'd them in the middle of this alley, regarding one another with a different aspect; for *Artemidorus* who desir'd to perswade *Bereliſa Clidimira* was now baniſh'd his heart, look'd only on his new miſtris: *Terillus* being jealous, look'd both on *Bereliſa* and *Artemidorus*; *Clidimira* who thought ſhe might yet chalenge ſome affection in this Prince, bluſh'd at her infidelity, looking on the curious weaving of the leavie branches; for *Bereliſa* ſhe ſomtimes look'd on *Artemidorus*, and ſomtimes on her Siſter, to the end to diſcover what imaginations ſway'd their ſouls: The converſation of theſe four perſons was very reſerv'd, and I aſſure you, their words did not countervail their thoughts, and what they ſaid, diſſented from their reſentments; in fine, after they had ſhar'd an hour in diſcourſe, other perſons coming thither parting this company, *Artemidorus* was neceſſitated to joyn with *Clidimira* or *Terillus*: In the choice of theſe two, he had rather ſpeak to his Rival then his inconſtant Miſtris, ſince he could not entertain *Bereliſa*, with whom a Lady had ſome private conference: As *Terillus* was jealous, and prepar'd for his martial expedition, and that he knew *Artemidorus* was generous, he reſolv'd to ſpeak to him of his love; and ſingling him from the reſt. Sir, ſaid he to him, you will perhaps tax me of audacity and injuſtice, for demanding of you if you are but a Priſoner of War, and for entreating you to call to mind, that if I had not retain'd thoſe whom your valour had incens'd, your death only could have ranſom'd the raſhneſs of your courage; I ſay not this Sir, added he, to reproach you, you are indebted to me for your life, but only to demand of you whether you are but a Priſoner of War, or whether you are become Priſoner of Love; for in fine, if you are amorous, your heart is chain'd to *Bereliſas* Beauty. Before I give a preciſe reſponſion to your demand, reply'd *Artemidorus*, I confeſs to you your generoſity hath preſerv'd my life; but *Terillus*, I ſell my liberty dear enough, if I tell you I ſhould have dy'd without ſhame in that occaſion, and as I was not too happy, but am yet very miſerable in giving me life, you have not given me ſo much as you imagine; and it belongs only to me to accuſe you of all the misfortunes of my captivity: But *Terillus*, I am more juſt, and too generous for to tell you your preſervation of my life reflected more from the Prince of *Agrigentine*'s intereſt then mine; I look on you as my Conquerour, but *Terillus* added he, you muſt know *Mars* and *Love* are not at variance, and that I am not oblig'd to tell you whether I do or do not love *Bereliſa*; if I ſhould be amorous, I ſhould not be conſcious of any injuſtice to you, for your love is diſeſteem'd, and I ſhould deprive you of nothing, if I ſhould be ſo happy to gain her love; but *Terillus*, things are not yet come to this point, and if I love *Bereliſa*, ſhe hath yet no knowledge of it. Ah Sir, reply'd *Terillus* if 'tis ſo, let her never know it, and diſengage your ſelf from the ſervice of that perſon; I know your quality hath ſeated you above me, but ſince the fortune of Arms licenſes me a freer liberty of ſpeech then another, reſiſt the charms of her tempting Beauty, and let not my Priſoner become my Rival. I pray *Terillus* (reply'd *Artemidorus*) if you well underſtand your Intereſts, preſs me no more; for Love is ſuch a capricious paſſion, that difficulties augment it; and to conſider it in a rational manner, as love is not a voluntary thing, they are ever unjuſt which would conſtrain it; act then what you can to compaſs *Bereliſas* love, and if I love, permit me likewiſe to conquer an heart; ſhe hath refus'd you, and for the life I owe you (purſu'd he) I will put my ſelf in eſtate to render it you when you require it. *Terillus* who is fierce by nature, gave a ſharp anſwer to *Artemidorus*; and if ſome men had not interpos'd, ſeeing them heated with anger, ſome misfortune would have put a period to their incenſed minds; but as the agitation of their ſpirits was viſible in their faces, *Philenice* was advertis'd of it, who following the counſel of the ſage *Clodamas*, made them ſeeming friends, not diving into their ſecret thoughts: Since this time both *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* cancell'd their former obligations, he after a little time returning to the Camp; for *Artemidorus*, he accompany'd the Princeſs to *Agrigentine*, where

where he perform'd ſo many things, that *Bereliſa* was perſwaded he lov'd her; but though ſhe had a ſtrong inclination for him, and that ſhe wiſh'd his love, yet her actions were ſo reſerv'd, that he was a long time ignorant of his felicity; and they ſo prudently manag'd their affections, that their loves was not yet divulg'd: 'tis true, *Terillus* declar'd them, but as he was known to be jealous, none made reflection on his words; and *Clidimira* believing *Artemidorus* yet loved her, though he did not ſpeak to her of it, acquainted ſeveral of her friends with her reſentments, ſo that his love for *Bereliſa* was not in the leaſt ſuſpected. But in fine, not to diſoblige your patience, in the time that *Artemidorus* was favour'd by *Bereliſa*, news came that the Fates had exil'd the life of *Teleſis*, which much afflicted both *Bereliſa* and *Clidimira*; but grief reign'd with a fuller power over *Bereliſa* then *Clidimira*, ſhe having a ſpirit which eaſily admits of conſolation; on the other ſide, *Bereliſa* ſeeing her Siſter at her own diſpoſe to make a free election, fear'd, that after her tears were baniſh'd, ſhe would re-conquer the Princes heart, who was oblig'd to ſhare his viſits betwixt theſe two fair afflicted perſons; 'tis true, when he repair'd to *Clidimiras* chamber, he always choſe a time when others were there, to the end he ſhould not be engag'd to make a long complement, entertaining her with ſome conſolatory diſcourſes, according to the cuſtome of ſuch viſits. In fine, when time had calm'd the diſpleaſure of this fair *Widow*, and that ſhe believ'd her ſelf in a capacity to make an innocent conqueſt, ſhe perceiv'd *Artemidorus* lov'd her Siſter, ſo that jealouſie remitting in her heart her former love for *Artemidorus*, ſhe repented her inconſtancy, and deſign'd by all enticing allurements to gain what ſhe had loſt: Being return'd to *Agrigentine*, my eyes preſented her to me with ſuch an acceſſional luſter of perfections, that knowing *Artemidorus* had renounc'd her love, I was caught in thoſe ſnares laid to re-entrap his heart; I gave her aſſiduous viſits, and ſome amorous expreſſions ſlipt from my tongue; but aſſoon as ſhe perceiv'd I was engag'd in her ſervice, ſhe us'd this occaſion to juſtifie her ſelf to *Artemidorus*, with whom ſhe had had no particular diſcourſe ſince ſhe came to *Agrigentine*; for knowing the intimate familiarity between us, ſhe did not doubt but what ſhe declar'd to me, I would make to him a full declaration of it; and I ingenuouſly confeſs, ſhe over-reach'd me with the ſubtlety of her wit: As I then one day ſpoke to her of my pretended paſſion, being alone in her chamber, ſhe cut me off very ſhort, but in an obliging manner: I pray *Zenocrates* (ſaid ſhe to me) ſilence your paſſion; and to teſtifie unto you how infinitely I eſteem you, I will not treat you as I ordinarily treat thoſe who are ſo prided with their imaginary fancies, as to declare their affections to me; if you will therefore diſclaim your love, I will embrace your friendſhip, and confide to you the whole ſecret of my life: You know (purſued ſhe) we have been of long acquaintance, and I know that when you went to *Leontine*, you were link'd to *Artemidorus* in ſuch a ſtrict bond of amity, that you cannot be ignorant of what paſſages happen'd between us; but *Zenocrates* I will diſcover that to you, which neither you nor *Artemidorus* knows, and which perhaps he may never know. But Madam ſaid I to her, *Artemidorus* doth not now love you, and you ought to have no more affection for him, which is the reaſon hath engag'd me to ſerve you. I know reply'd ſhe, *Artemidorus* hath wound himſelf out of the labyrinth of his love; but *Zenocrates* added this artificious perſon, ſeeming to have ſome confuſion) *Artemidorus* is unjuſt, for he hath believ'd me more inconſtant then I have been; and if I dare ſay it, I have been more unfaithful to *Teleſis* then *Artemidorus*. I ſay not this to you (purſued ſhe) that you ſhould declare it to him, but only to the end to unlock to you the ſecret Cabinet of my heart, and to merit your eſteem and friendſhip, ſince I am not in eſtate to receive your love: Know that when *Artemidorus* departed from *Leontine*, my Parents perſwaded me that this Prince eſtranged himſelf, to the end that during his abſence, the Prince his Brother might marry me by his authority to whom he pleas'd, ſo that deſpite poſſeſſing my ſpirit, I reſolv'd to obey thoſe who propos'd *Teleſis* to me, ſeeing I could not be free but in marrying my ſelf, and I thought I could not better revenge my ſelf of *Artemidorus*, then to engage my ſelf to *Teleſis*,

sis, whom I chose rather then another, because he was no *Leontine*, and that if I could not forget the love of *Artemidorus*, I at least hop'd I should never see him, for I did not foresee any likelyhood I should find him at *Agrigentine*; but for my misfortune Fortune hath dispos'd it otherwise, and I see my self expos'd to the most cruel adventure in the world; every one knows I have liv'd so well with *Telesis*, that I have not spoken to *Artemidorus*, that I am neither justifi'd nor excus'd to him. and that I have acted as a person which cares not to be esteem'd unfaithful; but *Zenocrates* maugre all this, I have preserv'd in my heart such a great esteem for *Artemidorus*, and such an obliging tenderness, that I should be sorry if he knew it. I tell you this, lest you should accuse me of ingratitude; for as you see me young, and (if I dare say it without ostentation) fit to produce love, it may be you think I do not refuse your affection but to accept anothers; but not to tell you a lye, I will not engage my self in all my life to suffer the constraint in which I have lived; and since I cannot destroy the remembrance of *Artemidorus*, I will at least in not pretending more to his love, never suffer any others; 'tis not that he merits the tenderness I have for him, for he hath receiv'd my infidelity in such a manner, which makes me see it had been difficult for him to have been unfaithful: he hath not only done me the favour to hate both *Telesis* and me, but is resolv'd to destroy me with so much tranquility, that I am not astonish'd to see him engag'd in a new affection: But in fine *Zenocrates*, I esteem you a too discreet man to receive you in a divided heart; content your self to be my Friend, never speak to him of what I have told you, and believe I could not have given you a greater testimony of esteem, then to lay open to you the secrets of my heart. *Clidimira* fram'd this Discourse with such ingenuity, that I believ'd it; and though at first Love was the Theme on which I discours'd, I at last was contented to be her Confident; as I knew the engagement of *Artemidorus*, I told her, that I would not counsel her to think of reconquering his heart; for said I to her, if one hath at any time committed any infidelity, I do not believe one ought to renew love with him who hath done it, because I believe confidence can never be re-established; all other subjects of complaints which may be between two persons which love, are nothing, which may be presently reconcil'd; but for infidelity, Madam (replyed I) it is not so; and 'tis much better to make a new affection with me who am not so scrupulous. No no *Zenocrates* (reply'd she) I will not follow your counsel for I will love nothing; I do not think to regain the love of *Artemidorus*, who hath blotted me out of his thoughts; but *Zenocrates* added she, I conjure you never to speak to me of your pretended love, if you will not agrandize my affliction. Can I hearken to that you tell me, without thinking you tell it me, if 'twas not that you know by an infallible certainty that I am absolutely indifferent to *Artemidorus*? I entreat you do not multiply my grief; and be certain that if I was dispos'd to a new engagement, I should prefer you before all my acquaintance. *Clidimira* had doubtless stretch'd her discourse to a further length, had not some Ladies interrupted us. In the mean time I was so astonish'd at her words, that I knew not where I was, and as I was assur'd *Artemidorus* did no more think of *Clidimira*, and that she was already expell'd his thoughts, I did not fear he would re-entertain her love; I went therefore to seek him, to tell him he had compleated his revenge on *Clidimira*, since she yet lov'd him: My expressions did so surprise him, that he believ'd I did but jest with him; but I at last spoke to him so seriously, that he knew I invented not any fiction; and though he lov'd *Berelisa* with an extream passion, that which I told him of *Clidimira* made him change colour; for he then remembred divers things which made him imagine this person had a designe to recal him; Anger was solely seated in his breast, and if *Berelisa* had seen that which pass'd in his heart in this occasion, she would have had no subject of jealousie: He did not believe he ought to make known to her this adventure, because he held that a wise man ought never to tell (without an absolute necessity) that a woman loves him, nor whether he loves her, or loves her not; he did not testifie to me that he believ'd he was loved; on the contrary he counsell'd me not to shake off my Love,

and

and I follow'd his directions, but I found such a strong resistance, that ere the Sun had fifteen times run its diurnal course, my passion was buryed in its own ruines. Though *Artemidorus* had defended me from telling *Clidimira*, I had acquainted him with what she had told me; and though he constrain'd himself as much as possibly he could, yet she saw by his eyes he knew it; hoping then that in continuance of time there might happen some slight quarrel between *Berelisa* and him, which might tend to her advantage, she acted many things to effect her designe; for when she was with any friends of *Artemidorus*, she would be lavish in his praise, she alwaies frequented those places where he went, she oppress'd *Berelisa* with visits and testimonies of friendship, and when she encountred the eyes of this Prince, she made as if she would shun them, though she carefully sought them, likewise making him see in her a certain emotion accompany'd with confusion and modesty, she excited some kind of trouble in the heart of *Artemidorus*, which oblig'd him to fly her; 'tis not that he did not feel himself faithful to *Berelisa*, that he should always be so, and that the infidelity of *Clidimira* would yet much anger him; but after all, *Clidimira* acted in such a manner, which both grieved and perplexed him: This fair person therefore to attain her desires contracted a particular friendship with *Terillus*, she told him she was touch'd with his merit, that she would protect him nigh her sister, and she effectively become the confident of his love, and his jealousie of *Artemidorus*; she even gain'd one of the maids which waited on *Berelisa*, she entertain'd likewise some commerce with me, and in this manner, whether by *Terillus*, by the maid which she had gain'd, or by me, she knew all which pass'd between *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; 'tis not that I told her any thing in particular, only as I well knew *Artemidorus* desir'd she should believe he would love her no more, and that he desir'd not her affection; I would confess to her that he was very amorous of *Berelisa*; but to tell you the truth, she knew all things both by jealous *Terillus*, and the aforesaid person: so that a furious anger possessing her spirit, she plotted all her designs to sow division between these two persons. As she hath a subtle spirit, she judg'd that 'twould not be easie for her at first to put any difference between *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*; for 'tis a person who hath a tender heart, a regulated spirit, who thinks not but of that she loves, who believes there ought to be as much probity in love as in any other thing, and who doth not give the least subject of jealousie to *Artemidorus*; but she thought 'twould not be so difficult to put distrust in *Berelisas* spirit; therefore after she had been acquainted by the pre-mentioned ways in several particulars, reflecting on the affection of *Berelisa* for *Artemidorus*, she wrote a letter to her Sister by an unknown hand, and another to *Artemidorus* under the name of one of his friends who was in the Army; she put them both in one Pacquet, and by a secret way sent it to *Artemidorus*, he knowing not from whence it came, and unripping the Seal, he found a little Note directed to him, which contain'd these words.

I Demand your Pardon for not Writing to you my self, but having receiv'd a slight hurt in my right hand, I have employ'd an others, to entreat you to deliver this enclosed Letter to Berelisa; *I assure you it comes from a Person who hath much interest in her affairs, and who so far engag'd me to render it safe to her hands, that I believe I could not better cancel my Engagement, then directing it to you: I shall not excuse my self for the trouble I impose upon you, since you will be fully recompenc'd by the sight of that beautiful person.*

Artemidorus having read this Note, did not suspect there was any deception in it, for he knew the name they had subscrib'd to this letter, whose name I cannot at this time remember, and 'twas true that this man had been hurt in the right hand, so that *Artemidorus* being impatient to perform this service to *Berelisa*, went to carry the letter to her, and as *Clidimira* had a design to be an ocular witness of the effect of this deceit, she went to *Berelisas* chamber, where *Artemidorus* came; and imagining this letter was not of much consequence, he gave it her before *Clidimira*, tel-

ling her in what manner he had receiv'd it. Though *Bereliſa's* curioſity incited her to peruſe it, principally becauſe ſhe could not imagine who writ it, ſhe would have by a reſentment of Civility put it in her pocket; but *Clidimira* who ſaw *Artemidorus* take no notice of it, ſaid to him; Do not you think my Siſter renders you a reſpect which is the moſt difficult in the world, for for my part I know nothing ſo weighty to carry as a ſealed Letter, when one dares not open it by reaſon of Ceremony? *Artemidorus* being now rouz'd from that Lethargick ſlumber in which he was buryed by *Clidimiras* ſight, told her, he would diſmiſs himſelf from her company, if ſhe would not read the Letter; ſo that being conſtrain'd to open it, ſhe found it poyſon'd with theſe dangerous words.

I Pray Madam receive with a favourable eye the advice I intend to give you, and do not think ſtrange if the perſon ſubſcribes not her name; for your Friendſhip is ſo dear to her, that not knowing how you will receive this advice, ſhe dares not expoſe her ſelf to your hatred. Know then Madam, he which renders you my Letter, doth not poſſeſs your affection without the knowledge of divers perſons; I know not whether 'tis his fault or yours, but many know you lov'd him firſt, and may yet love him laſt; for as he hath not been too ſtrongly touch'd with Clidimiras *change, he is not perhaps ſo faithful to you as he ought to be; every one knows you love him, that you receive his Letters, and return him affectionate anſwers, that he wholly ſways your ſoul, and that you vouchſafe him many favours, which he doth not receive with ſuch tranſport of love as* Terillus *would, did you pleaſe ſo far to honour him: Every one knows* Clidimira *doth not hate him, that he hath nigh ſeal'd her juſtification, and that his extinct flames may be re-aeſcended if they are not already: You would therefore attract much more glory, to recompenſe the conſtancy of* Terillus, *to leave* Artemidorus *to* Clidimira, *and by this means you will free your ſelf from that obloquy which doubtleſs will blemiſh your Reputation, if you do not Regulate your ſelf by my Counſel.*

Aſſoon as *Bereliſa* began to read this Letter, ſhe bluſh'd, and bluſh'd with ſo many ſignes of anger imprinted in her face, that *Artemidorus* who look'd attentively on her, knew it contain'd ſomthing which diſpleas'd her, and had much vexation becauſe he had deliv'red it to her: *Clidimira* on the contrary had an extream joy to ſee the inquietude of *Bereliſa*; ſhe teſtifi'd her notice of it, to the end to give more curioſity to *Artemidorus*, for ſhe believ'd *Bereliſa* would not ſhew it him. She had no ſooner peruſed the Letter, but ſhe ſaid to her, I entreat you Siſter to tell me if the news you have from the Army, acquaints you with the death of any of your friends, for I ſee ſo many marks of grief in your countenance, that I already ſeek to devine who we have loſt. For my part added *Artemidorus*, looking on *Bereliſa*, I ſhall eſteem my ſelf very unhappy, if I have brought unto you any doleful news; but if ſo, I can at leaſt aſſure you, I know not who writ it. *Bereliſa* ſeeing her ſelf preſt to ſhew this Letter, told them, that there was nothing conſiderable in it, and that it contain'd certain domeſtick affairs. You have not a ſoul ſo intereſſed (reply'd *Clidimira* with much confidence) to be ſenſible of things of this nature. I bluſh ſometimes ſo eaſily (reply'd *Bereliſa*, cloyſt'ring this Letter in her pocket) that one muſt never judge of the reſentments of my heart by the emotion of my face; but though *Bereliſa* made a great effort to conſtrain her ſelf, *Artemidorus* knew ſome diſturbance had entered her ſpirit; in effect, ſo ſoon as *Clidimira* was gone, ſhe thought on nothing but this cruel Letter, and ſhe imagin'd it had been wrote by the contrivance of *Terillus*; but though her ſpirit was incens'd, ſhe did not believe ſhe ought to ſhew this letter to *Artemidorus*, for fear he did not credit what ſhe believ'd, and leſt he ſhould be tranſported againſt *Terillus*, to whom they had both obligations; and her ancient jealouſie beating an alarum to her heart in this inſtant, ſhe had intention for ſome time to obſerve *Clidimira* and *Artemidorus*. In the mean time *Clidimira* who ſecretly tryumph'd at this deceit, was in hope this letter would prove effectual; for if *Bereliſa* did not

ſhew

shew it to *Artemidorus*; 'twas an evident signe this Artifice had made some impression in her heart, which might in some time breed a difference between them; and if she shew'd it him, *Clidimira* drew from thence at least this advantage, to make known to *Artemidorus* she yet lov'd him; for though she imagin'd I had told him, she was not certain of it. So soon as she was departed, *Artemidorus* press'd *Berelisa* to shew him this letter; but as *Clidimira* when she went away saluted this Prince in a manner which augmented her suspitions, she confirm'd her self in her intended resolution not to shew it him: *Artemidorus* who could not suffer she should conceal any secret from him, thus complain'd of her injustice; Do you then believe Madam said he to her, that 'tis permitted you to hide any secret from me, who have made an entire resignation of my heart to you, and who tells you without any reservation, all you desire? Is it thus Madam you requite my Tenderness, my Fidelity, and my Respect? You know (added he) that you have refus'd me a thousand and a thousand favours, and that I have promis'd never to breath forth any dislike of your actions, whilst I am assur'd to, possess your heart; speak then Madam I entreat you, and tell me if this is to be the master of it, not to know what passes there? Do you think Madam that one cannot be unfaithful but in ceasing to love any person? Or that one cannot love others then *Clidimira*? And believe you not that it should be a kind of Infidelity to trust more to ones self, then to the person one loves, and to conceal any thing from him. I believe at least (reply'd *Berelisa* blushing) that when one faithfully loves a person, one ought never to mention a woman one hath lov'd, if he is not constrain'd to it; but you do not so: for I am assur'd you speak an hundred and an hundred times of *Clidimira*, without necessity; I have even heard you mention her name for an others, there being no resemblance betwixt them; if you would speak of some quarter of *Agrigentine*, the street where *Clidimira* remains; if one asks you the time when you were freed from close restraint, you say 'twas a little before *Clidimira* came to *Agrigentine*; and *Clidimira* is yet so strong in your memory, that you speak not so much of me to others, as you do of *Clidimira* to me. But Madam, replyed he, I have mention'd her an hundred times to you, to declare her unworthy actions. You would have done me more pleasure never to speak to me of her (replyed she) to dis-accustome your mouth from pronouncing her name; for in fine, 'tis a general maxime, not to mention the first Mistris to the second, unless (as I have formerly said) one is constraind; and I had rather hear you call *Clidimira Berelisa*, then *Lysicoris Clidimira*: But Madam said *Artemidorus* to her, Do not you think hatred presents persons one hates to the memory, as well as Love those which one loves? And do you think it should be possible I might ever love *Clidimira* if I should not love you? No, no Madam, added he, I cannot love an unfaithful Mistris; 'Tis true, I am not so much transported as another, but 'tis because I believe discretion ought to reside in the hearts both of happy and unhappy Lovers, and that they should retain a kind of civility for the Female sex: But after all, I hate and despise *Clidimira*, and I despise her it may be more then you can imagine. Time will demonstrate it to us reply'd she. What? Madam, replyed he, Do you believe time is necessary to assure the fidelity of a man to whom you have promis'd your affection? And can you conceal a secret from me? Ah Madam, if 'tis so, *Terillus* is less unfortunate then I am, for at least he can ground his happiness on no future hope; but for my part Madam, who think to be happy, I find my self plung'd in misery. In the mean time added he, there is it may be several things within these few days happen'd to me which merit a more favourable treatment. But if there's happen'd things I know not (reply'd she with precipitation) you ought not to think it strange if I declare not a secret to you, since you have one I know not. *Artemidorus* seeing his own words had betray'd him, and not willing by generosity to acquaint *Berelisa* that her Sister yet lov'd him, would have explain'd it otherwise then he had said; but as he is naturally very sincere, he could not frame himself to tell a lye. *Berelisa* then knowing by the manner of his speech he had somthing he would not tell her, had such a strong curiosity, that she car-

neſtly preſs'd him to tell her what had happen'd to him, which made him deſiſt from deſiring to know the contents of the Letter; ſo that both having a ſtrong curioſity, and this curioſity augmentnig by their reſiſtance, in the end *Bereliſas* being the ſtronger, it oblig'd her to tell *Artemidorus*, that if he promis'd her not to be tranſported with any reſentment againſt the party (whom ſhe imagin'd) had wrote the Letter ſhe receiv'd, ſhe would ſhew it him. And he likewiſe told her, that if ſhe engag'd her ſelf not to ſpeak of what he ſaid to her, ſhe ſhould ſee that ſhe had much injur'd him in ſpeaking to him of *Clidimira* in that manner as ſhe had done. In fine, *Bereliſa* gave to *Artemidorus* the Letter he had given her; which ſo ſurpriz'd him, that the fountain of his uttererance was a long time ſeal'd, before he could perform his Word to *Bereliſa*, for they at firſt ſo ſympathiz'd in their thoughts, that there was doubtleſs a tranſmigration of their ſouls: for he likewiſe believing *Terillus* had invented this fallacy, he then began to exaggerate his misfortune, for having a Rival to whom he had many obligations, and to ſeek by what way *Terillus* had known what he had wrote in his Letter: For ſaid he to *Bereliſa*, if there was nothing there but my Love for you, and your goodneſs for me, I ſhould ſay Jealouſie had dictated it to him; ſince there is no better ſpy then the ſpirit of a jealous Lover: But Madam, I am ſurpriz'd of what he relates concerning *Clidimira*, ſince that (in fine) if I muſt tell you all things, 'tis true, that this unfaithful perſon would without doubt once more deceive me. *Bereliſa* hearing *Artemidorus* ſpeak in this manner, preſs'd him to retail to her that which he had ſaid; and this Prince willing to obey her, recounted unto her that which I had told him: But though ſhe might remain ſatisfied, yet ſhe was angry he had conceal'd that from her ſo long time: Nevertheleſs (added ſhe by a motion of Jealouſie) do not you imagine *Clidimira* would reconquer your heart by a reſentment of Love for you; for I am aſſur'd 'tis not but by a reſentment of hatred for me; and if another had depriv'd you of your Love, ſhe would have reſign'd to her a peaceable poſſeſſion; but as I am unhappy, I would not ſwear you will not become unfaithfaithful. Ah Madam (interrupted *Artemidorus*) you are the injuſteſt perſon in the world to uſe thoſe words. As they were on theſe terms, the amiable *Philonice* entred, accompany'd by the Prince of *Meſſena*, who came to *Agrigentine* during a ſuſpenſion of Arms: I came likewiſe to *Bereliſas* houſe a little after; and as I was taxt of Inconſtancy, *Lyſicoris* who was come with the Princeſs *Philonice*, having ſomthing to tell me, call'd me, whilſt *Philonice* ſpoke to *Bereliſa* towards the windows: But as I anſwered not, I pray ſaid ſhe to a Lady which was nigh me, Tell that unfaithful perſon who is by you, that I would entertain him. Hardly had *Lyſicoris* ſaid this, but turning towards her, I pray ſaid he to her, call me not unfaithful; yet for Inconſtant (purſu'd I) I endure it; but for unfaithful, I cannot ſuffer it. I have not ſuch a delicate ſpirit as you (reply'd *Lyſicoris*) and I know not too well between Inconſtancy and Infidelity. As *Lyſicoris* ſaid that, the Princeſs *Philonice* who had heard her, turn'd, and ſeated her ſelf; and making one in this diſcourſe, ſhe demanded who could doubt there was no diſtinction to be made between a faithful and inconſtant perſon. In truth (reply'd *Lyſicoris*) I think in caſe of Love, theſe two things very much reſemble. For my part, reply'd I, I am not of that opinion, that one cannot ſomtimes be inconſtant without ſhame, and that one cannot be unfaithful without baſeneſs. *Bereliſa* ſeeing then ſuch a fair occaſion to inſult over *Clidimira*, and to darken her eſteem with *Artemidorus*, engag'd ſo diſcreetly this converſation, that ſhe ſaw her ſelf oblig'd to make the diſtinction; and ſhe did it more eaſily then any part of the Company; and the Prince of *Meſſena*, as others, without exact examination ſaid, that Inconſtancy and Infidelity might eaſily be confounded. For my part ſaid then the Princeſs *Philonice*, I am of the opinion of *Bereliſa* and *Zenocrates*; for I believe one cannot ſay there is a kind of Inconſtancy without Infidelity; or Fidelity without Inconſtancy; and if 'twas not that I am now in a melancholy humour, I might very well bring my thoughts to tryal; but ſince *Zenocrates* and *Bereliſa* are of my opinion, I give them Commiſſion to declare my reſentments; for I imagine they know them: But ſaid then *Lyſi-*

coris,

coris ſmiling, Is he not an unfaithful man which changeth love? and an Inconſtant Lover is he not likewiſe who changes his Miſtris? A liberal man who makes a Preſent without choice (reply'd *Bereliſa*) gives ſomthing which is to him, and a prodigal man which caſts without choiſe, gives likewiſe that which appertains to him; the one practiſeth a vertue, and the other makes to ſee he hath a vice; this which is well more eſtrang'd the one from the other, then Inconſtancy and Infidelity: for I ſay not that Inconſtancy ſhould be a vertue, but I ſay that an honeſt man when he is young, may ſomtimes be inconſtant, without diſhonouring himſelf, and that in ſome times, in ſome age, and in pretext that this ſhould be, no perſon can be unfaithful without baſeneſs and infamy; I ſuſtain likewiſe that Infidelity and Inconſtancy are yet more horrible in women then men. *Bereliſa* ſaid this with ſo much emotion, that I knew well that I might do her the greateſt pleaſure in the world to remit my cauſe in her hands, and that ſhe was not ſorry to ſpeak on this ſubject, finding likewiſe much more fit to oblige her to defend me, then to defend my ſelf; I left her at leaſt to begin this innocent War. But then ſaid the Prince of *Meſſena*, I would know preciſely what is that delicate diſtinction you make of Inconſtancy and Infidelity? I call Inconſtancy (reply'd *Bereliſa*) a certain incertitude of heart and ſpirit, where young men are more ſubject then others, ſince there is without doubt two or three years of life; where thoſe which are naturally of an inconſtant inclination, find nothing which pleaſes them, which attaches them not ſucceſſively; for by example, if *Zenocrates* would ſay the truth, he will confeſs that a great number of women have pleaſed him, that he hath fair brown, and fair yellow, he hath many times felt in his heart enough diſpoſition to have love, he will even confeſs I aſſure you that he hath began to tell it to many fair Perſons; and that there is likewiſe ſome others for whom he hath chang'd thoughts before he had occaſion to ſpeak to him of his paſſion. I ingeniouſly confeſs, reply'd he, but above all I believe not to be unfaithful. You have reaſon reply'd *Bereliſa*, and one cannot without doubt accuſe you but of a ſimple Inconſtancy which hath even nothing which reſembles infidelity; for as I have already ſaid it, to ſpeak of this kind of inconſtancy in general, it comes from this, that thoſe which are capable of it, are ſenſible to all that which appears fair to them, of all which is new to their eyes, and to their ſpirits, of that which they ſeek to pleaſe without difficulty, of that which they have any irreſolution in the ſpirit, which binders them from chuſing of that that the firſt youth of Inconſtancy have ſome reſemblance; but after all, thoſe men there which ſee pleaſures from quarter to quarter, from ſtreet to ſtreet, and from houſe to houſe, do not aſſuredly betray the perſon, becauſe no perſon truſts to them; and to ſpeak truly, the Inconſtants of this kind only vex themſelves, ſince they have pain to attaque an hundred hearts without gaining one; one hearken to their pleaſures without believing them, one receives their incenſe without vanity, one leaves them without pain, one deſtroys them without regret, and they come through the world, as Butterflies on flowers, without reſting on any thing, and without leaving any ſigne of their paſſage, likewiſe not doing any diſcurteſie to a perſon, there would be much injuſtice to confound thoſe Inconſtants with the unfaithful I have ſpoken of; ſure their inconſtancy is without perfidiouſneſs and ſuperchery; 'tis not but to ſay the truth it ſhould be deſired this Inconſtancy was baniſhed from the heart of young perſons; for if it is not very criminal, it is not at leaſt laudable; I will likewiſe confeſs with ſincerity is not yet altogether a true Inconſtant, and he hath only a ſimple diſpoſition to be ſo. I am oblig'd to you (reply'd I) for enrolling me in the number of the inconſtant perſons, and not placing me among thoſe which are unfaithful, for 'tis certain I cannot ſuffer it. But ſaid the Prince of *Meſſena*, I comprehend not wherefore thoſe which vary in their thoughts have not Infidelity. You will eaſily be ſatisfied therein (reply'd *Bereliſa*) if you conſider that to make a Lover truly merit the quality of unfaithful, one muſt ſuffer his affection, one muſt hearken to him, one muſt give him hope, one muſt love him; if a man on the contrary loves a woman without being beloved, and that he hath ſerv'd a long

time without attaining her love, he leaves her, one loves another; one cannot in this case place him in the number of the unfaithfull, nor that of the inconstant; for as one loves not, but for to be loved, as soon as one destroys the hope, love may die in a Lovers heart, without being culpable of any crime; and to speak truth, it is not even possible that it dies not there, 'tis therefore not doing that but which one might hinder themselves from doing; one leaves love without inconstancy, and one cannot love otherwise, without infidelity; but the most odious and the most degenerate crime in the World, is, when there's a concatenation of affection between two persons, and that it happens one breaks the Chain; for in this case, there 'tis not a simple inconstancy, 'tis an infidelity, where inconstancy, perfidiousnes, and baseness are found; and 'tis in fine, as I have said, the greatest of all crimes in this point, before you ingage your self, you consider not what you do, you examine not your thoughts and do not well know the heart you give, nor the heart you receive: 'Tis true, said *Philonice*, I find something very strange to see men of spirit suddenly change their thoughts: But, said then *Lysicor*, when one hath this misfortune what shall one do? I will, reply'd *Berelisa*, one should continue to love by generosity, when one cannot by inclination; that in fine, when one is promis'd an eternal affection, no reason can dispense with it, but the infidelity of the person one loves; and in this case, we must not onely love her no more, but hate her, despise her, flie from her as from a Monster, and revenge our selves though ne'er therby prejudic'd; for if its a man which is unfaithful, no person should force him to go to say to a woman he loves her, and to tell her it often, to make her love him; therefore when he changes, he hath no excuse in effect: probity, sincerity, and fidelity ought to be in love, as all other things, and more then in other things, because the consequences are more dangerous, being certain'd there's no exchange more important then the hearts of two persons which love one another. But if a man is criminal of being unfaithfull, at least confesse, repli'd the Prince of *Messena*, that a woman hath the same injury as a man. I say, repli'd *Berelisa*, and Ile maintain she hath more, for as cruelty befits women in love, they might take him to examine themselves, ere they ingage to love any one; but after you have consider'd of it, a woman accepts the heart is offered to her, and that she gives her's, she cannot change without infamy; and truly a woman at least in my opinion, cannot innocently love but once in her life; besides baseness and perfidiousnes, which is common to her with an unfaithfull man; neither can one yet accuse her of imprudence or little modesty; for, for my part, I conceive not how a woman who hath vertue and good judgement to resolve her, should voluntarily renounce the love of a man, to whom she hath given many testimonies of affection, when she feels her love decay.

Nevertheless reply'd *Philonice*, one sees they make no difficult to do it. I am of your opinion, reply'd *Berelisa*, but if I was a man, I should have an horrible aversion for those women; But I pray said the Prince of *Messena*, in what rank do you place those men who make a seeming love, when they love not, and sometimes obtain love? I put them in the rank of deceivers, repli'd she. But amongst the unfaithfull, repli'd I, it seems to me there are many sorts; for there are some which become so, because they find defects in the person they love, that they noted not before; and there's others which cease to love, because their own good fortune destroys their love; For the first (said *Berelisa*) I sustain that when one hath solidly contracted an affection with some one, there is but one onely defect of love, which might be a legitimate cause to break it, and the losse of beauty, youth, change of fortune and health, ought to change nothing in the hearts of two persons which have promis'd an eternal love; but for those whose love destroys it self, I find them so criminal and so odious, that I boldly say 'tis impossible their spirits are season'd with any good qualities, or that their heart is noble; and the change of thoughts without any strange cause, is the greatest sign of imbecility and defining of judgement, and that in the end, the infidelity in love from whence soever it proceedeth, is the basest and criminallest thing in the World; all other duties of life approach

not the ingagement of this, because one is born subject to all the others, and this is by a voluntary subjection one makes it a law to himself, which ought to be as much more inviolable as one imposes it, and one cannot infringe it without condemning himself, without destroying his own pleasures, without blemishing his honour, without trampling Justice and Vertue under his feet. All that which you say, is admirably well said, repli'd the Prince of *Messena*; but above all, if in despight one hath of it one feels one loves no more, what shall one do then? I will, as I have already told you, that one loves by generosity, when one cannot love more by inclination; and I will if one can no more love, that one constrains himself therefore to act, as if one loves not; yet since that it is in this occasion onely that it is, permit to deceive innocently, and that it is even good to do it; at least I know well, that if one acts otherwise, one must resolve to be hated and despised of all persons, which have vertue and reason; for I confess to you, that I know not how one hath boldnesse to shew himself in the World after a perfidiousnes of this nature; Nevertheless there is found women which shew themselves, repli'd I. And there is likewise found men, added *Philonice*, which leaves not to love them. Ah for these men there, said then *Berelisa*, it is assuredly they should not be too delicate in love, nor in generosity; for, for my part, if I was a man, it would be impossible for me to love a person which should act any infidelity. But yet, said the Prince of *Messena*, without knowing the Interest she had in this question, which excuse you more sooner, whether a man who should love a woman, which should have made an infidelity to an other, or of a Lover a Lady should have betray'd, and which would renew affection with her? In my opinion, repli'd *Berelisa* blushing, I cannot ballance these two things, for he which should have suffer'd infidelity, would be more condemnable then another, that at least might flatter himself with the opinion to have more merit, then he which should have been abandoned. Nevertheless, added she, to make *Artemidorus* speak, I should be glad but for this Article, one demands that he seemeth of it to all men in the company. You are so equitable in all things, said then *Artemidorus*, who had not yet spoken, that your thoughts should be those of all honest persons; and for my part, I declare, I approve all that you have said, and even all that which you think.

For my part, repli'd I, I am not so complaisant, for I find both have an equal wrong: And I, added the Prince of *Messena*, I think that a Lover who hath conquered the heart of a woman, ought (if he can) reconquer it, when he hath lost it; for what knows he, but he will find it better: But, it may be, he may find it worse, said *Berelisa*. Thought it should be so repli'd *Philonice*, I find *Berelisa* hath very wel made the distinction between Inconstancy and Infidelity: I confess to you Madam, (repli'd she) I have not said the third part of what I think, for better to understand it, one must after to have separated the inconstant from the faithfull; one must I say divide the unfaithfull between them and the inconstant, there are unfaithfull persons by weaknesse, by interest, by capriciousnesse, and by impiety, and there is likewise inconstant persons of temperament, of occasion, of vanity, of little judgement, of debility, of wantonnesse, and of idlenesse. If you will examine these divers things, said I to her, 'twould require doubtlesse much time. As one accuses to be a demy-inconstant, reply'd *Philonice*, I see well you fear that one puts you not in the rank of those, of which *Berelisa* would speak; but since you take no interest to infidelity, and that you have never lov'd long enough to be unfaithfull, I would willingly demand of you, which of the two a woman should love best, in the necessity to suffer infidelity? or that love should insensibly distil into the heart of her Lover, without loving any other person after her; or that his infidelity was caus'd by a new love? Ah Madam, interrupted *Berelisa*, alwaies thinking on *Artemidorus*, I put no comparison between these two things? for a man which leaves one woman to love another; or a woman which breaks with a lover for a new ingagement, commits a more outragious action, then if a lover diminishes by little and little. For my part, repli'd *Lysicoris*, I am not of your opinion, and I know nothing more cruel or more outragious, then when without any strange cause, one

ees the fire extinct; for in this estate, one knows not what to do to retain such a Lover; I have had a friend to whom this adventure was hapned, who told me the fantastical things in the World to exagerate to me her grief; for, said she one day to me, I am the same I was, when he of whom I complain, was deeply in love with me; my mirrour and my eyes speak the same, and all those who approach me, confirm me by their flatteries; I am not deceiv'd, I am likewise pleasant and as faithfull as ever, I have no less spirit, and he is not the same he was; yet, added she, if any amiable person hath depriv'd me of him, I should have the consolation to hate her, I should find an hundred inventions to displease her; I should even think her adulation had attracted him, that novelty had charm'd him; and in continuance of time, he would repent himself of his infidelity, and return to me; but ye think being, as it is, one would say he hath forgot to love, and that he remembers not to have loved: I know not likewise what to do, neither to remit love in his heart, nor to hate him, though I know there's nothing more out-ragious, then to cease to love in this manner, because it must of necessity be supposed I have no puissant charms, since I cannot keep an heart I had conquer'd, that no person deprives me of it. After this (pursu'd *Lysicoris*) I have nothing more to tell you to assert my opinion, since the complaints of my friend I have reported, sum up all my reasons. If you have no better (reply'd *Berelisa*) it will be easie to vanquish you, since 'tis certain there's no comparison to make between these two sorts of Infidelities; one cannot imagine but he which ceases to love without making any new Love, doth it not but because a certain scrupulous sagacity perswades him this passion is a weakness; or that being of those men who can stay long in any place, he is troubled at his own conquest; so that to reason well one may say, that a Lover of this nature renders himself worthy of the despisal of her whom he abandons, without one may positively say that he despises her; for in ceasing to love a person without loving another, one sees he despises love in general, and not in particular, the person whom he deserts; but for a Lover who makes a new Love, there's nothing more injurious, more cruel, nor more sensible; the tenderness of the heart is thereby wounded, honour is thereby engag'd, and in fine, one suffers all that one can suffer. I am of your opinion that this other kind of Infidelity is rude, that one sees no remedy, and that its very just and very natural to hate whosoever denies his love, I boldly confess that one ought more to hate one of those Lovers then a true enemy, who hates you as you hate him, and who not having never lov'd you, hath not at least betrai'd you; but after all you may not have in your heart in this occasion, hatred against him, and against your self; on the contrary, an infidelity of the other manner, seats in your heart not onely hatred against your self, and against your Lover; but that which is the most cruel of jealousie, of fury, and even sometimes of injustice and cruelty; for the means to see ones self to attain between the hands and heart which is very dear, without hating not onely him which gives it to another, but her to whom it is given; at least, I know I have seen women, who have hated all the brown beauties, because that some Lady who had black eys and brown hairs, had rob'd them of their Lovers; and in effect it is altogether hard to see that one prefers another person before you, and that one leaves assured for incertain favours. Moreover, what grief is it to think this Lover sacrifices you to his last Mistris, and that he tells what obliging curtesies you have bestow'd upon him, to the end to oblige to bestow more; for my part, I believe that this kind of grief so much troubles reason, that though it would be more shame in appearance that one prefers another person without merit before you, on therefore had rather the thing should be so; to the end that at least one hath the consolation, that if this adventure is known every one blames her, which hath made such a bad choice: But, repli'd *Lysicoris*, can you yet hope that this unfaithfull, which is not become insensible to love, will recover reason, and will return to you; instead that if 'tis one of those Lovers whereof the fire is extinct, what do you, and what can you do to refire him. Nothing, repli'd *Berelisa*, for I declare to you, that whosoever should cease to love me, should never be loved of me; but had you rather love

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an unfaithfull which becomes ſo by ambition, repli'd *Philonice*. In truth, repli'd *Bereliſa*, it is of infidelity as of death; for in any manner that one dies, its very rigorous to die, I think nevertheleſs that I ſhould rather forget an ambitious unfaithfull, then an unfaithfull as I have ſpoken of, I would therefore deſpiſe him very much; added ſhe, but as I ſhould not fear ſo much, that he would go to recount my favours to fortune, then another to his Miſtris, I ſhould have at leaſt leſs grief: But, repli'd I, do you think it fit one ſhould leave you for glory? By no means, repli'd ſhe, for the love of glory is not inconſiſtent with that of a vertuous perſon, and not to trouble you further with any frivolous diſcourſe concerning infidelity, aſſure your ſelf I ſhould never think well of him that ſhould forſake me, though it were even to ſave his own life. The fair *Bereliſa* ſaies right, repli'd *Artemidorus*, for when all's done, there can be no excuſe for infidelity. You ſpeak but lightly of it, for one that hath experienc'd it, repli'd ſhe bluſhing: for, for my part, I declare, that I cannot imagine any thing, more unjuſt, more baſe, more ungratefull, more unworthy, a gallant Soul, nor more incompatible with vertue. However, ſaid I to her, ſmiling, give not ſo cruel a verdict, againſt ſuch as are inconſtant without any evil deſign, whom you ere-while ſo pertinently compared to Butterflies. I acknowledge it, ſaid ſhe, but that I may neither flatter nor ſurpriſe you, I think that if people do not in time recover themſelves out of that harmleſſe inconſtancy which you ſpeak of, it may prove a diſpoſition which may arrive to the habit of Infidelity. I therefore think it much concerns any one, to ſhake hands with it as ſoon as may be; for to be plain with you, inconſtancy, though never ſo little, is a crime. But, I pray, repli'd *Philonica*, of the inconſtant, what kind are you moſt diſpleas'd with? Thoſe which are ſuch out of affectation, repli'd *Bereliſa*. But are there any ſuch, repli'd I? For my part, I aſſure you, if I am guilty of any inconſtancy, I mean no hurt by it, I think not of it, even when I am ſeiz'd by it; and if there happen a change in my Love, the true reaſon is, that, that which did pleaſe me, pleaſes me no more, or that there is ſomething elſe, I am more taken with.

The whole company having laught at this extravagant ſally of mine; *Bereliſa* maintain'd againſt me, that there were ſome that were inconſtant out of affectation, who onely to ſhew themſelves *Gallantillo's*, Wits, and Sparks, pretended one while to love ſuch a one, another ſome other, without any other deſign, then in a ſhort time to beat a many buſhes, and to raiſe talk of themſelves in divers places: But take it from me, added ſhe, very pleaſantly; that as there are ſome young Gallants who conceive themſelves oblig'd in reputation, to pick up the little news's that are flown up and down; to ſing tolerably well, the ſongs that are moſt new, and moſt in vogue; and to treaſure up in their Pockets ſuch compoſitions in Verſe or Proſe (good or bad it matters not) as are new, there are alſo others ſo vain as to make it their buſineſſe to complement all thoſe, whoſe perfections may indeed challenge it; and though neither guilty of inconſtancy, nor love, perpetually wander into thoſe places, where they have nothing to do, nay where indeed they are as ſlightly entertain'd. And whereas ſuch people would ſeem to be what they are not, I abhor them beyond the inconſtant, and can afford them no other predicament then that of the faithleſſe. But, repli'd I, if all manner of inconſtancy were baniſh'd the World, it would follow, that a man muſt never ſpeak to above one woman in all his life, and muſt commend none but her, which in my opinion, would to a many people be a thing inſupportable. Ah *Zenocrates*, repli'd *Bereliſa*, you ſcrew up the Peg too high; for there is a certain complemental civility allowed in converſation, which permits you to commend all beauties, which keeps you from being ſavage or brutiſh; and you may ſometimes celebrate the Brown, ſometimes the Fair, in as much as beauty is every where commendable, what dreſs ſoever it be in. But there is a great diſtance between a general civility and inconſtancy; for a perſon generally civil begets in all hearts an inclination of love and eſteem for him; but a man profeſs'dly inconſtant, ſuch as I know ſome, ſpends his whole life, in ſaying what is never believ'd, in

praiſing thoſe which diſpraiſe him; in ſnatching at every thing, though he faſten on nothing; to fight without victory, and to love without any return: Thus it happens at length, that men of this humour, feel all the afflictions of love, and never come to be acquainted with the pleaſures, and after they have ſhifted their hearts from hand to hand, they are forc'd to take them home wither'd, becauſe they can meet with none that will be troubled with them. This expreſſion of *Bereliſa* cauſing a general laughter in the company, I publickly declared, I would reform that careleſs inconſtancy whereof I ſtood accus'd, and made a vow either to become a conſtant Lover, or inſenſible. Whereupon *Philonica*, ſaid pleaſantly, that ſhe believ'd I ſhould rather prove the latter then the former, and that ſhe ſhould be as glad of it as my ſelf; which ſaid, ſhe roſe up, and the company being diſſolv'd, *Bereliſa* was extreamly troubled. For though ſhe had ſaid many things handſomly, yet came they from her, rather out of that conceal'd intereſt which ſhe had in what was diſcours'd of, then any freedom of humour, inſomuch that being left alone, ſhe was exceſſively melancholly. She read over the cruel Letter ſhe had receiv'd, and found in it ſo much matter of grief, that ſhe could not ſleep all night. That which diſturb'd her moſt in all this adventure, was, that *Artemidorus* had told her, as a ſecret, of the recommencement of *Clidimira's* love to him; for as to what was ſaid, of the affection which ſhe her ſelf had for that Prince, as it was very innocent, ſo was ſhe not much troubled at it. She was alſo much incenſed againſt *Terillus*, as believing it was he who had directed the packet which *Artemidorus* had received: nor could ſhe but fear the buſineſs might have ſome unhappy conſequence; but all conſidered, ſhe fear'd nothing ſo much, as that *Clidimira* might recover the heart ſhe had loſt. On the other ſide, *Clidimira* was in doubt whether ſhe ſhould gain her ancient ſervant from *Bereliſa*; but withal, had this conſiderable ſatisfaction, to think that ſhe caus'd a diſturbance in her Rival. As for *Artemidorus*, he was extremely perplex'd and out of tune; for in the imagination he had that *Terillus* had ſent him the terrible Letter he had delivered to *Bereliſa*, he was almoſt out of himſelf that he was in his debt for it, and that he was withal oblig'd in point of generoſity, to pretend not to believe it was he had put that trick upon him. Beſides, the jealouſie he obſerv'd in *Bereliſa*, made him fear the conſequences of it; nor was he leſs diſorder'd by the affection of *Clidamira*. Yet was he not without ſome intervals wherein he was not much diſpleas'd, to think that it was now her turn to feel what puniſhment it is to love, and not to be lov'd again.

But to haſten as much as I can to an end of this long relation, *Artemidorus* return'd the next day to *Bereliſas*, to ask her what ſhe would have him do. In the firſt place, ſaid ſhe to him, I would have you not pretend to believe that it was *Terillus* who directed that Packet to you; in the next, I would have you without doing her any violence, put ſome publike affront upon *Clidimira*, which may ſerve you as a pretenſe never to go to her houſe more, nor ſpeak to her any where elſe. That I ſhould never more ſee her at home (reply'd he) nor ſpeak to her again, I gladly ſubmit to you, but to do her any affront publikely, is a command you cannot juſtly lay upon me, inſomuch that common Civility will not allow a vertuous man to do any ſuch thing. I know not (reply'd *Bereliſa*) whether Civility will permit it, but I am certain Love will, ſince I would have it ſo; for in fine, what confidence can I have in your affection, if you obey me not in this buſineſs? You know (added ſhe) that it is with much reluctancy you have reſolv'd to hate the unfaithful *Clidimira*, how then can I be aſſur'd that you will perſiſt in this diſaffection, ſince ſhe ſtill behaves her ſelf as if ſhe lov'd you? But Madam, anſwer'd *Artemidorus*, if I have been ſo much troubled to ceaſe loving the faithleſs *Clidimira*, how do you conceive I can poſſibly ceaſe to love the faithful *Bereliſa*? However it be (ſaid ſhe) I muſt have this expreſſion of your affection. But Madam, reply'd he, I do not abſolutely deny you, but entreat you to take ſome days to conſider, whether you do not your ſelf an injury by engaging me upon ſuch a buſineſs; for *Terillus* and *Clidimira*, who have of late ſeem'd very kind together, will be ſure to lay it at your

your door, if I do what you would have me: If therefore you will take my advice, you will be satisfied with that security I give you, never to see *Clidimira* at her house, to avoid her elsewhere, never to speak to her, and to love you eternally. Ah! *Artemidorus*, reply'd *Bereliſa*, blushing with vexation, you are too diſcreet to be a Lover; and if the humour takes me to be diſcreet alſo in my turn, you ſhall find that Love and Diſcretion hold not ſo good correſpondence, and that they are more likely to deſtroy then ſupport one another in the ſame heart. But Madam, replyd this Prince, what have I ſaid which might incenſe you? What have I done which might deſerve your indignation? You husband your ſelf too much between *Clidimira* and Me, reply'd ſhe; and that I am not able to endure: whereas if I were as cautious not to diſpleaſe *Terille* as you are *Clidimira*, either you would renounce all love for me, or be very angry. But Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, are you not confident of my affection? And can you ſuſpect that I ſtill love the faithleſs *Clidimira*? I do abſolutely believe you love her, reply'd ſhe; but if there ſhould happen ſome little difference between you and I, I ſhould not think it impoſſible you might love her again: My deſire therefore is, that you were at ſuch a diſtance with her, that you ſhould never be reconcil'd, and conſequently never give me the grief to ſee you in your ancient fetters: Not (added ſhe) but that if I were to hate you, I ſhould wiſh you that misfortune; for I know nothing more unhappy, more poor, nor more unworthy a man of a great and noble ſoul, then to be match'd with a faithleſs one, and put himſelf into a condition to be over-reach'd the ſecond time. I aſſure you Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, that I am not likely to meet with this ſad misfortune, and that I cannot be unhappy by the means of any faithleſs perſon, if you do not become ſuch. But why then (reply'd ſhe) do you not raiſe me out of the weakneſs you ſee I am in, ſince that while you reſtore me, you ſhould withal be reveng'd of *Clidimira*? If I could do it without your being concern'd therein as well as my ſelf, reply'd he, I ſhould gladly obey you; But Madam, I beſeech you conſider what commands you lay on me, and aſſure your ſelf I ſhall ever love you, *Clidimira* never, even though ſhe ſhould have a greater affection for me then ever I had for her. *Artemidorus* (reply'd ſhe) you are too tedious in debating a thing pleaſes me not.

While ſhe ſaid this, *Clidimira* comes into the room, which cauſed a fatal interruption of the conference. In the mean time *Artemidorus* thinking to oblige *Bereliſa*, took his leave; but not being able to quit the room without paſſing by *Clidimira*, he had not the power to do it without a civil ſalute, which *Bereliſa* took very hainouſly: Not but that ſhe knew well enough that he could not avoid ſaluting her; but ſhe conceiv'd it but juſt, after the diſcourſe ſhe had entertain'd him with, he ſhould have acquitted himſelf with more neglect, and leſs Civility. Nor was it in her power to diſſemble the diſturbance of her mind; which *Clidimira* perceiving, and looking on it as a conſequence of the Letter ſhe had cauſ'd to be written to her, began maliciouſly to preſs her to tell the reaſon of it. When you ſhall have told me that of the joy I ſee in your countenance, reply'd *Bereliſa* coldly, I ſhall haply give you that of the melancholy which ſeems to be in mine. Truly, reply'd *Clidamira*, if my eyes do diſcover any joy, they betray me; for ſince the loſs of *Teleſis*. I have had no great reaſon to be joyful. To deal as truly with you, reply'd *Bereliſa*, I alſo aſſure you, that if mine expreſs any melancholy, they are Impoſtors, and deceive you. But Siſter, reply'd *Clidamira*, it were more unlikely that I ſhould arrive to any joy, after the loſs of *Teleſis*, then it is that you ſhould be ſad. There are ſo many things likely to be true which are not true, reply'd *Bereliſa*, and ſo many true things which ſeem not to be ſo, that I think it not fit to meaſure your joy by the account you give me of it: Not but that (added ſhe) after the loſs of ſuch a Husband as you had, it would be thought very ſtrange that you ſhould ſo ſoon have overcome all grief; but it ſeems youth, and a greatneſs of mind, and beauty, will not ſuffer affliction to be long liv'd. If it be ſo, reply'd *Clidamira*, ſince you have ſo great a Wit, ſince you are ſo Young and Handſome, and have only loſt a Brother, where I have loſt a Husband, it is likely you ſhould

be much more light-hearted then I. As I have not loſt a Brother, but I have withal loſt a Friend, reply'd *Bereliſa*, I have haply thought my ſelf more concern'd in this loſs then you have: for to ſpeak generally, when one loſes a Husband, one loſes a Maſter, who many times diſturbs our pleaſures; and therefore it is not impoſſible but that the loſs of *Teleſis* may cauſe me a greater affliction then it does you. Not to examine whether it be impoſſible or not, reply'd *Clidamira* bluſhing for madneſs, I am certain *Teleſis* is nothing concern'd in the melancholy which is now legible in your eyes. And not to examine, reply'd *Bereliſa*, whether you have reaſon to ſpeak as you do; I am as certain, that the gladneſs which may be read in yours, ought not to be there, there being no great reaſon it ſhould. You may be ſatisfied, replyed ſhe, that if I am glad, I have reaſon to be ſo. And I for my part tell you, reply'd *Bereliſa*, that if I am troubled, I will be reveng'd on thoſe that are the cauſers of my trouble. As angry as you are, reply'd *Clidamira*, I ſhould willingly contribute to your revenge. And ſo you ſhall, reply'd *Bereliſa* in a malicious tone; for being related as we are, our Intereſt cannot be without ſome relation, and ſo not to be divided. Tell me then, who are your enemies of either Sex, reply'd *Clidamira*? You ſee them every day, reply'd *Bereliſa*, I need not name them to you; and it ſhall go very hard but ——

As *Bereliſa* would have continued what ſhe was ſaying, *Aphranor* comes into her Chamber, to acquaint her that the valiant Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had defeated his enemies, had at length forc'd them to Petition for Peace, which was ſigned; adding withall, and directing his ſpeech to both her and *Clidamira*, that they muſt needs go immediately to the Princeſſe *Philonica's*. Which ſaid, he acquainted them with ſome of the Articles of the Treaty, they not offering to interrupt him, as having their ſeveral expectations, that he would not forget that which concern'd the Priſoners. But *Aphranor* conceiv'd they were not to learn, that in all Treaties of Peace, the priſoners of War are ſet at liberty, and therefore ſaid nothing to them as to that point. Inſomuch that having both an equal curioſity as to one Article, wherein yet they were not equally concern'd, they ſpoke both at the ſame time, to aſk the ſame thing. But having receiv'd their anſwer, they bluſh'd, they became more jealous one of another, they hated one another more then before; and to conſummate their affliction, *Aphranor* told them that all the Priſoners were ſet at liberty; 'Tis true (he added) that the Prince of *Agrigentum* had order'd him who had brought him this news, to tell Prince *Artemidorus*, that his Court ſhould be his Sanctuary, as he had offer'd it ſomtime before, and conjur'd him to remain there, till ſuch time as he had made his peace with the Prince of *Leontum*. But when he had quieted them a little with this weak hope, he added, that it was thought this Prince would not accept of the proffer, becauſe of the miſ-intelligence which was between the Princes of *Agrigentum* and *Leontum*. So that *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* perceiving that *Artemidorus* would be obliged to remove, were both extreamly troubled, which trouble yet had a mixture of ſome reflections of joy, which either of them rais'd from this conſideration, that this abſence of his would afflict her Rival. But to ſpeak truly, it was a joy was neither ſerene, nor of long continuance.

In the mean time, *Aphranor* preſſing them to go immediately to *Philonica*, and they not thinking it civil to diſcover they were not ſo loving one to another, as to make a viſit together, were forc'd to obey him. But all the way as they went to this Princeſſe, they ſpoke not one to another, till they were come near her Palace. *Clidamira*, purpoſely to vex *Bereliſa*, and to ſift out her thoughts, ask'd her whether ſhe thought it not fit that ſhe ſent to congratulate *Artemidorus*: For, added ſhe, with a ſeeming ſimplicity, ſince he was pleas'd to give me a viſit in my affliction, I conceive it but fitting I ſhould return his civility. If there be a neceſſity that he depart and leave us, it were fit you did what you ſay; but if he remain, I ſhould conceive you did well, if you had no more to do with him, conſidering what hath paſs'd between you. I aſſure you, repli'd *Clidimira* maliciouſly, that were it not that I found him conſtantly in your Chamber, I ſhould be very indiffe-

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sent whether I return'd him this civility or not; but since there is a *decorum* obliges me not to refrain visiting you, there is no great fear I should receive any incivility from such a Prince as *Artemidorus*. I know not whether I advise you well or not, repli'd *Bereliſa*, but I conceive it were better you receiv'd an incivility, then expose your self to Calumny. As for Calumny, repli'd *Clidimira*, I fear it not much; for when one is conscious that he deserves it not, he need not trouble his thought with it. You are very happy, repli'd *Bereliſa*, to have such a serenity in your thoughts; which said, they entred into *Philonicas* where all was fill'd with joy. But they had not been there an hour, ere *Artemidorus* came to that illustrious Princess, to express his gladness of the satisfaction, which the so glorious success of the Prince of *Agrigentum* had caused to her; and withall, to acknowledge how much he conceiv'd himself oblig'd to the generosity of that Prince. *Philonica* answer'd *Artemidorus* with her ordinary Prudence and Civility; which done, the sage *Cleodamas* being come in, began to whisper something to *Philonica*. For being a man of the most ancient and most honourable House of any in *Agrigentum*, and had withall the recommendation of a great Understanding. Vertue and Honesty, he was more then any other concern'd in the Peace which his Country was now to injoy; so that having acquainted *Philonica* with many things, which it concern'd her to know, he began openly to commend the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had now satisfi'd the World, that he had not rais'd a War but to settle Peace, and not out of any Sally of Ambition, adding, that he was truly a Father to his Subjects, since he preferr'd their quiet before the carrying on of a War, which it had been more to his glory to have continued, had he not preferr'd the publick good before his particular advantages. It is true, continued *Cleodamas*, that to speak rationally, it is much more glorious for a Prince to have preserv'd Plenty in his Dominions then to have ruin'd his neighbours; and it is more noble out of a consideration of Justice and Humanity to be thrifty of the blood of his Subjects, then out of a *Punctilio* of glory and ambition, to be Prodigal of his enemies. All approving what *Cleodamas* said, and acknowledging the praises he gave the Prince of *Agrigentum* to be just, they congratulated *Philonica*, and afterwards, *Artemidorus*. For there being some or other continually, comming in, and going out of *Philonica's* Chamber, the company stood, and every one was at liberty to go from one place to another. So that there was not any either man or woman, which did not complement *Artemidorus*, except *Bereliſa* and *Clidimira*, who had not the courage to go and tell him that they were glad of a thing which indeed caused all their affliction. But *Bereliſa*, desirous to conceal her trouble from her sister-in-law, and being withall, almost out of her self to put her into some disturbance, came to her, and speaking softly; for one who thought her self so much concern'd to send congratulations to *Artemidorus*, said she to her, methinks you make not much hast to tell him that you are glad he is at liberty. I expected you should have shewn me the way, repli'd *Clidimira*; for I believe you think your self as deep in the concernments of that Prince, as I do; but since haply you conceive, that by reason of the relation I have to you, I ought to speak first, I shal do it: Whereupon *Clidimira*, without expecting any answer from *Bereliſa* drew near to *Artemidorus*, who was not far from her, and made a very handsom and obliging complement to him. *Artemidorus* thinking it in a manner barbarous not to return a civil answer before so many people, gave her thanks for her good wishes. But persisting in the desire of tormenting her sister, she behav'd her self so, that though he had for a good while indeavour'd to avoid discourse with her, yet she forc'd him to answer her divers times: Whereat *Bereliſa*, who heard not what pass'd between them, was extreamly vex'd. *Artemidorus* who was not ignorant of the ticklishness of her humour, would have gone to her as soon as he was dis-engag'd from *Clidamira*, but she avoided all discourse with him, and gave him such a lesson of vexation to read in her eyes, that he was infinitely troubled at it. He nevertheless continued following her, and pursu'd her from place to place, insomuch that at last taking her leaning on a Window which look'd into the garden, he went to that next it, and taking hold of a corner of her garment to stay her from going away:

Well, cruel Bereliſa, ſaid he to her, will you eternally avoid me? And when all the World congratulates me though for a thing which afflicts me, do you think it a trouble to comfort me? You are then already reſolv'd, reply'd ſhe roundly, to take *Clidamira* along with you to *Leontum*? I am reſolv'd to die, cruel *Bereliſa*, if you prove not more favourable to me; and I am reſolv'd to hate and be reveng'd of you, repli'd *Bereliſa*, if you prove unfaithfull. I am content you ſhall do both, repli'd he, if I do prove ſuch; but if I am both conſtant and unfortunate, pity me, and love me at leaſt as much as you have promis'd. *Philonica* hereupon, calling *Bereliſa* to her, *Artemidorus* had not the opportunity to ſpeak to her any more all that day; nor could he ſleep all the night following, ſuch a diſtraction did the humouroufneſſe of *Bereliſa*, and the inſinuations of *Clidamira* raiſe in his thoughts. Not as I have already acquainted you, that he had any deſign to ingage himſelf any further to *Clidamira*, and had an exceſſive affection for *Bereliſa*; but he had a conceit that it were a kind of aſperſion to a perſon of honour, uncivilly to ſhake off the love of a woman, whether ſhe had forſaken him or not; ſo that not finding any mean between theſe two things, he was in a ſtrange perplexity. His liberty, which he now was Maſter of, contributed to his diſturbance, for if it favour'd him to be rid of *Clidimira*, it alſo remov'd him from *Bereliſa*, without whom it was impoſſible for him to be happy. On the other ſide, as to what concern'd his fortunes, he eaſily fore-ſaw that if he remain'd at *Agrigentum*, now that he had obtain'd his liberty, he ſhould be proclaim'd Traytor at *Leontum*. So that which way ſoever he look'd, whether on what concern'd *Bereliſa*, or *Clidamira*, or himſelf, his mind was ſtill in the ſame diſturbance. That which further augmented his diſquiet, was the arrival of *Terillus*; for being perſwaded it was he had ſent him the cruel Letter which he delivered to *Bereliſa*, he was no longer able to indure the affront; and if *Bereliſa* had not charged him to keep the buſineſs ſecret, he could not have forborn expreſſing the reſentments he had of it.

In the mean time, *Clidamira* having underſtood by the Gentleman whom ſhe had corrupted, that *Bereliſa* and *Artemidorus* had had ſome little conteſtation, fail'd not to make her advantage of it, and was ſo diligent in finding an opportunity to talk with him at *Philonica's*, that indeed he could not with civility avoid her. To acquaint you, Madam, with what diſcourſe paſs'd between them, were no eaſie task for me; for neither *Artemidorus* nor *Clidamira* could yet be perſwaded to give an exact account of it. Yet thus much hath been gotten out of *Clidamira*, that *Artemidorus* entertain'd her with the bitterest reproaches, which, without a viſible affront, and an abjuration of that civility which is due from man to womankind, he could imagine; and *Artemidorus* hath diſcover'd ſo much, as that *Clidamira* without telling him plainly, *I love thee*, had entertain'd him with the greateſt tenderneſs and paſſion, in the excuſes ſhe made, that ſhe had married *Teleſis*. To be ſhort, the very ſame day I ſaw this Prince, but ſo clouded with ſadneſſe, as I had never ſeen him before. Not but that he lov'd *Bereliſa* with the greateſt affection imaginable; but believing withall, that *Clidamira* lov'd him as much, he looked on it, as what would raiſe a Tempeſt between him and *Bereliſa*. Nor indeed was it unlikely, for there cannot happen a greater diſturbance to a vertuous man, then to be lov'd by two women that hate one another, and yet are oblig'd to be almoſt perpetually together.

But *Bereliſa* having underſtood what diſcourſe had paſt between *Artemidorus* and *Clidamira*, by one of *Philonicas* women, who had over-heard ſome part of it, was ſo troubled that *Artemidorus* had ſaid nothing to her, that without diſcovering her affliction either to *Lyſiorax* or me, or yet to *Artemidorus*; ſhe (to be reveng'd of the diſloyalty of this Prince, as ſhe interpreted it) reſolv'd to be more kind then ordinary to *Terillus*. But to tell you the truth, theſe two Lovers were equally ſurpriz'd at her carriage: for if it was matter of wonder to *Artemidorus* to ſee a remiſſion of her affection to him, it was no leſs to *Terillus*, to find from her that little kindneſs ſhe was pleas'd to ſhew him. He at firſt imagin'd, that ſhe foreſeeing that *Artemidorus* was ſhortly to leave *Agrigentum*, thought fit to make

make sure of him; and having a subtile and a piercing wit, and that sharpned by his jealousie, he soon discover'd that this kindness and complyance of *Berelisa* was but personated and artificial, such as wherein her heart was nothing concern'd; so that it caus'd him to be more jealous then ever. As for *Artemidorus*, though he doubted not but that *Berelisa* still lov'd him, and that it was only for his sake that she was so kind to *Terillus*; yet all consider'd, he could not avoid some reflections of jealousie, which oblig'd him to hate this Rival. For *Berelisa*, though she was satisfied that *Artemidorus* had a tender affection for her, yet being not assur'd but that the flatteries of *Clidamira* might have some influence on him, she was seiz'd by a jealousie which distracted her beyond all imagination: and as concerning *Clidamira*, though she then could without any return of love, and in a manner without hope of any, yet was she subject to jealousie: So that it may be said, that jealousie never had such an Empire in any amorous transaction, and was withal so ill grounded, as in this. For *Terillus* was jealous, though he could never hope for any love from *Berelisa*. *Artemidorus* was jealous of *Terillus*, whom *Berelisa* hated; *Berelisa* was jealous of *Clidamira*, whom *Artemidorus* lov'd not; and *Clidamira* was jealous, though there was not any rational likelyhood she should ever regain the heart she had once lost. Nor could it otherwise be, but that the consequences of these several scenes of jealousie must be sad and tragical, and such as hindred these persons from those enjoyments of Peace which the Prince of *Agrigentum* brought along with him, who was now come burthen'd with glory to receive the acclamations of his people. But I should tyre you with a second relation of the honours were done him, and withal I must remember, it is the hystorie of *Artemidorus*, and not his, which I relate to you. I shall therefore only tell you, that things being in this posture, there hapned to be a consort of Musick in the Gardens of the Palace of *Gyanis*, whereof I told you the ruines were so magnificent. For though this Palace be ruin'd, yet the Gardens remain, and they are so well order'd, that it is the general Walk of all persons of quality, of either Sex, especially in the Summer, when we court the fresh Ayr, to avoid the inconveniences of the heat. The Prince of *Agrigentum* therefore desirous to hear some Musick in this Garden, wherein there are a many Walks with Trees on both sides, which cross one another, had it after an excellent manner: For the Moon not shining that night, and that it is neither pleasant nor handsome to be in the dark, especially in a place where so many people meet, he caused Lamps of Chrystal to be fastned to all the Trees of the principal Walk; as for the rest, they were only at the places where they cross'd, to the end that those might be humour'd who delight to walk in dark shady places, and are desirous of recollection, or would confer of something which cannot be spoken without a change of colour: So that it being noised abroad that there would be a Consort in the Garden, which is called the *Cyclops Garden*, abundance of people came thither that evening. Among others came *Artemidorus*, *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, *Lysicoris*, and *Terillus*. For my part, I was never taken with any thing so much as that Nights walk: For those lights made a strange shew through the thickness of the Trees and the darkness, and that multitude of excellent persons, whereof one had but a glimpse, made a delightful confusion, and caus'd a many adventures. Some walk'd one way, some another; some walk'd up and down, as those that look'd for what they were not likely to find; others having met those they look'd for, possess'd themselves of those seats which are in divers places of the Garden, and without any regard to the Musick, nor those that pass'd to and fro, they discours'd freely, having their minds so far disburthen'd of all things, as if there had been no other people in the world. There were others on the contrary who continually remov'd from one place to another, pretending they had much to do in every place, where indeed they had not any. There were also some who having quite forgotten the company, hearkned only to the Musick and were wholly taken up with that: on the contrary there were others, who not minding the Musick at all, acted the parts of publike spies, and seem'd to have no other business there, then to observe what was done,

that so they might have somthing to discourse of the next day. There wanted not those, who pretending they had some designe in hand, and some business to do, seem'd to be much troubled, which made them quit the company they were engag'd in, to go into the Walks, as if they had appointed to meet some body there, though they knew there was nothing to entertain them but obscurity. There were also some, who, neither discoursing with any body, nor hearing the Musick, nor giving themselves to any recollection; walk'd up and down, singing as if they had been alone in some solitary place. In fine, I saw so many pleasant spectacles that night, that I never spent any with greater delight. 'Tis true, it was the mother of one unhappy accident; for you are to know that *Lysicoris* having observ'd *Berelisa* to be very melancholy, and that she minded not the musick, took her aside, and conducting her to a seat which is neer the *Cypresse Labyrinth* importun'd her to tell her the reason of her sadnesse. *Berelisa* who felt her self almost over-burthen'd with it, told her all her mind, heightning and aggravating the affliction it was to her to be more favourable then ordinary to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*. But (added she, her soul being dissolv'd into tenderness and passion) if this Prince depart, as I believe he will, I will be reveng'd upon *Terillus*, both for the disloyalty of *Artemidorus*, and the Letter he caus'd to be sent me; as also for the jealousie which *Clidamira* causes me, and the correspondence that is between him and her; for I am confident it is he hath instill'd into her those inclinations which she hath, or pretends to have for *Artemidorus*.

Lysicoris hearing her speak so violently, told her she was very much too blame in all things; that for *Terillus* he was unfortunate enough in that he was not lov'd, abating the cruelty she had used in abusing him for some time; that as for *Artemidorus*, she might assure her self of his affection, and therefore should not entertain a jealousie that he would be so unworthy, as ever to return into the fetters of the faith-less *Clidamira*: So that there remain'd onely her Sister-in-law, for whom she might have any just aversion. And therefore said she to her, you need not think it strange now that *Telesis* is dead, that she should indeavour to repair her disloyalty past, by a future fidelity. Ah *Lysicoris*, repli'd *Berelisa*, she would not certainly have renew'd her love to *Artemidorus*, were it not to rob me of him; and indeed it is onely envy that hath let love into her heart. It happens in the mean time, that I who had resolv'd not to love any thing, have broken my resolution, to oblige a Prince whose affection I thought I might innocently entertain, and of whose heart I thought to have been possest for my life, whereas now I am in a strange disturbance, and a fear he should be guilty of an infidelity to me, to satisfie the most faithless, and consequently the most detestable person in the world. But, said *Lysicoris* to her, you torment your self without any reason; for I am confident that *Artemidorus* loves you, that you love him, and that *Clidamira* will love without any return of her love. To what end then do you trouble your thoughts, to hate *Clidamira*, to entertain jealousie, and to pretend kindness to *Terillus*, since you hate him? I hate *Clidamira*, repli'd she, because I cannot help it; I am jealous for the same reason, and I am kind to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*, to put a worm of jealousie into his brain, and to make him quit all thoughts of *Clidamira*, and oblige him to love me better. Alas, 'tis too much, cruel *Berelisa* (crieth out *Terillus*, who stood behind a great Cypress neer *Lysicoris*) and I should be the basest of man-kind, if having heard all this, I revenge not my self on you in all the waies and circumstances that a person of honour may be reveng'd of a woman. Now, Madam, to represent unto you the amazement of *Berelisa* were not easie for me, for she had not so much as suspected when she left the company with her dear *Lysicoris*, that *Terillus* had follow'd them. Nevertheless how angry soever she might then be with *Artemidorus*, her first reflection in this accident was, a fear that *Terillus* might attempt something against him. Wherupon doing her inclinations the greatest violence could be, she earnest yintreated him, to give her the hearing out of a consideration of generosity. But the more she intreated, the further was he from satisfying her, and suddenly stealing away, she soon,

the *proviſo's* which the niceſt jealouſie could ſuggeſt againſt this dangerous Rival.

This poſture were affairs in when *Artemidorus* left *Agrigentum*. He lov'd *Bereliſa*, and ſhe him: He had renounc'd all love to *Clidamira*, yet ſhe ſtill lov'd him, and though he could not gueſs what might be his fortune, he immediately went to *Syracuſe*, whither I accompanied him. He was no ſooner gone from *Agrigentum*, but *Clidamira* did two things, one was, ſhe entred into Combination with one of the friends of *Terillus*, purpoſely to oblige him to uſe all means to ingage the reſt to oppoſe the return of *Artemidorus*; the other was, that ſhe got leave to retire to *Leontum*, where ſhe hath manag'd her affairs with ſo much policy, that at the preſent ſhe is ſo powerful in that Court, that *Artemidorus* cannot hope ever to come into his Country but through her means.

On the other ſide, *Bereliſa* left no ſtone unmov'd to haſten his return to *Agrigentum*; but thoſe with whom *Clidamira* held correſpondence oppoſed it ſo lully, that the Prince of *Agrigentum* thought himſelf obliged, out of conſiderations of his own intereſt, not to ſend for him. But there fell out another accident in the Court of *Syracuſe*, which obliged *Artemidorus*, and me, to leave it. There happned alſo other alterations at *Leontum*, which forced thence a Princeſs, who is at the preſent at *Cluſium*, and we were by divers motives induced to come into *Italy* with *Amilcar*, with whom we took ſhipping together in *Sicily*, after we had entred into a ſolemn friendſhip. But I forgot to tell you, that ſince *Clidamira's* comming to *Leontum*, and that ſhe hath gained a great reputation there: *Artemidorus* is much more unfortunate then ever he was; for being ſtill paſſionately devoted to *Bereliſa*, and ſtanding upon a *punctilio* of fidelity, he was ſo far from intreating his former Miſtreſs to continue her favours and good offices, that he vouchſafes not to anſwer the obliging Letters which ſhe writes to him. On the other ſide, he underſtands that the Prince of *Ericium*, is fallen deeply in love with *Bereliſa*, and that he is joined with the friends of *Terillus* to hinder his return to *Agrigentum*, and that he might be abſolutely unhappy, he durſt not have any correſpondence with the Princeſs his Siſter, leſt he might offend the Prince his Brother. But when all is done, the afflictions of *Artemidorus*, proceeding from no other cauſe then the exceſſive affection towards him of two of the greateſt Beauties in the World. I cannot retract what I ſaid in the beginning of this relation; but on the contrary maintain that this Prince is too blame for taking ſo much trouble upon him, ſince what occaſions his trouble might felicifie any two the greateſt perſons in the World.

For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*, perceiving *Zenocrates* had ended his relation) I think you are in the right, and that it is properly of ſuch things, that it may be ſaid a man cannot have too much. I aſſure you (repli'd *Hermilia*) I am not of your mind; for I believe a vertuous man thinks it a great affliction, to be lov'd by one woman, of merit and quality, having beſtow'd his affections on another. For what concerns me, ſaid *Valeria*, I think a woman who is ſo unhappy as to love, and not be lov'd again, deſerves more pity then a vertuous man who is lov'd, and yet cannot himſelf love. However it be, ſaid *Brutus*, I think *Artemidorus* condition very ſad; for he hath loved a faithleſs woman, whom it is unlikely he will ever hate, ſince ſhe hath ſuch an infinite affection for him; he now loves a perſon whom he cannot come near; he hath a powerfull Rival, and this Rival is abſent; his love is an obſtacle to his Ambition; he can neither be among his friends, nor yet among his enemies, and he knows he were happy, if he were not where he is: All which certainly is the greateſt puniſhment that Abſence and Love put together can inflict on him. It is but too certain, ſaies *Herminius*, and I am of opinion that a Lover who is lov'd, when he is forc'd to be at a diſtance from the perſon he loves, and is ſubject to a fear of loſing her, is in a far greater torment, then a Lover who ſimply fears that he may not be lov'd. I do believe indeed it is the greater torment, ſaid *Zenocrates*; but yet there is a great pleaſure in the very thought of being lov'd, and it is as great an affliction to be aſſur'd that one is not. I agree with you (re-

pli'd *Herminius*) and yet the fear of losing a good which one is possess'd of, and the impossibility of enjoying, signifies, haply, something as hard to be indur'd, as the bare distrust of not being able to attain that good which one desires. But it is certainly too late to begin the disquisition of a thing of this nature, especially in the Chamber of one that is sick, and that a fair one too. For fairness (repli'd *Hermilia*) I must decline it, and for sickness it is not so great, as that such pleasant company should be any inconvenience to me; but certainly it proceeds from the impatience you are in to return to *Aronces* and *Artemidorus*. They are certainly (saies *Amilcar*) too much subject to melancholy, to be left for so long time alone; besides that to deal truly (added he smiling) it is already so late, that it is fit all addresses themselves to that God who alone is equally propitious to the fortunate and the unfortunate, without any alteration in their fortunes, and that I have already observ'd some effects of his power, in the fair eyes of *Valeria*. Hereupon the whole company rising the entertainment was concluded, though *Valeria* would not acknowledge what *Amilcar* said, and that so many honourable persons were very unwilling to part.

The End of the Second Book of the Second Part.

CLELIA

A Roman Hyſtorie.

The Second Part.

Book III.

BEing come out of *Hermilius* chamber, *Brutus*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, went to *Aronces* and *Artemidorus*, whom every one (according to his humour) comforted after the beſt manner he could. That done, they fell into diſcourſe about what their minds were taken up with: The Liberty of *Rome* and of *Clelia*, was the buſineſs in debate, as being the main ſcope of all their Deſigns. And whereas it was only in the night, that the ſecret friends of *Herminius*, *Brutus*, and *Valerius*, had the opportunities of Conference, aſſoon as they had quitted *Aronces*'s chamber, *Brutus* went to *Valerius*'s, to reſolve on ſeveral things with him: but all the way he thought of nothing but *Lucretia*. Alaſs! ſaid he to himſelf, how much more happy are all other Lovers, whoſe adventures I am entertain'd with, then I am? For thoſe who are not lov'd, hope, or at leaſt may hope to be; and thoſe which are, receive thoſe expreſſions of it, which come not without pleaſure. But for my part, I am much

more miserable, for the over-vertuous *Lucretia*, would not so much as that I should know she hath not forgotten me: so that I am forc'd to suffer all the malice of a cross fortune, without the least divertision of comfort. Instead of one, I am seiz'd by a many passions; since I am oblig'd to entertain Hatred, Jealousie, and Ambition as well as Love: and besides all these extremities, I must chain up my reason, and make it a slave to the cruellest Tyrant that earth affords.

But whilst *Brutus* talk'd thus to himself, as he went to *Valerius*, and that *Rome* seem'd to be a depopulated City, the Inhabitants of it being buried in their rest, the implacable *Tullia* whose heart was upon the Rack of an ambitious jealousie, which is much more cruel then that which ordinary Love inspires, had secretly sent for him who was *Clelius* Keeper, out of a design to corrupt him if she could. You know said she to him, all that I have done for *Tarquin*, as also what he hath done to raise himself above all others; and after all, he is not ashamed to submit himself to a *Slave*, the Daughter of his *Enemy*. Nor are you ignorant how often he hath endeavour'd to take away *Clelius*'s life; consider then what an exorbitance of passion this Prince is hurried into, to descend to love *Clelia*, who hates him above all things; who yet might in time haply pretend to love him, that her Father may be restor'd, and put into a condition to revenge himself, and, in his turn, banish those by whom he was banish'd. You may assure your self, added she, that if *Clelius* were once in power, you would not be one of the last banish'd; and you may easily conjecture by what is past, that he would never be quiet till *Tarquin* were turn'd out of the Throne, and till I were possess'd of my grave. Serve me then courageously in the Designe I have to take away *Clelia* from *Tarquin*, and doubt not of a reward proportionable to so great a service; for into what place soever you would repair for Sanctuary till *Tarquin* were appeas'd, I will take order you shall have no cause to complain of your Fortune. Besides that, all the employments which *Tarquin* hath put you upon, have rais'd you so many enemies here, that it were not amiss if you remov'd: and that *Tarquin* hath so poorly rewarded all those confident executions you have done for him, that you cannot expect any future advantage by them. Let me then by my entreaties, by my reasons, and by the hopes I give you of making you happy in what place of the World you please, perswade you to do what I would have you. You know that I can do almost any thing that I desire to do; submit therefore to my will, if you would not rather disoblige the woman of all the world, who hates to extremity what she is once displeas'd with, and can most easily destroy what opposes her; but withal, who most magnificently rewards those who serve her with cheerfulness and confidence.

The fellow whom she spoke to being subtle, and standing in fear of her, and knowing her to be the most revengeful woman in the world, saw it was no time to contest with her; for he consider'd, that having discover'd her self so far to him as she had, he were a lost man if he deny'd her. Besides, reflecting how ill he had been rewarded for all the crimes he had committed in executing the unjust Orders of *Tarquin*, he concluded, that in the dangerous conjuncture he was in, he could not do better then entertain the Proposition which *Tullia* made to him. He therefore answer'd her as one absolutely engag'd in her Interests, and only demanded some few days to dispose of his affairs, that he might with safety obey her: For Madam, said he to her, I must first make sure of some of the Guard which I command. I must give other Orders to those that are upon the Guard at present, and I must put all things into such a posture, as that nothing may hinder the execution of this noble design of yours, of delivering the King from a person which might really prejudice you, and haply prove his ruine. *Tullia* agreeing to what he said, dismiss'd him, and slept the rest of the night with more quiet, then a person so cruel deserv'd to find.

According to this designe, *Amilcar* having been with her the next morning, she told him that within eight days at farthest, she would put *Clelia* into his disposal; so that burthen'd with this great news, he came to acquaint *Aronces* with it, who certainly receiv'd it with no small joy; though he was not so sensible of it as he

he thought he ought to have been. 'Tis to be fear'd (said he to *Amilcar*) I am so accustom'd to misfortunes, that I cannot be otherwise then unfortunate. But however it be (saies *Amilcar*) you are too blame not to give Hope a place in your heart; for if *Tullia* do not what she intends, we shall execute our other resolutions, and you shall find that the same persons who are imploy'd to restore *Rome* to her liberty, are also ingaged to restore *Clelia* to hers. You have moreover this advantage that your Rivall is one whom all true Romans wish destroy'd, and all vertuous people abhor. You speak reason indeed (reply'd *Aronces*) but when all is done *Clelia* is still in captivity under an unmerciful Tyrant who is in love with her: I live conceal'd in *Rome* not being able to do any thing but bemoan my self & give orders; *Clelia's* liberty is uncertain; the effect of the conspiracy is very doubtful; and supposing *Clelia* were out of *Rome*, we were still equally miserable, for what part of the Earth would afford us sanctuary, since we neither know where *Clelius* is, nor yet where *Sulpicius* may be, and that the Prince of *Numidia* who could inform us, continues still in his madness? But all things consider'd might it please the Gods, I could but see *Clelia* once out of *Tarquins* power; for could I but see her at liberty, and might but once more cast my self at her feet and protest that I die for love of her. I should render Fortune thanks and acknowledge my self more oblig'd to you then ever I was to any man.

But while *Aronces* was thus distracted between hope and fear; while *Amilcar* imploy'd all his wits to serve him; while the Prince of *Numidia* was in some danger of death; while *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Valerius*, and their friends plotted secretly in *Rome* to make some insurrection which might usher in the liberty of their Country; while *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* were ready to hazard their persons in any thing wherein they might serve *Aronces*; while *Mutius* who still continued his addresses to *Valeria*, divided his heart between the love of her, and that of glory; *Horatius* was in an incredible disturbance at *Ardea*, having understood by some spies, that *Clelia* was in *Tarquin's* power, that this Tyrant was faln in love with her, that the Prince of *Numidia* had indeavour'd to deliver her, and that it was not known where *Aronces* was. If he had durst he would have come disguis'd out of *Ardea* as *Herminius* did, to see if he could have deliver'd *Clelia*; but he knew he was so much look'd on by the besieged, that there was no possibility to do any thing of that nature; and all he could do, was to carry things so as to oblige the *Ardeans* to persist in demanding the liberty of the *Captives*. But being withall a person of conduct and experience, he easily conceiv'd it was not very likely *Tarquin* should deliver them up, as being one that was obstinate in all his resolutions. He therefore could do no more then what he did, unlesse it were to bemoan his Fortune, whose pleasure it was, that at the same time he should be in exile, in love, ill intreated, and oblig'd to his Rival.

As for *Tarquin*, he was astonish'd to hear that it was the Prince of *Numidia* who had attempted the delivery of *Clelia*; for it was easie to infer thence that this African Prince must needs have a considerable party in *Rome*, to carry on such a design as that. However he doubted not when the Siege were over to discover the truth of the business; and so for the present spent not his thoughts on any thing so much, as how to gain the place by some Treaty, or if that could not be done, take it in by storm, which way they had not yet attempted. For *Titus* and the Prince of *Pometia*, their minds were rather imploy'd in Love then War; and *Herminia* and *Collatina*, were yet absolute Empresses over their Souls. But as concerning *Sextus*, *Lucretia* was the continual object of his imagination. He alwaies saw her, even when he saw her not; he thought of nothing but her, he talk'd of nothing else, he conceiv'd a hope though he knew not what should oblige him to it; and his apprehensions were so violent and so distracted, that never since it was loves imployment to put the senses into rebellion against the mind, did he inspire into any one a Passion more exorbitant, more tyrannical, and more fit to overturn all reason then that which had seiz'd his Soul. Thence it proceeded, that he trou-

bled himself not much, either at what was done in *Rome*, or pass'd in the Camp, and it took up all his wits to find out means to see *Lucretia* again.

While these things were in agitation, the Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, staid in expectation though to no purpose, to hear some news of *Aronces*; for though there were many persons, who could, if they had so pleas'd, have acquainted *Tarquin* where that Prince was, as also with the true worth of *Brutus*, and all the Plots that were a foot in *Rome*; nay though there were two women who understood this whole secret, and two maids that knew the greatest part of it, yet did it not take the least air that could be. For the Interest of the Country being thought at *Rome* of equal concernment with that Religion, there was a greater observance of faith and secrecy in such emergencies then there is elsewhere. And for the women who were trusted with the knowledge of a business of so great importance, they were not ordinary persons; for *Racilia*, *Brutus*'s Aunt, she carried about her that Generosity which was (as it were) heredity to the Family, whence she was descended, and *Sivilia* doubtless wanted not those perfections, and that greatness of Courage as were requisite to qualifie her for the trust of a thing of such consequence. Nor could it otherwise be, but that the illustrious *Herminius* was so well acquainted with her worth, that had she not been his Mother, he would have made her his friend. For *Valeria* there need be no more said to give her the greatest commendation that may be, then that she was *Valerius* daughter, *Lucretias* friend, and *Herminius*'s Mistress; and for *Hermilia* there needed no more to distinguish her from the Commonalty of women who can keep nothing secret, then to say she was *Brutus*'s Sister, *Racilias* Neece, and *Valeria*'s intimate friend. 'Tis true, she was as yet very young, and for that reason was she not acquainted with all that was design'd against *Tarquin*; and for what she knew besides, there was no fear she might discover any thing, since she could not have done it without hazarding the life of her Brother.

Thus was this great business carried on so secretly amongst these illustrious persons, that there was not any thing discover'd that might prejudice either *Aronces*, *Brutus*, or *Herminius*; nor was there any thing suspected abroad of the great design wherein the illustrious Lover of *Lucrecia* had been ingag'd ever since his coming from *Metapont*; nay, this year he had two sons were receiv'd into the service; who were so far from knowing any thing of the design of their generous father, that they were sufficiently ingaged in his sons Interests, whom *Brutus* was design'd to ruine; and besides were entred into a Cabal opposite to that of those young men, with whom the subtle *Amilcar* held a secret correspondence against, if there were occasion to make use of them. Besides all this, there pass'd neither day nor night, but there were secret meetings in *Rome*, either at *Racilias*, or at *Valerias*, or at *Sivilas*. The *Salij* and the *Vestals* wanted not their concernment in these negotiations, all which related onely to the liberty of *Rome*. They caus'd divers reports to be scatter'd among the people, prejudicial to *Tarquin*, either relating to the Siege, or of his refusal to deliver up the prisoners, or of the losse of his Army, which grew weaker every day; or his past Crimes, his present Tyranny, or his future exorbitance. Care was also taken to possesse the multitude that if *Tarquin* took in *Ardea*, *Rome* would be reduc'd under a more cruell subjection then ever, thus to infuse into the minds of the inhabitants of that famous City, a general inclination which might ingage them to a Rising, when there should be occasion. It is certain there needed no more then the violences of *Tarquin* and crimes of *Tullia*, to dispose the Romans into a desire of shaking off the yoke of so unjust a Tyranny; for there were none but knew, that *Tarquin* was no lawfull King of *Rome* and that instead of having been chosen according to the fundamental Laws of that State, he had caus'd to be murthered one of the most vertuous Kings in the World, so to possess himself of the power he injoy'd, so that it may be said he acquired it through the blackest of all crimes, and conserv'd it through the most insuppo table tyranny that ever was. But though this Prince understood by some of his creatures that the people was discontented, yet contrary to his custome, he slighted

slighted the information; as having his heart at that time wholly taken up by love and detestation. *Clelias* resistance had fill'd his soul with those two passions, after so strange a manner, that they afforded him not the least quiet, and his mind was hurried by such violent agitations, that it was perpetually taken up with one of these two thoughts, either that he should injoy *Clelia* or destroy her. Troubled therefore with a perpetual imagination, either of forcing her to love him, or putting her to death his mind could not admit much quiet; nay, *Aronces* and *Clelia*, as unfortunate as they were, were lesse disquieted then he, it being the property of vertue to fill with serenity those hearts it is possess'd of. Not but that even the most vertuous people are sometimes most unfortunate, and most sensible of their being such; but it never happens that their hearts are tos'd with those tempestuous disturbances whereby the souls of wicked persons are shaken through the conscience of their crimes, and if those are forc'd to complain of some other, they have withall the happinesse to have no cause of complaint against themselves, which is no small advantage. For as it would trouble a man more to have any thing to object against a neighbour, then against a stranger, against a kinsman then against a neighbour, against a friend then a kinsman, against a mistris then a friend, so it must be most troublesom for a man to have any thing to object against himself above all others. But there being nothing that *Aronces* and *Clelia* could reproach to themselves they indur'd their misfortunes with an admirable constancy, though the sence they had of them were as deep as their affection was great.

There hapned, in the mean time a very strange accident which might in all likelihood have proved the mother of a world of mischief. *Valerius* being come one night to *Rucilias*, to confer with *Herminius*, who was within three daies to return to *Ardea*, the Slave whose charge it was to open the gate, having over-watch'd himself before, forgot to put out a Lamp, which set the house on fire, at a time when all in it were so securely a sleep, that the first notice they had of it, was by the cries of those that pass'd by the next morning who perceiving great flakes and eruptions of fire, soon nois'd it all about by knocking at the adjoyning houses, and making horrible out-cryes. Of all those that were lodg'd at *Rucilia's*, *Aronces* was the first took the Alarm, and could not be much surpriz'd at such a confused noise, but must needs be much more, when, having gotten hastily out of his bed, he found his Chamber full of smoak, and whole roof opposit to his windows, so all of a fire, that it was not imaginable how it could be quenched. Awaking hereupon the slave that attended him, he sent him to doe the like to all those of that side where the fire had not yet taken, and went himself and knock'd at the several Chambers of *Rucilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and *Herminius*, the Stairs being as yet free, in regard the Slave who had been the occasion of this disaster, lying in the highest room in the house, the fire began at the roof. That which was most sad in this accident, was that it was broad day; by which means an infinite multitude of people being gotten about the house, were pressing to get in, to indeavour to keep the fire from spreading to the next houses. This put *Aronces* and *Herminius* into a strange disturbance, for it was impossible but that among such a crowd of people, there might be some one that knew them, and consequently might cause them to be taken. *Aronces* whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the deliverance of *Clelia*, was now in danger to be taken himself, and *Herminius* was now within the reach of *Tarquins* cruelty, and not unlikely to lose his life; in somuch that those two illustrious but unfortunate persons were in some doubt whether it were better for them to expose themselves to the flames, then fall into the hands of such an enemy, were it not that in hazarding their lives in that manner, they had also brought *Rucilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and divers other persons that were in the house into imminent danger. When therefore they understood that it was absolutely impossible to stop the violence of the fire without assistance from without, they were the first who opened the Gates to the multitude of people, who demanded entrance, telling *Rucilia* and *Hermilia*, that they chose rather to be the Victims of the Tyrant, then expose the lives of two such considerable persons to the cruelty of the flames.

But that there might be a combination of generosity and prudence, and that whilst they endeavour'd the preservation of others, they might not be thought absolutely negligent of their own, they disguised themselves as much as they could, and their design was, as they opened the gates, to follow *Racilia* and *Hermilia*, with burthens of Purple, Tapistry, and other things of that nature, pretending they were employ'd to carry them to *Sivelias*, whose house was not very far thence. But to the end they might also defend themselves if occasion were, they took every man a sword. As for *Brutus* it was his business to conduct his Aunt and Sister, who had left in the house such as they thought able to hinder the disorders which are done upon such occasions. For *Brutus* not daring to make any discovery of his understanding, it was not thought fitting he should give any directions in an accident, wherein it is but requisite a man had his judgement at liberty, to act as he ought; Besides that desiring to be in a condition to serve his friends in case they were set upon, he chose rather to go out of the house with them. To be short, this unfortunate company had fortunately made a shift to break through that throng of people which was knotted together before *Racilias* door, and was gotten within twenty paces of that of the vertuous mother of *Herminius*, when this illustrious Roman was discovered by the Captain of *Tarquin's* Guard, who was going to visit a friend of his in that quarter. The man thinking it a fair occasion to gain a considerable reward from the Tyrant and *Tullia*, by putting into their power a person whose destruction they had so long endeavour'd to bring about, cry'd out to the people, charging them in the King's name to secure a traytor who was there present, whom he shew'd to those whom he spoke to: And that they might take heart by his example, he immediately drew his Sword, and was seconded by two of his companions who did the like.

Herminius had scarce perceiv'd that they made at him, but casting away the Purple Tapistry he had on his back, he put himself into a posture of defence, and indeed behav'd himself so valiantly, that he made his way through the croud that was about him. *Aronces* who went before him, had almost reach'd *Sivelias*, where he doubted not to have found Sanctuary, but turning about, he finds his friend engaged; Disburthening himself therefore of what he carried, instead of providing for his own safety, he came to relieve *Herminius*, *Brutus* seconded him, having conducted *Racilia*, and *Hermilia* into *Sivelias*. The danger they were in was more then ordinary, for what was most remarkable in this adventure was, that though *Tarquin* were infinitely hated, yet the charge that man made for the securing of *Herminius*, prov'd effectual. It is true, that as that infinite conflux of people which throng to such unfortunate disasters, brings along with it a many persons apt enough to commit any disorders, so is it not much to be wondred at, that there were those that promoted this unjust designe. But *Herminius* seeing *Aronces* and *Brutus* engag'd in his relief, was so far from being encourag'd at it, that it very much displeas'd him, and he made a shift to tell them so much as might acquaint them, that they should not have hazarded themselves for him. But they were deaf to such advice, on the contrary they were more eager in his defence then they had been in their own, though they were set upon and kept in by abundance of people. Those who were spectators of this action, were astonish'd to see *Brutus* fight as he did, for the Captain of the Guard spoke to much purpose, when he told him that the business now was to take an enemy of *Tarquin's*, the other heard him not. 'Tis true, that having gain'd among the people the reputation of one out of his senses, the people look'd on his valour in this encounter as an effect of his madness, and therefore consign'd their respect to him as Nephew to *Tarquin*. For *Aronces*, his valour made him be observ'd, though not discover'd, for he who would have taken *Herminius*, would fain have had him alive, and have dispatch'd *Aronces*, who defended with such a courage, that never was there seen any thing like it. On the other side *Herminius*, to reward his generosity by another worthy eternal memory, knowing him who would have taken him to be the same who had promis'd *Clelia* within a few days, would not by any means kill him, and was content only to ward

soon, by reason of the thickneſſe of the Trees, and the obſcurity, loſt ſight of him. However, ſhe imagin'd not that *Terillus* ſhould take ſuch a violent reſolution as he did, or that it ſhould be taken and executed in ſo ſhort a ſpace. She and *Lyſicoris* thought to find me out, to acquaint me how things ſtood, that without intereſſing her in the adventure, I might have a care of *Artemidorus*. But there being an infinite number of people in the place, and that women cannot ſhift places ſo eaſily as men, they ſaw me not. Beſides that, the Princeſs *Philonica*) ſeeing them paſſe by, call'd to them, and oblig'd them to ſtay with her, which they did, but with little eaſe, as being extreamly troubled at what had happened. For *Bereliſa* thought not fit to acquaint *Philonica* with the diſturbance ſhe was in, ſince ſhe could not do it without diſcovering the mutual love which was between her and *Artemidorus*. That which yet increas'd her diſquiet, was, that this Prince was neither with *Philonica*, nor with the Prince of *Agrigentum*; however hoping to meet with me before the night were paſs'd, ſhe ſaid not a word, and onely charg'd divers people, in caſe they ſaw me, to tell me, that ſhe would gladly ſpeak with me about a buſineſſe that requir'd great haſt. So that in fine, one of *Bereliſa*'s friends having found me among ſome women, told me of it; but it happening to be juſt at the time that the muſick gave over and that all people were departing, I could not by reaſon of the throng get from among thoſe Ladies with whom I was in diſcourſe, nor yet come near *Bereliſa*. Beſides that, not able to conceive what ſhe was ſo haſty to acquaint me with, I reſolv'd to put it off till betimes the next day. By this means ſhe went away without ſeeing me, and I went my waies, without any thought of *Artemidorus*, to whom there had happened what is indeed to be admir'd. For you are to know, Madam, that *Terillus* having over-heard what *Bereliſa* had ſaid, took a reſolution in the firſt tranſport of his indignation, either to deſtroy himſelf or *Artemidorus*. To which end, it being ordinary for men to take their ſwords with them, in ſuch evening walks as theſe, becauſe it is very late ere they retire, and that in regard they are oblig'd to convey the Ladies, it ſeems fit they ſhould be in poſture to defend themſelves; *Terillus* found it an eaſie matter to execute his deſign, yet ſo, as that it might not be diſcover'd. He had no ſooner therefore left *Bereliſa* and *Lyſicoris*, but he went to find out *Artemidorus*, whom he ſoon found; for as a jealous Lover is very obſervant of what his Rival does, he knew the place where he had left him. Finding him accordingly, and taking him aſide unperceiv'd by any, he led him into one of thoſe croſs walks, which I told you had onely Lampes at the places where they croſs'd. He was no ſooner in it, but *Terillus* broke forth thus, My Lord, ſaid he to him, you will haply think me very bold, if I preſume to ask you whether you remember not a certain thing you ſaid to me in the Wood of *Cariſalus*; further, if I deſire to know whether you will make good your word; for ſince you cannot beſtow *Bereliſa* on me, though you would, there is a neceſſity you ſhould deprive him of his life, who once ſaved yours, or according to your promiſe, ſo diſpoſe of your ſelf, that you may return me the life which I have preſerv'd for you, *Terillus* at theſe words having drawn, *Artemidorus* ſaw it was no time to conſider what he had to do; he retreated two or three ſteps to put himſelf into a poſture of defence, and mov'd by a reſentment of generoſity and gratitude, I beſeech you, cry'd he to him, force me not to your ruine, ſince it is no fault of mine that you are not lov'd by *Bereliſa*. But *Terillus* inſtead of returning any anſwer to *Artemidorus*, made ſuch a thruſt at him, that this Prince was ſatisfi'd, that if he did not look to himſelf, he who ſometime had ſaved his life, would now take it away. However, for ſome time he ſtood onely upon the defenſive; but at length, finding himſelf hurt on the left ſide, he became more prodigal of his Valour. And now looking on *Terillus* as a furious Rival, there happned between theſe two Lovers, a moſt terrible Combat; for being at a good diſtance from thoſe Lamps which were in the croſſe walks, all they could do was to ſee the gliſtering of their ſwords, not perceiving one another diſtinctly. But in fine, not to trouble you with the deſcription of a Combate which was not ſeen by any body: I ſhall onely tell you, that it prov'd ſo bloody and ſo obſtinate, that

Terillus fell dead at *Artemidorus*'s feet, after he had receiv'd four great wounds. 'Tis true, *Artemidorus* had receiv'd three, whereby he was disabled to walk, as having one of them in his thigh; and being got into one of the most remote Walks, they had not haply been found out, if by chance *Bereliſa*, who was to lie with *Lyſicoris* that night, ſo to avoid the opening of the Caſtle gate of *Agrigentum* at an unſeaſonable hour, had not ſlunk away from *Philonica*, to go out at a back gate of the Garden which was neereſt to that Quarter where her friend liv'd. *Bereliſa* therefore following her, and being conducted by a Brother of *Lyſicoris*, and ſome others, they paſſed through that Walk where *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* had fought, and where they yet were in a moſt ſad condition. The ſlaves who went before them, with a kind of Torch made of the Bark of Pine trees, which they uſe in that Iſle, to light them in the night, ſpy'd *Terillus* laid along on the ground all bloody, and *Artemidorus* leaning againſt a Tree, as hardly able to keep on his feet, and having his own Sword in his right hand, held that of his adverſary in his left, to help to bear himſelf up. Theſe ſlaves making a great exclamation at it, *Lyſicoris*, *Bereliſa*, and the Gentlemen who waited on them, came neer, and found theſe Rivals bloody all over. To tell you what impreſſion it made in *Bereliſa*, were a thing would trouble me much. As for *Artemidorus*, he ſpoke ſo, as that it was ſoon ſeen his wiſdom and diſcretion had not left him; for he bemoan'd his misfortune, in that he had been forc'd to fight with a man to whom he was oblig'd; and concealing the occaſion of their quarrel, to preſerve the reputation of *Bereliſa*, he only acquainted them that he was not the beginner. But while *Lyſicoris*, her Brother, and the other Gentlemen went to find out Chyrurgions and people, to have a care of, and remove the perſons hurt, *Artemidorus* turning to *Bereliſa*, All the ſuit I make to you, Madam, is, that if I die, you would believe I die with all fidelity to you, and that if I live, you aſſure your ſelf it ſhall be only for your ſake. Theſe words having ſoftned the heart of this great Beauty, it ſoon diſſolv'd into tears in her eyes, ſo that ſhe was not able to return him any other anſwer, then theſe three words, *I wiſh it*; as being partly hindred by the arrival of a multitude of people in an inſtant, which oblig'd them to provide for the wounded, whom for the preſent they carryed to *Lyſicoris*'s houſe, as being the neereſt.

They were no ſooner gotten thither, but the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had been acquainted with this accident before he had reach'd his own Palace, was there alſo; where he had not been long ere *Terillus* dies in the hands of the Chyrurgions who dreſſed him. Whereupon the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who knew how powerful the Family of *Terillus* was, caus'd the corps of this unhappy Lover to be immediately carry'd to his own Palace, ſo to divert his friends from coming where *Artemidorus* was, whoſe wounds were very dangerous. But that *Bereliſa* might not grieve for this misfortune, with that freedom ſhe wiſh'd, *Clidamira* going homewards in her Chariot, paſſed by *Lyſicoris*'s houſe, and ſo came to underſtand what had hapned; and pretending a tenderneſs for the health of her Siſter in Law, by reaſon of the fright ſhe had receiv'd, ſhe would needs ſee what condition that Prince was in, for whom ſhe had ſo infinite an affection: I leave you to imagine what reſentments theſe two Rivals might have, as alſo what might be thoſe of *Artemidorus*, who when he had been dreſs'd, ſaw all people came freely into the chamber where *Lyſicoris* had diſpos'd him, and found theſe two women about him. 'Tis true, this diſturbance laſted not long; for *Lyſicoris* having obſerv'd what trouble he was in, as alſo what *Bereliſa* ſuffer'd, caus'd the Chyrurgions to give order that the Company ſhould quit the Prince's chamber. By this means *Clidamira* was forc'd to depart, and to allow *Bereliſa* the liberty of bemoaning this unfortunate adventure, which ſhe was more ſenſible of then can be well imagin'd; for ſhe was not only troubled for him whom ſhe lov'd, but was alſo afflicted for his death whom ſhe loved not. This done, the Prince of *Agrigentum* fearing the friends of *Terillus*, who was deſcended of a Houſe to which courage and boldneſs was hereditary, ſhould commit ſome violence, left part of his Guard at *Lyſicoris*'s, and return'd to his Palace. For my part, I heard nothing of this accident till the next morning.

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no more did *Philonica*, but at the first noise of it, I was more thepriz'd then ever I was at any thing in my life. This day the friends of *Terillus* making a great stir about his death, *Artemidorus* was secretly brought into the Castle of *Agrigentum*; for the Illustrious Prince who is the Master of it, would not, out of considerations as much of Generosity as Policy expose *Artemidorus* to the violence of his enemies; so that now it was *Berelisa*'s charge to have a care of this Illustrious wounded person. 'Tis true *Clidamira* kept her company much, for it having hapned that a house which stood next to hers, falling down, had brought with it part of the walls of her Lodgings; Upon this pretence she desired to be entertain'd at her Father-Laws, who not considering the consequence of it, receiv'd her; so that *Artemidorus*, notwithstanding his aversion, was oblig'd to see her, and *Berelisa* could not blame him for it, nor indeed durst take it ill. Now *Clidamira* being very subtle, behav'd her self so, as that she really perswaded *Artemidorus* that she had never lov'd him with that tenderness as she did then. On the other side *Berelisa*, notwithstanding all the secret discontents which she had gone through, and those she then struggl'd with, assur'd him, that never any woman was inspir'd with a more violent, and withal a more vertuous passion, then that she then had for him; and what was most remarkable, was, that these two Rivals, out of a fear of disturbing the Illustrious Patient, as also to conceal their loves from the world, and lastly, for fear of losing the happiness which it was to them, to see what they lov'd, seem'd to live in an absolute Peace, though they really hated one the other as much as might be.

But *Artemidorus* beginning to recover, and having past all danger, fell into an incredible disquiet. For though he faithfully and fervently lov'd *Berelisa*, yet could he not without incivility reject the applications of *Clidamira*: So that it was a perpetual trouble to him: for to entertain them but coldly, he could not without some violence to his own inclinations; if he receiv'd them with any satisfaction, he must expect to find in the eyes of *Berelisa*, those characters of affliction which brought him infinite trouble. But in fine, to put a period to my relation, you are to know that this private combate prov'd of publike concernment. For *Artemidorus*, being Brother to the Prince of *Leontum*, and there being no probable account given of this quarrel, the friends of *Terillus* were so ill satisfi'd with the Prince of *Agrigentum*, for giving Sanctuary to him who had killed him, that the people being engag'd in it, and the Magistrates taking notice of it, he was forced to acquaint *Artemidorus*, that, though he were quite recover'd of his wounds, it were hard for him to carry the business so, as that he might promise himself safety in his Court, as he had hoped he might, by reason of the difference that then was between the Prince of *Leontum* and himself. But at length that the business might be carryed on with as much generosity as might be, the Prince of *Agrigentum* assur'd him of a safe Retreat with the Prince of *Syracuse*, and withal forc'd him to submit to be put into an equipage sutable to his condition, and that he might continue it to him at *Syracuse*, till such time as he had made his peace with the Prince his Brother; assuring him, that if the friends of *Terillus* might be reduced to hear any reason, he would send for him back to *Agrigentum*. *Philonica*, for her part, express'd a thousand Civilities to him; and it may be said, that never man had so much cause both to commend and complain of his Fortune as *Artemidorus* then had. For as he was infinitely oblig'd to the Prince of *Agrigentum*, so was he equally unhappy in that he was forc'd to leave *Berelisa*. It added some grains to his unhappiness, that he was lov'd by *Clidamira*; these three Persons suffering no mean afflictions, yet such as were not alike in all. For *Berelisa* was excessively afflicted at the absense of a Prince whom she lov'd, and of whose affection she was assured, though she was not without some jealousies he might prove false to her. *Clidamira* was for her part as highly troubled, in that she lost both the hope of regaining him, and that of seeing him of a long time. They had accordingly each of them to express their several passions, a conference in private with this Prince the night before his departure. Although it be the most terrible thing in the world to a woman to love

and not be lov'd again (said *Clidamira* to him) yet (my Lord) I am of opinion, that rule ought not to be so general, and that a person whom onely the malice of her Fortune hath made seem unfaithfull, may and ought to repair the Crime whereof she stands accus'd, and persist in her affection, even though she be not lov'd any longer. And therefore (my Lord, added she) permit the unfortunate *Clidamira* to assure you, that into what part soever of the earth Fortune shall dispose you, she shall have those sentiments of affection for you, which she shall never for any other. I quarrel not with you (continued she) that you have quitted the affection you had for me, and have directed it to *Bereliſa*; for when you began to love her, it was because you believ'd me unconstant: I was then at the disposal of a Husband, and could not love you any longer with innocence. But be you withall so favourable, as not to accuse me of a Crime, which my ill fortune forced me to commit: I do not certainly deserve you should have that consideration of my love, as to make you dis-ingage your self from *Bereliſa*, but you may haply think me worthy to look on the heart that she possesses as a jewel, which it is possible I may injoy, in case she either neglect or lose it. All then that I crave, is, that if by some accident, yet unforeseen, you should with-draw your affection from her, you would promise to bestow it on me, and forget my weakness past. Ah (Madam, said *Artemidorus* to her) you propose to me things impossible, for *Bereliſa* will not lose me, and though she should, I shall be thought certainly at a losse of all reason, if I should ever be induc'd to resign my self to a person who had so unmercifully forsaken me before. All therefore I can say to you, is, that as I have indured your infidelity without any disturbance or revenge, so I shall without indiscretion admit those obligations you shall lay upon me, and shal so entertain them, as not to be deceived by them a second time.

This conference had certainly put *Artemidorus* into some disorder, had I not interrupted it; but as to the discourse this Prince had with *Bereliſa*, it was longer and fuller of passion, for the tenderness of it was reciprocal. However, *Artemidorus* could not absolutely force all jealousie out of *Bereliſa's* heart, though in those things he said to her, he discovered the greatest passion in the World. I am easily perswaded (said she to him) to believe that you love me; nay further, I am confident you love not *Clidamira*; but I am withall certain, that you are satisfy'd she loves you, and I doubt not but that if there should happen any difference between us, you would renew your affection to her,

In the mean time, this consideration is no small torment to me, and if you desire I should not die of grief, you must promise me in case absence should consume the affection you bear me, or that some other unhappy accident divorce me from your heart, or that my death make an eternal separation between us, that you will never love *Clidamira*; for I perceive that when you shall be return'd to *Leontum*, there may happen such a turn of Fortune, as may bring her thither also. But can I give you a greater assurance of my affection, answer'd *Artemidorus*, then by promising to love you eternally, and to love none but you? You may, my Lord, repli'd this powerfull Beauty, for amidst those fantastick apprehensions I am now engag'd with, I should be more satisfi'd to hear you once say, that you will never love *Clidamira*, then that you should swear you will ever love *Bereliſa*. But when I protest that I shall love you as long as I live, repli'd he, does it not signifie as much, as if I said I shall never love her? No (my Lord) it does not (repli'd she) and if you were sufficiently read in love, you would not think this distinction so extravagant, nor would make so much difficulty to humour my affection. Hereupon *Artemidorus* was oblig'd to promise her all she desir'd; and moreover, assur'd her, that as soon as he could, he would return to *Agrigentum*, that it should be onely for her sake that he did return; and that if *Aphranor* would but give his consent, he would marry her. He had once intended to have propos'd it to *Aphranor*, before his departure, but in regard it would have prov'd very unseasonable, *Bereliſa* would not permit him. She also made him promise he would not write to *Clidamira*, though shee should write to him; to bee short, she made all

the

off his blows, leſt he might ruine that deſigne. But by unhappy accident, *Aronces* not knowing that to be the man who ſhould have deliver'd *Clelia*, plaid upon him ſo effectually, that having diſpatch'd three or four of thoſe that ſeconded him, he run him with his ſword quite through the body, ſo that he fell dead at his feet. *Herminius* who ſaw the beginning of the buſineſs, cryed out purpoſely to hinder *Aronces* from making that thruſt, yet his generoſity prov'd ineffectual, for his voice was not heard till after the blow was paſt. But if it came not ſoon enough to hinder his death who was to give *Clelia* liberty, yet came it time enough to diſcover to *Aronces* what he had done, for in the inſtant the man fell, he remembred his Phyſiognomy, and perceiv'd that he took away his life who was to deliver his Miſtreſs, which prov'd the greateſt affliction of any that ever had happned to him. The horrid apprehenſion of deſpair which in that inſtant ſeiz'd his ſpirits, yet could not ſuſpend his valour; on the contrary it enflam'd it, and deſirous at leaſt to ſave his friend's life, he did things ſo prodigious, that he aſtoniſh'd the multitude that encompaſs'd him: *Brutus* and *Herminius* for their parts did what (truly repreſented) would exceed probability, inſomuch that the Captain, and two of his Guard being diſpatch'd, they were not ſo much preſs'd upon as before.

Nevertheleſs, they muſt needs have fallen at laſt had they not been reliev'd by the prudence of the generous *Sivelia*; for aſſoon as *Brutus*'s Aunt was gotten into her houſe, and had acquainted her how things ſtood, ſhe immediately ſent to the place where lodg'd *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, to acquaint them, and demand their aſſiſtance. But it happen'd that the firſt was gone to viſit *Clelia*, by order from *Tarquin*, from whom he had to that purpoſe receiv'd a Letter, for it was ordinarily in the morning that he went to ſee this fair Priſoner, ſo to have all the other pars of the day free to do other things wherein he was oblig'd to ſerve his friends. Beſides that *Clelia* was in a condition that ſhe awak'd very betimes, and was ſo negligent as to matter of dreſſing, that *Amilcar* had admittance aſſoon as he pleas'd, without any diſturbance; for it having been long ere they could force open *Racilias* gate, to quench the fire, as having not yet the aſſiſtance of thoſe that were without it was far days. But in fine, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* being acquainted with what paſs'd, came immediately to *Sivelias* follow'd by all the people they had. In this poſture entring at one gate of this vertuous Matron's houſe, and going out at that where *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Brutus* were, they came in to their relief; and their arrival was ſo ſeaſonable, that the multitude ſeeing ſo many armed people come out of the houſe, was eaſily perſwaded there were a many more within; ſo that running away, they left thoſe whom they would have taken, at liberty to enter into *Sivelia*'s. They were no ſooner in it, but they thought it their beſt courſe to diſlodge; for they eaſily imagin'd, that aſſoon as *Tullia* were inform'd of the buſineſs, ſhe would be-ſet the houſe. Without any ſtay therefore, they only paſs'd through the houſe, and went to that where *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* lodg'd, where taking their horſes, they mounted *Aronces* on *Amilcar*'s; which done, *Brutus* having found them a guide, directed them to a Houſe which *Valerius* had neer *Collatia*, there to lie conceal'd, till ſuch time as they had more leiſure to conſider what they had to do. For his part, he would not depart, telling them, that his apparent ſtupidity would excuſe him in this adventure, and bidding them not trouble themſelves about him. There being no other courſe to take, they went where *Brutus* directed them, and were there gladly receiv'd; for *Valerius* who had left *Rome* at the break of day to go thither, was there two hours before.

But as they went, what did not the unfortunate *Aronces* think on? If he had follow'd his own inclination, he could not have been prevail'd with to quit *Rome*, but as it had been madneſs not to have done it, conſidering what was paſt, ſo was it his concernment to leave it, which yet he could not without ſo much regret and reluctancy, that never was there any Lover ſo miſerable. Ah? ſaid he to himſelf, How unfortunate art thou! Canſt thou expreſs no valour but what muſt be prejudicial to *Clelia*? Is it poſſible thou ſhould'ſt deſtroy him who was to deliver her?

Is it poſſible, after ſuch a cruel and monſtrous diſaſter hath hapned to thee, thou canſt doubt thy own deſtruction, or conceive the leaſt hope? No, no, it were more rational to deſpair, and that thou ſhould'ſt by an inconſiderate death put a period to ſo unhappy a life.

While *Aronces* entertain'd himſelf in this ſad manner, *Herminius*, who was alſo extreamly troubled at the accident, came up to him, and demanded his pardon, as if he had been guilty of his death. Alaſs, deareſt *Herminius*, ſaid he to him, what do you mean? It is I ſhould rather demand your pardon, as the cauſe of your misfortunes, for I am perſwaded that my ſingle unhappineſs cauſes that of all my friends, and that Fortune, who is reſolv'd to make me the moſt miſerable, of all thinking it not ſufficient I ſhould be ſuch through my own misfortunes, is pleas'd I ſhould have no friends but what are unhappy. It is indeed eaſie to diſcover that my unhappineſs is particular to me, and waits on me every where, for it happens as it were by appointment, ſince when it ſo much concerns *Clelia* that I ſhould remain undiſcover'd at *Rome*, the particular houſe wherein I lay conceal'd muſt needs take fire, which muſt force me out of it in the ſight of two thouſand perſons; and the malice and inconſtancy of my deſtiny muſt needs have it ſo, that of the infinite number of people who made it their buſineſs either to kill or take us, I, who would have been content to die a thouſand and a thouſand times for *Clelias* Liberty, muſt preciſely kill that man who ſhould have deliver'd her. It is certain, my Lord, reply'd *Herminius*, this unhappy accident hath in it ſomthing more inſupportable then were the loſs of a Battel, or ſomthing elſe of that nature; but all conſider'd, I find in my ſelf a certain confidence, that ſomthing will happen which we expect not; for, in fine, there hath not been in *Rome* ſince *Tarquin's* aſſuming the power, ſo general an inclination to ſome great turn of affairs, as I have obſerv'd within theſe few days. Ah *Herminius*, reply'd *Aronces*, was there any thing more certain in appearance then *Clelias* liberty? and yet by a ſtrange ſhifting of Fortune, I muſt needs kill him who was to deliver her. If you then take my advice, let us not hope any thing, added he, but let us rather prepare our ſelves, either to endure all misfortunes imaginable, or by death to accord them.

Whilſt *Aronces* and *Herminius* were thus engag'd, and that *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* bemoan'd their friends, and their own misfortunes, and were upon their way altogether to *Valerius's* houſe, divers things paſt at *Rome*. For *Brutus* whoſe great heart admitted not the leaſt fear, went to *Tullia*, to acquaint her, with his ordinary ſimplicity, that he was preſent when the Captain of *Tarquin's* guard was kill'd, who, he ſaid, came by his death among a great multitude of people, by ſetting upon certain men who endeavour'd to quench the fire at his Aunts houſe, exaggerating, according to his affected ſtupidity, how much he was to blame for diſturbing ſuch as were burthened with her goods, which they were carrying to the houſe of a certain friend of *Racilias*. *Tullia* who had already underſtood the death of the Captain of the Guard, and was extreamly troubled at it, took no great heed to what was told her by a man whom ſhe thought no great maſter of his ſenſes. On the contrary, without any further diſcourſe with him; Did not your ſtupidity excuſe you, ſaid ſhe to him, I ſhould teach you how thoſe are to be treated who preſume to make uſe of their ſwords againſt his Majeſty's Officers. But ſince your madneſs ſecures you, get you gone out of my ſight, leſt in the tranſportation I am now in, I treat you, for your ſtupidity, as your Brother was for his too much prudence.

Brutus hearing *Tullia* threatning him ſo inſolently with death, had almoſt broke forth, and at once diſcover'd his reaſon, his indignation, his hatred, and his revenge: But at length maſtering his reſentments, he withdrew, as if he had not heard what *Tullia* ſaid, and repair'd to *Racilia*, who was at her illuſtrious friend's houſe. In the mean time the fire being quench'd, the ſtreets were clear of people; and that which was moſt obſervable, was, that though abundance of people had been ſpectators of this accident, yet could not *Tullia* have any punctual account of it. For the Captain being dead without diſcovering any thing, or ſo much as

naming *Herminius*, and his companions being also out of the way, all that could be made of it, was, that they had been kill'd, endeavouring to secure an enemy of *Tarquins*. The people knew not *Herminius* from another man, because he was disguis'd; and for *Sivelia*, the reputation of her vertue was so great, that none durst inform against her, nor tell *Tullia* that those armed people who had rescued the other two came out of her house. As concerning *Aronces*, there was no mention made of him; and indeed the business was handled in such a confusion, that nothing could be made of it, there being an hundred several relations of the same thing.

But while these things were in agitation, *Amilcar* was gently entertaining *Clelia* and *Plotina*, who were so transported with the hopes of liberty, that their conversation that morning was as free, as if they had really been at liberty. For though *Amilcar* had receiv'd a letter from *Tarquin*, wherein he easily discover'd what a Tyrannie Love and Hatred exercised over him, yet he shew'd it not to *Clelia*, but entertain'd her altogether with discourse concerning *Aronces*, telling her what satisfaction it would be to him to see her at liberty, what it would be to her to receive new assurances of his affection, and the joy that attends a happiness which succeeds a misery. He gave her also a Letter from *Aronces*, wherewith she was extreamly satisfy'd, as containing the greatest tenderness and passion; nay, so much was she pleas'd, that having perus'd it, she gave it *Plotina*, who reading it aloud, found therein these words.

ARONCES to the Incomparable CLELIA.

THe bare hope of seeing you once at Liberty, causes so great, yet so pleasant a disturbance in my soul, that fearing to dye for joy when I see you again, I conceive my self oblig'd to assure you, that I am still the most amorous of men, and the most faithful Lover upon Earth. I know I should be somwhat asham'd that I can survive my grief, and withal fear I may dye for joy; but all consider'd, if you well examine the apprehensions of my soul, you will find that a Lover who hath been accustom'd to misery, may rationally doubt his ability to bear the most sensible of all pleasures: However it happen, I shall think my self oblig'd to my destiny, and esteem it such as may move envie, if I but die at you feet, after I have once more said, I love you.

Plotina having read this Letter, told *Clelia*, that there was something more to be done, that she was oblig'd to return some answer thereto, and let her see it. Accordingly this excellent person, who had an extraordinary command of her pen, was pleas'd to do what *Plotina* and *Amilcar* desir'd, and answer'd it in these words.

CLELIA to the Generous ARONCES.

SInce you have survived your grief, you shall not need fear dying for joy, this being more properly the Messenger of Life then Death. But that I may be absolutely happy in my Liberty, remember you have promis'd never to break those chains which I have put you in; for according to those passionate resentments I have for you, I believe I should chuse rather never to quit my Prison, then that you should get out of the Fetters you are in. Excuse me then, if while you make Vows for my Liberty, mine are, that you may

be my perpetual Captive. Farewel, I crave your pardon, if writing to you, I have offered at any Wit; for where there is either Love or Misery, it ſuffices if there be but Paſſion.

Clelia having done, *Plotina* and *Amilcar* who were diſcourſing at the window while ſhe was writing, drew neer her, and read what ſhe had written. Whereupon *Amilcar* aſſuming the diſcourſe, Ah Madam, ſaid he to her, how extreamly am I pleas'd at your demanding pardon of *Aronces* for being too witty in your letter. There ſhould not certainly be too much wit in Miſſives and Love letters, which is the reaſon that it is ſo hard to find any Letters or Addreſſes of this nature compos'd as they ſhould; for there muſt neither be any affectation of high words, nor a deſcent to popular phraſe; there muſt be neither artifice nor negligence; it muſt not expreſs too much Wit, yet it muſt ſpeak a certain Gallantry and Paſſion: In fine, it is ſo hard to write well in Love, that there cannot be any thing more. But for my part, ſays *Plotina*, I cannot conceive there ſhould be more difficulty to write of one thing then of another; for I think that in point of Letters, all one hath to do, is ſimply to expreſs ones thoughts. For where there is a conjunction of *Fancy* and *Judgement*, one for the moſt part hath that reflexion on every thing which he ought to have, and conſequently writes what is fit to write of it. For inſtance, when I am to write of a buſineſs of conſequence, I ſhall not ſo expreſs it, as if I were only to acquit my ſelf of a ſimple complement: If I am to write ſomthing of News, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf about Complements: If I write a Letter of Friendſhip, I muſt not labour for any high ſtile: If a Love-Letter, I have no more to do then to conſult my own heart. I cannot therefore well apprehend why you conceive it ſo great a difficulty to write Letters of this nature. To deal truly (ſays *Clelia*) I think it not ſo eaſie to write any kind of Letters, and that there are but very few perſons abſolute maſters in it. I am of your opinion, reply'd *Amilcar* but of all Letters, thoſe of Love are the hardeſt to write, as being ſuch, whereof there are very few that are able to judge. Yet *Plotina* ſpeaks (reply'd *Clelia*) as if ſhe thought all ſorts very eaſie, whereas I think, as I have already told you, of all things in the world, it is that requires moſt judgement. But to ſhew you I am ſomwhat vers'd in it, reply'd *Plotina*, and that I know ſomwhat what belongs to the compoſing of a Letter, is it not granted that Letters containing buſineſs of conſequence, ought to be appoſite and exact; that they require a ſoundneſs of Judgement rather then Eloquence; that they expreſs ſo much as is neceſſary, and no more; that they admit not any ſuperfluity of expreſſion, and are compleated by what is pertinent; and that it be eſpecially conſidered, that there be order and perſpicuity? Yet I told you there muſt be withal, added ſhe, a certain dreſs of Civility, which is that which puts a difference between the Letters of conſequence written by perſons of honour, and thoſe of others: and in fine, it is neceſſary that the perſon who writes, underſtand well himſelf, what he would expreſs to another; for I know not any thing more inſufferable, then to write a Letter that ſhall need an Expoſitor, and confounds things inſteed of explaining them. And yet there are a many people (reply'd *Clelia*) who think they underſtand themſelves when they do not. But *Plotina* is none of thoſe (reply'd *Amilcar*) for I aſſure you ſhe knows very well what ſhe ſays, and therefore I ſhould take it as an infinite obligation, if ſhe would ſhew me how Letters of conſolation are to be written; and whereas there happen frequent occaſions to write ſuch, I ſhould take her directions in five or ſix, which I would preſerve as patterns, to imitate when need were; for truly, I find nothing ſo contrary to my inclination as this kind of Letters. For when ever I intend any ſuch, inſteed of any condoling or ſympathizing with ſuch as are afflicted, I find my ſelf more inclin'd to divert then bemoan them; and I am ſo far to ſeek what ought to be ſaid, and what not, that I can never compleat a Letter of this nature, without writing it ſeveral times over; nay when all is done, cannot diſmiſs it without ſome blots and ſcratches; and therefore the fair *Plotina* would extreamly

extreamly oblige me to ſhew me how to write them. Could you but ſee my apprehenſions of it (repli'd *Plotina*) you would certainly do it with a great eaſe, for I can by no means admit theſe tedious conſolatory Letters, as proving alwaies fruitleſſe; whereas, it might be ſaid of ſome people, they write, as if their Letters ſhould have in them ſome Magical force againſt affliction, and that they who read them, ought from thence forward abjure all regret for what they have loſt. But I am to with withall (added ſhe) that people would be perſwaded once for all, that onely Time is the comforter of ſuch afflictions, and that it is not the proper office of Eloquence. Moreover, what meaſure of conſolation is to be appli'd to ſuch as are not over afflicted. The ſafeſt courſe a man can take in ſuch caſes, is to let his conſolatory Letters be very ſhort; for to obſerve a certain moderation therein, he is onely to acquaint the perſon he writes to, how much he is concern'd in his affliction, without digreſſing into tedious Lamentations, or high Elogies, not ingaging the numerous forces of moral Phyloſophy and Eloquence to no purpoſe It is very true (ſaies *Amilcar*) and you are queſtionleſs much in the right. For how many Women are comforted for the death of their husbands, when, indeed, they neither need nor care for it? Nay, how many perſons are there of all relations, who ſhould people accommodate themſelves to their ſecret thoughts, were rather to be congratulated then bemoan'd, ſince they are not ſorry, that they are heirs to thoſe for whoſe deaths they are complemented. I therefore reſolve amiable *Plotina* (added *Amilcar*) never to write any Letters of conſolation but ſuch as ſhall be ſhort; not to diſturb Morality and Eloquence on theſe occaſions; to make no more thoſe long exaggerations againſt the cruelty of death, as ſome do; as alſo not to ſtudy high commendations, or ſpin out long Panegyricks, and in a word, abſolutely to conform my ſelf to your directions. I ſhall not trouble you to tell me, how a man ought to behave himſelf in congratulating anothers good fortune, 'tis an Art I am abſolute Maſter of, and I can furniſh you with ten or a dozen beginnings of Letters of that kind, abating thoſe that ſtart out thus, *I congratulate your ..... I conceive my ſelf ſo much concern'd in your .....* and the like, which are too low for perſons who would be thought Maſte s of Wit. But I ſhould take it as a tranſcendent courteſie, if you would ſhew me how I might acquit my ſelf wel of thoſe Letters of *Recommendation*, which are given unſeal'd to thoſe whom one thinks fit to commend; and particularly how thoſe to whom one writes may underſtand, whether it be his earneſt deſire they ſhould do the buſineſſe propos'd, or is indifferent whether they do it, or not; for when I am at *Carthage*, I am in a manner perſecuted with ſuch emergencies.

For my part (repli'd *Plotina*) when I recommend a buſineſs which relates to ſuch as for whom I have no great eſteem, I write a ſhort dry Letter, yet not wanting as to Civility, nay you ſhall find in it the word *Intreat*, but it ſtands ſo alone, that it is not faſtened to any thing. On the contrary, when I effectually deſire a thing might be done, I firſt of all make appear that what I deſire is juſt, I give a good character of the perſon whom I recommend; I expreſſe what friendſhip or eſteem I have for him, I put the obligation is done in his favour upon my own account: I ingage the perſon to whom I write in point of honour to do him ſome good office, and to make all ſecure, I write by ſome other hand, whereby I confirm all I had written before. For what concerns me (ſaid *Clelia*) I would gladly learn how to write to a ſort of people, with whom onely Civility obliges me to hold a certain correſpondence, who yet are ſuch as you would not favour with your friendſhip, nor take any pleaſure to oblige. In the firſt place (repli'd *Plotina*) I ſhould adviſe to write to them as ſeldom as might be, for I can by no means away with that ſort of people, that write for no other end but to write, who ſo readily charge themſelves without any neceſſity, with the receiving of hundreds of Letters from perſons whom they care not for; and are for the moſt part pleas'd when they ſend or receive without any choice. And in the ſecond, I ſhould wiſh, when one is oblig'd upon the account you ſpeak of, a man would not expreſs in his Letters either too great wit, or too much friendſhip, for certainly a man injures himſelf,

who writes a high and over-obliging Letter to a perſon of ordinary parts; wherefore there muſt be gotten a kind of colder civility, which is ſoon found when look'd for, which is to be us'd towards thoſe for whom we have no great love or eſteem, when by ſome conſiderations of acquaintance, we are oblig'd to write to them, and it is in ſuch emergencies as theſe that we are to make uſe of thoſe Letters, which are called Letters of *Complement*, wherein there is not any thing particular, nothing either good or bad, containing a parcel of words and little ſence, not obliging either thoſe who write them, or thoſe to whom they are directed, to any thing, as being dreſs'd in ſuch general terms, that they may be directed to all ſorts of perſons, without any particular addreſs to any. Judgement, certainly, is requiſite in all (repli'd *Clelia*) as for inſtance it might be ſaid there is nothing eaſier then the writing of news, and yet there are ſome who write it moſt fantaſtically. They are ſuch (repli'd *Amilcar*) who write news often, though they know not any, who believe all is ſaid to them, write without order or choice, who trouble themſelves to write things, that either none regards, or are diſpleaſing in themſelves, or have loſt all the grace and inſinuation of Novelty. For certainly, it is not more neceſſary that a woman to be a beauty, be alſo young, then that news be freſh and ſudden, to pleaſe; there being nothing more unſeaſonable then a long relation of an old adventure. Yet it muſt be confeſs'd (repli'd *Clelia*) that there are certain diſaſtrous accidents, which ſome make it their buſineſs to renew the ſtories of, and ſpread abroad, as if they were lately hapned, which certainly, is very troubleſom to thoſe who knew them before they were written to them. But in my judgement, when one writes a Letter wherein he would relate what hath hapned, he is to conſider what kind of news the perſons to whom he writes are moſt taken with; for I am confident there are ſome who are onely pleas'd with thoſe general narrations wherewith Fame it ſelf comes for the moſt part burthen'd, and would hear of nothing but Victories or Defeats, the Sieges of Cities, Conflagrations, Deluges, Inſurrections and the like. There are alſo thoſe who matter not the general Occurrences of the World, ſo they are but acquainted with what paſſes in their own Quarter; whence it is but neceſſary we ſhould ſift their humours to whom we write, when we are to ſend any thing of intelligence.

You ſpeak very much reaſon, Madam (repli'd *Amilcar*) but that which I would particularly learn from the fair *Plotina*, ſince ſhe ſeems to be ſo much exercis'd in it, is to know in what Letters a man is permitted to diſplay all his perfections, and after what manner he is to diſcover his wit. That certainly, is a thing you know better then I (repli'd ſhe) but that you may be ſatisfi'd that I am able to judge of the excellencies of your *Gallant-Letters*, if ever you ſhall write any to me, I declare to you, that it is onely in them that I pretend to be skill'd, and that for thoſe which are called *Serious-Letters*, I meddle not with them. In theſe out of all doubt (repli'd *Amilcar*) a man is permitted a high ſtile. For inſtance, if *Valerius* or *Lucretius* were to write to *Tarquin* concerning ſome affair of great conſequence, or if ſome great Clerks held an Epiſtolary correſpondence, they might pertinently make uſe of *Hiſtory*, *Morality*, *Policy*, and in a manner all the aſſiſtances of *Eloquence*. Be it as it will (ſaies *Plotina*) I underſtand it not, but for your *Gallant*-Letters, I am the greateſt Critick in the World. It is properly in theſe, that the Wit hath all liberty imaginable; here the fancy is not limited by any ſeverity of judgement, which is ſo far diſpens'd with, that the more ſerious things may be chequer'd with pleaſant digreſſions of extravagance. They admit Satyre if ſomewhat corrected with ingenuity; commendations and flatteries have here their ſeveral ſtations; a man may ſpeak of friendſhip, in terms of love; all novelty is pardonable, even lying, if innocent, is excuſable; if one knows no news he may make ſome; one may paſſe from one thing to another without diſorder; for this kind of Letters, to ſpeak properly being a converſation between perſons that are abſent, there is nothing ſo much to be avoided as a certain kind of reſervedneſſe of deep learning, that ſmells of Books and Study, and hath no acquaintance with Gallantry, which may be called the Soul of this kind of Letters. As to the ſtile of them, it muſt be plain,

natural,

natural, and noble altogether, which yet hinders not, but that there may be a certain Art, by the means whereof, there is nothing which may not pertinently be brought into Letters of this nature, there being not any thing from the thred-bare Proverb, to the *Sybil*'s Prophecies, which a good wit may not make use of. But there must be an especial care had in such occurrences, to decline that swelling Eloquence which properly belongs to Orations, and there must be appli'd another kind, which with lesse noise proves more effectual, especially among women; for in a word, the Art of telling trivial stories handsomly, is not known to all sorts of people. You may be confident of it (repli'd *Amilcar*) and I can further assure you, that it is not proper to all to desire to know it. But, amiable *Plotina*, make your obligation absolute, and tell us precisely how you would have Love-Letters written.

Since I never either writ, or received any (answer'd she) I know not very well what I should say, but being now in a good humour to speak, I shall not deny you. But I must in the first place tell you, there are a many more excellent Love-Letters then its conceiv'd. I am of your mind (repli'd *Amilcar.*) Yet is it not to be admir'd (answer'd she) if the *Gallant* Letters make a great noise, and those of *Love* very little; the former being written to be shewn to all the world, the other to be conceal'd. Those who receive a handsom Letter of friendship, gain much reputation by shewing it; but for those who receive a well-couch'd Letter of Love, it were a dishonour to communicate it; so that it is not to be thought very strange, if we meet with so few good ones of the latter sort. To come yet nearer the businesse, sence there are an infinite number of people, who may be said to have a great wit, in respect of those who are guilty of a great love; it is not to be wondred at, if there are fewer excellent Letters of this kind then of any; it being indisputably certain, that to write punctually of things of this nature, a man besides an ardent importunate love, must be indu'd with a certain tenderneſſe of heart and intellectuals, which is that wherein consists all the Beatitude of Love, either as to conversation or Letters. But (replies *Clelia*) did you not just now maintain, that in such cases too much wit was to be avoided? I confesse it (answer'd *Plotina*) but do not you think there is necessary a great deal of wit to discover little? In so much, that though it may be said, that though *Love* letters require not that fire of wit which should sparkle in *Gallant* Letters, yet must there be something instead of it, and the fire of love possess the place of that of wit, whereof I speak. I conceive therefore the true Character of a Love-letter, ought to be neat and passionate; and that if there be any thing of gallantry, spirit, yea even diversion in these Letters, it must be moderated with passion and respect. The expressions of them ought to be forcible and piercing, and among those things which divert the mind, there must be others that shall offer a kind of violence to the heart. It is requisite also, if I mistake not, there should be a little disquiet, for Love cannot by any means admit letters of *Felicity*. Not but that there may be a certain degree of joy, yet it must be such as is not absolutely serene, nay though there were no cause of complaint, yet ought a man to imagine something to himself whereof he may complain. You speak so admirably well (repli'd *Amilcar*) that if you had studied Love all your life, you could not have deliver'd your self better. If I have known no love my self (repli'd she smiling) I have those friends of my own sex, who have, and have taught me how to speak of it. In a word then, in a Love letter, fancy must be predominant over wit, and the stile of it must be natural, full of respect and passion; nay, I dare maintain there is nothing more likely to make a Letter of this nature lesse effectual, then its being over witty. Hence also doth it proceed, there are so few that can judge well of Love letters, for to be critical in it, a man must imagine himself in the place of those that love; he must suppose what they say comes immediately from their hearts; he must discover a many little circumstances that are only known to those who write, not to others; and in fine, he must be able to distinguish very nicely, between that Gallantry which is requir'd in Letters of Friendship, and what is admitted in those of Love. Moreover (added she) I

have it from a very vertuous perſon, that ordinarily women are more exquiſite at Love-letters then men, and for my part I think he was not miſtaken. For when a Lover is once reſolv'd to made a full diſcovery of his paſſion, there is no further need of Art, to ſay, *I am ſtill under the Martyrdom of your Love*; but for a woman, in regard ſhe never abſolutely acknowledges her love, but doth all things with greater myſterie, this Love, whereof there can only be had a glympſe, cauſes a greater pleaſure then that which is apparent, and without ceremony. But, it ſeems, ſays *Clelia*, there muſt be a difference between the letters of a Servant, and thoſe of a Miſtreſs. No queſtion of it, reply'd *Plotina*; for in the Letters of a Servant, affection and reſpect muſt be predominant; thoſe of a Miſtreſs ſhould ſpeak modeſty, and fear in aſpect to tenderneſs.

But, excellent *Plotina*, reply'd *Amilcar*, ſince you are ſo learn'd, you are yet to tell me whether length be excuſable in Love letters, for I have a friend conceives they ſhould be ſhort. To ſpeak in general terms of all ſorts of letters, reply'd *Plotina*, I think they ſhould not be over-long; but it were very pleaſant indeed if it ſhould be thought ill, that two perſons who love one another infinitely, who have not the opportunities of ſpeaking one to another, and meet with many difficulties to convey their thoughts one to another, ſhould not be permitted to write what they cannot ſpeak; and that Love which is an exaggerating paſſion, and magnifies and multiplies al things, had not the priviledge ſomtimes to dilate it ſelf into long Letters. For, how can a great paſſion be ſwath'd in a few words? How can a ſhort Letter contain a great jealouſie, and tranſport all the apprehenſions of one amorous heart into another in three or four words? As for thoſe who write the gallant ſort of Addreſſes, added ſhe, it is eaſie for them to abbreviate, and yet loſe nothing of wit, ſince their reaſon being abſolutely free, they make choice of the things they ſay, and reject thoſe ſuggeſtions which pleaſe them not: But for a poor Lover whoſe reaſon is diſturb'd, he takes nothing up by choice, he writes down the dictates of his Fancy; nor indeed ſhould he chuſe any thing, ſince that in point of Love, neither can be there too much ſaid, nor is it believ'd there hath been enough. Thus I maintain, there is no prohibition of long Letters, conditionally they be in no other dreſs then what Love adorns them with; and to ſpeak ingeniouſly, there's no thing deſerves ſo great commendation as a handſome Love-letter: For all conſider'd, notwithſtanding what I ſaid before, I believe, that when one writes ſuch a one, the mind is ſo taken up, and ſo diſtracted, that it is much more difficult to write well in this, then in any other caſe. Not but, as I ſaid before, that the heart is that which is principally concern'd in it, but that ſomtimes the heart is ſo diſturb'd, that it ſelf is ignorant of what it feels. But I pray, ſays *Amilcar*, who are theſe Female Friends of yours, who have taught you to ſpeak ſo learnedly of Love? She hath been entruſted with the ſecrets of ſo noble a Paſſion, reply'd *Clelia*, that if you knew all ſhe knows, you would not wonder to hear her ſpeak as ſhe does. It ſhall be her fault, reply'd *Amilcar*, if I do not, for it would be the greateſt pleaſure in the world to me, to hear her relate an amorous adventure; beſides that, added he, you cannot force me hence though you were ever ſo deſirous, for the Captain of your Guards went out when I came in, and you know the doors of your Lodgings are never opened but when he is here: Nay he told me, he ſhould not return very ſuddenly, by which means you have as much leiſure as you could wiſh. But what ſhould oblige me, reply'd *Plotina*, to relate to you the adventure of one of my friends, when there is no neceſſity of it? How! reply'd *Amilcar*, Do you think it a matter unneceſſary, to let me know in what School you have learn'd to ſpeak ſo well of Love? Aſſure your ſelf, if you refuſe, I ſhall be perſwaded you have run through three or four ſeveral Loves in your life. If it be ſo, replyes that excellent Virgin, I ſhall rather ſubmit to entertain you with the adventures of *Caſonia*, whereof I had this day promis'd *Clelia* the relation; Not but that ſhe knows ſomthing in general of what hath hapned to this admirable woman, but ſince ſhe will have the particulars thereof, I am content you ſhou'd alſo participate, conditionally you uſe all the means you can for her deliverance as well as

ours.

ours. Ah *Plotina*, reply'd *Amilcar*, if the fair *Clelia* will have it so, it will be an infinite pleasure to me; for I know not any thing of greater delight, then to understand that a person of a great wit, and withal serious, can admit Love. I therefore promise you to do all that lies in my power, to oblige *Tullia* to set all the Captives at Liberty: and to perswade her to it, I will tell her, that *Tarquin* will be less incens'd at that, then if she only deliver'd *Clelia*. Hereupon *Plotina*, being confident that *Amilcar* would more readily employ all his interest for *Cæsonia*, if he were inform'd what had hapned to her, and *Clelia* having added her entreaties to to those of this accomplish'd *African*, began her Relation in these words.

THE HISTORY OF CÆSONIA.

SInce you lay your commands on me, fair and generous *Clelia*, I shall relate unto you the adventures of this admirable woman who hath had the happiness of your good opinion; and I am also content *Amilcar* participate the pleasure of the Relation. But he must give me leave, as learned as he is, to acquaint him with divers things relating to our City, and particularly concerning its original, which an *African* cannot in any likelyhood know, that so he may the less wonder if he find so many tracts of magnificence amongst the *Rutuli*, and indeed so much gallantry and wit. For to deal truly with you, the Original of *Ardea* is more noble then that of *Rome*, and it cannot be objected to us, as it may to the *Romans*, that our Fathers were Criminals and Out-laws; and in a word, the *Rutuli* are reckoned amongst the most ancient people of *Italy*; *Ardea*, which is their *Metropolis*, being built by the fair and famous *Danae*, the Daughter of *Acrisius*, and mother of *Perseus*, whose History is so celebrated, that I think it unnecessary to relate it.

You do very well, interrupted *Amilcar* smiling, for though an *African*, and as Ignorant as you conceive me, I am not to learn, that *Jupiter* fell in love with *Danae*, that he was much put to his shifts for that invention of the precious *Golden Shower*; that he turn'd *Bull* to Ravish *Europa*, and put on the form of a *Swan* to surprize the Mother of *Castor* and *Pollux*. I know further, that *Danaes* Father understanding his daughter was neer her time of Lying in (notwithstanding all the care he had taken to cause her to be kept in a Tower, to elude the effect of an Oracle, which threatned he should lose his life by the hands of a Son of that Princess) caus'd this fair Lady to be shut into a Chest of Cedar, which he gave order should be cast into the Sea; and that the gods providing for her safety, directed the waves to cast it on the Coasts of *Italy*. I know further, that having been found by a Fisherman, who was taken with her extraordinary Beauty, he presented her to the Prince whose Subject he was; who grew so deeply enamour'd of her, that he married her. Nay I have heard it reported, though that be not so easily credible,

that *Danae*, though enclos'd in the cheſt, and that toſs'd up and down in the Sea, was ſafely deliver'd therein of young *Perſeus*, and that the Fiſherman made a Preſent both of Mother and Child to the fore-mentioned Prince.

Ah *Amilcar*, cry'd *Plotina* very pleaſantly, you know too much, and I ſhould be eaſily perſwaded you know all I have to tell you: And yet, me-thinks you ſhould have omitted what ſome relate, *viz.* that *Danae* was not the Foundreſs of *Ardea*, but a Son of *Ulyſſes* and *Circe*; but the ſtory is not true, as being grounded only on this, that *Ulyſſes* being a very eloquent perſon, and *Circe* an excellent Herbaliſt, the people of *Ardea* ſpeak more politely then thoſe of any other City, and have a greater knowledge of the natures and qualities of Plants, then there is elſe-where. But it is out of all controverſie that the fair *Danae* built our City, for the conflagration, though very great, yet leaving behind it certain magnificent Temples, there is to be ſeen the Hiſtory of *Danae*, excellently repreſented in certain Pictures, though done before the Foundation of *Rome*. She is to be ſeen alſo in a ſumptuous Palace, drawn by a famous Painter call'd *Cleophantus*, who follow'd *Demaratus* of *Corinth*, Father to the firſt of the *Tarquins*, when he came into *Italy* to avoid the perſecution of *Cypſelus* King at that time of the Country; ſo that it is agreed on all ſides: And to confirm it further, there are an hundred particulars to evince the truth; for we have women bear the name of *Danae*, and that of *Perſander*, which is an ordinary name, ſeems to be deriv'd from *Perſeus*; and there is to be ſeen a Cypreſs Cheſt, which is ſaid to be the ſame wherein *Danae* came to land in *Italy*, and was miraculouſly preſerv'd when our City was burnt. Moreover, in memory of the Golden Shower you ſpoke of, there is a yearly feaſt celebrated at *Ardea*, wherein all Lovers are oblig'd to ſome liberality towards their Miſtreſſes, wherein there muſt be ſomthing of Gold: For there is a certain Superſtition ſpread whereby many are perſwaded, that a man cannot be faithfully lov'd at *Ardea*, if he find not ſome means to convey to his Miſtreſs ſomthing conſiſting of that mettal. But if the men employ all their wits to do it, the women on the contrary, unleſs it be on the Feaſt-day I ſpoke of, think themſelves oblig'd in point of honour to avoid the receiving of any thing wherein there is gold, unleſs it be done by ſome ingenious ſurpriſal; which gives occaſion to a many gallant adventures.

But not to trouble you longer with things frivolous, it ſuffices you know, that there is a greater profeſſion of Arts, more magnificence, and more ingenuity at *Ardea*, then there is in *Rome*, as famous as it is; Even *Poeſie* is there no ſtranger; for that in divers Temples may be found Inſcriptions in verſe, in praiſe of divers perſons. There is one to be ſeen in *Junos* Temple, very excellent, and very ingenious, though the ſubject of it be only to celebrate a certain Painter of *Aetolia*, who for his Art and acquaintance with all Sciences, obtain'd the freedom of our City. *Ardea* therefore being a place more polite then the name of the *Rutuli* would make it be thought, wonder not at what I am going to tell you, and charge me not with too much partiality to my own Country.

But having ſpoken to you of *Ardea*, I am now to ſpeak of *Caſonia*. For her Perſon I ſhall ſay nothing, for you know ſhe is infinitely pleaſing, that ſhe hath the air it ſelf of Beauty, that ſhe hath a Majeſtique graceful aſpect, that ſhe is of a proper ſtature, hath an excellent eye, and her countenance full of freedom and modeſty. You know further, ſhe is infinitely ingenious, of a gentle and conſtant nature, and her converſation hugely inviting, and that the earth affords not a woman that hath a heart more noble and ſincere, or inclinations more generous. Being a perſon of the greateſt quality in our City, her education was proportionable; Her Father indeed ſhe loſt, while ſhe was yet very young, but her Mother (whoſe name is *Erſilia*) omitted nothing which ſhe thought might contribute to her perfection, and treated her with ſuch complyance and obligation when ſhe was grown up to her reaſon, that ſhe ſeem'd rather to look on her as a Siſter then a Daughter, and would rather entreat her advice, then enjoyn her by command. 'Tis true, *Caſonia* did abuſe this tenderneſs, but the more indulgent *Erſilia* was to her, the greater was her reſpect and duty; ſo that it might be ſaid the mother was abſolute miſtreſs

ſtreſs of the daughter, and that the daughter had the ſame power of the Mother, for there was never obſerv'd the leaſt contestation between them. *Cæſonia* having thus a great beauty, a great wit, a great goodneſſe, and a great fortune, it is not very ſtrange if ſhe had a many Suitors. For my part, though I am two yeers younger then ſhe, and of an humour leſſe reſerv'd and more free, yet hath ſhe given me the firſt place among her friends; for I dare preſume to affirm thus much of my ſelf, that among the moſt ſerious Confidents in the World, I will not be outvi'd by any as to Fidelity and Secrecy. It hapned moreover that *Cæſonia*'s houſe, and that wherein I liv'd, join'd, and that her mother and mine were ally'd; by which means we were in a manner alwaies together, and there was ſuch a reciprocation in our pleaſures, that we took not any when we were not together in the ſame place. We had ſome other friends of our own ſex; but to tell you truly, there was a great diſtance between thoſe apprehenſions of friendſhip which we had for them, and thoſe we had one for another. Yet was there a ſtrange difference between *Cæſonias* humour and mine; but withall, ſuch as had the ſame effect in our hearts, as divers ſounds have in Muſick, when it is well underſtood; for my freedom of diſpoſition diverted *Cæſonia*, and I was no leſſe pleas'd with her mildneſſe, complaiſance and ingenuity. She is even guilty ſometimes of a certain languiſhing melancholy, with which I was much taken; in a word, we made ſuch harmony, that there never hapned the leaſt diſcordant note between us. Not that we could be alwaies of the ſame opinion, but when we were not, we diſputed without bitterneſs; as ſoon as we apprehended truth, we ſubmitted thereto; nay, even when each perſiſted in her opinion, it was without indignation or any diſcovery of ſullenneſs or obſtinacy. Nor did our friendſhip make a ſmall noiſe in the City, inſomuch, that when people ſpoke of us, without naming us, we were commonly called, *The two Friends*.

Cæſonia in the mean time having no great inclination of her ſelf to marry, and taking no encouragement from my humour, which hath ever been much addicted to liberty, to change her opinion, ſlighted many propoſitions were made to her, though very advantagious; ſo that ſhe had ſlipp'd over the eighteenth yeer of her age, before her heart was ſenſible of any diſpoſition to fix her choice upon any one of all thoſe that were her ſervants. It was certainly no trouble to her that ſhe was eſteem'd by all of quality in our City, beyond all the Beauties of *Arded*; but ſhe withall thought it ſo hard a matter to meet with a man that knew well how to love, and that it was the greateſt unhappineſs to be oblig'd to one by whom ſhe were not abſolutely belov'd, that ſhe would have been glad of *Erſilas* conſent ſhe might not marry at all. For when ſhe had a mind to aggravate the averſion ſhe had to marry a man by whom ſhe could not think her ſelf beloved, ſhe ſpoke the pleaſanteſt things in the world, though naturally ſhe is very ſerious. But (ſaid I to her one day, when there was very great company at her houſe, and that all were preſſing her upon her ſhineſſe, and over-reſerv'dneſs in things of that nature) according to the humour I conceive you to be of, it were a hard matter to perſwade you, that you might be perfectly belov'd; for though you be ſincerity it ſelf, I have heard you ſay, in the buſineſs of love you diſtruſt all things. You may very well have heard me ſay ſo (repli'd ſhe) and it ſhall be your fault if you hear it not again; for there are not onely a ſort of men in love, who tell you they feel more then they do; but there are others who though abſolutely inſenſible, will yet entertain you with their incredible ſufferings. There is alſo a ſort of Lyars who are not ſenſible they are ſuch, and becauſe they know not well what Love is, think they are in Love, when the moſt that can be ſaid of them, is that they are ſimply diſpos'd to be ſo. By that argument (repli'd an excellent perſon, whoſe name was *Perſander*) it were not ſufficient for a man that were in love with you, to render you thoſe ſervices which another might, but he muſt find out ſome new way to convince you of his affection. Very right (repli'd ſhe) for I am not very credulous, and to prevail any thing with my great mind, there muſt be ſomething extraordinary, eſpecially in the firſt birth of the affection ſhould be directed to me, that I might no longer

doubt of the conqueſt I had made. But (ſaid another to her, a perſon of great merit, named *Turnus*) I would gladly know what that were that ſhould abſolutely convince you of the power of your charms. Since I have not ſo exactly examined what apprehenſions I ſhould have of a thing, wherein I am not concern'd (repli'd ſhe) I know not well how to anſwer you; but for the preſent, what would aſſure me of a mans affection, were to ſee him expreſſe it by a neglect of what he were moſt naturally and moſt ſtrongly inclin'd to. For, if (for example) I ſhould oblige an ambitious man to renounce his ambition for the love he bore me; if I ſhould force a covetous man to become liberal; if I ſhould cauſe a cholerick perſon to baniſh that Paſſion out of his ſoul, meerly becauſe I was diſpleas'd with it; if a fickle man ſhould prove conſtant meerly for my ſake; or if an obſtinate Lover ſhould quit ſome other Miſtreſſe purpoſely to ſerve me, I think I ſhould believe I were poſſeſs'd of the Empire of their hearts who ſhould do ſuch things upon my account. And to deal ſincerely with you, I do not think thoſe women who conquer thus, ought to uſe their Conqueſts as ordinary Conquerours do, who to inſinuate into their new Subjects, alter not the Laws of thoſe Countries they have ſubdu'd. On the contrary, I maintain, that it is lawfull for thoſe who conquer any heart, to govern it by ſuch Laws as they ſhall think fit; and that it is the nobleſt expreſſion of a Miſtreſſes Authority, abſolutely to diſpoſe of whatever acknowledges her Supremacy. If therefore I ſhould have made a faithfull Lover of a fickle, or a fickle of a conſtant, I ſhould think my ſelf more confirm'd in my power, then I ſhould by all the ordinary diſcoveries which men do make of their Paſſion.

Caſonia had no ſooner ſaid this, but *Turnus* ſmil'd, and *Perſander* chang'd colour, as if they were ſecretly concern'd in what that fair Lady ſpoke. And indeed, you are to know, that *Turnus* was naturally inconſtant, and *Perſander* lov'd without any return of his love, and had been a long time, a Suitor to a Lady of our City, who certainly deſerv'd not the love of a perſon of his quality; ſo that having been both ſmitten by what *Caſonia* had ſaid, it caus'd a little agitation in their hearts, for they had both an infinite eſteem for this admirable perſon. But for her part, when ſhe ſpoke it, ſhe thought not of either, and was minded onely to disburthen her ſelf of an opinion, wherein ſhe thought her ſelf ſingular; and indeed, it prov'd the Text of all that days diſcourſe, all being oblig'd to diſpute whether a woman were more oblig'd to an inconſtant Lover that ſhould prove conſtant by loving only her, or to a faithfull Lover that ſhould prove inconſtant to a former Miſtreſſe, as being forc'd to it by the charms he met with in a ſecond. I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of that diſcourſe, becauſe I muſt repeat another in the ſequel of my ſtory, whereby I ſhould be oblig'd to relate the ſame thing twice.

But I muſt needs more particularly tell you thus much, that *Perſander* and *Turnus* were of the beſt of quality in *Ardea*, that they were both very proper as to their perſons, and were both infinitely diſcreet and vertuous. 'Tis true, they were of very different natures; for *Perſander* is a man of a more pleaſant, more free, and more general converſation, and excellently good at thoſe little things, which indeed are the State-affairs of Love. *Turnus* was of a ſerene, mild, and complaiſant diſpoſition, and if the love of eaſe had not diſputed the Empire of his heart with that of glory, and his Miſtreſſes, he had made one of the moſt exquiſite Lovers in the World: For he had ſomething of Gallantry, ſomething of Delicacy, and inſinuation of Affection, which was infinitely taking, and withall, notwithſtanding his inclination to eaſe certain Sallies of violence, which fortifi'd people in the perſwaſion they had of his love. But for *Perſander* his ingenuity and cunning contrivances were his beſt Agents; and it may be ſaid of theſe two Conquerours, one was fitter for the gaining of a battel, the other more excellent at a ſiege.

Turnus was at this time, inſtead of one, ingag'd in divers Love-deſigns; for there were in *Ardea* three excellent perſons, by whom it may be preſum'd he might have been lov'd; if he could have been content to love but one, and direct all his affection to her. *Perſander* on the other ſide, could admit but of one Paſſion, but as I told

told you before, Love had otherwiſe prevented him; and certainly ſhe to whom he had then deſign'd his heart, was not worthy to receive it. But indeed, ſhe was not onely ſo far from knowing the value of it, that ſhe refus'd to accept it: On the contrary, ſhe had treated *Perſander* with ſo much indignity and neglect, that the Clouds under which he lay began to diſperſe, when *Caſonia* without any deſign, held the diſcourſe I have related to you, which was pertinently directed both to him and *Turnus*, if they could have reſolv'd then to love her. For, if you remember, I told you that *Caſonia* acknowledg'd her ſelf equally ſatisfi'd of the affection of an inconſtant perſon, if he became conſtant; and of that of an conſtant Lover if he prov'd inconſtant for her ſake. That which was moſt obſervable in this accident, was, that *Perſander* and *Turnus* who were friends, apply'd to one another what *Caſonia* had ſaid, though they were ſatisfi'd that ſhe had ſpoke without any reflection on them, though indeed the application was not ſerious on either ſide.

But departing the houſe together, and being both equally ſurpriz'd with the beauty and perfections of *Caſonia*, they fell a praiſing of her, and ſpoke a many things in her commendation. From which diſcourſe, *Perſander* took occaſion to tell *Turnus*, that ſince he was ſo much taken with *Caſonia*, he ſhould do well to addreſſe his ſervices to her, and quit that indifference in love, wherein he had continued all his life. For in fine, ſaid he to him, while you wander from one beauty to another, you will not advance much; and ſince that all thoſe from whom you receive favours, pleaſe you not ſo well as abſolutely to ingage you to them; and that you are this day more taken with *Caſonia* then all your former acquaintances, I would adviſe you to ſacrifice all your other Miſtreſſes at her Altar. I promiſe you (repli'd he) that if I thought the ſacrifice would prove acceptable, I ſhould do it withall my heart; but you know, it is not onely requiſite that the victims ſhould be ſuch as might pleaſe the Gods, but they alſo muſt be acceptable who offer them. Being aſſur'd therefore (continued he) that you are more in *Caſonias* favour then I am, I ſhould adviſe you to undertake the adventure; for if ſhe ſaid that ſhe was confident of the affection of an inconſtant Lover that ſhould prove conſtant for her ſake, ſhe alſo ſaid ſhe would be ſatisfi'd with the love of a conſtant one that ſhould prove unconſtant, to ſerve her. If therefore you will take my advice, you will forſake your ancient Miſtreſs and make choice of this; for not to flatter you, it will be more advantagious for you to alter your reſolutions then for me. There are, you know well, three perſons, all excellently handſom, of whoſe affections I might preſume, could I but love them, and who find me imployment and diverſion ſufficient, though all that is between us, be no more then a ſcene of mirth and gallantry, which may haply grow up to ſomething, if we pleaſe, and may alſo come as eaſily to nothing, if we are ſo diſpos'd. But you, without any reciprocation of affection, love a perſon that ſeems onely amiable to your ſelf; and you put your friends upon a neceſſity of wiſhing that ſhe may never prove favourable to you; for if you conquer the indiſpoſition of your love by matriage, you were the unhappieſt of all men in that it were to exchange one whom you thought a worthy Miſtreſs into a troubleſom Wife. If therefore you value my advice any thing, you will this day renounce her, and addreſs your love to *Caſonia*, with a confidence of the approbation of all people. For by this means, you will reform an errour which all the Tyranny aſcrib'd to Love could not excuſe; Reaſon would approve your change; and though you ſhould not be lov'd, yet were your condition better, than it is now; ſince it is more ſupportable to be ſlighted by a perſon of great merit, than by another that hath not any.

I cannot but acknowledge (repli'd *Perſander*) that notwithſtanding the violence of my Paſſion, I ever knew, that the perſon for whom I have had for ſo long time a fruitleſſe love, was guilty of ſome imperfections, nay that ſhe was diſacceptable to all rational men. But if I am too favourable, the others are unjuſt, ſince ſhe wants not ſuch good endowments, and that ..... For her good ones interrupted *Turnus*, I know not what ſhe may have; but for thoſe that relate to civi-

ty, I'll answer for her, she has not any; for she's of an unsetled and perverse disposition; she is ungraceful, both as to behaviour and countenance; she is nothing acquainted with the world; she always takes things in the worst sense, she sometimes commends what is to be discommended, and dispraises that which deserves praise, nothing obliges her, she is mov'd without occasion, and she understands not the greatnesse of your mind, and consequently not that of your affection. Fasten therefore on the occasion which Fortune presents you with, make a hearty sacrifice of this miserable Victim; for I am of opinion, when the sacrificer is accepted, they look not so strictly on what he offers; besides that none can be more liberal then he that bestows all.

You have certainly a strange confidence in my Friendship, reply'd *Persander* (blushing through the disorder of his thoughts) to speak of my Mistress as you do, I am so confident of the truth of what I say, that I fear not your displeasure. Not but that I know you now look otherwise on the person you love, then you will do one day; but you are so accustom'd to be troubled that others are not so much taken with her as your self, that I do you no more injury then you have endur'd a hundred times before. Nay I am sufficiently satisfi'd continued he, that I have seen you blush for very shame, upon several occasions, at some things which that creature either did or said; and therefore it were very unjust you should bear me any ill will, because I cannot speak well of her, since you may easily perceive it is only your own concernment that could have oblig'd me to speak after this rate, you being the only Suitor to this Wench, who certainly is very indiscreet to slight you, in regard there is nothing so certain, as that if she miss you, she will never meet with such another. Cease then at length, cruel friend, to persecute me, reply'd *Persander*, if you expect not I should also take my turn and fall upon you, and tell you, that if I deserve to be blam'd for loving a person defective, as to those perfections which Love should aim at, you deserve to be much more, who are indifferent whether you are lov'd by any one of three the most accomplish'd women the earth affords. Hereupon the two friends parted, not thinking what might be the consequence of what they said one to another.

On the other side *Cæsonia* and I, not knowing any thing of what had pass'd between *Persander* and *Turnus*, fell to discourse upon what had been spoken in the Company; for, our houses adjoyning, we were seldom asunder but at night; nay sometimes it hapned, that I staid at *Cæsonias*, or she at our house. Being therefore at liberty, as to company, we took a Walk into *Erfilias* Garden, but reflecting on whatever had been said, I represented to *Cæsonia* that she had said one thing which *Persander* and *Turnus* might severally apply to themselves, for their stories were known to all the world. I had no sooner said it, but she blush'd, as having no thought of them when she spoke as she did, and fearing they might imagine it directed to them, she was much troubled in her mind. I should be extreamly afflicted, said she to me, that two persons of their Quality should suspect me of any designe to engage them to love me. Since they are the only two of all the City, reply'd I laughing, that are not fallen into your chains, what great crime were it if you should spread your chains for them? How great a crime it were I know not, reply'd she, but it would certainly argue a great weaknes, and much indiscretion; but that which gives me some ease, added she, is, that *Turnus* is so well known for his Inconstancy, and *Persander* for his obstinate fidelity, that I shall not be easily suspected of having any intention to alter their resolutions. But that also which is equally true, is, that they are the two men of all the City whom I most esteem, and for whom certainly I should have the greatest inclination; and consequently added I, they are the two persons of all the City who were the most likely to make you happy, if so be you resolve to marry any one. According to the humour I now am in, said she, I should not be satisfi'd to have only an inclination for him I would take to be my Husband, for I conceive my felicity consists rather in the resentments which others have for me, then in what I have for them: and if I had met with any one among those who have endeavour'd to gain me, that could have

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put me into a strong perswasion that he had a great and violent affection for me, I should without doubt have look'd on him, so as from him to have deriv'd my happiness, for certainly there is a greater pleasure in being lov'd, then in loving.

Ah *Cæsonia* cryed I, you are extreamly mistaken if you believe what you say, since 'tis only the Love which is in one's own heart that can make one happy, and that to speak sincerely, there is no pleasure in being lov'd, but by those which one loves. Every one hath his particular humour (reply'd *Cæsonia*) and that is none of mine; for if I had two Lovers of equal merit, and my inclination led me to favour him whom I thought the less amorous, I should prefer before him the other whom I conceiv'd to have a greater affection for me, though I lov'd him the less. Ah *Cæsonia*, reply'd I, how great a fault would you commit in so doing! Ah *Plotina*, reply'd she, how dangerous a one should I be guilty of, did I make any other choice? for all consider'd, is it not true that the end of loving is to be lov'd again, and that it is the greatest torment to love beyond what one is belov'd? I agree with you, reply'd I, that it is insufferable to be sensible of having more love then one causes; yet I hold there can be no sensible pleasure in loving any further then it relates to that which one loves; and that all the devoirs, all the services, all the addresses of a person whom one loves not, give no great satisfaction in comparison of those are rendred by one for whom we have a certain respect.

But *Plotina*, answer'd *Cæsonia*, you consider not what you say when you speak thus; for it is so natural to love, to the end one should be lov'd again, and to imagine a certain pleasure therein, that to speak generally of it, one desires to be lov'd as well by those whom one loves, as those whom one loves not. There is also a certain satisfaction in receiving acknowledgements of esteem from those we are not in a manner acquainted with; and the reason is, that as often as one receives such expressions of affection, one seems to take it as a certain argument of his own merit; besides that, if there be any charms in love, I think they consist in an absolute Empire over the heart of a vertuous man. I can also very easily imagine, that it is as it were a degree of felicity, for a woman to see a person of a great reason and understanding, renounce part of his Reason to serve her; that he raises to himself an hundred sensible pleasures from her most inconsiderable favours; that he betrays a thousand obliging weaknesses, which he himself is not sensible of; that his colour changes when he sees her, that many times he knows not what he says, even when it is his design to speak the best he can; that he sees her in all places; that he seeks none but her; that he resigns himself absolutely to her Will, and altogether renounces his own. But on the contrary, when one loves, instead of commanding, he obeys; and must expect all the inconveniences of love, and never be acquainted with the enjoyments of it.

Ah *Cæsonia*, reply'd I, I could not have imagin'd a serious person could possibly have said what you have! And I should never have thought, reply'd she, that a person of a free and gallant humour could have held what you hold, which certainly should rather be the Tenet of Melancholy and Distraction. But said I to her, what do you think on when you imagine it is a greater pleasure to be lov'd then to love? Do you think I cannot name you an hundred several men whom you should esteem strangely troublesom, if they were but once encourag'd to follow you every where, and to pretend an infinite love to you? But when I say so, reply'd she, I do not mean that I would be lov'd of those people of no worth, who are not to be admitted in the quality of lovers, nor yet of friends; and all that I say amounts to no more then this, that a woman who hath a great esteem for a vertuous man, by whom she is faithfully and ardently lov'd, shall be more happy then if she her self had a strong love for another vertuous man, who were less amorous then the former. And I hold on the contrary, reply'd I, that there is no enjoyment in being lov'd, but in as much as it proceeds from those we love; that all those weaknesses which you say it would be pleasant to observe in a person of a great mind, would not seem such to you, if you were not capable of having the like; and to apprehend aright what Love is, there is no question but the most inconsiderable services

render'd by a perſon whom we love, far exceed the greateſt we receive from another, for whom we have not that ſympathy. And in a word *Caſonia*, ſaid I to her laughing, the caſe is not the ſame with love as at a *Ball*, where many times thoſe who dance not, have a greater pleaſure then thoſe who do; for certainly, whoever would find a great ſatisfaction in being lov'd, muſt himſelf love, and that to the greateſt extent of paſſion; and for my part, I am ſo far from imagining any pleaſure in marrying an amorous Husband if I lov'd not him, that I think it no ſmall torment, by reaſon of the continual reſerv'dneſſe wherein I ſhould conceive my ſelf oblig'd to live. If therefore you will take my advice, make choice of him, whom you your ſelf ſhall beſt love, and not him who hath no more to ſay for himſelf, then that he hath a greater love for you. I ſhould willingly grant (added I) it were a great unhappineſſe, and a great madneſſe to love and not be lov'd again; but as long as I live, I ſhall perſiſt in this opinion, that there can be no true delight in being lov'd, if one alſo loves not; and certainly, the heart muſt be extreamly prepoſſeſſed for to raiſe this one pleaſure above all others, and imagine it ſuch as whereby all ſorts of afflictions were alleviated, and might effectually put us into a condition of indifference for all things elſe.

But is it not alſo certain (repli'd ſhe) that aſſoon as one is ſtrongly poſſeſs'd with love, there inevitably follows a number of cares and diſturbances. There do ſo (repli'd I) but I believe withall there are thouſands of pleaſures, which cannot be conſequent to any thing but by the reſidence of that Paſſion in the Soul. For when all is done, all thoſe things which we ſay are very pleaſing when one loves, are not ſo conſiderable in themſelves, as to make a ſuperſtructure of Felicity, were it not that the heart is prepoſſeſs'd. So that to be abſolutely happy, we muſt, if I may preſume to ſay it, enter with ſincere intentions into this correſpondence and conſonancy of affections, we muſt retain in our ſelves, ſo much love as we cauſe in others, and expect to find our particular ſatisfaction in our own tenderneſſe rather then in that of another: For were it not ſo, one might take an equal pleaſure in being lov'd, by a hundred ſeveral people at a time; whereas, I am confident that a woman who hath three or four Lovers, will find no true pleaſure but with him whom ſhe particularly loves.

I do not tell you (repli'd *Caſonia*) that thoſe whoſe hearts are deſign'd to love, find no ſatisfaction in loving; but that which I maintain, is, that one who would marry, ſhould find her ſelf in a more firm poſture of happineſſe, by marrying a man who extreamly loves her, then if ſhe married one whom ſhe her ſelf were infinitely in love with. But (repli'd I) you mind not what you ſay, for it frequently happens that theſe amorous Husbands grow ſoon cold in their affection; ſo that if you are ſatisfi'd in being lov'd, though you lov'd not your ſelf, it muſt needs follow, that as that love evaporates and conſumes, your pleaſure alſo determines. On the contrary, if you love him whom you have married, he is alwaies the ſame pleaſant object he was to you, even though he ſhould give you ſome ſlight cauſe of diſcontent: Not to flatter you therefore any longer, I think there never was any woman (Cockneys excepted) beſides your ſelf, who thought there was any great pleaſure in being lov'd, without loving her ſelf. Be it as it will (ſaid ſhe) ſince I preſs you not to change your opinion, neither ſhall I change mine for your ſake; but it may come to paſſe that while I ſhall be content to be lov'd, though I love not, you ſhall love, and not be lov'd again. For that matter (repli'd I) I fear not what may happen to me; for one never loves, but what ſeems worthy to be lov'd, and I ſhould not look upon the moſt vertuous man in the world, as ſuch as ſhould oblige me to love him, if he did not firſt love me.

Theſe were at that time the apprehenſions of *Caſonia*; but not to ſpend time in the relation of many little accidents conſequent thereto, I ſhall onely tell you, that from that day, *Perſander* and *Turnus* took ſome by-occaſions to ſee & know more of *Caſonia*, and became more ſtudious Diſciples of our Cabal, which certainly was the moſt ingenious and moſt gallant of any in the City; and if I may preſume to affirm it, that which had the greateſt reputation of Vertue. 'Tis true, it ſtood not with our conſtitutions

ſtitutions to admit indifferently all ſorts of people, and that we ſtood much upon the choice of our friends of either ſex, when we were commonly called abroad, *The fair Solitaries*. Our ſolitude indeed hath nothing that might affright, for we admitted the viſits of all vertuous perſons, without any regard had to the reſt. Not that we could be charg'd with any incivility; but it hapned either by artifice or good fortune, that we were not pleaſing to thoſe whom we liked not. So that ſome ſtanding in fear of us, others not knowing what to ſay to us, and ſome for the moſt part not apprehending what are ſaid to them, we liv'd without any diſturbance; for to tell you truly, we minded not much what they thought of our Conſiſtory; and when we were inform'd of what fooliſh things they ſaid of *The Fair Solitaries*, we only made ſport of it, and then took occaſion thence to think our ſelves happy in that we were diſſociated from ſuch people.

But for *Perſander* and *Turnus* we gladly entertain'd them when they preſs'd the favour of ſeeing us more particularly then ordinary; for they were both perſons of ſo much worth, that to do them reſpect was to receive it. However it was not their deſign at firſt to profeſs any love to *Caſonia*; but certain it is, that *Perſander* being ſtill ſlighted by the perſon whom he lov'd, took this occaſion to divert and imploy his thoughts, ſo to indeavour his recovery. Nor indeed did he diſſemble it, ſaying, when we ſomtimes ask'd him, whence it came he ſo much honour'd us with his company, that his buſineſs was to find out ſome pleaſant friend that ſhould make him forget a too cruel Miſtreſs. As for *Turnus*, ſince he purſu'd only what moſt pleas'd him, and that *Caſonia* wanted not any thing he could have wiſh'd; he eaſily diſ-engaged himſelf from thoſe three Beauties, whereof there was not any whoſe heart he might not have gain'd, if he could have ſerv'd but her alone with perſeverance. It hapned alſo that *Perſander*'s Miſtreſs went into the Country, and that a new difference fel out betwixt them at parting; for ſhe put ſuch a fantaſtick trick upon him, that he was extreamly troubled at it. It came to paſſe afterwards, that he ſaw divers of her Letters, which were ſuch as ſeem'd not fit to be written by the Miſtreſſe of *Perſander*, for he himſelf writes admirably wel; he alſo came to the ſight of ſeveral Letters of *Caſonias*, wherewith he was taken even to admiration. Inſomuch, that abſence, vexation, and reaſon clearing up *Perſander*'s heart of its former pre-poſſeſſion, put him into a condition ſenſible of the Charms of *Caſonia*. As for *Turnus* he was ſo accuſtomed to the ſenſe of merit and beauty; that it would have been very ſtrange, if he ſhould have had none reſerv'd for one of the moſt accompliſh'd perſons in the World.

Theſe two friends thought not, in the mean time, that they were becom Rivals, for they profeſs'd themſelves equally friends to *Caſonia*, who entertain'd them accordingly. So that not behaving themſelves as Lovers, they ſoon gain'd with us that liberty which friendſhip affords. They writ Letters to us, and we anſwer'd them; we had a hundred appointed walkings together; and we carried our ſelves towards them, rather as if they were friends of our own ſex then the other; For being both of them circumſpect, reſpectful, and diſcreet, we ſtick'd not to ſay before them a many things which might be thought ſomewhat extravagant. But at length, I one day perceiv'd it was not impoſſible they might have ſome reſentments of love for *Caſonia*; for being one afternoon all four together in *Erſilia*'s Chamber, we fell a talking of a certain Lover of our City, who as it was reported, had parted very fairly from his Miſtreſs, to go and travel; and that though there hapned no difference between them, he was abſolutely cur'd of his Paſſion, and was return'd without any Love. For my part, ſaies *Turnus*, I do not think it impoſſible; for I know thoſe, who without the remedy of abſence can overcome two or three Paſſions, much more, one. And for my part (repli'd *Perſander*, I do not think a man can be cur'd by abſence onely; and I am abſolutely perſwaded, that to be eas'd of one Paſſion, a man muſt neceſſarily entertain another. There may no doubt (continued he) be a ſort of people, who are not ſo ſenſible of abſence as many others, and into whoſe ſouls it might infuſe a certain coldneſſe, which ſignifies rather indifference then Love; but afterwards reſtor'd to the ſight of the per-

ſon whom they had lov'd, they would re-aſſume their love; for I cannot conceive that abſenſe alone is able to deſtroy love. I hold therefore, that whoever ceaſes to love, upon no other account then abſenſe, muſt be guilty of infidelity, and have taken another Miſtreſs. But if there be a neceſſity a man enter into a new love, before he can be ſaid to give over loving a former Miſtreſs, in caſe of abſenſe, reply'd *Turnus*, the ſame concluſion holds againſt a Lover who ſhould at once diſengage himſelf from two or three. By no means, reply'd *Perſander*, for it may happen that theſe Miſtreſſes might do a many things conducing to his cure, which a perſon that is abſent cannot. But if on the contrary, replyed *Turnus*, theſe two or three Miſtreſſes were more favourable then ordinary, what would you ſay? I ſhould ſay, reply'd *Caſonia* laughing, you would be thought ungrateful, if you forſook them for another. But Madam, reply'd *Turnus*, I put not the queſtion to you, but to *Perſander*, who will needs maintain that a man cannot ceaſe loving a perſon that is abſent, without entring into a new love; and thinks it not poſſible a man may quit three fair Miſtreſſes, without finding another; Nay I conceive, added he, he pretends that a woman ought to think her ſelf more oblig'd to him, if he lov'd her in the abſenſe of his Miſtreſs, then ſhe ſhould to me, though I ſhould in the preſence of three ſuffer my ſelf to be wrought upon by the charms of this fourth. There is no queſtion of it reply'd *Perſander*, and for inſtance, if making profeſſion of conſtancy as I do, it ſhould happen that the admirable *Caſonia* could make me inconſtant, and faſten her love upon me, I ſhould do a greater action for her ſake, then you ſhould do by forſaking all your Miſtreſſes to ſerve her; for chrnge being natural to you, you did no more in loving her, then comply with your own inclination. But if I ſhould perſevere to love her for a long time reply'd he, ſhall I not have done much more for her then you, who are naturally faſt'ned to one place, and ſhould not deſerve any great reward, though you lov'd ever ſo faithfully? It muſt certainly be a very long time, reply'd *Perſander*, before you can recover your reputation. I beſeech you, reply'd *Caſonia*, make not theſe fruitleſs ſuppoſitions, and if you have any quarrel, let not me be concern'd in it.

But if that which they ſay be real (reply'd I laughing, not thinking it had been ſo) you were finely catch'd. I had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but I ſaw *Perſander*'s colour change, and *Turnus* was not without ſome diſturbance. I aſſure you, reply'd *Caſonia*, I ſhould hardly believe it, though they ſhould endeavour to perſwade me to it. You do not then believe Madam ſuch an accident as this impoſſible, reply'd coldly *Perſander*; for if you remember, you ſaid one day when *Turnus* and I were preſent, that to give you a remarkable teſtimony of his affection, a Lover muſt do ſomthing abſolutely diſconſonant to his natural inclination, and among thoſe you expected that an unconſtant man ſhould prove conſtant for your ſake, or that a conſtant Lover quit his perſeverance purpoſely to ſerve you. And Madam, added *Turnus*, we were ſo far perſwaded to follow your directions, that I adviſed *Perſander* to quit his Miſtreſs, to love you, and he afterwards gave me the like counſel to forſake all mine, to apply my ſelf only to you. He was pleas'd it ſeems to requite your ill advice with as bad, reply'd *Caſonia* bluſhing. On the contrary, reply'd *Perſander*, I gave him that counſel out of meer friendſhip, but he was not diſpos'd to follow it. 'Twas becauſe at that time, I was ſo wedded to your judgement, that I would not do what you refus'd. Certainly, reply'd *Caſonia* laughing, you are both very admirable perſons, to tell me ſo truly what paſs'd between you that day. They are much more, reply'd I, laughing with her for company, if they dealt ſo really with you as to acquaint you with their preſent thoughts; for I am clearly of opinion, though I ſhould not ſwear it, that in *Perſander* you have made an inconſtant Lover of a conſtant, and in *Turnus* you have exchang'd inconſtancy into perſeverance. You ſpeak ſo indiſcreetly reply'd *Caſonia*, that I think it not fit to anſwer you. But if it be ſo, reply'd *Perſander*, what do you expect *Turnus* and I ſhould do? Muſt we hate one another, muſt we ceaſe to love you, muſt we fear, or muſt we hope? And that you may compleat your obligation upon us, be pleaſed to declare which of us two may with more confidence preſume to have given you the

the greater teſtimony of his affection, he who is become conſtant, or he who has quitted his conſtancy? I beſeech you Madam, added *Turnus*, be pleas'd to give *Perſander* a punctual anſwer. Did he ſpeak to me ſeriouſly, replyed ſhe, I ſhould anſwer him; but ſince he propoſes nothing but trifles, having not the leaſt relation to truth, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf to give him any return. But ſuppoſing they ſaid not any thing that were real, replyed I, why make you ſuch ado to ſatisfie their curioſity? And if what they ſay have ſome ground, tell them ſincerely, though by way of jeſt, what they may think of their ſeveral Fortunes. In troth *Plotina*, ſaid ſhe to me, you give me very pleaſant advice. Truly, reply'd I, you have my very thoughts; for *Perſander* and *Turnus* are as yet Friends; but if they are Rivals, I wiſh it may be without quarrel, and that you impoſe on them as an expreſſion of their love to you, to live always in Friendſhip. If they were my Lovers, replyed ſhe, I ſhould be glad they were ſuch without hating one another; but ſince they are not, and that I ſhould be ſorry they ſhould, I have nothing to ſay to them. For your being ſorry ſaid I, I cannot ſo eaſily believe it; for in fine, continued I jeſtingly, this adventure hath in it ſomthing ſo particular, that you would be much troubled to repent your having been the occaſion of it. Beſides, that having ſo much generoſity as you have, you ſhould be glad to have put ſo great an obligation on two the moſt eminent perſons in the world; for all that can be objected to *Perſander*, is, that he loves a woman that deſerves not his love; and all that *Turnus* can be charg'd with, is the Inconſtancy of his Love.

For this good office *Turnus* and *Perſander* gave me many thanks, and began again to preſs *Caſonia* to reſolve them; but ſhe would not, ſo that the diſcourſe was concluded in ſuch a manner, as ſatisfi'd *Caſonia* and me, that there was ſomthing of Truth in what we ſuſpected, and withal convinc'd *Turnus* and *Perſander*, that they had both follow'd the advice they had given one another. However, they went away together, but burthened with thoughts and melancholy, as being each of them troubled in their minds, that he had a Rival inſteed of a Friend. But at laſt *Perſander*, as being the more diſcreet, deſirous to ſift the reſentments of his friend; Tell me truly, ſaid he to him, Are you not at this preſent more taken with *Caſonia* then with all the world beſides, and if it were poſſible you could reform your inconſtancy, you would do it only for her ſake? Before I tell you my thoughts replyed *Turnus*, Do you acknowledge that you are this day more pleas'd with *Caſonia* then ever you were with your former Miſtreſs, and that if you could prove inconſtant, you would do it only for the love of *Caſonia*? For Inconſtancy reply'd *Perſander*, I cannot be reproach'd with it; though I forſook the perſon you mean, and ſhould in conſequence love *Caſonia*, ſince it is granted, there is no obligation to love where one is not lov'd. And whereas you are pleas'd to tell me that I am more taken with this excellent perſon then my former Miſtreſs, I am to tell you, that how far ſoever you may have thought me prepoſſeſs'd, I have always known, that the one had imperfections, the other none. But that which hath caus'd this change in my reſolutions is, that the perſon, in whom I then had only a glympſe of certain imperfections, and in whom I imagin'd there were ſome excellent good qualities, ſeems now to me ſome other creature; for I find not any thing in her I am pleas'd with; her company is troubleſome: All that I ſaw in her formerly is vaniſhed, and I am ſo much aſham'd, nay indeed ſo much amaz'd, that I have thought her ſo excellent, and lov'd her ſo much, that my thoughts of it far exceed my expreſſions.

Hah *Perſander*, cry'd out *Turnus*, you are in love with *Caſonia*: And you, reply'd the other, who thought it your felicity, to divide your ſelf among all the Beauties, never think your ſelf well now, but when neer *Caſonia*. I acknowledge it reply'd *Turnus*, for where ever I am, I ever with my ſelf with her; and there is certainly ſomthing of enchantment, whereby I am ſo carry'd away, that her Houſe is in my way, in what quarter ſoever of *Ardea* my buſineſs lies. It ſeems then reply'd *Perſander* ſmiling, if we are not yet Rivals, we ſoon ſhall be. I am of your mind, reply'd *Turnus*, and I am troubled at it beyond expreſſion.

For certainly (added he) I must needs be very unhappy, that the most perseveran of all men, hath resolv'd to cease to be such, purposely to become my Rival. It is rather I who have cause to complain (repli'd *Persander*) in that the most inconstant Lover in the World will needs be other then he was meerly to cross my designs. Ah *Persander* (repli'd *Turnus*) I am the more unhappy of the two; for certainly, *Cæsonia* hath a greater inclination for you then for me. I know not on what you ground that conjecture (repli'd *Persander*) but it should rather be infer'd, that a man who could not gain the love of the least amiable person in the World, should not be over confident of gaining that of the most accomplish'd, and therefore his Rivalship is not to be look'd on as very formidable. But *Turnus*, if I am slighted as inconsiderable, you are (on the contrary) much to be fear'd; for can a man possibly have a more dangerous Rival, then one, who though guilty of no love, or at best but little, could yet in a manner command all the greatest beauties of *Ardea*. Howere that may be (repli'd *Turnus*) I am confident *Cæsonia* hath naturally a stronger inclination, and a greater esteem for you then me. I know you are a greater Gallant, more vigilant, and more ingenious then I am, and consequently have reason to fear you may be more fortunate then I. Since you are infinitely more amiable then I can ever possibly be (repli'd *Persander*) and that I have a very great opinion of *Cæsonias* judgement, I am easily perswaded not to expect any love to your prejudice. But to do something more then ordinary in the World (added he) let us indeavour from this day, so to manage our Love, that it destroy not our Friendship; for as yet there is not ought done wherewith we may reproach one the other. You advis'd me to love *Cæsonia*, and I gave you the same advise, so that we cannot be charged with any defect of friendship in the original of our Love. And therefore since I might be thought unreasonable to press you to quit your pretensions for my sake, it were also unjust in you to oblige me to stifle my Passion for yours. Not but that if I thought I could do it I would, both out of considerations of friendship and reason, though you pres'd me not to it; but since it is impossible, and that I cannot conceive you can be so suddenly weary of a thing you are so much taken with; we must regulate those apprehensions we have one of another, while we love the accomplished *Cæsonia*.

To observe the rules of Generosity (repli'd *Turnus*) we must promise not to attempt any thing one against another, and have the same love one for another, as if we were not Rivals; but since that cannot be, the contrary course must be taken; and therefore (for my part) you have from me all liberty to say and do any thing which you think may gain the love of *Cæsonia*, conditionally you give me the same. I am very well content (repli'd *Persander*) but this shall not hinder what means I shall use otherwaies, as being still your friend. And I shall do the like if I can (repli'd *Turnus*) but I should be glad one of the Articles of our Treaty were, that in case *Cæsonia* make choice of either of us, and thereby cut off all the pretensions of her other Lovers, the other shall have nothing to object against him, but shal continue in friendship with him. Be it so (repli'd *Persander*) though I can never hope to make any great advantage of this *proviso*.

In this manner, Madam, did these two Rivals acknowledge to one another the love they had for *Cæsonia*; so that from that day, they omitted nothing whereby they thought to gain the favour of this excellent person. But this happening neer the time that they celebrate the Feast of the *Golden Shower*, to honour the memory of *Danae*, and that it is then the custome, as I have already told you, that all Lovers bestow on their Mistresses somthing wherein there must be Gold, *Turnus* prov'd the subject of our abuses for a whole afternoon together at *Cæsonias* house. For all people believing he was in love with three or four of the City at a time, one woman who knew nothing of the change of his humour, said, that day would undo him, he was oblig'd to make so many magnificent Presents, if so be he presented all his Mistresses. If you are one of them (repli'd he) you shall see what will be done. For my part (saies *Cæsonia*) I think this custom so ill-grounded, that I am almost minded to pretend my self sick on this Feast day; for though there can-

not

not be made so ill a construction of receiving Gold at this as at other times, yet it is against my humour to accept such magnificent Presents. As for those inconsiderable things, whereby they are neither inrich'd who receive them, nor they impoverish'd who bestow them, I should permit they pass'd between friends, especially when they are equally able to return them; but I am a profess'd enemy to those women who are taken with magnificent Presents. It seems then you are of the opinion (saies a person of quality whose name was *Pallas*) of those who believe that since *Jupiter* invented the Golden Shower, there hath remain'd in that Mettle, a a certain Magical Force, that softens the rigours of all those Beauties which receive of it, and that the best receipt, and the most advantagious for a slighted Lover, is to oblige his Mistress to take a good quantity of Gold. Since there are no universal Medicines (repli'd *Cassonia*) I do not think that, as Soveraign as you take it, absolutely effectual unless it be on some interess'd women with whom merit signifies nothing, gold all things. For my part replyed I, 'tis a thing I cannot easily apprehend, how any women can be so base as to sell their affection, and am as far to seek how there can be men that will buy them; for if I were a Gallant I should imagine something so dishonourable in this kind of Commeree, that I should never prove a Merchant in it. I should no sooner discover in the heart of a woman any thing reflecting on her own Interest, but I should contemn, avoid, and hate her; and in my opinion an interess'd woman, is so far abhominable, that I take her not to be good for any thing; for I should neither admit her in the quality of a Mistris, nor of a Wife nor a Friend, nor a Kinswoman, nor yet a Neighbour, so much do I abhor this kind of unworthinesse. I seems then (said *Pallas*) you have no great devotion for the Feast of the *Golden Shower*? I observe it out of curiosity (repli'd I) but if it happen any thing is presented to me, I leave it in the Temple, that people may see I go not thither to come thence ever the richer. And for my part, repli'd *Cassonia*, I think fitter not to go thither at all.

Perander and *Turnus* who were present at this discourse, did what they could to oblige her to change her opinion, but she could not be prevail'd with to make an absolute promise to go to the Temple. For in fine said she to them, I have liv'd hitherto and never receiv'd present wherein there was any Gold and I will not begin now; Not but that I am of opinion (added she) this superstition of *Ardea* hath some rational ground; but I have such an aversion from that Mettle which makes so many of my Sex commit such horrid enormities, that I will not receive any of it. For my part (added she) I make no comparison between a woman mov'd by the sense of merit, and haply, subject withall to some weakness, and one whose Soul is onely open to Avarice, and who bestows her heart on him that bids most for it. I agree to what you say (repli'd *Persander*) but after all, Madam, (added he) Liberality is a Vertue, and more to be practis'd by a Lover then any other. Ah *Persander* (cri'd I) is it so easie to reconcile these two things! for I take it as granted that the most disinteress'd woman in the World, is she who expects the greatest liberality from her Lover; but with this provision, that he suspect her not of an imperfection she is not guilty of, and indeavour to expresse his Liberality, without presenting her with such things as she should not receive. In a word (added *Cassonia*) there are thousands of waies for a man to shew his Liberality, which vertue hath such an easie way to discover it self, that even those who have nothing to give, find means to shew they are not covetous. For a Lady shews sometimes that she is of a liberal nature, as well in not seeking and avoiding the occasions of receiving presents, as in making such her self. To deal truly with you, repli'd I, all women are not of that disposition; for I know one who hath such an excellent gift of receiving, that it may be said she never hath any thing, and is ever desirous of all that others have, without any exception. For she takes occasion to commend what-ever she sees, if there be the least hopes it may be offer'd her: She asks those who are not of *Ardea*, what is most rare in their Country, that she may afterwards beg it, she permits such things to be sent into her house, as she intends not to pay for; and if she betray her self in some little liberality in her life, it is on

ſome occaſions, wherein ſhe is infallibly aſſur'd for the little ſhe beſtows, to receive much; and for my part, I am ſo far perſwaded ſhe can refuſe nothing that's proffered her, that if ſhe had a Lover were ſo fantaſtick, as inſteed of perfumes, flowers, fruits, and ſuch accomodations, which may be receiv'd without any imputation of avarice, to ſend her Arms, I believe ſhe would take them rather then it ſhould be ſaid ſhe refus'd any thing.

This jeſt having put the company into a laughter, they fell afreſh to perſecute *Turnus* with the number of his Miſtreſſes, and the feaſt of the Golden Shower; but he anſwer'd ſo ambiguouſly, as might convince them they were deceiv'd who thought he had ſo many preſents to make. To be ſhort, *Turnus* and *Perſander* not ſpeaking any thing to one another, were both reſolv'd to ſurprize *Caſonia* by moſt magnificent preſents, if ſhe came to the Feaſt. But they were ſpar'd the trouble, for pretending ſome indiſpoſition, ſhe would not go. For my part, I, according to my wonted curioſity, went, and fail'd not to find there *Perſander* and *Turnus*. But that you may know what is done in that place, I am to acquaint you in few words with part of the Ceremonies of this celebrious Feaſt.

You are then to know, that for the performance of theſe Ceremonies, there is a Temple deſign'd, wherein is to be ſeen repreſented the hiſtory of *Danae*, and where the greateſt part of thoſe of quality of either Sex are preſent: I ſhall not trouble you with the Sacrifice which is there offered, for it ſignifies nothing to my purpoſe: but I ſhall tell you, that the Ladies that come thither are dreſs'd to the greateſt curioſity and expence, that they are all on one ſide of the Temple, and the men on the other; and to ſhew that liberality ought to be the inſeparable attendant of love, there is a *Cupid* repreſented on the Altar, who hath in one hand his Bowe and Torch, and in the other a Horn of abundance inverted, out of which may be ſeen falling down, Gold, Pearls, and precious Stones. In the mean time the Ladies who are on one ſide of the Temple, have each of them in their hands, Myrtle-Crowns, and are, for a certain time, oblig'd to ſtand. For the men who would ſhew their Gallantry, they are on the other ſide, holding every one what they have to beſtow on their Miſtreſſes, in caſe they come to the Ceremony. Having proceeded thus far, he who offer'd the Sacrifice makes a large diſcourſe in the commendation of Liberality. Which done, all the Ladies one after another paſs before the Image of Love, which they call *Love liberal*, and having made a low reverence, they walk gently before thoſe men who have the gallant and precious things, which they intend to beſtow on their Miſtreſſes: and when any Lady comes over againſt him who would make a Preſent to her, he very ſubmiſſively ſtays her, and with one knee on the ground, offers her what it was his deſigne to beſtow on her. This Civility obliges to accept; But if he who makes the Preſent be ſuch a Lover as ſhe would wiſh were not ſuch, ſhe only receives his Preſent, and makes him a low reverence. On the contrary, if he be one whoſe ſervice ſhe is pleas'd with, ſhe puts the little Myrtle-Crown ſhe had upon his head; and for the Preſent which ſhe hath accepted, it is at her diſcretion either to carry it away with her, or beſtow it on the Temple; if ſhe chuſe the latter, ſhe lays what ſhe had receiv'd on a ſpacious Altar neer the door. But that whatever proceeds from Love may return to Love, all that is laid on that Altar is employ'd to promote the fortunes of ſuch as love one another, and have not wealth enough to live happily together without ſome aſſiſtance.

In the mean time it is an an affliction to ſome Beauties to go to this Feaſt, and receive nothing, whereas on the contrary there are others, on whom too much is beſtow'd; for among us, it is in a manner as diſgraceful to have too many Lovers, as to have none; it being believ'd that five or ſix pretending to a woman, cannot ſubſiſt without hope, which it were a ſhameful thing for any Woman to keep ſo many in.

But to return to my ſtory, you are to know, that on this Feaſt-day *Turnus* came thither, with gold chains in his hand, whereof the workmanſhip was indeed admirable; and his deſign was to preſent them to *Caſonia*, and to do it ſo as if he ſhould entreat her to chain him up. For *Perſander*, he held a kind of Crown of gold,

gold, beset with precious stones, which he intended also to present her with, as it were in acknowledgement of the supreme Power she had over his Heart. But they were both much surpriz'd not to find *Cesonia* there, and indeed the whole Assembly was much amaz'd to see they bestow'd not what they had on any; so that there being no young Lady of quality of all *Ardea*, who was not there, *Cesonia* excepted, it was easie to judge they design'd their presents to her.

But what was most remarkable, was, to see that day *Turnus*'s three, and *Persander*'s former Mistress; for the former were all in expectation of those chains of gold, and the latter was more then confident of the Crown. But, in regard they would not carry away their presents, these two Lovers went and laid them at the feet of that God of Love I mention'd before. I had forgot to tell you, that when I pass'd by *Turnus*, he staid me, and would have oblig'd me to take his chains, and deliver them to *Cesonia*; telling me very freely, that that fair Lady and I were but one and the same thing, and that consequently he might well trust me with what he had to present to her. Ah *Turnus*, said I to him, you are in a great errour; for since it cannot be understood by all what you say to me, it would be thought (if I receiv'd what you offer me) that I were one of your Mistresses. Having so said, I passed by him, not giving him time to make any answer. But *Persander* having observ'd that he had spoke to me, he would also needs stay me, to ask whence it came that *Cesonia* was not there? To which I answer'd, that the reason of her not being there, was, that she would not receive any thing wherein there were gold; whereupon I left him.

From the Temple I went to *Cesonia*, to acquaint her with what had pass'd, and particularly, that *Persander* and *Turnus* had made such discoveries of their inclinations to her, as she should acknowledge infallible. For, added I laughing, *Persander*, the faithful *Persander*, had that power over himself, as to see his ancient Mistress pass by, not only without offering her the Crown he had in his hands, but without so much as taking any notice of her; and *Turnus*, the inconstant *Turnus*, was pleas'd to see passing by all his Mistresses one after another, without so much as answering their looks; so that all that now remains to be done is, to consider whether you are more oblig'd to him who is become inconstant for your sake, or to him who ceases to be so, that he might constantly love you.

Cesonia desirous not to take what I said in good earnest, answer'd me smiling, that haply these two Lovers had done this rather out of Revenge then Love: whereupon she ask'd me divers other things. Nevertheless I perceiv'd she was not ill-pleas'd at what I told her, nay indeed it pleas'd her so well, that she kept me with her all that day: That which was yet more particular in this adventure, was, that all those who came to see her, congratulated her for her new conquests: For seeing that *Persander* and *Turnus* bestow'd not their presents, and that she was the only young Lady of Quality, as I told you before, wanting in the Assembly, it was generally conceiv'd it was to her they intended to present things of that magnificence; and it may be thence presum'd this rising love had not by its lustre rais'd so much noise if she had been in the Temple, as it had by her absence. Besides, it was look'd on as a thing so pleasant, that she should gain the hearts of a constant and an inconstant Lover, that the talk of it multiply'd extreamly.

In the mean time *Persander*, whom I had told that *Cesonia* could never be prevail'd with to accept any thing wherein there were gold, though divers of her Lovers had endeavour'd to surprise her, was so far oblig'd to his imagination, that it prompted him to do a thing which all the rest had attempted in vain, and withal, such as gave him a happy advantage over *Turnus*. Musing therefore how he might surprize *Cesonia*, he at last thought (it being then the proper season for Flowers) he had found it out; and employing therein a certain woman in whom he might confide, who was infinitely subtle, he debated the business with her, and us'd her assistance in the execution of it. She took a small, but strong gold wyre, which she neatly drew through one of those great Bulrushes which grow neer Lakes, so as it might not be perceiv'd; which done, folding the wyre and the rush both together, she

bent it into a Circle, on which having faſten'd abundance of excellent Flowers, ſhe made a kind of Crown which ſeem'd very pretty and delightful. But that *Caſonia* might not ſuſpect there was any gold, there were certain diſtances, wherein the ruſh was viſible all about; ſo that it was almoſt impoſſible to diſcover this innocent cheat. The Crown being thus finiſh'd, *Perſander* beſtow'd it into a very handſom basket, and ſent it to *Caſonia*, together with a Letter, which ſhe receiv'd when there was none preſent but my ſelf. At the firſt, as it is natural to people to be afraid of being over-reach'd, ſhe well view'd this Crown of Flowers; but not perceiving any thing that had any reſemblance to gold, ſhe accepted it, and reading the Letter aloud, ſhe found it as full of gallantry as the Preſent: But that you may the better judge of it, it was very much, if not altogether, to this effect.

PERSANDER to the Admirable CÆSONIA.

EXpect not from me, Madam, in theſe days, when the ſame things proceed from Ambition as from Love, any thing that is rare or precious. That which I take the preſumption to ſend you, is ſo trivial and ordinary, that it dares hardly own the name of a Preſent: Yet, Madam, be pleas'd to remember it may be allow'd that of an Offering, and that a Goddeſs might condeſcend to accept it from a heart ſo diſpos'd as mine is. For in fine, Madam, To think all the Crowns in the World ſo far below you as this is, to envy even theſe Flowers, becauſe deſign'd to your ſervice, and to eſteem them too too happy, though they dye to morrow, if they do but pleaſe to day: Theſe (Madam) ought to be the ſincere apprehenſions which men ſhould have when they do you homage. How glad ſhould I be, Madam, if you ſhould not receive it ſimply out of Civility, as I do it not ſimply out of Cuſtome; and if but one favourable glance, or a ſingle agitation of your heart diſtinguiſh it from ſo many others more ſumptuous and more magnificent! This favour once obtain'd, what tradition ſoever we have receiv'd from our Fathers, I ſhould ſtudy no other way to deceive you, as Jupiter *did* Danae; *and you would be freed from the perpetual trouble of avoiding it. Grant it me then, Madam, for your own quiets ſake: but aſſure your ſelf withal, I beſeech you, that it is beyond all compariſon more neceſſary for mine.*

Caſonia and I having both read this Letter, and commended it, ſhe ask'd me whether it were fit I anſwer'd it; for in fine (ſaid ſhe to me ſmiling, and looking on that Flowery Crown) I think there is no Snake hid under theſe Flowers; or to ſpeak without Figure, *Perſander* hath put no trick upon me. As for Gold, ſaid I to her, it is not likely there ſhould be any amongſt theſe Flowers; but for Love, I am confident *Perſander*'s heart is well furniſhed. If *Perſander* be in love with me, reply'd ſhe, I am not oblig'd to anſwer him. Ah *Caſonia*, ſaid I to her, while a Lover diſcovers himſelf no otherwiſe then as a Friend, one is not oblig'd to gueſs at what he hath in his heart, if one would not have it ſo; therefore if you take my advice, you will not gueſs at what *Perſander* thinks, but write to him: Whereto *Caſonia* condeſcending, anſwer'd him in theſe words.

CÆSONIA

CÆSONIA to PERSANDER.

THE Crown *which you have ſent me, I am infinitely more taken with then if it were of Gold and Diamonds, and indeed, it comes in a moſt fortunate conjuncture of time, for I receive it with joy, whereas certainly I ſhould have refus'd a more precious if you had profer'd it me. But believe not however, that I cannot diſtinguiſh your favours from your Flowers, for if theſe pleaſe my ſight, thoſe put me into diſorder. Nevertheleſs, I ſhall not put the trouble it is to me that I deſerve them not upon your account, ſince it were not ſo juſt I ſhould quarrel with your flatteries, as my own Imperfections.*

When this Letter was finiſh'd, and that I told *Caſonia* it was well, ſhe call'd for the Slave who had brought the Crown of Flowers, and gave it him; which done, I told her, it was but juſt ſhe ſhould for the reſt of that day wear the Preſent, had been made her. But *Plotina*, ſaid ſhe to me, muſt I crown my ſelf with Flowers, as if I were to be a Victime? No, ſaid I to her, but to diſguiſe the buſineſs ſomwhat, of a Crown I will make a Garland. Whereupon I went to break aſunder that Circle of Bul-ruſh on which the Flowers were faſtned; But I found it a harder matter to do then I thought. But at laſt, the place where the gold-wyre met giving way, and the Ruſh broken in divers places through the force I us'd, the gold-wyre appear'd, ſo that breaking forth into a loud laughter, that my Friend had been over-reach'd, ah *Caſonia*, ſaid I to her you were miſtaken when you ſaid there was no Snake under theſe Flowers, for I have found one, which is very pleaſant, and yet withal very terrible.

While I ſaid this, *Turnus* enters the Room, ſo that *Caſonia* made a ſigne to me that I ſhould hide the Crown of Flowers, and ſay nothing of it. But there being abundance of obligation in theſe kinds of ſurprizes, and being my ſelf merrily diſpos'd at that time, I obey'd her not. On the contrary, aſſoon as I perceiv'd *Turnus*, I began to abuſe him, and told him he had a Friend who far out-vy'd him, as to wit: For, added I, *Caſonia* who would not go to the Temple on *Danaes* Feaſt-day, to avoid the receiving of Preſents, and fears the ſhower of Gold, more then the thunder of *Jupiter*, hath been deceiv'd by *Perſander* after the gallanteſt manner in the world. Whereupon I ſhew'd both *Caſonia* and *Turnus* that ring of gold-wyre which was drawn through the Ruſh whereon the Flowers were faſtned, and preſently after I perceiv'd they both bluſh'd. There being only we three in the room, and that I was very familiar with *Caſonia* and *Turnus*, I ask'd them why they bluſh'd. For my part, ſays *Caſonia*, it may be eaſily conceiv'd I take it not well that I am ſurpriz'd: And for my part, added *Turnus*, it may be as eaſily gueſs'd, I am not pleas'd to ſee my Rival more witty and more fortunate then I. A Rival reply'd roundly *Caſonia*! Right Madam, a Rival, reply'd he, for though I think *Perſander* hath not openly profeſs'd love to you, I have choſen rather to tell you he is my Rival, that you may thence conclude I am his, then live any longer, and you not underſtand that I love you. And to the end I may not retract what I ſay, added he, I tell it you before *Plotina*, whom I ſtand much in fear of.

Turnus ſpeaking this ſmiling, *Caſonia* ſeem'd to take it as not ſpoken ſeriouſly, and accordingly at the beginning put off the buſineſs very handſomly. But *Turnus* having a confidence more then ordinary, would not be ſo ſatisfi'd: No, no, Madam, ſaid he to her, ſince I doubt not but you are acquainted with my love, beſtow not your wit to no purpoſe. Though it were ſo, reply'd ſhe laughing, it were no great matter, for you have lov'd divers others. I confeſs it, ſaid he, but I declare to you, I now love none but *Caſonia*. How ſaid I to him, Have you forſaken your

three laſt Miſtreſſes? I have reply'd he haſtily; nay I have renounc'd all Female acquaintance, and if there be any love left in me for you, it is becauſe *Caſonia* loves you, ſo infallible is it that *Caſonia* hath the abſolute diſpoſal of my heart. Your heart, reply'd *Caſonia*, is ſo accuſtom'd to change of affection, that if you love me to day, it is to be expected you ſhould give over to morrow. Ah, Madam, reply'd he, think me not the ſame inconſtant man of whom you have heard related ſuch ſtories, as haply you have thought ſomwhat fantaſtick; for I am ſo alter'd from what I have been, that I hardly know my ſelf.

While *Turnus* ſpoke thus, I was dreſſing up the Garland of Flowers, for to put on *Caſonias* head, but ſhe would not have it, whereat *Turnus* was very glad: But his joy laſted not long; for *Caſonia* deſirous he ſhould not take any advantage of it, ſhe ſaid ſome things to him, whence he might infer, that it was not impoſſible for her to have ſome inclinations for *Perſander*, though ſhe look'd on this ſurprizal rather as an argument of his Invention, then any Deſigne he therein had to expreſs his Affection. In fine, ſaid ſhe to *Turnus*, I look on what *Perſander* hath done, with the ſame conſideration as I hear what you ſay. Ah Madam, reply'd *Turnus*, though there be an equality in the reſentments of *Perſander* and mine, yet I beſeech you, do not you treat us equally. I ſhall treat you both as you deſerve, reply'd ſhe, and, to begin with you, Let us hear no more of your pretended Love, for I ſhould be ſorry to be one day numbred among your caſt Miſtreſſes. Ah I beſeech you Madam, reply'd he, be pleas'd to be my new Inclinations, and I promiſe you never to have any other. If you were *Perſander*, reply'd I, you could ſay no more. *Perſander* is now prov'd faithleſs, reply'd he, and I am become conſtant. But if *Perſander* have prov'd faithleſs, anſwer'd *Caſonia*, you ſay it is for my ſake: and therefore it will be no advantage to you to reproach him with that in my preſence. But Madam, reply'd he, if it be any advantage to *Perſander* to have prov'd inconſtant for your ſake, ſhall I merit nothing to have prov'd conſtant upon the ſame account? That you ſtand ſo much upon your Reformation, as to Conſtancy, reply'd ſhe, granting it true, it ſignifies no more then that we expect your love for five or ſix hours longer. Ah Madam, reply'd he, I ſhall love you to the laſt gaſp. I ſhould be ſorry you were ſo neer your end, reply'd ſhe, were it only to ſatisfie a curioſity I have, to ſee into whoſe hands you will commend your heart, when it is out of mine, if ſo it be true it is there, which, to tell you truly, I have no great confidence of. Ah Madam, cryes out *Turnus*, you are very unjuſt ſo cruelly to perſecute a man who offers you the greateſt Sacrifice that any Lover could. And I am clearly of opinion, reply'd I laughing, that if you had kept a fair reckoning of all your Miſtreſſes, you might have ſumm'd up as many as there need Victims to make up a Hecatombe.

As we were thus engag'd, comes in *Perſander*, who thought *Caſonia* had not yet found out the cheat he had put upon her. But ſeeing, as he came in the Crown taken aſunder, he inferr'd the plot was diſcover'd. 'Tis true, he was further confirm'd in it, by what *Caſonia* ſaid to him: for ſhe no ſooner had caſt her eye on him, but ſpeaking to him, You are very confident, ſaid ſhe to him bluſhing, to give me a viſit after you have thus abus'd me. Ah Madam, I am indeed very unfortunate in it, ſince you are diſpleas'd with it; nor can I believe that ſecret force, which they ſay *Jupiter* infus'd into Gold, when he found out the precious ſhower whereby he himſelf was feliciti'd, to be very effectual, ſince I find you incens'd againſt me for ſo ſmall a matter. If I had ſurpriz'd her as you have, reply'd *Turnus*, I ſhould not think it ſtrange ſhe took it ill; It is true, added I, no body loves to be abus'd, but when all's done, I am glad *Caſonia* hath been, to teach her that ſhe ſhould not boaſt it could not be done, as ſhe did yeſterday. And further, not to diſſemble, ſaid *Caſonia*, I give ſo little credit to this imaginary power of gold, that I do not fear I ſhall over-love *Perſander* for the Preſent he hath made me. Ah Madam, reply'd *Turnus*, if he had only beſtow'd on you this little circle of gold, I ſhould not much fear him, but I am afraid in this competition of our hearts, you may prefer his before mine. I perceive then, reply'd *Perſander*, you have ſpoke

many

many things to *Caſonia.* too many, by the one half I aſſure you (repli'd ſhe) and I am ſo little ſatisfi'd of the truth of any thing, he ſaies, that of all he hath ſo confidently advanc'd, I beleeve nothing. How, Madam (repli'd *Turnus* ſomewhat haſtily) are you not ſatisfi'd that *Perſander* and I love yoo ſo much, that we begin already to love one another the leſs? Ah *Turnus* (repli'd *Perſander*) I muſt confeſſe your Generoſity is greater then mine; for I ſhould not have been ſo free as with my own, to diſcover the love of my Rival. I am fully ſatisfi'd (ſaies *Caſonia*) you are both in ſome want of your ſences.

And truly (repli'd I) this adventure ſeems to me ſo pleaſant, that I condemn you to hear good ſport for the reſt of this day. I muſt indeed needs do ſo (repli'd *Caſonia*) or be offended in good earneſt with two men, for whom of all the World I have the greateſt eſteem. Alaſs, Madam, I beſeech you be not offended, and not to examine things too ſtrictly; be pleas'd ſince *Turnus* hath ſpoke ſo much to you, to allow me the ſame liberty. That you may not deceive your ſelf (repli'd *Turnus*) I have only mention'd your affection to make way for my own. However it be (ſaies *Caſonia*) I ſhall believe nothing but what I think fit, and ſhall not think but what I ought; for it were little leſſe then madneſs for me to imagine, that I ſhould in one day make two Lovers quit, the one his fidelity, the other his inconſtancy. But though it were not true (repli'd I) it may be ſuppos'd, were it only to raiſe ſome pleaſant diſcourſe. Conditionally it laſt no longer then this evening (repli'd *Caſonia*) and that my two pretended Lovers, will to morrow content themſelves to be only my friends, it ſhall be ſo. We ſhall be to morrow what we can be (repli'd *Perſander*) but in the mean time, give me the liberty to tell you, what I thought not to have told you this day. Say what you pleaſe (repli'd ſhe) ſo I be not oblig'd to believe you. For my part (repli'd *Turnus* laughing) I defie your incredulity, as to what I ſhall ſay. Be it as it will (repli'd I) only ſay what you have a mind, and leave the ſequel to the Conduct of Fortune. I ſay then (repli'd *Turnus*) that if the fair *Caſonia* be not the moſt unjuſt woman in the World, ſhe will acknowledge her beauty never ceas'd any affection could more expreſſe its power, then by ſubduing the heart of an unconſtant man. And I ſay (on the contrary, repli'd *Perſander*) that there is no beauty ſo mean, which might not pretend to the Conqueſt of an inconſtant man, and that the greateſt acknowledgement which *Caſonia* ever receiv'd of the force of her Charms, is to have forc'd me to a change of appreheſions. But (repli'd *Turnus*) you conſider not what you ſay: The truth is, Madam (continu'd he, directing his ſpeech to *Caſonia*) there is no compariſon betwixt theſe two. For before I began to love you, I led a moſt happy life; all places were equally delightfull to me; I either lov'd, or thought I lov'd a many excellent Beauties; I was happy in their eſteem, and I might haply, have without vanity pretended to their affections, could I but have reſolv'd to fix mine on any one of them. The injoyments of my life knew not the leaſt diſturbance; I had no acquaintance with jealouſie, or my thoughts with diſorder; I only deſir'd thoſe things which were eaſily obtain'd; and in a word, ſuch a ſerenity was there in the Conduct of my life, that I could not be in any impatience to change my condition. But notwithſtanding all this indulgence of Fortune, and that natural inconſtancy, I have quitted all theſe undiſturbed pleaſures, and forſaken three or four Miſtreſſes by whom I was eſteem'd, to confine my love to one, by whom I ſhall haply be ſlighted. But for *Perſander* (added he) I do not much wonder at his change of life; for being firſt blinded by love, he muſt needs be perpetually unfortunate. So that to ſpeak rationally, his change is ſo much advantagious to himſelf, that I ſuppoſe you are not much oblig'd to him for it.

To anſwer what you object againſt me (repli'd *Perſander*) I muſt alſo ſpeak ſomething againſt you which is not very hard to find. For as I have already ſaid, Madam, (added he, ſpeaking to *Caſonia*) change of affection is ſo natural to an inconſtant man, that it is much more to be wondred that *Turnus* ſhould have known you ſo long before he lov'd you, then that he loves you now. And for thoſe undiſturbed pleaſures he ſpeaks ſo much of, ſince it is certain there never proceed any ſuch

such from love, and that what he felt may be call'd only a passionate enjoyment of himself, if I may so express it, he should be asham'd to quote them. It is not therefore very strange, Madam, that a person accustom'd to court divers Beauties at the same time, should at length take you in his turn, since you are alone furnish'd with greater Charms, then all he hath ever lov'd. But for my part, Madam, I do a thing much more extraordinary. I confesse (added he) my love was blinded, and that I have lov'd that which was not amiable; and what I ought not to have lov'd, but as I doubt not but you have heard, errours of this nature are more excusable then any other; for the judgement upon the first admission of love, losing its liberty, it were unjust, to expect a Lover should judge as truly of his Mistress as others do. However, I was never so far blinded, but that I was convinc'd you were a thousand degrees above what I lov'd, even when I lov'd you not. But in fine, I confess my love was greater then it ought to have been; nay, I know I was not lov'd, and yet I suffer'd all the afflictions of love. Notwithstanding all which, I maintain that a Lover who is unfortunate, yet constant, is the hardest to be lur'd into a new love of any man in the World: For certainly, it is no easie matter for him to cross his own experience, and to jump out of one love into another, when he found no satisfaction in the former. I conclude therefore, that loving you, I do something far more extraordinary then what *Turnus* hath done.

The truth is (repli'd *Cæsonia*) I do not conceive either of you hath done any great matter. For *Turnus* loves me, because he hath haply made a vow to love all; and you love me, because you are of a passionate and tender nature, and that not being able to fasten love where you desir'd, you will try your fortune elsewhere, and address your self to some person from whose favour you may derive this advantage to make the World believe, that if you had not been lov'd, it was rather through want of knowledge in her whom you lov'd, then merit in your self. I therefore think you both very haply, that I take not what you say spoken seriously, for if it were, you would haply both repent it, and if I were in an humour to satisfie you, I should be much troubl'd to chuse either, and be oblig'd to entertain his affection. How, Madam (repli'd *Persander*) can you any longer doubt what you have to do? How, Madam (added *Turnus*) are you not yet fully satisfi'd in the business? For my part (repli'd I) methinks I should not be so much troubled: And what, I pray, would you do (repli'd *Cæsonia*) I would, repli'd I, have them both serve me for a long time, not ingaging me to any thing, so to be assur'd, that the inconstant Lover were really become constant, and that the constant had absolutely forgotten his former errour: But during this space, I would observe them very narrowly, and if I found them both equally constant, I would chuse him for whom I had a greater inclination. I should not haply do what you would (repli'd *Cæsonia*) for were I to make the choice, I should chuse the more amorous of the two. Ah Madam (cries out *Persander*) how happy shall I be, if you take that course! Ah (excellent *Cæsonia*) how much shall I be satisfi'd, repli'd *Turnus*, if you make that word good! It suits very well indeed (added he) with a man, who never lov'd but once in all his life; to be confident, he knows better how to love then any other. 'Tis too true *Turnus* (repli'd *Persander* coldly) it is only a constant Lover who knows how to love well; but an inconstant man, is not fit so much as to speak of Constancy. Time will convince you what I am fit to do, (answer'd *Turnus*) And Time and Love (repli'd *Persander*) shall convince the Fair (*Cæsonia*) that a man who hath lov'd constantly what was not worthy to be lov'd, can eternally adore her with as much respect as Passion. Whatever comes of it (repli'd *Cæsonia* rising up) let it suffice that you have spoken contrary to your thoughts let us continue what we now are, I beseech you, and be my constant friends, if you expect any friendship from me. It is a great pity (repli'd I, looking on *Turnus* and *Persander*) you did not fall in love with me rather then *Cæsonia*, for I think this adventure so particular, that I should have been infinitely pleas'd to continue the humour. I assure you amiable *Plotina* (repli'd *Persander*) that, for what concerns me, it shall last as long as I live, though the fair *Cæsonia* contribute nothing thereto.

Turnus

Turnus could not bear this without saying something to it, whereupon *Cæsonia* forbad them all further discourse, and dismiss'd them, telling them very seriously, that the next day they should not be permitted to entertain her with such extravagancies. Accordingly, for some time after, neither *Persander* nor *Turnus* made any progress in their Loves, and he from whom *Cæsonia* had receiv'd Gold, was no more esteem'd then the other.

In the mean time, these two friends omitted nothing of what they thought might please *Cæsonia*, and assure her of their affection; for *Turnus* could injoy himself no where, but when he was neer her, all his old Mistresses were indifferent to him, all the Love he had reserv'd he bestow'd among those friends of hers whom he lov'd. *Persander* also, for his part, made it his onely business to visit *Cæsonia*, he would see no more her whom he had lov'd; and he did all he could to insinuate himself into this charming Beauty, but to his unhappiness and haply *Cæsonias* also, Fortune was pleas'd to favour *Turnus* with divers occasions to serve his Mistresse. For this latter being of a nature very eager and inventive, though otherwise a Lover of his ease, he acquitted himself of these services with so much obligation, that it begat in *Cæsonia* a belief that he lov'd her beyond *Persander*, for whom she certainly had a greater inclination. Not but that *Persander* did a many things both to divert and entertain her; and consequently gave her ground to think, that he would have render'd her the same good Offices as *Turnus*, if he had had the opportunities, but it was not the pleasure of fortune so to favour him with them, and *Turnus* had this advantage over him, that he had oblig'd *Cæsonia* in divers things of concernment, and in such manner as might induce her to believe that he had a greater affection for her then any man had had. Besides all which, *Ersilia* having been concern'd in some of those good Offices he had done her daughter, and that a certain Sympathy of humour led her to favour this man, he had *Cæsonias* mother of his side. Not but that she had an infinite esteem for *Persander*, but imagining to her self a more absolute power over *Turnus* then him, she was the more inclin'd to bestow her daughter on him; and to speak truly, she would rather have had a son such a one as *Persander*, rather then as *Turnus* but she wish'd such a son-in-law as *Turnus* rather then *Persander*. As for *Cæsonia*, she was more inclin'd to the latter, but believing her self better belov'd by the other, her reason, or rather her errour forc'd her to do some violence to her inclination, out of that opinion, that it is a greater pleasure to be lov'd then to love. For my part, being both my friends, I was much troubl'd between them: But my friendship with *Cæsonia* being more ancient then with them, I consider'd onely her interest; so that after a strict examination of the business, I took part with *Persander*, whom I was so much for, that I told *Turnus*, that if *Cæsonia* ask'd my advice, I should tell her, it were better for her to marry *Persander* then him. And accordingly, some few days after, being press'd by *Ersilia* to take some final resolution, she ask'd me my opinion. I was not ignorant that though she entertain'd these two Lovers with an equal Civility, she had a greater affection for *Persander*, and therefore advis'd her to prefer him before his Rival. Ah *Plotina* (said she to me) *Turnus* certainly, loves me better then *Persander*, though haply I love *Persander* better then *Turnus*. But, said I to her, how are you so particularly confi[illegible]hat *Turnus* loves you better then *Persander*? For it happens many times, tha[illegible]so far from knowing precisely their own apprehensions, that I know not how [illegible] can have the confidence to judge so infallibly of those of others. That you should put the value on the services *Turnus* hath done, as to prejudice *Persander*, is that I cannot by any means indure, since that if Fortune had favour'd him with the same opportunities, he had done the like. I doubt it not (repli'd *Cæsonia*) but when all is done, the services of *Turnus* are very considerable. They are so, said I, but since the business is to know whether hath the greater love for you, and that you acknowledge *Persander* would have done the same things that *Turnus* hath, methinks you should not prefer *Turnus* before *Persander*, especially considering your inclination leads you to favour the latter rather then the former. But you consider not, (repli'd she) that I am not of your

belief, that a woman, to be happy, muſt love, and that I believe quite contrary, that her ſatisfaction conſiſts in being lov'd. But whence is it that you imagine (ſaid I to her) that *Perſander* loves you leſſe then *Turnus*? In the firſt place (ſaid ſhe) I apprehend, that *Turnus* proving conſtant for my ſake, hath made a greater diſcovery of love then *Perſander*; I find alſo a greater gagerneſſe in the one then in the other: *Turnus* hath alwaies a hundred things to entertain me withall; but when *Perſander* hath any opportunity to ſpeak to me, he hath much ado to find any thing to ſay, though certainly he have a great Wit. Ah *Caſonia* (ſaid I to her) how ſorry am I to hear you ſpeak as you do, and to ſee that you know not, that that which you look on as an imperfection in love, is an infallible effect of an extraordinary Paſſion: For whence proceeds that diſturbance of mind in *Perſander*, when he ſpeaks to you, but that ore-whelm'd with Paſſion, he is troubled and is not able to ſpeak? And whence comes it that *Turnus* entertains you with a hundred extravagancies, wherewith you are diverted, but that he is not of ſuch a tenderneſs of nature, as that Love ſhould put his Reaſon into any diſorder? But will you not at leaſt acknowledge (ſaid I to her) that the Letters of *Perſander* are fuller of Paſſion then thoſe of *Turnus*? For though you look on their Letters onely as Letters of *Friendſhip*, yet may they well paſſe for thoſe of *Love*. For Letters (repli'd ſhe) they are things of ſo ambiguous a nature, that nothing can be ſafely grounded on them: For I know a man, who during the ſpace of a long abſence writ a many Letters to a Kinſ-woman of mine, which ſpoke all the tenderneſs imaginable, nor indeed could there be any thing more ſeemingly obliging, or more inſinuating. Being after all this return'd, he carry'd himſelf ſo towards her, as if he had never writ any thing to her that ſignifi'd ſo much as ordinary Courtſhip. What you ſay (repli'd I) is ſo fantaſtick, that I think you have invented it to confirm your own apprehenſion: For how can a vertuous man be-lie himſelf, ſince that when he does it, the diſ-proportion of his reflections injures onely himſelf, and takes nothing away from the merit of thoſe people on whom he ſo reflects? But in fine, not to ſpend words vainly on a thing which cannot fall out often, do you acknowledge that *Perſander* writes as paſſionately as *Turnus*, and give me leave immediately to convince you of this Truth, by comparing thoſe Letters you have of theirs. Since I have by chance two in my Pocket at this very preſent (repli'd ſhe) it will not be hard for me to ſatisfie you; whereupon I taking her at her word, ſhe gave me a Letter ſhe had receiv'd from *Turnus* ſome two daies before, wherein I found theſe words.

TURNUS to the Fair CÆSONIA.

IF you thought not on me the laſt night, Madam, I am unhappy; for I never had ſo many thoughts of you, nor indeed did I ever think on you with ſo much tenderneſſe as then. To acquaint you with them were hard for me to do; but in a word, they alwaies amounted to this, that you were the moſt adorable perſon in the World, and that I ſhould be the happieſt of men, if you were ſo favourable as to give me leave to diſburthen my heart to you. Will you ever, Madam, oppoſe the felicity of a man who adores you, and will not pay his adoration to any thing elſe? Reſolve me, Madam (I beſeech you) for after the loſſe of Hope, I ſhould take the loſſe of Life but as a curteſie.

Now (ſaies *Caſonia* to me) do you think this Letter ſo indifferent? When I have ſeen that of *Perſander* (repli'd I) I ſhall give you my opinion of *Turnus*'s; whereupon opening it, I therein read theſe words.

Perſander

PERSANDER to the Attractive CESONIA.

TO have infinite Love for you Madam, not to see you, to want the opportunities of both hearing from you, and sending to you, make up altogether too great a punishment, and it is impossible I should be able long to endure it. Your own cruel Prohibitions hinder'd me from Writing to you yesterday; my cross Fortune, and I know not what ridiculous Prudence kept me from coming where you were; but you were perpetually present to my thoughts: and to speak truly, I was not in any of those places where I was. I contribute so much to my own unhappiness, as to think you did not the like, and that the Unfortunate Persander *came not once into your mind, unless by some accident, or through Civility, you were oblig'd to speak of him, or that you had not any thing to say of him in that excellent good Company wherein you were. Be pleas'd to let me know so much, Divine* Cæsonia, *I beseech you, for though I wish you greater satisfaction and enjoyment in all things then I do my self, I should entertain even death it self kindly, if you cannot have any true pleasure without me, as I cannot, nor will without you.*

Now, said I to her in my turn, Do you not think this Letter as passionate as the other? But if I should think so, reply'd she, I should infer nothing thence; for it is not to be doubted but *Turnus* loves me more eagerly then *Persander* And I on the contrary, reply'd I, am confident *Persander* loves you as much as man can love; nay, I question not but that you love *Persander* somwhat better then *Turnus*, and therefore you would commit a great errour if you preferr'd *Turnus* before *Persander*. For is it not true, that there cannot be a greater Wit then his, that he hath a mind excellently endu'd with all gallantry and perfection; that you esteem him above all those of your acquaintance, and in a word, that there is not a more vertuous person in the world? I confess it, says she, but being of opinion, that if I should marry him, I should love him more then he me; and on the contrary, that *Turnus* will love me more then I shall him, and more then *Persander* doth, I am resolv'd no longer to disobey the command my Mother hath laid on me, to prefer *Turnus* before *Persander*. But *Ersilia* said I to her, makes this choice out of policy, as you do out of humour; and therefore I now foretel, that you will be both deceiv'd in it. But reply'd she blushing, were not *Turnus* worthy to be chosen without any dispute, of all the vertuous persons of *Ardea*, if *Persander* were laid aside? He were, replyed I, but with all his wit, all his merit, all his good parts, nay and all his goodness, I would not marry an inconstant man newly become a Proselyte; for not to dissemble, the conquest you have made of him, you are indepted for to his Inconstancy.

This I seconded with an hundred other things, but what ere was said to *Cæsonia*, was said in vain; for she thought the Inclination she had for *Persander*, would make her unhappy, if she marryed him, and that he lov'd her not sufficiently; and *Turnus* had so dazl'd her with the greatness of his love, by a thousand little flatteries, and many real services, which Fortune favour'd him with the opportunities to render her, that she was absolutely perswaded she was more lov'd by him then *Persander*, whom yet she could object nothing against, and who on the contrary had a thousand ways oblig'd her: So that *Ersilia* who doubtless was more desirous she should marry *Turnus* then *Persander*, having press'd her to resolve on something, and told her she should do well to conform her self to the intention she had to be-

ſtow her on *Turnus*; ſhe inconſiderately conſents, and perſwaded ſhe beſtow'd her ſelf on the more amorous, ſhe her ſelf deliver'd this ſad news to *Perſander*: For he coming one day to ſee her, and finding her more cold to him then ordinary, he ask'd her the reaſon of it, which ſhe told him, without much ceremony. I beſeech you now now (ſaid ſhe to him) after ſhe had acquainted him with the command *Erſilia* had laid on her, trouble not your ſelf to make fruitleſs complaints to me and conſider you may yet be accounted among my friends, if you pleaſe. Ah Madam (repli'd he) if you cannot entertain my Love, I ſhall little value your Friendſhip: But Madam, have you quite forgotten that you ſaid, you would look on love above all things, and that you would beſtow your ſelf rather on the more amorous, then the more amiable. It is for that reaſon (repli'd ſhe) that I do your merit ſome injuſtice. No, no, Madam, diſguiſe not the truth, acknowledge that your mind is chang'd, and that inſtead of diſpoſing your ſelf to him who loves you moſt, you beſtow your ſelf on him you love beſt. Yet Madam (added he) to give you an extraordinary expreſſion of love, I declare to you, that if I thought that *Turnus* could but love you all his life as he doth now, I ſhould never charge you with my misfortune; though I am confident, that I love you a thouſand times more then he does. But, Madam, ſince I am intimately acquainted with him, expect what I now foretel you, that as ſoon as you ſhall have made him happy, you will begin to be miſerable your ſelf. Not but that there is in *Turnus* a ſufficiency of vertue and goodneſſe, but take in alſo, all the Generoſity of his Soul, I dare affirm Love will ſoon be diſlodg'd out of his heart, when he ſhall once have no more to hope. Nay, I dare tell you Madam, that for *Turnus*'s conſtancy you are partly oblig'd to me; ſince it is certain that if I had not been his Rival, he had lov'd you leſs, and would have chang'd his reſolution ere this time: For not to flatter you, it is onely emulation hath increas'd his love, and his Ambition hath been as great to out-do his friend, as to overcome his Miſtreſs; but when you ſhall have put him into a condition, wherein he ſhall not have any thing either to hope or fear, you will find, that of a Lover whom you thought conſtant, you have made an inconſtant Husband. I know *Turnus* hath done you thoſe ſervices which I could not: But, Madam, have I omitted any thing which I could have done? Or can you reproach me with any want of duty? I cannot (repli'd ſhe) but I am ſo fully perſwaded that *Turnus* loves me better then you do, that I ſhall never change my mind unleſs he force me to it, and therefore trouble not your ſelf, nor ſay any thing to me to his prejudice. For his merit, Madam; I ſhall acknowledge what ever you conceive may be thought to his advantage; but for his affection, give me leave to tell you, that you are not well acquainted with it; for in a word, *Turnus* is but an inconſtant man, ſomewhat diſguis'd. Yet I do not accuſe him of having purpoſely deceiv'd you; on the contrary, I aſſure you, he is deceiv'd himſelf, and believes he ſhall alwaies love you as he doth now. But Time will ſhew you, if you alter not your reſolution, that his mind is ſtill the ſame; and you ſhall find on the contrary, that the unfortunate *Perſander* will have a conſtancy for you, which all the World ſhall reproach him with, and that he ſhall condemn himſelf for; for I perceive, that how unjuſt ſoever you may be to me, I ſhall love you eternally.

After this, *Perſander* ſaid a thouſand other obliging things to *Caſonia*, but ſhe had already conſented to what her mother had propos'd; and know, that *Erſilia* had acquainted *Turnus* with it. So that not any waies relenting, ſhe onely ſet her ſelf to entreat *Perſander*, not to bear any ill-will to his friend for the choice ſhe had made. But, Madam, you ſhall then promiſe, that if *Turnus*'s love die, and mine out-live it, notwithſtanding your injuſtice, you will give me leave to reproach you with it. If that happen (repli'd ſhe) I ſhould ſo wel deſerve it from you, that I make no great difficulty to give you leave.

Hereupon *Perſander* made his laſt aſſault on *Caſonia*'s mind but was as before repuls'd; for ſhe conſider'd what *Perſander* ſaid to her, rather as an effect of the greatneſs of his Wit then of his Love; and *Turnus* by a thouſand little flatteries, ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd, had ſo ſtrangely perſwaded her that he infinitely lov'd her,

her, that she had not the least doubt of it; so that though she had an infinite esteem for *Persander*, yet she continued firm to her design. *Persander* (in the mean time) may be said to be much more miserable, then *Turnus* was happy, though at the beginning he thought his happiness excessive. For my part, I was so angry with *Cassonia*, that I could do nothing but chide her for her injustice, and that not so privately but that *Turnus* knew of it. Nay one day, I would needs perswade him to resign *Cassonia* to his Friend; but being incens'd by my opposition, I saw his Passion increas'd by what I said to him; insomuch, that my business was to keep these two friends from falling out; and indeed, I manag'd things so fortunately, that though *Persander* was tempted to break the promise he had made to *Turnus* in the beginning of their love, yet I prevail'd with him, to indure a misfortune which could not be remedi'd, without using any violence.

But that which was most remarkable, was, that three daies after *Turnus* was marri'd he went to visit *Persander*, who was fallen sick through grief, and spoke to him the most obligingly he could, to win him to a continuance of Friendship, adding particularly, that he should think the possession of *Cassonia* too dear, if it cost him the loss of his affection. Ah *Turnus* (cries out *Persander*) were I in your place, I should not say so! For I assure you, I should easily part with all your friendship for *Cassonias* affection. To this *Turnus*, instead of some bitter answer, continu'd his mildness, and put *Persander* into such a trouble, that he knew not what return to make him; for he intreated him to come and see him as he was wont, he assur'd him he should not be jealous, that he knew his Wife infinitely esteemed him, and he promis'd him his friendship. But the more he spoke, the more was *Persander's* vexation increas'd. Nevertheless, he answer'd him very discreetly, neither accepting nor refusing his offers, as not knowing whether he should do, such a disturbance had love caus'd in him; which done, he dismiss'd him without any incivility, or any particular expression of friendship.

In the meantime, *Cassonia*, though she seem'd to be satisfi'd, yet was somewhat troubl'd in her mind at *Persander's* indisposition, which prov'd so dangerous that it was fear'd he might die of it. But at length he overcame it, though not that Passion which had seiz'd his soul. On the contrary, it became so violent, that not being able to live without the sight of *Cassonia*; he resolv'd withall to indure that of his Rival, and to accept the proffer *Turnus* had made to him to continue friends. He therefore went to visit him, which visit *Turnus* receiv'd with much kindnesse; he brought him into *Cassonias* Chamber, before she had any notice of his coming, and intreated her to receive him as his friend; which done, having conducted *Persander* into the Garden, he began to tell him that he had a design to Travel. *Persander* at first, conceiv'd *Turnus* had some extraordinary occasion that oblig'd him thereto, not being able to apprehend that one whom *Cassonia* had chosen for the most amorous, could be perswaded to leave her, to go and Travel without any necessity, within a month after he had married her. He therefore ask'd him if he had any business of importance that oblig'd him to that resolution: None at all (repli'd *Turnus*) but to tell you the truth, it is long since I have had an inclination to travel, and now there is nothing to ingage my stay at *Ardea*; and that I fear not you should take away *Cassonia* from me in my absence, I am resolv'd to satisfie my Curiosity.

Persander hearing *Turnus* speak in this manner, was so astonish'd that he could not tell what answer to make him, nor indeed had he return'd him any, had it not been that he had pres'd him to accompany him in his Travels. So that being oblig'd to speak, he told him, he had business requir'd his stay at *Ardea*; whereupon he took his leave of him.

On the other side, *Turnus* whose head was full of this humour of Travelling, spoke of nothing else, and that with so much impatience, as to his departure, as if he had had a Mistress in every one of those places whither he pretended to go, and had never lov'd any thing at *Ardea*. *Persander* said nothing at all to him of it, and onely ask'd what caus'd him to take such a sudden resolution: To which *Turnus* an-

ſwer'd, that two friends of his, having acquainted him with their intentions to travel, they had ſtirr'd up in him thoſe he ſometime had, ſo that he had reſolv'd to go with them.

Not long after, *Perſander* came to ſee me, to ſee what I ſhould ſay of *Turnus* his deſign of Travelling, and if I knew not what *Caſonia* thought of it: For methinks (ſaid he) that having made choice of *Turnus* for the more amorous, ſhe ſhould take his departure ſomewhat unkindly. *Caſonia* (ſaid I to him) hath more wit then to make her complaints to me; but I can read in her eyes, that ſhe takes it moſt hainouſly: And for my part, if it were my own caſe, I ſhould think it very hard meaſure that *Turnus* ſhould marry me, only to forſake me, being not oblig'd thereto by any rational ground. But what ſaies *Erſilia*, repli'd *Perſander*? *Erſilia* (repli'd I) repines ſecretly at it; but for *Caſonia*, that which confirms me that ſhe is abſolutely inrag'd at it, is that I have underſtood by a Maid that waits on her, that unleſſe it were the firſt day that *Turnus* acquainted her with his deſign, that ſhe indeavour'd to oppoſe it, ſhe hath not ſpoke one word ſince to divert him from it. Ah *Plotina* (cries out *Perſander*) the amorous *Turnus* is no longer ſuch, and the unfortunate *Perſander*, notwithſtanding his mis-fortunes is more amorous then he. For in fine (continu'd he, ſhewing me a Letter he had receiv'd from a Kinſman) you may ſee by what is written to me, that it were for my advantage to leave *Ardea*, and that I am promis'd a very conſiderable imployment elſewhere. But notwithſtanding my being ſo ſlighted by *Caſonia*, I cannot be induc'd to quit the place where ſhe reſides, and deprive my ſelf of all ſight of her. I aſſure you (repli'd I) you are almoſt as much to be blam'd as *Turnus*; for I do not think that *Caſonia* deſerves you ſhould ſo much as think of her. Beſides (ſaid I to him) all your love to her will be to no purpoſe, for ſhe is vertuous; and though it ſhould happen ſhe loſt all love for *Turnus*, and ſhould repent ſhe had preferr'd him before you, your happineſſe will be never the greater. Ah *Plotina* (repli'd he) you know not how ingenuous Love is in finding out Pleaſures; for it is to me a very ſenſible one, the very thought that *Turnus* is now to leave *Caſonia*. Nay, it is no ſmall delight to me to imagine the Tears ſhe ſheds the day of his departure, will be rather the tears of indignation then Sorrow: And though I expect not ever to be happy, yet there is a certain kind of Hope which ſtands Centinel about my heart and keeps in my love. But what (repli'd I) if you have not loſt your diſcretion, can you hope? I have no hope to be lov'd of *Caſonia* (repli'd he) but I hope that *Caſonia* will love *Turnus* no longer, and will haply regret the unfortunate *Perſander*.

We ſaid one to another, a many other things of this kind, whence I apprehended that *Perſander* had ſtill an infinite love for *Caſonia*, and that ſhe miſtook her ſelf much that ſhe had not made choice of him. To be ſhort, all were ſo ſurpriz'd at *Turnus*'s departure, that a many things were reported of him, which were not true; but at laſt, notwithſtanding all *Erſilia* could ſay to him, he took his leave. So that ſhe then ſaw ſhe was deceiv'd, when ſhe imagin'd to her ſelf the abſolute diſpoſal of *Turnus*; for this humour of Travelling having taken him in the head, as ſoon as the Paſſion he had for *Caſonia* was ſatisfi'd, all the Charms of that excellent perſon were not ſtrong enough to divert him. 'Tis true, his flatteries to her at parting were extraordinary, but they proceeded not from any great regret he had to leave her, though he was to be abſent almoſt a whole year. *Caſonia* however at firſt, bore this departure with conſtancy enough, and out of a conſideration of glory, betrayed not any the leaſt diſ-ſatisfaction at this voyage. Nay ſhe had not the confidence to ſpeak to me of it; and ſo diſcreetly avoided all diſcourſe thereof, that I could not take it ill that ſhe was ſo reſerv'd. Beſides that, for my part, I ſought not the occaſions to reproach her that ſhe had not believ'd me, becauſe I could take no pleaſure in afflicting her to no purpoſe.

In the mean time, the whole City came to viſit her, and comfort her for the abſence of *Turnus*, and among the reſt came *Perſander*: For I had forgot to tel you, that *Turnus* at his departure had been to take his leave of his friend; that he had

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spoke very obligingly to him; that he had intreated him to continue his friendship to his Wife, and had desired *Cæsonia* to admit the visits of *Persander* as those of any other, lest he should imagine he had forbidden him out of jealousie. Accordingly *Cæsonia* disposed her self to receive the visits of *Persander*, conditionally they were not too frequent, and that he should say nothing to her, she might be offended at; resolving, in case he presumed to entertain her with the affection he had for her, not to see him any more; for *Turnus* had so far injoined her to see him, that he could take no other resolution. Upon these terms, *Persander* who had still an extream affection for her, visited her sometimes, and behav'd himself with so much respect to her, and such acknowledgement of her Vertue, that he betrai'd not his Passion in his discourse; but if *Cæsonia* had examin'd his looks, they would have acquainted her with the most violent love in the World. 'Tis true a certain secret melancholy took up her spirits so much, that she would not seek what she was not desirous to find.

Hence it also proceeded, that *Cæsonia* during *Turnus*'s absence, avoided as much as might be, comming to great Feasts, and carry'd her self as a Woman of great Vertue, and love to her Husband, and tender of his reputation should have done, especially, being young and handsom, having a Husband absent, and divers Lovers in the places where she resides.

But whiles *Cæsonia* lived after this rate, and was extreamly troubl'd in her mind at *Turnus*'s absence, when two months were pass'd ere she had receiv'd any tidings of him, he sent a man expres to *Ardea*, with divers orders. *Cæsonia* was much amaz'd to understand that her Husband who she thought had taken shipping long before, was still at *Rhegium*, which place he spoke not of leaving for some time; whereat being much surpriz'd, she thought fit cunningly to sift out what staid *Turnus* there, and put her off with such an unlikely account of it, as much increas'd her Curiosity. But that which was most mysterious to her, was, that she came to understand that the man had brought a Letter from *Turnus* to *Persander*, that he had spoken with him divers times, and that he could not return to his Master, till he were dispatch'd by *Persander*. So that being infinitely desirous to know what might be in the Wind, she was in an extraordinary disquiet, for she would not have any private discourse with *Persander*, though she had for him the greatest esteem in the World. Nor could she easily condescend to give me any order to find it out, as conceiving that if she made that request to me, I should fall a chiding of her. But at last she apply'd her self to me, and having made me promise I would not quarrel with her, she told me what she had so much mind to know. But (added she) I would not have *Persander* imagine that you ask him any thing for my satisfaction, for I would not give him any pretence or occasion of discourse concerning *Turnus*. I promis'd *Cæsonia* to obey her directions, and kept my word in not charging her with any thing. 'Tis true, I did not forbear it so much in performance of my promise, as out of compassion, observing in her eys, that she said to her self all that I could have said to her.

As soon as she had left me, I sent to *Persander* to intreat him to come to me; which when he had done, without any mention of *Cæsonia*, I ask'd him what busines he had with *Turnus*. He at first was loath to tell me the truth, but being well acquainted with his humour, ah *Persander* (said I to him) if you satisfie not my desire, as to what I would now know, I shall never permit you to speak of *Cæsonia*. You know that I am the onely person with whom you can rationally discourse of her, and that I am your only comfort in this case. *Persander* not able to deny me any longer, shew'd me a Letter he had receiv'd from *Turnus*, wherein putting him in mind of their ancient Friendship, he intreated of him an extraordinary courtesie in doing that for him which he should understand from the Bearer of the Letter. Whereupon *Persander* told me, that *Turnus* desirous that his family should not know the vast expences he pretended to be at in this voyage, intreated him to write to a Kinsman of his at *Rhegium*, to furnish him with such things as he stood in need of: That further, he desir'd to have sent him, divers rarities which are made at *Ardea*,

such as are onely fit to be presented to Women, pretending a design he had to pass through divers Courts, where he might make his advantage of them. And in a word (added *Persander*) without diving any further into his intentions, I do for *Turnus* all he desires of me, though he hath ruin'd my Felicity without establishing his own; and within these two dates, I dismiss him he hath sent to me, with all those things he desires.

This done, *Persander* spoke many things very honourably and obligingly of *Cesonia*, yet without any desire made to me to tell her of it, as knowing it would have been to no purpose, though I am confident his love to her was guided by innocence it self.

Having thus understood *Turnus*'s business with *Persander*, I thought not to have acquainted *Cesonia* with it, lest it should afflict her. But I must confess, reflecting on her obstinacy in opposing me, I was not very sorry, I could convince her, I was in the right. Besides that, it being fit she knew what expences *Turnus* was at, that in case he should send for wherewithall to continue his extravagances, she might take some course to remedy it, I resolv'd to tell her the truth. But when I had acquainted her withall Passages, she suspected something beyond what I had, which was, that *Turnus* had no other reason to send for all those things, then his being fallen in love at *Rhegium*. To be short, she immediately sent for the man who was come from *Turnus* to *Ardea*, and pretending that she knew what she was before desirous he should have told her, she manag'd the businesse with so much discretion, that the man who had a great respect to *Cesonia*, and thought his Master was much to blame, confess'd at last (thinking she might remedy it) that he was indeed fallen in love at *Rhegium*, that his expences there were excessive, and that if she took not some course to get him back to *Ardea*, he would continue there some time. To tell you what effect this new inconstancy of *Turnus* had both on *Cesonia* and my self were not easie for me. But for *Cesonia*, when she had dismiss'd the man, she fixes her eys swell'd with tears on me, and remembring what I had sometime said to her. Ah *Plotina* (cri'd she) you had great reason to tell me that *Turnus* was but an inconstant man disguiz'd, and that I had done better to have preferr'd *Persander* before *Turnus*, then *Turnus* before *Persander*. But alass (added she) it is now no time to complain, it was the cruelty of my Fortune, when I thought to have chosen him who lov'd me most to have taken him who lov'd me least, to his prejudice who lov'd me more, and haply better. The word *haply* is not well plac'd where you put it (said I to her) for it is not to be doubted but *Persander* will love you while he lives. Ah *Plotina* (said she to me with a high indignation) if there were any means to repent, I would repent me of the injustice I have done *Persander*: But alass I must not for my own sake admit any thought of repentance, and I must live so with *Turnus*, as if he were constant, and so with *Persander*, as if I were indifferent to him. Divers other things came from *Cesonia* wherewith I was extreamly mov'd.

Notwithstanding all this, she wrote to her Husband withall the respect and mildnesse in the World, and having discover'd her affliction to her Mother, it was resolv'd she should pretend to be sick, that divers of *Turnus*'s friends should be intreated to write to him, to indeavour to bring him home again, and that she her self would also invite him with the greatest insinuations she could use. To be short, some days after, she was so much Mistress of her own thoughts, that she writ to him a Letter infinitely passionate: But he being at that time much taken with his loves at *Rhegium*; and understanding from some friends at *Ardea*, that *Cesonia* was not very sick, he return'd not to *Ardea*, but remain'd two months longer at *Rhegium*, that is to say, as long as his Passion lasted. He thence went to *Syracuse*, whence he was to go into *Greece*, but he was no sooner come to *Syracuse*, but he fell in love with the Princess of that place, which is one of the greatest Beauties in the World.

Besides all this, *Turnus* having with him two friends who were of *Ardea*, and were very complyant with his humour, much of what he did came to be known by

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that means, for one of these two was Brother to one of *Turnus*'s former Mistresses, when he first fell in love with *Cæsonia*. She being acquainted by her brothers Letters with all the new loves of *Turnus*, was very glad to find that the charms of *Cæsonia* had been no stronger then hers to confine *Turnus*'s affections, and maliciously divulged what her Brother had written to her concerning the Loves of this unfaithful Husband. By this means the business came to be so generally known, that there was none but might without any breach of civility speak to *Cæsonia* of it, either to blame *Turnus*, or pity her. She in the mean time had observ'd so much reservedness in her carriage, that *Persander* had never met with any occasion to speak to her without witnesses. But one day *Erisia* having employ'd him in some business of consequence, and *Persander* being come to give her an account of it he found her not at home, but met with *Cæsonia*, with whom he was oblig'd to stay, expecting the return of *Erisia* but he found her in so melancholy a posture, that she hardly knew how to entertain him. *Persander* on the other side having so favourable an opportunity to speak to her, had not the power to tell her what he was desirous she should know; but at last the love he had in his soul making him more confident: It is long since Madam, said he to her, that I vainly seek what I have this day found; yet I beseech you Madam, added he, imagine not it is not my purpose to say any thing to you whereat you may be offended, and therefore forbid me not to speak for I shall only bemoan you, and but once accuse me in my life; all I have to say is, to conjure you to believe that as *Turnus* hath not been able to quit his inconstancy, *Persander* shall never be otherwise then constant, and shall love you while he lives. Ah *Persander*, said *Cæsonia* to him, tryumph not over my misfortunes, for it is enough to have an inconstant husband, without having a Friend defective as to respect. I beseech you therefore say not any thing to me which I shall not be satisfied to hear. No, no, Madam, said he to her, fear not any thing from the unfortunate *Persander*, he desires nothing of you, he hopes for nothing from you, and the sum of all he would have, amounts to no more then the favour of one single audience from you. That I may have the satisfaction of your own confession, that you were mistaken when you had bestow'd your self on the most amorous; for Madam, you need no further experience then that of this day, to make the comparison. To be short, added he, this Lover that was so eager, so constant in appearance, forsakes you assoon as he was possess'd of you, and falls in Love with divers others assoon as he is out of your sight; But the unfortunate *Persander*, though treated with insupportable injustice, loves you still, without hope of ever being lov'd by you, and shall love you while he lives. *Turnus* hath left you without any cause, and I, whom affairs of consequence call hence, remain here only to see you, though I am confident that you bestow not a thought on me, that you would have me quit all love to you, and that I can pretend to no other advantage then that of pitying you, and doing you those services you can expect from a generous Friend. But I beseech you, deny me not this favour, trust me with the burthen of an affliction you cannot conceal from me. Speak not any thing of favour to me, nothing of obligation, nothing that may discover that you so much as think I love you; but tell me only as a discreet and faithfull friend, that you are dis-satisfied with *Turnus*, that you are sensible of his injustice and his Inconstancy, and are at last convinc'd that you have made an ill choice. I therefore expect no other reward of the respectful passion I have for you, then to see you dis-satisfi'd with my Rival; and to give you an infallible expression of the greatness and purity of my inclinations, I protest to you, that, if I could change his heart, and make him constant to you, I would do it, so to make you happy, though I doubt not but I should be much more miserable then I am, if you were latisfi'd with *Turnus*.

I beseech you, *Persander*, said she to him, content your self that I tell you in general terms, that I have done you an injustice, and expect not I should trust one with the knowledge of my afflictions, who is a Rival to him that causes them. Besides, imagine not that the inconstancy of *Turnus* shall ever make me do any thing against Innocence; for I am vertuous for my own sake, not for his: and therefore flatter not your self with a groundless hope, if you are not dispos'd to affront me:

You might indeed ſome time have hop'd without doing me any injury; but now the caſe is altered, and indeed I take it not well, that when you ſpeak to me, you bemoan me. Do that ſecretly, if you have ſo much generoſity, as to pity my misfortunes, and increaſe them not by giving me ſo much cauſe to quarrel at your conſtancy, as I have to complain of *Turnus*'s inconſtancy.

After this *Perſander* ſaid a many other things which nearly concern'd *Caſonia*, but ſhe continued firm in her reſolution, not to permit him to entertain her with his paſſion, how innocent ſoever it might be. She would alſo have needs forbidden him to viſit her; but he made it ſo much appear to her that it would find all the Town diſcourſe, that at laſt ſhe conſented he ſhould ſee her ſome times, conditionally he would never ſpeak to her of his affection. She would further make him promiſe her, not to ſpeak at all of *Turnus*; and in fine, ſhe ſaid not any thing to him, which though a jealous husband ſhould over-hear, he could be diſpleas'd with. But *Perſander* being a very diſcreet perſon, had a greater eſteem for *Caſonia* then before, and his Love, inſteed of diminiſhing any thing by the loſs of Hope, was much augmented; in a word, he was ſcrew'd into a higher love to *Caſonia*, then any man could have been.

Caſonia on the other ſide, underſtanding from time to time, that *Turnus* continued not eight days in any place ere he had found out a new Miſtreſs, was extreamly exaſperated againſt him. But that which encreas'd her miſery. was, to ſee *Perſanders* conſtancy to her, though ſhe did nothing for him. For though he ſaid nothing to her concerning his Love, and did none of thoſe heroick actions which are the ordinary marks of a great paſſion, he did a many others, which *Caſonia* and I took notice of, and which ſatisfi'd us that he was infinitely paſſionate in his Love, though he ſaid nothing of it. He was even blinded into a complyance to *Erſilia*, by whom he was very much lov'd; He never came to *Caſonias* when there was any company there: If any one commended her in his preſence, there was ſuch a viſible ſatisfaction in his eyes, as if he were concern'd in her reputation; if any one endeavour'd to excuſe *Turnus*, he could not but diſcover his indignation. If *Caſonia* chanc'd to be ſick, he could not be at reſt any where; he lov'd what ſhe was taken with, even to things inſenſible; he conform'd all his apprehenſions to hers; he ſaw her as often as he could; he lov'd me for her ſake, as much as if I had been her Siſter; and when he and I were alone, ſhe was the conſtant ſubject of our diſcourſe; he look'd not on any woman with any delight, but *Caſonia*; and in a word, *Caſonia* was the ſole object of all his pleaſure, and all his affection. Notwithſtanding all this, he maſter'd this violent paſſion, through the awe he ſtood in of the perſon who caus'd it; and indeed, ſo far did ſhe conceive her ſelf oblig'd thereby, that inſenſibly contrary to *Caſonias* firſt intentions, ſhe truſted him with the knowledge of her diſcontents. But I muſt needs give her this teſtimony, that ſhe never either did or ſaid any thing that *Perſander* could take any advantage of: ſo that it may be ſaid he was her Lover, and that ſhe was only his Friend: Thoſe good thoughts which ſhe had for him, were ſo innocent, that it was the reaſon ſhe made not that proviſion againſt a many little inconſiderable circumſtances, which how innocent ſoever they might be, yet prov'd the occaſions of ill reports: For it was talk'd abroad, that *Caſonia* cheer'd her ſelf up for the inconſtancy of *Turnus*, by the conſtancy of *Perſander*: and that which rais'd many ſtrange reports, was, that he whom *Turnus* had ſent to *Ardea*, to bring with him what he ſent to *Perſander* for, having told it ſom-body at his departure, who ſoon after divulg'd it, it was known that *Perſander* had ſent *Turnus* ſuch things as ſhould detain him ſome time out of his Country. And as Calumnie ſucks poiſon out of the beſt actions, ſo it was reported about *Ardea*, that what was done, was with the privity of his wife, and that *Perſander* had not done him that good office, but to keep him at a diſtance from *Caſonia*. Beſides, her Beauty and her Vertue raiſing her the enmity of her own Sex, the buſineſs was ſo ſtrangely gloſs'd upon, that I thought my ſelf oblig'd to acquaint her with what was ſaid of her, for I knew her innocence, and that it was eaſie for her to remedie this evil, and put envie and calumny to ſilence, by taking

king away those pretenses they made use of. That which gave the greatest colour to these unhappy reports, was, that the Friends of *Persander* pressing him to marry, he so roughly rejected all Propositions of that nature, that it was easily perceiv'd there was some secret considerations that oblig'd him to be so backward. There was also another thing that made a great noise; for you are to know, that *Persander*, who besides a great wit, hath other excellent good parts, and particularly Poetry; and it being impossible but that a Lover who is endu'd with that quality, must write something, though *Persander* durst not shew any Verses directed to *Cassonia*, as purposely made for her, yet could he not avoid the writing of some. But to the end, in case they might be gotten some way from him, she might not receive any injury for whom they were made, he call'd her by a name which had no resemblance to hers; for instead of *Cassonia*, he call'd her *Dorinica*. He shew'd me divers Copies, and (if I am not mistaken) presented her sometimes with them, yet not acknowledging they were made for her, but only to have her judgement of them for certainly *Cassonia* is very good at such things. It unfortunately hapned one day, that *Persander* having made a Paper of Verses, and left them on the Table in his Closet, thinking he had lock'd the door, there came one of his acquaintance to see him, who finding the doors of his Lodgings open, enters without speaking to any body into *Persander*'s chamber, and thence into his Closet, where he had often seen him. But not finding him there, and spying the Verses on the Table, which he thought very amorous, he read them twice over, and got them by heart, without any other reflection thereon at that time, then that he was taken with them; which done, understanding that *Persander* was not within, he went his ways, not saying any thing to any body. From thence he went to give a visit to a Lady he was in love with, who had an ill opinion of the Cabal of the *Fair Solitaries* in general, by reason of a particular disaffection she had to *Cassonia*, who was one of them. He repeated to her the Verses he had learn'd, which she had no sooner heard, but she said that certainly they were made for *Cassonia*. She also got them by heart, and being one that talks much, one that goes fast, and whose Fancy far out-runs her Judgement, without considering what might be the consequences of it, she dispers'd divers Copies of them. But that you may the better know what the business came to, I must repeat them to you: They were these,

For DORINICA.

I In her Presence fain would dye,
That her Fair hand might close my Eye,
And when my soul in sighs expires,
This is my Martyr she might say,
I would by some sublimer way.
But hold! Be silent my Desires,
We Dorinica *must obey.*

You may easily judge, that these Verses contain nothing that could with reason prejudice *Cassonia*, yet made they no small noise abroad; nay such as whence were drawn very unhappy consequences. It hapned also that the last verse falling in very pertinently, as simple as it is, in regard there is something amorous in the very cadence, it became a certain frolick to quote it upon divers occasions, so that it was a general humour to say, how pertinently or impertinently, it matter'd not,

We Dorinica *must Obey.*

Though there were no other reaſon for it then that it was become an expreſſion *a la mode*. But at laſt, the buſineſs growing very common, I ſpoke to *Caſonia* of it with all the ſincerity of a faithfull friend. I had no ſooner acquainted her with what was ſaid of her, but ſhe bluſh'd, and was extreamly troubled. However ſhe was not much to ſeek what to do. I muſt needs confeſs (ſaid ſhe to me) that *Perſander* hath ſo carry'd himſelf towards me, ſince I fell into mis-fortune, and hath ſo much oblig'd me, that I cannot but have for him the tendreſt friendſhip in the World; nay I muſt acknowledge that unleſs it be when I am with you my diſturbances admit no remiſſion, but by acquainting him therewith. But it ſeems I muſt be depriv'd of that ſatisfaction, and I ſhall do it in ſuch a manner as ſhall ſilence all the Calumny that perſecutes me. This *Caſonia* ſpoke with ſo much trouble in her countenance, that I eaſily perceiv'd ſhe took ſome ſtrange reſolution: So that I thought to have told her it was enough, if ſhe were more circumſpect in ſome little Occurrences, and that it were not diſcreetly done abſolutely to break off with *Perſander*. No, no *Plotina* (ſaid ſhe to me) ſay nothing to me for I ſhall do what I have reſolv'd; but only pity the unhappy deſtiny I have to ſtrugg'e with. And that you may the better know how to pity me, I muſt acquaint you, my dear *Plotina*, with the true ſtate of my ſoul, that fully underſtanding my frailty, you may accordingly commend me for the power I have to conceal it. Know then that I have ever had a violent inclination for *Perſander*, and onely an ordinary eſteem for *Turnus*, and that if I had not believ'd the latter lov'd me incomparably beyond the other, and that it was a greater pleaſure to be lov'd then to love, I had never married him. But that which makes up my preſent puniſhment is that *Turnus*'s inconſtancy hath rais'd in me a deteſtation of him, and the conſtancy of *Perſander* hath rais'd in me a love of him. The Gods know (added ſhe, bluſhing) whether I have not equally reſiſted both the hatred I have for *Turnus*, and the affection I have for *Perſander*, and notwithſtanding theſe two Paſſions, made a ſtrong reſolution to live contentedly with him whom I hate, and by all means poſſible to conceal my affections from him whom I love. But all conſider'd, I cannot but ſo far reſent the injury *Turnus* hath done me in ceaſing to love me, as ſoon as he was aſſur'd of me, and am ſo ſenſible of the obligation *Perſander* hath put upon me by continuing his affection, when he can hope to receive no viſible expreſſion of mine, that I eaſily foreſee that through theſe two oppoſite apprehenſions, I ſhall lead the moſt wretched life in the World, eſpecially ſince I muſt wraſtle with them as long as I live

I ſhould never have done if I ſhould acquaint you with all *Caſonia* ſaid to me, and what anſwers I made her: But as we were thus ingag'd, *Perſander* comes in to the houſe; and one of *Caſonias* women being come into her Cloſet (where we were to give her notice of it) ſhe gave order he ſhould be brought in. He was no ſooner entred, but ſhe ſeeing there was none but we three, and fixing her eyes full of ſadneſſe and melancholy upon him I beſeech you *Perſander* (ſaid ſhe to him) do me the favour to promiſe me to think never the worſe of me, when you ſhall underſtand a certain requeſt I have to make to you.

Ah Madam (ſaid he to her) though you deſir'd my death, I ſhould not take it ill at your hands, and therefore you may aſſure your ſelf you cannot make any requeſt to me that ſhall oblige me to hate you. But Madam (added he) What ſtrange requeſt is it you have to make to me? I am firſt to intreat you (repli'd ſhe) to be confident that I have for you the greateſt eſteem imaginable, and acknowledge my ſelf infinitely oblig'd to you. But that done, I am to intreat you, to tell me whether it be true or no that you have for the unfortunate *Caſonia*, a moſt tender and a moſt diſintereſted Friendſhip. For Friendſhip Madam (ſaid he to her) I know not whether I have any; but for affection I dare aſſure you, never had any man ſo much as I have for you, and that if I were to loſe my life to make good this truth, I ſhould do it cheerfully. No *Perſander* (repli'd ſhe) you ſhall not need to do any thing of that nature, and without loſing your life, it ſhall ſuffice only that you hence forward loſe all ſight of me. Ah Madam, how cruell is that word

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only, and how little does it oblige me? For I think it more insupportable to be ever depriv'd of your sight then of my life. But Madam, do you speak to me in good earnest? I do *Persander* (said she to him) and *Plotina* shall tell you the reason of it. Whereupon I told *Persander* what scandalous reports were scatter'd up and down, whereof he had not heard any thing before; for being of a nature very sensible as to reputation, his friends durst not tell him any thing. I had no sooner acquainted him therewith, but *Persander* casting himself on his knees at *Cæsonias* feet, alas Madam (said he to her) can you lay this mis-fortune to my charge; to mine I say who love you without acquainting you with so much, and have that power over my self, as to conceal the most eager and most violent Passion that ever was? However divine *Cæsonia* (continued this afflicted Lover) I shall willingly not be innocent, and to make me guilty, there shall need no more then that my love hath caus'd you the least disquiet. But, Madam, all criminals are not banish'd, there are more kinds of punishment then one. No, no *Persander* (repli'd *Cæsonia*) forcing him to rise up, I wish not your banishment as a punishment, but as a remedy for the evill I suffer; for certainly it is not just, that I being at the same time unfortunate and innocent should be thought guilty, when I am not. If therefore it be true that you love me, resolve to chuse one of these two things. Ah Madam, (cries he) how difficult do I think the choice you put me to, though I know not yet what you would say to me: Howere it be (said *Cæsonia*) there is no other expedient left: But once more, Madam (repli'd he) what choice is it you put me to? That you would either quit *Ardea* (repli'd she) and never come into it, or at least not of a long time, or that you would marry, and never see me after, but when you cannot possibly avoid it. Ah Madam (cries he) into what a strange extremity have you reduc'd me? Ah *Persander* (repli'd she) what an unhappy conjuncture am I in for your sake? Reputation I value above all things, and though I have done nothing whereby mine should be prejudic'd, yet am I in a fair likelihood to lose it; if therefore you love me, and own any true Generosity, assist me to preserve that which once lost you cannot restore. I give you two days to take your choice of these two things I have propos'd to you; and if you do it not, I shall be more dis-satisfi'd with you then with *Turnus*.

Hereupon *Persander* made a thousand fruitless expostulations, and propos'd a many several expedients; for, he was content not to see *Cæsonia* any more at her house, conditionally he might see her sometimes at my Chamber; nay he at last came down so low, as that he would not speak to her any where, provided he might write to her; but there being in things of this nature a certain mystery and obligation, *Cæsonia* would not by any means ingage her self. She told him he must obey, that he lov'd her not, if he preferr'd not her reputation before all things; and that she would absolutely hate him, if he resolv'd not either to marry, or absent himself for ever.

To tell you all they said one to another, and what I said to both, were to presume too much upon your patience. But I shall tell you, that since there have been Lovers, there were not any that pass'd two such long and cruel daies, as those *Persander* spent in making this dreadfull choice. For when he thought on this perpetual, or at best very long absence, he was no longer Master of his own thoughts, nor indeed of his words: Never to see *Cæsonia*, seem'd to him a thing so cruel, that he thought death it self more supportable. On the other side, when he thought of marrying, he had such a horrid aversion thereto, that he could hardly admit any Treaty of it: he thought he could not in honour marry one he should not love; and love inspir'd him with apprehensions so opposite to those of marriage that he could not take any resolution that way. Not but that it was some ease for him to think that he might at least remain by that means in *Ardea*, that he might see *Cæsonia* in the Temples whether she would or not, and flatter'd himself with a hope that she might change her mind. But for this eternal absence, that which troubled him most in it, was, that he believ'd *Cæsonia* would forget him: So that how great soever his aversion to marriage might be, yet he thought it spoke some-

thing more amorous, not to leave *Cæsonia*, then eternally to forsake her: Nevertheless he could not resolve in the time *Cæsonia* appointed him, but spent eight days in bemoaning himself, and doing nothing but writing Letters to me, to entreat me to get an arrest of that cruel Judgement: *Cæsonia* avoiding all Interviews in that time. But at last *Cæsonia* understanding there were divers reports abroad, which gave people occasion to think there was some secret correspondence between her and *Persander*, sent him word, that it was her absolute Will he should take his choice: So that this unfortunate Lover looking on this Removal as absolutely insupportable, and thinking it would be conceiv'd extravagant, was content to Marry, conditionally *Cæsonia* made choice of a Wife for him; for there were three or four Ladies whereof his Friends propos'd to him the choice. But if *Persander* was much troubled to chuse, *Cæsonia* was no less to advise him; yet at last finding that she who had the greatest Fortune had the least Beauty, she gave me order to name her to *Persander*, who was very much pleas'd with an imagination, that *Cæsonia* pitching on a Wife for him that was not over handsome, might do it out of some considerations of kindness to him. But *Cæsonia's* Design took not, for the Friends of that Lady having heard the reports of the loves of *Persander* and *Cæsonia*, chang'd their minds, and answer'd him, that they thought not their Daughter handsome enough to cure *Persander* of so violent a Passion. This unhappy Lover therefore was forc'd to address himself to another, who certainly was as indifferent to him as the former, but was questionless much the handsomer; and to be short, the Marriage was talk'd of as a thing absolutely concluded.

No sooner were all parties agreed, but *Cæsonia* was infinitely troubled at it, and was so much incens'd against *Persander*, that she could not be more exasperated against *Turnus*, then she was against him. Nevertheless she durst not at first discover her apprehensions of it; but I soon observing she was fallen into a new discontent, tormented at last into a confession, that she was extreamly vex'd that *Persander* had chosen rather to marry, then to depart. For in fine, said she, if he lov'd me so much as he would make me believe, he could never have consented to marry, especially with so great a Beauty as he is now to have; but certainly the reason of that is, that I am destin'd to the experience of all kinds of Inconstancy: *Timoxo* assoon as he became my Husband, ceas'd to be my Lover, and *Persander*, who Pretends so much obstinacy in love, will certainly become a Lover of his wife, assoon as he shall have marry'd one. But, said I to her, what concerns it you, whether he loves her, or loves her not, since you will never see him more, and are absolutely resolv'd never to receive a gallant Letter from *Persander*? I know I am much to blame, said she to me, and I am so disorder'd to see my own weakness and the humorousness of my apprehensions, that I blush at it; for certainly I shall never see *Persander*, I shall never receive either Verse or Prose from him, that shall mention his Love; and *Turnus*, how inconstant soever he may be, shall, if ever he return, find me faithful to him. But when all is done, I cannot but be troubled that *Persander* marries, and marries one he can love. But said I to her, you have put the choice upon him; I confess it, reply'd she, but I expected not he should have made the choice he hath. It is not yet too late, reply'd I, for I am confident *Persander* hath so much aversion from marrying, that if you but let him know your dislike of it, he will give over all thoughts thereof. No, no *Phœnia*, reply'd she, it is now too late, for I wish'd *Persander* might not marry, and since he thinks it fit to do so, there is no remedy; and if you acquaint him with the strangeness of my resentments, I should never endure the sight of you. This *Cæsonia* spoke with so much earnestness, that I durst not disobey her; so that *Persander* thinking he did a thing at least acceptable to *Cæsonia*, married. But the day before his Wedding, I saw him so pensive, and found *Cæsonia* so melancholy, that it may be said, never any Marriage caus'd so much heaviness. In the mean time, *Persander* being a person of much honour, he had for his wife all possible Civility, and somwhat the more, in regard he consider'd it as a means to stifle the rumors which had been so prejudicial to *Cæsonia*. So that gaining hereby the reputation of a good husband

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in *Ardea*, he soon got that of an Ill Lover with *Cæsonia*. Thus having two Infidelities to deal with at the same time, she fell into a hatred of all men in general. She would never meet with *Persander* in any place where he might take any occasion to speak to her; and she so carefully avoided him, that though he was very desirous to acquaint her with what he suffer'd for her sake, he could never have the opportunity. And indeed it is certain, there never was man more unhappy then he was at that time, for though his wife were excellently handsome, yet was she an insupportable burthen to him; & his imagination was so full of *Cæsonia*, that he could not think of any thing else. But at last it chanc'd that a Chariot of *Cæsonias* hapning to break two miles from *Ardea*, *Persander* passing by casually in another, found her in that perplexity. Being very glad of so favourable an opportunity, he comes out, and entreats her to make use of his; nay, offers not to come in himself, and to take a horse from one of his servants that follow'd the Charriot. *Cæsonia* at first would by no means be entreated, but being with her, told her it was no time to stand upon punctilio's, that it was better to accept the proffer *Persander* made, then to be in the fields all night, that the affectation of not receiving such an office, would questionless be ill interpreted, and that it were not fit he got on horse-back, whereupon she took my advice.

Now *Cæsonia* and *Persander* having not spoken one to another since that days conversation whereof I told you before, they were both in no small disturbance. But at last *Persander* whispering broke forth first: Well Madam, said he to her, you would needs be obey'd, and might it please the Gods you knew what I suffer in obeying you, and how dearly I purchase your reputation. You have made so good a choice, reply'd she blushing, that I think you are rewarded for the service you have done me, by the very doing of them, and consequently, I am not so much as to give you thanks; for when all's done, it is a greater pleasure to be husband to a handsome wife whom a man loves, then to be banish'd. *Cæsonia* spoke this with a certain accent, which satisfi'd *Persander* that there was some resentment of displeasure and jealousie in the heart of this excellent Beauty, whereat being both much surpriz'd, and much troubled, he entreated her to express her thoughts more clearly, but she would not hear of it, and all he could get from her was, that she forbade him ever to see her. *Persander* who lov'd her now better then he had ever, having left *Cæsonia* at home, brought me also to my chamber; and being very importunate to know the true thoughts of my Friend, I told him something of what I knew; for I thought the condition those two Lovers were in, so strange, that I could not but speak of it: I shall not repeat to you all he said to me, but shall only tell you, he seem'd to be so afflicted that *Cæsonia* should imagine he lov'd his wife, and that he had not made such a choice as satisfi'd her of the greatness of his affection, that it much pitied me. But at last taking a resolution to cure *Cæsonia* of this jealousie, though he knew he was not to expect any thing from her, he took the pretence his affairs furnished him with, to go to travel. By this means he left *Ardea* soon after his marriage, as *Turnus* had, though for different reasons. But at his departure from *Ardea*, he writ a letter to *Cæsonia*, so passionate, and so full of respect and tenderness, that I think Love never dictated such another; and indeed it was receiv'd by *Cæsonia* with a very sensible sorrow, though chequer'd with a certain joy to see *Persander* more constant then she had thought him. But presently after she condemn'd her self for it, and was so far from being satisfi'd, that she would often say to me, that she thought her self so highly blameable, how vertuous soever she might be, that she durst not examine her true apprehensions.

In the mean time *Turnus* after a years travel, returns, who being a man vertuous, though very inconstant, he complemented *Cæsonia* with the greatest kindness in the world: but his kindness was without eagerness, without transport, and without Love, and that which was most strange of all, was, that assoon as he was return'd, he fell in love with *Persander's* wife; and having met with one of those pick-thanks who are always the messengers of ill news, that gave him some particulars of what had been said of *Cæsonia*, he became jealous of his own wife at the

ſame time when he fell in love with his Friend's. Thus was the unfortunate *Caſonia* ore-whelm'd with all kinds of Diſgraces; for ſhe had a husband that was both jealous, and in love at the ſame time; ſhe was her ſelf guilty of both love and jealouſie; the preſence of her Husband was burdenſome to her, the abſence of *Perſander* ſhe was not able to bear, though ſhe would not have him recall'd; and for *Perſander*, he only was abſolutely miſerable, as being void of all hope of ever being otherwiſe.

In the mean time *Perſander's* wife being a vertuous woman, gave *Turnus* but very cold entertainment, but love being commonly exaſperated by oppoſition, his paſſion grew ſo violent, that conceiving it might make much for him, he told her that *Perſander* was ſtill in love with *Caſonia*. But ſhe anſwer'd him, that ſince *Caſonia* was true to him after all his Inconſtancies, ſhe would be the like to *Perſander*, though he ſhould not have chang'd his paſſion when he marry'd her.

On the other ſide, ſome body having written to *Perſander* that *Turnus* was fallen in love with his wife (who was called *Danae*) and that not very privately, he thought it the leſs dangerous if he pretended to be in love with his, nay conceiv'd he ſhould not much offend *Caſonia* thereby: whereupon he returns to *Ardea*. He was no ſooner arriv'd, but *Turnus* came to ſee him, with all the eagerneſs of a Lover who would be well thought of by a man whoſe Wife he is in love with: Not but that he conſider'd the Viſits he then gave *Perſander* opened *Perſander* the way to his Houſe; but being above all things confident of his Wifes Vertue, he choſe rather to give *Perſander* occaſion to ſee *Caſonia*, then miſs his opportunities of ſeeing *Danae*: So that the beginning of this Society had in it ſomthing infinitely pleaſant: But at length the apprehenſions of theſe four perſons were ſo diſorder'd, that there never was heard any thing of the like nature: For not only *Perſander* and *Turnus* broke all to pieces, but it withal made a diviſion of the whole City; and there are in this adventure an hundred remarkable particulars, which were too long to relate. Twice they took up Arms upon the account of theſe two Factions, whereof the Loves of *Perſander* and *Turnus* were the cauſe or the pretenſe: Divers Duels were fought, very fatal to ſome; it was an ordinary queſtion in all companies, whether one were *Perſander* or *Turnus*, for theſe two Lovers had deriv'd their names to all of their party. They had alſo their different colours, and things came at laſt to that height, that people were in a general expectation of an Inſurrection in *Ardea*; for there wanted not thoſe who would gladly have faſtned on ſuch an occaſion to compaſs their own ends, and poſſeſs themſelves of Authority. On the contrary, all diſcreet and well-affected perſons, vainly troubled themſelves to find out ſome expedients to give check to ſo great a diſorder. But at laſt, when all the world could not imagine any remedy for ſo great a miſchief, I found out a way adventurous 'tis true, but withal neceſſary; which was to propoſe to *Perſander* and *Turnus* to make a publike and legitimate exchange. For there having hapned among us within ſome time divers examples of repudiation, I found that both Religion and the Laws, authoriz'd by Cuſtome, permitting that *Perſander* might forſake *Danae*, and marry *Caſonia*, and *Turnus* quit *Caſonia*, and marry *Danae*; I found I ſay, that neither of both having any children, and their Fortunes being equal, there needed no more, to reconcile theſe two Families, and reſtore and eſtabliſh Peace in *Ardea*, by taking away all pretenſes from the factious, who aim'd only at the publike diſturbance, then that theſe two women ſhould ſhift houſes.

But though *Perſander* and *Turnus* eaſily ſaw their own happineſs by the expedient I propos'd to them, yet a fantaſtick reflection of hatred hindred them at firſt to conſent to one another's happineſs; inſomuch that *Turnus* to hinder *Perſander* from marrying *Caſonia*, would chuſe rather not to marry *Danae*, and *Perſander* to hinder *Turnus* from the poſſeſſion of *Danae*, would never meddle with *Caſonia*. But at laſt Love growing predominant, their eyes were open'd to ſee Reaſon in what I propos'd, and joyntly entreated my mediation in a buſineſs which they thought not very difficult to bring to effect, for it had the verdict of the Laws; what had late-

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ly hapned, confirm'd the Law by Cuſtome; their Friends ſhould in all likelyhood eaſily conſent thereto, and the two women ſhould not probably hinder it. It was not impoſſible, but that *Danae* being convinc'd that her husband never had any affection for her, but an infinite love for *Caſonia*, would think it an advantage to loſe a Husband that lov'd her not, to gain another who dy'd for love of her. As for *Caſonia*, it might be thought ſhe ſhould be glad to exchange an inconſtant man for one who had ever faithfully lov'd her, and whom ſhe deatly affected, though ſhe had with much care conceal'd it.

But theſe two women made all the difficulty that was; for *Caſonia* held that love expir'd when marriage was admitted, and for that reaſon ſhe would ſit down with the loſs of one Lover by marrying *Turnus*, and would not expoſe her ſelf to the loſs of another by marrying *Perſander*; that conſequently ſhe choſe rather to be miſerable all her life in the manner ſhe now was, then to fall into ſome way of misfortune, more inſupportable then the other. But *Danae* was much more hard to be prevail'd with: I beſeech you, (ſaid ſhe to me, when I preſs'd her to follow my advice) force me not to acquaint you with all my thoughts, ſince they are much different from yours. I confeſs (added ſhe) I have a Husband that hath a violent paſſion for *Caſonia*, but ſince he is a diſcreet and moderate perſon, I am confident he will never ſlight me the more for it, and that I ſhall never have any other cauſe to complain of him: Nor can I charge him with having deceiv'd me, for I have married him before he ever told me that he lov'd me: But for *Turnus*, as inviting as he is, he would make me abſolutely miſerable; for when he marryed *Caſonia*, he infinitely lov'd her; I am not ſo great a Beauty as ſhe, and therefore ſince he hath been inconſtant to that divine perſon, he muſt needs prove ſo to me: by which means I ſhould be the Victim of *Perſander* and *Caſonia*, and be much more miſerable then I am already. But you conſider not (ſaid I to her) that if you further not this deſign, you will incur the hatred of *Perſander*, for it is impoſſible a Lover ſhould not hate whatever hinders him from poſſeſſing his Miſtreſs.

For *Caſonia* I us'd no other argument to her then the conſtancy of *Perſander*, to bring her to reaſon: yet theſe two Women had much ado to be brought to this exchange, particularly out of conſiderations of Modeſty; and if their Friends had not forc'd them, and made it appear how far it concern'd their Country, the buſineſs had never been done. But at laſt, this private being become a publike Intereſt, and the chief Pillars of Religion and Civil Magiſtracy interpoſing therein, the exchange was made in the Temple of *Concord*, but without much ceremony, becauſe *Ceſonia* and *Danae* would have it ſo. I ſhall not trouble you with what paſs'd between theſe four perſons at this meeting, nor acquaint you with the joy of *Perſander* and *Turnus*, or the ſatisfaction of *Caſonia* to ſee her ſelf rid of an inconſtant Husband, and in the power of a faithful Lover: But I ſhall tell you that *Danae*, who certainly was not a little taken with *Turnus*, was not miſtaken in her conjectures; and that this lovely, but inconſtant perſon, ſoon after his marriage, began a-new his Love-ſallyes, which he continued till death put a period to them; for he was kill'd, expreſſing a great and high Courage, when *Tarquin* made his approches to *Ardea*. But that which was moſt obſervable, was, that it hath been diſcover'd ſince his death, that he was fallen in love again with *Caſonia*, meerly through his humour of Inconſtancy; for he had confeſs'd as much to one of his Friends. As for *Perſander*, he hath continued the moſt conſtant Lover in the world; and indeed, he was loth *Caſonia* ſhould be expos'd to the inconveniences of a long ſiege, though ſhe was deſirous not to forſake him; and it was upon that account, as you know, that we went along with you out of *Ardea*, when we were taken by ſome of *Tarquin*'s Troops, notwithſtanding all the Valour of *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres*. I would alſo particularly tell *Amilcar*, that *Perſander*, after the death of *Turnus*, took *Danae* into his care, and ſent her out of the City with us. I have further underſtood this very morning by one of our Guards, that *Perſander* is as importunate for the deliverance of *Danae*, as of the other Captives, and that he is not only conſtantly Faithful in his Love, but withal conſtantly Generous and Juſt.

Plotina had no sooner given over speaking, but *Amilcar* began to thank her that she had kill'd *Turnus* in her Relation; for in fine, said he, I have a very good friend call'd *Zenocrates*, who pretends somthing as well as I, to the pleasure and reputation which infallibly attend those who are ingeniously and fortunately inconstant; and yet he would be forc'd to confess, that *Turnus* was a thousand times more inconstant then we. Now you know (added he with that seriousness which he somtimes affects when he is minded to act a Vice) when a man would do any thing, he is very proud to be perfect, and the best at it: I am therefore much oblig'd to you for *Turnus*'s death, who had far out-run *Zenocrates* and me in Inconstancy. Not but that he hath receiv'd much Injustice; for when all is done, they should not have summ'd up amongst his inconstancies the changes of his Love to *Cæsonia* and *Danae* when he had married them; for as you know, it is not much the mode that Husbands should be in love with their Wives. I assure you, reply'd *Plotina*, *Persander* is still with his will be as long as he lives, and there is no other difference between what he hath been, and what he now is, but that he is not so great a Gallant in publike as he was wont; but for the resentments of his soul, they are as full of tenderness, passion, and respect, as they were when he was but Rival to *Turnus*. And for my part, I know nothing so unjust as the procedure of those people who spend five or six yeers in sighing and groaning, and doing whatever lies in their power to gain a woman they love, and, having married her, slight her the next day.

As *Plotina* was speaking thus, a great noise was heard in the Court, insomuch that *Clelia* being frightned with it, as being in a condition of alwaies fearing some new misfortune, *Plotina* went into a little with-drawing room, which had a little grate that look'd into the Court whence the noise was heard. Opening it hastily to see what the matter was, she saw people bring in his body who had promis'd to deliver *Clelia*: Whereupon returning into the chamber, Ah Madam cry'd she, you are not yet come to the period of your misfortunes, for he who should have terminated them, is dead. At these words *Clelia* and *Amilcar* were extreamly surpriz'd and could not well apprehend what she would say: But having express'd her self more clearly, and *Amilcar* not knowing how to believe her, he went into the place whence she had seen what she spoke of, and saw the body of this pretended Deliverer of *Clelia*, which they had newly brought in, and an infinite number of people hearkning to those that brought it, who related to such as knew it not, how the misfortune hapned. So that *Amilcar* returning into *Clelias* chamber with much sadness in his countenance, she doubted not but what *Plotina* had said was true, and was extreamly troubled at it: Yet could she not for the present comprehend all the malice of her Fortune, and little suspected as well as *Amilcar*, that *Aronces* had kill'd this man, whose death hapned in so unfortunate a conjuncture.

In the mean time *Amilcar* conceiving it necessary he saw *Tullia*, to perswade her to take this occasion to deliver *Clelia*, before *Tarquin* should dispose the Guard into another hand, was extreamly troubled that he could not get out, for that he who commanded in the absense of the Captain of the Guard, who was dead, was so employ'd about knowing how it had hapned, that there was no possibility of speaking to him. It was therefore to no purpose that *Amilcar* should call to the Guard which was in *Clelias* outer-chamber to get out, he was forc'd to stay above four hours ere he could get the door open; but at last he got out, having put *Clelia* and *Plotina* into the best hopes he could, though he conceiv'd not much himself.

Assoon as he got out, he went to *Tullias*, who discover'd an extraordinary trouble at this accident. But Madam, said *Amilcar* to her, I humbly conceive that before the King send any new Orders for the Guarding of the Captives, it were fit you set them at Liberty. Ah, *Amilcar*, said she to him, it is a thing now absolutely impossible: for the Lieutenant to him that is dead, who is now in full power, and pretends to his place, is so faithful to *Tarquin*, that there is no likelyhood of corrupting him; and I am but too much given to believe by reason of this accident, that

that good Fortune begins to ſhake hands with me, for it hath happned very ſtrangely. To be ſhort (added he) I cannot ſo much as know who hath kill'd this man, whoſe life contributed ſo much to my quiet; and all that I can ſay of it is, that the fire began at *Brutus*'s Aunts, that it is ſaid there were ſome ſecret enemies of *Tarquin*'s ſeen in the ſame ſtreet diſguis'd; that they endeavour'd to ſecure them; and that this man was kill'd by ſome one whoſe name cannot be learn'd: and it hath happned that the ſtupid *Brutus* drew his Sword againſt the King's Officers; But he hath withal ſo little ſenſe, that he hath been here, as if he had done nothing amiſs, and were confident his ſtupidity ſhould free him from the puniſhment he deſerves. So that conſidering by what an adventure my Deſign is croſs'd, and ſatisfi'd there muſt be ſome Plot which I cannot diſcover, I muſt needs (if *Tarquin* change not his mind) take ſome extraordinary reſolution: for if I were to ſet *Rome* on fire, to avoid being ſlighted by a Daughter of *Clelius*'s, I will rather begin with the Palace where ſhe is impriſon'd, then ſuffer my ſelf to be made the ſlave of a ſlave, though I ſhould periſh my ſelf in the fire I had kindled. The cruel *Tullia* ſpoke this with ſo much expreſſion of Fury in her looks, that *Amilcar* was in ſome doubt that ſhe who had made no Conſcience to paſs through her Fathers body to get into the Throne, might eaſily be drawn into ſome extravagant reſolution. He therefore told her it were not amiſs to ſtay till the end of the Treaty, or of the Siege, before ſhe reſolv'd on any thing, and that in the mean time, he would do her what ſervice he could with *Tarquin*.

Upon this *Spurius Lucretius* (who was then Governour of *Rome*) came to acquaint her, that certainly there muſt be ſome ſecret conſpiracy in the City, in regard he had been advertis'd of ſome night-meetings in divers places, and that it was requiſite ſome end were put to the Siege of *Ardea*, leſt the abſenſe of *Tarquin* might occaſion ſome riſing. 'Tis true *Lucretius* ſpoke not this aloud; inſomuch that *Amilcar* ſeeing he whiſper'd, departed, and came to *Racilius*. But he was much ſurpriz'd to ſee the houſe half burnt, and not to find there neither *Aronces*, *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Racilia*, nor *Hermilia*. Not knowing therefore what to think, he went to *Sivelius*, where he learn'd the truth, and where *Brutus* came ſoon after, with whom he conferr'd about what was moſt fit to be done: for conſidering how things ſtood, it ſeem'd neceſſary they knew what paſs'd in the Camp, and yet it was withal requiſite *Amilcar* remain'd with *Tullia*. Whereupon *Brutus* offer'd to go to *Tarquin*, for though nothing were communicated to him, yet was he fitter to obſerve what was done, then any other, as being not miſtruſted by any. Beſides that having been made Tribune of the *Celeres* (which was a kind of Horſe-guard firſt rais'd by *Romulus*) he had then ſome pretence to go to the King about ſomthing that related to his employment, which ſhould ſignifie no more then to confirm *Tarquin* in the opinion of his incapacity: and to ſpeak truly, *Tarquin* had not beſtow'd it on him, had it not been to diſappoint another of more ability to diſcharge it; there being at that time no employment gotten by election, but all being at the ſole diſpoſal of the Tyrant.

Brutus therefore took a reſolution to go to the Camp, to diſcover what paſs'd there, that ſo he might acquaint thoſe who were employ'd about the deliverance of *Rome*, the liberty of *Clelia*, and ſafety of *Aronces*. But in his way thither he took that houſe of *Valerius*'s, where *Aronces* was, to whom he deliver'd *Clelias* letter, which he had receiv'd from *Amilcar*, and withal acquainted him, that he was not charg'd with any thing had paſs'd, as alſo neither *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*. He told them however, it was not fit they return'd to *Rome* before this Tumult were appeas'd, and that it were known what *Tarquin* ſaid of it.

Herminius in the mean time whoſe purpoſe it was to get into *Ardea*, was detain'd by *Aronces* till the very laſt day of the Ceſſation. But *Tarquin* having ſome ſuſpicion of *Valerius*, *Brutus* told them he thought it not ſafe for them to ſtay in that place, ſo that he adviſ'd them to go along with him aſſoon as it were night, aſſuring them he would bring them to a certain houſe of *Collatia* where they ſhould be more

ſecure. But (repli'd *Herminius*) you conſider not that *Collatine* is Lord of *Collatia*: Pardon me (repli'd he) but I know *Collatine* is in the Camp, and that he ſees *Lucretia* but very ſeldom; beſides the houſe to which I would bring you, ſtands alone far from any other; the Maſter of it, is one that hath neither Wife nor Children, one that hath a dependance on me, and may be truſted. This ſaid, *Brutus* was no further oppos'd; and *Valerius* who was preſent, being of the ſame mind, they went away that evening together, and *Brutus* conducted his friends to that mans houſe where he himſelf had lodg'd, when he ſaw *Lucretia* in the Garden, which was the laſt time that ever he ſpoke to her. For from that time he had not ſo much as the ſight of her, ſo carefully had ſhe avoided all interviews with him, and indeavour'd to live a retir'd and ſolitary life. The Moon ſhining very bright, as this illuſtrious Troop came neer *Collatia*, *Brutus* diſcover'd the houſe where *Lucretia* liv'd; whereupon not being able to keep from ſighing, *Aronces* who was next him, over-heard it, and ask'd him the reaſon of it. Alaſs (ſaid he to him) can I poſſibly ſee the houſe where the attractive *Lucretia* lives, and not ſigh. Ah my dear *Brutus* (ſaid *Aronces* to him) though your grief be juſt, yet is it not ſo well grounded as mine; for as to *Lucretia*, you fear neither her death nor the exorbitance of a Tyrant? 'Tis true, the puniſhment of my love conſiſts not in fear (repli'd he) but I feel ſomething worſe then the moſt horrid fear, ſince I am certain never to have any ſociety with the Divine *Lucretia*, and having at the ſame time a love for her, and a hatred for *Tarquin*, my ſoul ſtruggles with two violent Paſſions, without any hope to ſatisfie them; for though I am continually plotting againſt this cruel Tyrant, yet my Reaſon tells me, I ſhall never deſtroy him; ſo that I rather contrive my own deſtruction, and am buſied to deceive my ſelf, then do any advantagious ſervice to my Country: *Aronces* anſwer'd *Brutus* as might be expected from an unfortunate Lover, that is, as a man who thought himſelf the moſt miſerable of all Lovers; for as we think not the mis-fortunes paſt, leſs then thoſe we ſuffer; but in as much as the ſence of them is paſt, ſo does not any man believe the misfortunes of another leſſe then his own, but becauſe he is not ſenſible of them.

But at length *Brutus* having diſpos'd his friends into that mans houſe who was ſo faithfull to him, took his way to the Camp, where he arriv'd juſt upon the departure of *Sextus*, who was gone no body knew whither. As ſoon as he came, he went to ſee *Tarquin*, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who having already heard of the burning of *Racilias* houſe, the death of the Captain of the Guard, and the tumult which follow'd in *Rome*, ask'd him what news he brought; but he much wondred that they knew not what he had done in the adventure, and it ſeems *Tullia*, and thoſe who had ſent *Tarquin* the account of it, gave ſo little heed to what *Brutus* had done, that they had quite forgot to acquaint this Prince that he was anyway concern'd in the diſorder. He was alſo very glad to ſee that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* were not at all accus'd.

But the Prince of *Pometia*, who had an infinite affection for *Hermilia*, was more inquiſitive into the accident of the fire, ſo to be ſatisfi'd what was become of her. 'Tis true, *Brutus* anſwer'd ſo impertinently to what was ask'd him, that this Prince was not much more ſatisfi'd then before; nor indeed had *Brutus* any other buſineſſe there, then to hear what was ſaid. He therefore underſtood that the Treaty of *Ardea* was ſtill in the ſame Poſture, and that there was no great hope of any alteration: *Tarquin* being willing to deliver up all the Captives but *Clelia*, but would by no means hear of diſmiſſing her. But *Horatius* who was grown very powerfull in *Ardea*, oblig'd the people of that City to demand the liberty of *Clelia*, as well as *Caſonia*, *Plotina*, *Danae*, and their friends. The Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, made a great ſtir that there was no news of *Aronces*, and imploy'd all the Intereſt he could to hinder *Clelia* from coming into the hands of thoſe of *Ardea*. But he might have ſpar'd both his fear and pains, for *Tarquin*'s Paſſion was obſtacle enough.

Things being in this poſture, *Tullia* and *Lucretius* ſent ſeverally to *Tarquin*, and thoſe who were ſent by them came into his Tent while *Brutus* was there, which the

Tyrant

Tyrant took no notice of. *Brutus* by this means, hearing what was said to *Tarquin* as being not bidden by any one to withdraw, he understood that the Messenger from *Tullia* told him, that she had at last discover'd that *Herminius* lay conceal'd in *Rome*; that it was he whom the Captain of the Guard would have secur'd; that *Aronces* with three other friends had reliev'd *Herminius*, that they had left *Rome*; and therefore it lay upon him to find them out. On the other side, *Lucretius* particularly acquainted *Tarquin* that he had discover'd that *Tullia* indeavour'd to get the Captives into her own power, though he knew not the reason of it; and that he had understood that some persons had lain conceal'd at *Valerius's* Country house, who were gone thence towards *Collatia*. But within two hours after *Lucretius* himself arrives, to acquaint *Tarquin* that since he had sent to him, he had been credibly inform'd that those who had lain hid at *Valerius's* were for certain at *Collatia* or at least had been there. So that *Tarquin* being exasperated at so many unlucky reports, gave out divers unjust and violent orders. And *Clelia* being that which at that time found his mind most imployment, he resolv'd to have her brought to the Camp, that so she might not be at the disposal of *Tullia*, saying aloud to one of those Creatures who promoted his Passions, that she should absolutely either satisfie his love, or his revenge. For *Herminius*, his purpose was to promise extraordinary rewards to those that should bring him either dead or alive. He resolv'd to make the same promises to those that should bring *Aronces* to him; and for *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, he was extreamly incens'd at what they had done.

Brutus understanding so many things of so great consequence together, none having the least fear or suspicion of him, thought fit his friends at *Collatia* had notice thereof. But not knowing well how to trust any other with what he knew, he resolv'd to go himself to the place where he had left them, to bid them depart thence. Yet could he not go till the next morning, lest his departure might be suspected. But as he was ready to depart, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who were going to *Rome* to see *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, ask'd him whether he would follow them, supposing he was also bound for *Rome*. Besides that, they were much taken with *Brutus's* affected simplicity; especially ever since he had accompani'd them in their journey to *Delphi*; when *Tarquin* frightned by a Prodigie, had sent these two Princes to the Oracle at *Delphi*, to know the meaning of it, though till that time, they alwaies sent upon such occasions into *Thuscany*. Now *Brutus* had behav'd himself so ingenuously in this voyage, that without discovering his understanding, he had diverted them very much. But he had carried himself more cunningly then they thought, for he had brought an offering to *Delphi*, though they perceiv'd it not, which was in some measure a representation of his understanding. For he had caus'd a kind of Golden Scepter to be inclos'd in one of those staves which men carry rather out of grave Custom, or as a badge of Authority, then for necessity; to intimate to Posterity at least, that his understanding lay conceal'd under a gross stupidity, as that precious offering was inclos'd within a piece of Wood of little value. Nay *Brutus* had better understood, then those Princes, the answer of the Oracle which they consulted? For they having demanded who should Reign after *Tarquin*, the Oracle answer'd, *He who should first kisse his Mother*. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* (as witty as they were) had understood it according to the litteral sence, and had put it to the chance between themselves, whether of them should first salute the cruell *Tullia*, hoping thereby to exclude Prince *Sextus* their Brother, though the first born of the Family. But *Brutus* not acquainting them with their errour, found out another meaning of the words of the Oracle; for imagining, that the Earth is the common Mother of all men, he pretended to fall down, and kissing the ground, he thank'd the Gods that had put him in some hopes he should one day put a period to the reign of so cruel a Tyrant. This Hope yet was but very weak when the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, ask'd him to go along with them to *Rome*, as being in no small fear of *Tarquin's* cruelty, towards those persons for whom of all the world he had the greatest esteem.

But that he might omit nothing that lay in his power for their preſervation, he excus'd himſelf to thoſe who would have carried him to *Rome*, not but that it was his intention to go thither, as ſoon as he had been at *Collatia*, for he thought it neceſſary that *Amilcar* ſhould imploy his intereſt with *Tullia* for the welfare of that admirable perſon, without whom *Aronces* could not be happy. To make therefore the beſt advantage of his time, he departed, purpoſing to go attended only by one ſlave: But Fortune was pleas'd to diſpoſe otherwiſe of him; for *Tarquin* who was impatient to have in his power thoſe who he was informed lay hid at *Valerius's*, and who were, or had bren at *Collatia*, intreated *Collatine*, and his Father-in-law *Lucretius*, to go thither immediately, and if they were there to cauſe them to be ſecur'd, if not, to be purſu'd. Now it happen'd ſo fortunately that they over-took *Brutus* in a croſs Road, where one way led to *Rome*, the other to *Collatia*. *Brutus* no queſtion was not a little troubl'd at their arrival; for he eaſily imagin'd that *Collatine* and *Lucretius*, went not without ſome reaſon to *Collatia*.

But though he could give them no good account of his taking that way with them, yet he bore them company, they never asking why he did it; for taking no great heed to him, they fell a diſcourſing as freely as if he had not been there, and permitted him to follow them without ſo much as ſpeaking to him. He in the mean time, deſirous to dive into their deſign, hearkned very attentively to what they ſaid. *Lucretius* was ingag'd to *Tarquin* out of conſiderations of Ambition, and *Collatine* of kindred; for they were both vertuous, and deteſted the cruelty of that Prince. So that falling into diſcourſe about their preſent imployment, I know not ſaies *Lucretius* to *Collatine*, whether we ſhould be glad to find what we are going to look for; for though I was heretofore the cauſe of *Herminius's* baniſhment, I would not have him now fall into the hands of *Tarquin*. But was it not you (repli'd *Collatine*) that inform'd the King that ſome people lay conceal'd at *Valerius's*? 'Tis true (repli'd *Lucretius*) but if I had not done it, I muſt have conceal'd my ſelf; for the cruel *Tullia* knowing that I had underſtood ſo much, I was no longer Maſter of it: I am now ſatisfi'd, but too late, that *Lucretias* Mother had much reaſon when ſhe would have diſſwaded me from ingaging my ſelf too far into the Intereſts of *Tarquin*; for to meaſure things according to his nature, there is nothing ſo certain, as that he is a profeſs'd enemy to all that are any way ambitious, or have any love of Glory; and indeed it was the conſtant ſaying of my wife, that *Tarquin* would be the onely ambitious man in the State, that thoſe who liv'd under him muſt not be his Subjects, but his Slaves; that he would ever be an enemy to all perſons of honour; and that I ſhould one day be ore-whelm'd with the ruines of his houſe, if I diſ-intangled not my ſelf out of his concernments. I aſſure you (repli'd *Collatine*) that *Lucretia* continues in the reſentments of her Mother, for though ſhe leads a very retir'd life, and ſeems to be nothing concern'd in thoſe things, that are done in the World, ſhe hath *Tarquin* in the greateſt deteſtation that may be. She never meets with any occaſion to ſay ſomething which might diſ-ingage me from the intereſts of *Tarquin*, but ſhe doth it with ſuch earneſtneſs, as I find her not ſubject to in any thing elſe. She remembers all the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, and all the cruelties of *Tullia*: She hath not forgotten even thoſe little expreſſions of Generoſity in words which fell from all thoſe whom they have either baniſh'd or put to death, and from the conſtancy of ſo many illuſtrious but unfortunate perſons; ſhe draws thoſe infallible conſequences, which convince her that *Tarquin* will be ruin'd. So that ſhe is perpetually telling me it were better to live quietly at *Collatia*, then to be ſo much about the King. It is long ſince (repli'd coldly *Lucretius*, reflecting on the Letter he had ſome time found) my daughter hath had a horrid averſion for *Tarquin*, though ſhe could not wel tell the reaſon of it, or people of her age are not ordinarily much concern'd in State-affairs.

Brutus hearing what *Lucretius* ſaid, was much troubled at it, and felt in his heart a certain redintegration of Love which fill'd it with joy, out of an imagination he had, that he was ſomewhat concern'd in the hatred which *Lucretia* had for *Tarquin*, and that when ſhe would oblige *Collatine* to diſ-ingage himſelf from his intereſt, and indeavour'd

deavour'd to perſwade him that the Tyrant would be deſtroy'd, ſhe call'd to mind the deſign which he told her he ſhould have as long as he liv'd to ruine him. So that entertaining himſelf with this reflection, alaſs, infinitely amiable *Lucretia* (ſaid he) is it poſſible that I am not baniſh'd out of your memory, and that the love of the unfortunate *Brutus*, contributes ſomewhat to the hatred you have for *Turquin*? Can I yet be happy enough to deſerve the reflection of your thoughts in the midſt of your ſolitude? But why ſhould I doubt it (reſum'd he) doth not the innocency of our affection aſſure me, that *Lucretia* remembers it without any diſturbance of mind, and that it is the object of her moſt pleaſant imaginations?

As *Brutus* entertain'd himſelf in this manner, he heard *Collatine* ſay to *Lucretius*, but is not that *Sextus* who croſſes the road, and who follow'd onely by one Slave, ſeems to avoid meeting with us? 'Tis he without doubt (anſwer'd *Lucretius*) but ſince he will not be ſeen, let us not ſee him; for he is young, inſolent, and fantaſtick; and certainly, it were not Civility to pretend to ſee him, ſince he indeavours ſo much to avoid it. But whence ſhould he come now, added *Lucretius*? Princes of his humour (repli'd *Collatine*) do things ſo obſcurely, that it muſt never be ask'd whence they come.

While *Lucretius* and *Collatine* were thus ingag'd in diſcourſe, and kept on their way, not pretending to ſee *Sextus* who croſs'd the fields purpoſely to avoid them, *Brutus* felt ſomewhat in his heart which cannot admit expreſſion; for looking on *Sextus* as a Lover of *Lucretia*, he was tempted to put his feigned ſtupidity in practiſe, and to follow and lay hold on him as a Rival, whom he abhominably hated; and indeed, he might eaſily have quitted *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who would not have hindred him, and have purſu'd *Sextus* who had but one Slave about him no more then he. But thinking withall, that when he ſhould have kill'd *Sextus*, *Rome* were not deliver'd, and that he muſt quit the deſign of delivering it, the love of his Country ſtifl'd in him that violent eruption of jealouſie which had ſtirr'd him, when he ſaw Prince *Sextus*, who riding very faſt, ſoon got out of their ſight, whoſe meeting he ſo much avoided.

But they had ſcarce rid on half an hour, ere *Collatine* ſpies one of the Slaves that belong'd to his wife comming towards them, running as faſt as he could poſſible, thereby diſcovering there was ſomething extraordinary that oblig'd him to make ſuch haſt. So that *Collatine* comming up to him, what's the reaſon (ſaid he to him) that thou makeſt ſuch haſt? Hath *Lucretia* ſent thee about ſome buſineſs that requires it? Right my Lord (repli'd the Slave) and I am commanded from her, to tell you and *Spurius Lucretius*, that it concerns her very much to ſee you both as ſoon as may be poſſible. She further deſires you, if it may be, to bring ſome of her intimate friends with you. But know'ſt thou not (repli'd *Collatine*) what hath oblig'd *Lucretia* to ſend thee? No my Lord (repli'd he) and I have no more to ſay to you then what you have heard.

Lucretius and *Collatine* not able to imagine what ſhould oblige *Lucretia* to ſend for them, began to put on ſomewhat faſter then before, not ſaying any thing to *Brutus*, who having a greater Curioſity to know what the matter was then they, follow'd them, they not offering to forbid him; for beſides that, he was never miſtruſted by any; he had alſo indeavour'd as much as his ſtupidity permitted him, to hold a fair correſpondence with *Collatine*, out of a hope, that it might one day procure him the happineſſe to ſee *Lucretia*. They therefore rid all three faſter then they had done before, and that without ſpeaking to one another, every one imagining to himſelf what might be the occaſion of this meſſage. But for *Brutus*, his mind was in a greater diſturbance then either of the other two; for it comming into his thoughts that he was to ſee his dear *Lucretia*, whom he had not ſeen, ſince he had had with her the moſt paſſionate, and moſt raviſhing diſcourſe that ever was, he had a certain trouble in his mind, which yet had ſomething in it that was pleaſant.

But at length they came to *Collatia*, where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but they met *Valerius*, who having had notice that he was ſuſpected, was going to a certain friends

friends house; so that *Lucretia* having desir'd her Father and Husband to bring some of their friends with them, they staid him; for though *Valerius* was not ingag'd in the concernments of *Tarquin*, yet was he no enemy either to *Lucretius* or *Collatine*. Taking him therefore along with them, they pass'd by the house where *Arcueil*, *Herminus*, *Artemidorus* and *Celeres* were. But *Brutus* did not so much as look that way; and for *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, they almost forgot they were sent to *Collatia* from *Tarquin*, so much were their minds taken up with the message they had receiv'd. Having therefore alighted, they were going into the house, and were hardly gotten to the stone walk which you come into when you have pass'd through the Court, but they spie *Lucretia*, who was on the other side in an Entry at the bottom of the stairs, but they perceiv'd her to be ruffled, pale, and melancholy, and they saw in her looks, grief, indignation, and disorder. 'Tis true, she blush'd extreamly, when intending to lift up her eys and to speak, she met those of *Brutus*. That sight put her into such a disturbance, that she step'd back, turn'd her head aside, and was not able to bring forth that she was about to say. But at length having lifted up her eys to Heaven, she turn'd her self towards her Father and her Husband, who seeing in what trouble his wife was, was very earnest with her to know the cause. Ah *Collatine* (said she to him) lifting up her eys a second time to Heaven, as it were to beg its protection) if the mis-fortune which hath happened to me could be express'd, it were not so great as it is; but all that modesty permits me to tell you, is, that the infamous *Sextus* came into my Chamber, that he is both, the most criminal, and the most insolent of men; and I am the most unfortunate person of my Sex, though the most innocent. This known (continu'd she, with tears in her eys) ask me no more, but be so generous, as to promise I shall be reveng'd, that you will exterminate even the whole family of the *Tarquin's*, that you will die rather then suffer them to live; and in a word, that none hereafter may know the violence I have receiv'd, but shall withall, know the revenge that follow'd it. As she delivered these words; *Lucretia* certainly not out of any design, met again the looks of *Brutus*; 'tis true, she presently turn'd her aside, but not till he could have perceived certain motions which seem'd to demand his particular revenge on Prince *Sextus*. Whereupon her Husband comming neer her, began to cheer her up, and promis'd to revenge her, while a faithfull woman-slave that belong'd to this afflicted Beauty, gave *Lucretius* a short account of *Sextus*'s Crime, and this terrible accident which all the World hath been acquainted with; upon which, *Lucretius*, as well as *Collatine* and *Valerius*, promis'd *Lucretia* to revenge her. For *Brutus* he promis'd no otherwise then by his looks, and certain threatning gestures which he could not abstain from; for though he was desirous to speak, yet could he not possibly do it on this first apprehension, such a storm had grief, rage, indignation, love, and jealousie rais'd in him.

But these four illustrious Romans having promis'd *Lucretia* to revenge her, *Valerius* who lov'd her extreamly for her vertue, besides the relation of an ancient friend of his illustrious daughters, desir'd her not to afflict her self so much, and that she should live for the pleasure sake of seeing her self reveng'd. No, no, *Valerius* (repli'd this generous person) it shall never be said that *Lucretia* hath taught the Romans by her example that a Woman can out-live her reputation. With these words, the vertuous *Lucretia* appearing more fair and resolute then before, drew a Ponyard which she had hid about her, and lifting up her hand and arm, and looking up towards Heaven, as it were to offer her self a sacrifice to those Gods whom she invok'd, she thrust it into her breast, and fell down with her bosom all bloody, at the feet of the unfortunate *Brutus*, who had the fatal advantage to have the last of her looks, and to hear the last of her sighs. For while *Lucretius*, *Collatine* and *Valerius* were making horrid out-cries to express their astonishment and their sorrow, this unhappy Lover casts himself on the ground, snatches the Ponyard out of *Lucretias* breast, and seeing her resigning up her last breath, in a manner as if she yet knew him, and begging his revenge, his mind was seiz'd by a certain heroick fury, which when he saw that this admirable woman was dead, rais'd him up, with

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the Ponyard all bloudy in his hand, and enabled him to speak with such eloquence as the Gods seem'd to have inspir'd into him. Insomuch, that all those who in an instant were come from all parts of the Town, to see so sad a spectacle, were strangely surpriz'd to hear *Brutus*, who still held up the bloody Ponyard: For he spoke the noblest things in the World, to ingage *Lucretius*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, and all that heard him, to revenge the injury done to *Lucretia*, and expel out of *Rome* the whole Family of the *Tarquins*. So that prevailing with all those who heard him, both by reason of the admiration they had of him, and by the sight of so fair and so sad an object, as also those great things he said unto them, he deriv'd the fury of his own spirit into those who heard him.

This done, he deliver'd the Ponyard into the hands of *Collatine*, and thence into those of *Lucretius* and *Valerius*, and afterwards into those of all that were present, and made them all swear by the chast blood of *Lucretia*, to revenge her death, to follow and be guided by him: Whereupon, not to spend time in fruitless tears, he sent for *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, and having given them the same Oath with the same Ceremony, he commanded *Lucretius* Chariot to be made ready, and assisted by *Aronces*, his dear friend *Herminius*, and divers others, he puts into it the fair Corps of that vertuous person, laid on rich Cushions, and causing the Chariot to be cover'd with a mourning Cloth, he himself gets on horseback, commands all the people to follow him, and riding up and down the City of *Collatia* with this Ponyard in his hand, he presently took his way toward *Rome*. But he was follow'd thither by all the people of *Collatia*, that were able to follow him; for as the vertue of *Lucretia*, while she liv'd, rais'd her into the adoration of all; so being dead, did it ingage them to revenge her death; and for more security, *Valerius* set guards at the Gates of *Collatia*, to hinder any thing to be carried to *Tarquin*. *Brutus* therefore comes to the gates of *Rome* with a considerable number of armed people about him, every one having what he could get, before any notice of his comming was brought. For his part, he rid behind the Chariot of *Lucretia*, so that having that sad object still in his sight, and the Ponyard wherewith *Lucretia* had kill'd her self in his hand, he thought what cannot well be imagin'd, and what it was impossible he could have express'd himself, love, grief, jealousie, and rage, had put his reason into so much disorder. He hath indeed since said, to express the greatnes of his disturbance, that in this emergency he minded not the Liberty of *Rome*, but in order to revenge the death of the innocent *Lucretia*, and made use of the Interest of his Country, which was so dear to him, only to satisfie his Passion. Nor did he then think of revenging the death of his Father and Brother, and so much was his mind taken up with this sad accident, that *Lucretia* was the only cause of this great and dangerous attempt. Nor was this design so inconsiderate as it seem'd to be: For *Brutus*, *Aronces*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates*, *Artemidorus* and *Celeres* knew that there was in *Rome* so great an inclination to a Revolt, and were so well inform'd of the great number of those who were secret enemies to *Tarquin*, that they entertain'd some hopes the people might be drawn into an insurrection. *Aronces* hoping the deliverance of *Rome* might procure *Clelias* Liberty, was as zealous to break its chains, as if he had been a Roman, and was as earnest in the revenge of *Lucretia*, as if he had been her Brother. *Herminius* for his part, had been alwaies so exasperated against the violences of *Tarquin*, was so sensible of this adventure of his friend, and so mov'd at the affliction of *Brutus*, that he was as forward to revenge *Lucretia*, as if *Valeria* had receiv'd the same injury. For *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, they being all vertuous and gallant souls, were easily drawn in to ingage in this noble attempt; and for *Valerius*, it was so long since he wish'd the destruction of *Tarquin*, and the Liberty of *Rome*, that he was easily concern'd in the revenge of *Lucretia*. But that which was most strange, was that *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who were sent from the Camp to execute the Orders of the Tyrant at *Collatia*, and who had permitted *Brutus* to follow them without saying any thing to him, acknowledg'd him for their Leader, and came along with those, whom, had not this sad accident happen'd, they should have secur'd, and

conducted into the Prisons of *Tarquin*; such a change of resolutions did this strange adventure work in them, and so much respect had the great worth of *Brutus*, discovering it self so unexpectedly inspir'd into them.

On the other side, *Arronces*, *Herminius*, and his friends, who had quitted *Rome* disguis'd, were now resolv'd to appear there openly. 'Tis true, they were attended by a strange multitude of people from *Collatia*, who by reason of their discontents were fit instruments to raise a Commotion in *Rome*. Besides, *Arronces*, *Herminius* and *Valerius* having conferr'd together, had thought fit their friends had notice to be ready, for their force could not march very fast by reason of the Chariot which carried the Corps of *Lucretia*. They therefore sent *Celeres* before, who receiving instructions from these three excellent persons, made haste to give *Amilcar* notice to get together all their friends in the most spacious place in *Rome*, and that they should come thither arm'd. He was also to advertise the *Salij* and the *Vestals*, with whom they held intelligence, that there might be nothing wanting which might contribute to the enterprise. *Lucretius* for his part, being then Governour of *Rome*, sent Orders to those who were under him to be ready for some expedition, bidding him whom he sent not to mention what had happened to *Lucretia*. To be short, the Chariot that brought the Corps of that admirable person came to *Rome*, before any thing was suspected.

Being come to the Gates, *Brutus* who doubted not but that the sight of so sad a spectacle would move to pity and exasperate the hearts of the people, and consequently ingage them to a rising, went himself and took off the great mourning Cloath that cover'd that excellent body; but as he drew it off he turn'd his head aside to hide his trouble from *Collatine*. Whereupon, the Chariot enter'd uncover'd into the City follow'd by *Brutus* who held the bloody Ponyard in his hand, and by the Father and Husband of *Lucretia* with their eys full of tears, and by the multitude of the people that came from *Collatia*, bewailing the death of *Lucretia*. Curiosity and amazement soon seiz'd the minds of all those who were spectators of so strange a spectacle, and the same beauty of *Lucretia* which made her subject to receive the violence, contributed also to her revenge: For being but newly dead, she appear'd so admirably handsom, that the people of *Rome* who had heard so much of her beauty, and had hardly ever seen her by reason of the solitary life she led, was extreamly mov'd at the sight of so many Charms; but seeing her dead, was desirous to know the cause of her death, and the rather from that multitude of people who follow'd the Chariot, and wept as they went.

This oblig'd almost all those who saw *Lucretia*'s body, to follow it, and so augmented the number of those that accompani'd it, insomuch that he who conducted the Chariot being hindred by the crowd of people, was forc'd to go more softly. *Brutus* thought fit the people had time to come together, to soften and be mov'd of it self before the design absolutely broke forth, and that it were not amiss to expect till they were come to that place where they were to find their friends met together. He therefore said not a word, and riding close to *Lucretias* Chariot, he only shew'd the people by some gesture of his hand and eys that sad object. But being come to that spacious place which is between the Capitol and the *Palatine* Hill, where they were resolv'd to rest, *Brutus* caus'd the Chariot to be staid before the Gate of the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, which *Romulus* had built in accomplishment of a vow which he had made in the time of the war with the *Sabins*.

This done, *Brutus* alighted, and got up on a place two steps high, whence, as being at that time Tribune of the *Celeres*, he had the priviledge to speak in publick on divers occasions. At first sight, in regard he was accustom'd to make known the Orders of *Tarquin*, with much simplicity to those that were under his charge, there was no body troubled himself much to hearken to what he said, all thronging to get neer *Lucretias* Chariot, and to understand the circumstances of her death. But *Amilcar* comming in, follow'd by a great number of *Valerius*, *Herminius* and *Collatine*'s friends, and those who had before heard *Brutus* speak at *Collatia*, making it their business to impose silence on the rest of the multitude; at length, this

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illustrious and too too unfortunate Lover, with a fierceness in his countenance that challeng'd respect, lifted up his eys to Heaven, and shewing to the people the Ponyard he had in his hand.

BEhold Generous Romans (said he to them with a certain accent of Authority) this is the very Ponyard which the fair and chast Lucretia, *thrust into her own heart, though as far from any crime as innocence it self. I shew it you, O ye Romans, to obtain your permission to use it against the most cruel enemy you have. 'Tis for that, that the illustrious Father of the vertuous* Lucretia, *and her unfortunate husband are come with tears in their eyes to demand justice of you: But that you see so many gallant men with their arms in their hands, is not so much to revenge the death of this generous Roman Lady, as to deliver you out of Slavery. This is the day, generous Romans, that you must shake off the Yoke of the outragious* Tarquin *and the cruel* Tullia. *The blood of* Lucrecia *had made Heaven propitious to you, and the injury she hath received from the eldest Son of your Tyrant, ingageth all the Gods so far to revenge her death, that though you should not concern your selves in it, I am confident the same Goas who have inspir'd into me the attempt of turning him out of the Throne which he hath usurp'd, will take vengeance of his presumption, and will also punish you for your baseness, if you joyn not with so many gallant men, who are resolv'd to die this day, and be sacrific'd neer the body of the chast* Lucretia, *rather then continue their subjection to the most abhominable Tyrant in the World.*

Brutus pronounc'd these words with such a noble confidence that the people of *Rome* astonish'd to hear him speak after that manner, was really perswaded the Gods had done a miracle on him, that the great understanding he then express'd was inspir'd into him; that they ought to look on him as a Messenger from Heaven; that they should hearken to him with respect, and follow his directions; so easie a matter it is, to dispose of the minds of the people, when one knows how to make use of those things whereby they are surpriz'd. So that after a great noise of acclamations, every one crying silence, the whole multitude became so strangely quiet, that *Brutus* drawing a happy Presage from the attention they gave him, continu'd in these words.

I Have already told you, generous Romans, continu'd he, that this was the day design'd for your Liberty, and I tell it you once more. This certainly is the day that you shall recover your own just Authority, since that it is of you that Lucretius *and* Collatine *demand justice for the violence the chast* Lucretia *hath receiv'd from the insolent* Sextus. *But alas, who can say he ever saw a crime equal to this of his? For suppose this injury of* Sextus *had been done to one of your Slaves, it were capital according to our Laws. But, generous Romans, you are not to learn that* Lucretia *was of a very noble blood, descended of a Family very considerable in* Rome, *even before the first of the* Tarquins, *had so much as thought of leaving* Greece *to come into* Italy. *You know further, that she was admir'd for her vertue, that she was Daughter to the Governour of* Rome, *and wife to a neer Kinsman of* Tarquin. *But it seems neither the consideration of blood, nor that of Hospitality,*

pitality, nor the obligations of humane or divine Laws, nor any respect of the Penatial Gods, witnesses of the presumptuous fury of Sextus, had the power to divert him from committing a crime so abhominable, that it can hardly be express'd, and such as the vertuous Lucretia though she contributed nothing thereto, could indure to out-live, and hath chosen rather to die then to be in a condition to be guilty, though but of the memory of it. But if the innocent Lucretia hath perish'd through the crime of Sextus, it is but just that Sextus be destroy'd to satisfie the death of the innocent Lucretia. It is therefore of you, generous Romans, that Lucretius demands justice for the death of his onely daughter: And it is of you that Collatine demands the same justice for the outrage he hath receiv'd from a Prince that should have been his Protector. For to whom can these illustrious, but unfortunate persons address themselves to be reveng'd of their enemy? To the cruel Tullia, Mother to this unjust Prince? To her, I say, who made no conscience to poyson her former Husband, though the most vertuous Prince in the World, who contriv'd her Sisters death, a woman infinitely vertuous; who saw her Father massacred, though the greatest and wisest of all our Kings, and caused her Chariot to pass over the body of that unfortunate Prince, to get into the Throne she is now possessed of with so much injustice: You know, Romans, that I tell you nothing but what is true, and that I adde nothing thereto. How then can we hope from any protection from the wickedest woman in the world, to revenge the most vertuous? Nor is there any probability of obtaining any justice of the Husband of such a Wife, a worthy Father of the Executioner of the innocent Lucretia. For besides that, he hath contributed to all the crimes of Tullia, that he poisoned his former Wife, put to death a Brother and a Father-in-law, what hath he not done to your selves? and what hath he not done to all Romans in general, and to every one in particular? He hath thrust Slaves into the Senate, he hath impoverished the rich, oppress'd the poor, banish'd or put to death all of quality who have not dissembled their vertue to save their lives; he hath undertaken a War onely to keep you under, he hath imputed false crimes to hook in the fortunes of those he did accuse; and hath even built Temples, though a despiser of the Gods as much as of men, onely to amuse and imploy the common people, that so he might the more Tyrannically exercise the Authority he hath acquir'd through thousands of crimes. By this means is it come to pass, that the same Romans, (who according to sacred Presages, were looked on as Conquerours of the World) are turned wretched Mechanicks, and are fitter to handle a Rule and Chisel, then a Sword or a Buckler. Nevertheless, as wicked and abhominable as he is, if he were but your lawfull King, Lucretius and Collatine would submit to his injustice, without troubling you with their revenge, and would content themselves to seek it onely of the Gods. For my own part, I should also apply my self to them for that of my Father and Brothers death, who, as you know increas'd the number of his innocent Victims. But, generous Romans, you know that Tarquin is not your lawfull King, nor ever can be. This unjust Prince is crept into the Throne, contrary to the Fundamental Laws of our State; he was chosen neither by the Senate, nor by the people; he laughed at the Augures and their Presages, which are observed upon these occasions, and slighted all Ceremonies of Religion, which he hath alwaies made a Stalking-horse to the Interests of his Ambition.

on. You ſhould therefore be ſo far from acknowledging him to be your King, that you ſhould think your ſelves obliged by the fidelity you owe your laſt lawfull King to revenge his death. Revenge it then, Romans, by revenging that of Lucretia, and to give you another motive to induce you thereto, know that the daughter of the vertuous Clelius your Fellow-Citizen, whoſe life the Tyrant, after he had baniſhed him, hath ſo often indeavoured to take away, is one of his Captives, and that haply ſhe will be expoſed to all the misfortunes of Lucrecia, if we do not ſuddenly deliver her. But what do I ſay? Your buſineſſe is not onely to revenge your late King, your Fellow-Citizens dead or baniſhed, nor to deliver the Daughter of vertuous Clelius, and Neece of the Grand Veſtal, but it lies upon you to revenge your ſelves, and to keep your Wives, your Daughters and Siſters from falling into the ſame inconvenicnces. Conſider, O ye Romans, what kind of Succeſſor Tarquin will leave you, if you take not a generous reſolution to root out the whole Family; conſider what preſumption Sextus will arive to, if this crime eſcape unpuniſhed; how great the inſolence will be of a new Tyrant, born and brought up in Tyranny; and whom we ſhall encourage to be more cruell through our own ſhamefull cowardize. Let us then take this generous reſolution, which the whole World ſhall one day celebrate with infinite praiſes; all we have to do, to be free, is to will it, we need no more then ſhut our Gates againſt a Tyrant, to become Maſters of Rome, and to drive away a miſchievous Woman, to baniſh hence all Vices. When we have once put in execution ſo noble a deſign, I am confident Tarquin's own Souldiers will prove his moſt implacable Enemies. They are all your Brethren, your Children or your Friends, they are ſubject to the ſame Tyranny as you are; you are all engaged in the ſame Intereſts, they acknowledge the ſame Laws, they adore the ſame Gods; and certainly, we ſhall no ſooner have ſhown them ſo great an example of Vertue, but they will cheerfully imitate us. The moſt difficult part of the attempt is paſt, in that we have taken the boldneſs to ſpeak ſo freely, and broke that infamous ſilence, which made us the Complices of Tarquin by conniving at ſo many outrages, ſo many villanies, ſo many crimes. But ſince we have this day begun to bemoan our ſelves, I doubt not but our lamentations will ſtir up the vertue of all Romans, and that what was privately reſolved, will bee publickly put in execution. Tell me, I beſeech you, Generous Romans, is there any one among you, who hath not ſecretly repined at the injuſtice of Tarquin, and hath not made vows and imprecations againſt him? And have I not reaſon to believe that all Romans will be of our ſide? Nay, I dare preſume to tell you, that you are no longer in a condition to deliberate what you have to do; for ſince you have heard my Remonſtrances, it concerns your well-fare that you carry the buſineſſe on to the utmoſt extremity: Tarquin, as you well know, being ſo little accuſtomed to make any difference between the innocent and the guilty, that he would rather ſacrifice all the Romans to his vengeance, then ſuffer one particular Roman to eſcape his revenge. Be therefore no longer in ſuſpence, ſince you are already Traytors to him, and that you may deſie his injuſtice, reſign your ſelves to the conduct of the Gods. *I therefore conjure you in the name of Romulus, our illuſtrious Founder, not to ſuffer Sextus to come into the number of his Succeſſors;

I conjure you further in the name of Numa, *the most religious of all our Kings; and I conjure you once more, in the name of* Servius Tullus, *the Wisest and most vertuous Prince that ever was. But I particularly demand your revenge for the admirable* Lucretia, *and the Liberty of* Clelia *in the name of the vertuous* Tanaquil, *whose memory will never be lost among us. Consider therefore, once more, that since we have no lawfull King, you have the disposal of the Supream Power. Consider, I say, that you will be guilty of all the crimes your Tyrants shall hereafter commit, if you lay not hold of this opportunity that Fortune forces upon you. The day I now to speak to you on, is a fortunate day, it is neither that of the* Calends, *nor that of the* Nones, *nor yet that of the* Ides, *all which are fatal to great Enterprises; all Presages favour us; and in a word, as I have told you already, we have no more to do to be free, then to desire it. Let us therefore courageously take up arms for the Liberty of our Country; but let it be with that Heroick Confidence which is always precedent to all great and fortunate emergencies. I have already told you, that this attempt is easie, and I tell it you once more; but suppose it were not, and that we must expect to struggle with a Civil War within our Walls, such as might arm Citizens against Citizens; that we must see the same Forces that now Besiege* Ardea *before* Rome, *and that the Temple of* Janus *were to be eternally open, should this oblige us to quit the design of destroying so unjust a Tyrant? Were it not more noble to see our Country ingag'd in a perpetual War, then for'd to a perpetual Slavery? Romulus, who is now in the number of the Immortal, wag'd a war against the Sabines assoon as he had laid the Foundations of* Rome, *but upon much slighter grounds then we have to War against* Tarquin, *since that he continu'd it to justifie his carrying away the* Sabine Virgins; *and we have to deal with the Ravisher of* Lucretia. *Numa the Second of our Kings, but the first for Piety, allow'd by his Laws, that there might be just Wars, though he met not with any occasion to raise any during all his Reign.* Tullus Hostilius *did not onely carry on that so famous War of* Alba; *but was also engag'd against the* Fidenates *and the* Veientes. Ancus Martius *had to do with the Inhabitants of* Latium, *with the* Sabines, *the* Veientes, *and the* Volsci. *The former of the* Tarquins, *of whose vertues the latter have not any, had he not War with divers* Nations, *especially the* Thuscans? *And* Servius Tullus, *a person of much Vertue and Moderation, did he make any difficulty to War against the same* Thuscans, *though out of no other considerations then those of Glory? Judge then, Romans, from hence what these great Princes would have done, if the publick Liberty had been in any danger, or that it had been to revenge so horrid a crime as that of* Sextus's. *Have not we been engag'd in a War for* Tarquin? *And are wee not still engag'd in one against our Neighbours to make him the more powerfull? Why then may we not as well be engag'd against him? It cannot bee said we want any thing to raise it; for if we are for our selves, there is nothing against us,* Rome *having within its own* Walls, Souldiers, Captains, Armies, *and wherewithall to subsist, without the assistance of any thing but its own strength, and its own vertue. Let us then resolve*

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to undergo the miseries of an eternal War, rather then sign a Peace with our Tyrants; for even the certainty of death should not fright us from doing our duty, since a glorious death is to be prefer'd before an ignominious life. Besides, imagine not there is any one among us, that expects or pretends to be your King; for we absolutely declare to you, that our design aims onely at the destruction of the Tyrant, and that we act upon no other principles then those of the Publick Good, Justice, and Glory. Let us then courageously take up arms; for, as I have already told you, it were henceforth more dangerous to continue in Peace then to begin a War. Let us revenge the innocent Lucretia: *Let us maintain the priviledges of the* Vestals, *which* Tarquin *hath violated by detaining the Captives of* Ardea: *Let us recall Vertue into* Rome, *and to execute the first act of Authority: Let us expel* Tullia *out of our City: Let us shut the Gates of* Rome *against our Tyrants: Let us make good our Walls if they assault us: And in a word, let us rather die like true Romans, then live any longer like infamous slaves. And now, O ye just Gods (added* Brutus, *looking up to Heaven) who are the disposers of this World, and the Protectors of* Rome, *infuse a true desire of glory into the hearts of the people that hears me, and suffer not your Altars to be any longer prophan'd by the unworthy offerings of our Tyrants. And you, illustrious Founder of our City, whom Vertue hath rank'd amongst the Immortal, suffer not your work to be destroy'd; and let not* Rome *which must one day be Mistress of the World, be any longer subject to the humors of the most cruel of Man-kind, and suffer not vertue to be at such a distance from the Throne, as not to be secur'd against Vice even in the houses of private persons. Divine* Egeria *who inspir'd wise* Numa *with such holy Laws, infuse into all those that hear me, an ardent desire to destroy him who hath so slightly observ'd them.* Diana, *Goddess of Chastity, to whom our late King hath built a sumptuous Temple, suffer not the chast* Lucretia *to be unreveng'd. Ye sacred Guardians of our houses, for whom we pretend to have a particular adoration, forsake us not, but resign up our enemies to our just vengeance. And finally, thou great* Jupiter, *Master of all the Gods, to whom, the abhominable* Tarquin *hath built a Temple, out of sacrilegious motives, curb this insupportable Tyrant, whose Pride is such as only Thunder can pull down. Revenge so many unfortunate men unjustly oppress'd; hinder* Rome *from being destroy'd, inflict the severest punishment on me that may be, if the love of my country be not the onely resentment of my heart; and as far as it is possible, infuse into all Romans the same resentments of hatred for their Tyrants, as the heart of* Brutus *is at this time seiz'd with, that* Rome *may be delivered, and all* Romans *put into a condition of happiness. Let us proceed then (generous* Romans*) this is the last day of your Slavery; if you follow me, Victory expects us, and I see her already stretching out her Arms to us. Speak, that I may know whether your apprehensions are the same with mine, or at least satisfie me by certain signs, what you would, or would not have. For if it be true, that I and my friends are the onely true* Romans, *and such as onely deserve so glorious a name; and that nevertheless we must quit all hope of delivering our* Country: *This Ponyard (added he, lifting up his arm) that hath pierced the heart of* Lucretia, *and*

which I preserve to pierce that of the Tyrant, if opportunity befriend me, shal presently run through my own, and ease me of a life which I cannot any longer preserve with pleasure or reputation.

At these words the friends of *Brutus*, *Aronces*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Lucretius*, and *Callatine*, beginning to cry out all together, *Liberty*, *Liberty*, all that infinite multitude made the same cry, and expres'd it self by a thousand tumultuous voices, that it was absolutely resolv'd to shake off the yoke of Tyrannie. But *Brutus* whom the love of *Lucretia* made then more active then that of his Country, caus'd the Body of this admirable Woman to be laid at the entrance into the Temple, placing some of the Inhabitants of *Collatia* to guard it; which done, conferring with *Aronces*, *Lucretius*, *Callatine*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar*, *Celeres*, *Mutius*, and divers others, who offerr'd their services to him, it was resolv'd, that the first thing was to be done, was to secure the Gates. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being the main business of *Aronces* in this deliverance of *Rome*, he was of opinion, that while *Brutus* went to seize himself of the Gates of the City, it were fit another party of such as took up Arms for them, should be sent to take in *Tarquin*'s Palace, so to secure *Tullia*, and to hinder the illustrious daughter of *Clelius* from being expos'd (during this Tumult) either to the insolencies of his Guards, or the cruelty of the abominable *Tullia*. This Proposal of *Aronces* seeming not unnecessary, a Party was assign'd him for that purpose; nay, they permitted *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* to follow him: and *Brutus* getting into the head of all those who had already taken up Arms, went to possess himself of the Gates.

The first Gate he came to was that which they called the *Carmental*-gate, which was between the *Tarpeian* Rock of the *Tiber*: Next he went to that which is neer *Janus*'s Temple, and the *Viminal* hill: then to *Romulus*'s gate, towards the *Palatine* hill: and lastly, to that which is called *Pandana*, or otherwise *Romulida*: But as he went, he made a strange alteration in this great City. In a short hours time all the Temples were opened, all Shops shut up, the whole People were in Arms, all the Women went to their Devotions, and there was nothing to be heard through all the streets of *Rome*, but Imprecations against *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, Complaints for the deplorable death of *Lucretia*, and the praises of *Brutus*. The *Salij* began to sing in their Temples, to demand the Liberty of *Rome*, and doubled their care for the preservation of that *miraculous Buckler*, which was confounded amongst eleven others like it, lest it should be stolen. The *Vestals* came all about their Sacred Fire to beg the same thing of the Goddess *Vesta*; the great High-Priest sacrific'd for the same purpose: So that these examples of Piety authorizing the Insurrection, had no small influence over the minds of the people.

In the mean time, the creatures of *Tarquin*, those whom like so many slaves to him he had thrust into the Senate, or the Executioners of his Cruelties, were at a strange loss; for the rising prov'd so sudden, and so general, that they had only time to fly to *Tullia*, who was now in such a condition as she was never in before. Now as it happens that in all Popular Insurrections there is ever a third party that minds only Plunder; and endeavours to enrich it self by anothers loss, *Herminius* who much fear'd the disorder, desir'd *Valerius*'s leave to place a Guard at his house, lest the excellent *Valeria* should be expos'd to any affronts; as also to dispose another at *Sivelia*, where *Racilia*, *Hermilia* and *Collatina* then were, with the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, who yet knew not any thing of the Tumult, regard this House was in a street somwhat distant from the place where it began. But it hapned that *Mutius*, *Herminius*'s Rival (who had been one of the first that joyn'd with *Brutus*) was come, out of the same apprehension, to *Valerius*'s door, with the same designe as *Herminius*; So that these two Rivals asking one the other that brought them thither, they very roundly satisfi'd one another. But *Herminius*

nius being at the same time both generous and discreet, though naturally of a fiery nature, broke not forth into any violence upon this accident; but speaking to *Mutius*, I beseech you, said he to him, let our difference remain undecided, till we have deliver'd *Rome*; and if you will take my advice, let us endeavour to deserve *Valeria* by the destruction of *Tarquin*, for our Valour this day is only due to our Country. I am content (reply'd *Mutius*) but I think not fit to depart hence, if you allow me not to leave here as many of my people, as you do of yours; which being accordingly done, *Mutius* return'd to *Brutus*, and *Herminius* went to his vertuous Mothers to place also a Guard there. But before he came, the noise of what had hapned to *Lucretia*, and the rising of the City was gotten thither, so that the Prince of *Pometia* who was then entertaining his dear *Hermilia*, and *Titus* who was talking with *Collatina*, were extreamly disorder'd, for being both very vertuous, *Sextus*'s crime caus'd in them a certain horrour. The Tumult in the mean time still encreas'd, and they were not ignorant that *Racilia* and *Sivelia* loved not *Tarquin*, and that they could not in honour forsake their Mother, how wicked soever she might be; wherefore there was a necessity they should part with *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, but after the most cruel manner in the world, since they had not the liberty to speak any thing to them in particular: 'Tis true, their eyes bid them a sad and sensible adieu. But the Prince of *Pometia* was somwhat happier then *Titus*, for he had the time to tell his dear *Hermilia* in few words, that he was extreamly afflicted to leave her. Alas Madam, said he to her with a low voice, if what is reported of *Sextus* be true, I fear the Gods will henceforth forsake all the *Tarquins*, and that I must take my last leave of you; for I look on his crime as so horrid, that I think it but just to be punish'd for it, for no other reason, then that I am his Brother. If this unhappiness befal me, added he, pity my sad destiny: But though my Father lose his Kingdom for it, I shall have some comfort, if I lose not your affection.

Having said this, he was forc'd to accompany the Prince his Brother, and they were hardly come to the stair-foot, but *Herminius*, who had a great esteem for them, meets them follow'd by those whom he intended to place as a Guard at *Sivelias*, till the Tumult were over. This meeting surpriz'd them very much; for the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* seeing *Herminius* follow'd by people in Arms, easily apprehended from his being in *Rome* in that posture, that the danger was greater then they had thought it. *Herminius* on the other side, who infinitely esteem'd them, and was indeed much oblig'd to them, in that divers times they had oppos'd the King their Father in his behalf, who knew that it was for his sake they affected not *Mutius*, and met them thus in his Mothers house, was extreamly troubled what to do; for it was unquestionably fit they should be secur'd, had he only considered the designe he was upon: but thinking with himself, that Honour, Generosity, and the very consideration of Hospitality permitted him not to do it, he chose the more noble side, and speaking to them; How sorry am I for your sake my Lords (said he) that you are Brothers to *Sextus*, and are oblig'd to be entangled in his ruine; and how sorry am I for my own, that I am forc'd to be of a party contrary to yours: Yet to assure you that I have a respect for Vertue where-ever I find it, and will do you all the favour lies in my power, and haply somwhat more then I ought; I offer you a Guard to the Gate of the City which is now neerest; nor indeed can you take any other resolution. You are without Arms, you have none with you but slaves, the whole City is risen, there is nothing can oppose us, and if you deliberate a minute longer, I shall not haply be in a capacity to protect you. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* hearing *Herminius* speak in this manner, were much surpriz'd at it, for they knew his reality, and doubted not the certainty of what he said: Notwithstanding they stuck a little at the resolution they were to take: but hearing a great noise in the street opposite to that through which they were to pass, and seeing there was no choice to be stood upon, they accepted *Herminius*'s proffer, but with intention to go out of the City, and to get into the Palace, where *Tullia* was, by a secret door that *Herminius* knew not of, in regard it was built in

his absence from *Rome*. To be short, having acknowledg'd *Herminius*'s generosity, and regretted their own misfortune, they were brought to a Gate of the City which *Brutus* had not as yet possess'd himself of, conducted thither by *Herminius* himself, who having upon his return plac'd a Guard at *Sivelias*, drew up to *Brutus*, who presently came to that Gate, at which the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* went out.

It hapned in the mean time, that this generous action of *Herminius* was so far from being prejudicial to the common cause, that it advantag'd it; for these two Princes being gallant, and withal vertuous persons, their presence might haply have cool'd the zeal of those who took up Arms against *Tarquin*. He did not therefore conceal from *Brutus* what he had done, assoon as he was come up to him, But as it is impossible to preserve any Order amongst a multitude of people that takes up Arms on a sudden, *Rome* was in a most deplorable condition; for though the whole City were up, yet every quarter not satisfied it was so, busied it self in making Barricadoes against the others. Those of the *Capitol* fortifi'd themselves apart, lest some one of the *Tarquins* should possess himself of the *Asyle* that was on that Hill. Those of the *Palatine* hill did the like; and those of the *Aventine* cut down almost all the old Lawrels, wherewith their Hill was in a manner cover'd, to block up the ways. They also guarded both ends of the *Subli ian* Bridge by which *Ancus Martius* had joyn'd the Hill of *Janiculum* to *Rome*. Those also of the *Quirinal* Hill fortifi'd themselves, as did also all the quarters of that famous City. There was also a Guard at the *Circus*, lest it might have been made a certain Fort. Those of the *Sacred* street barricado'd themselves: Those of the great street of *Apollo* did the like: that call'd *Ercs* did the like: the street of the *three Ways* which was very populous, divided it self, and was the only part of *Rome* where the Inhabitants disagreed. But for those that liv'd in the *Cyprian* street, never was there such fury heard of as they expres's'd against their Tyrants; for it having hapned that it was in that street the cruel *Tullia* caus'd her Chariot to pass over the corps of her Father, they conceiv'd themselves oblig'd above all the rest, to signalize their animosity against her: And indeed these were they who contrary to *Brutus*'s intention, plundred certain Houses that belong'd to some Creatures of *Tarquin*, and kill'd some that fled from them, though they made no opposition.

Brutus having thus possess'd himself of the Gates, and desirous to know what success *Aronces* had in his enterprise, he was for some time in no small disquiet, for he was inform'd that all those places I have nam'd were barricado'd: So that not being able at first to infer any thing thence but that the City was divided, he had some reason to fear, that his Designe would not prove effectual, that *Lucretia* should not be reveng'd, and *Rome* not deliver'd from her Tyrants; yet did not his great Heart fail him, but without any further debate he went from quarter to quarter, from Hill to Hill, from one place to another, from one street to another, and was extreamly satisfi'd to find that all the Romans were of the same party. So that having acquainted them all that they were guided by the same *Genius*, such an infinite number of people follow'd him, that the multitude prov'd a hindrance to him.

Having therefore given Orders every where, he went to see what posture *Aronces* was in, who had it seems met with a greater resistance then he had expected. For all *Tarquin*'s creatures being tumultuously gotten about *Tullia*, she had a many hands with her, such as being by their own Interests oblig'd to defend themselves, did it very obstinately. 'Tis true, *Aronces* behav'd himself extraordinarily in this adventure. As for the cruel *Tullia*, when they told her of the first beginning of the Commotion, she laugh'd at it, and thought it would come to nothing; and when they acquainted her with her Son's crime, and *Lucretias* death, this detestable woman said, that it *Sextus* had caus'd *Collatine* to be poison'd out of the way, before he had made any love to his wife, she had never kill'd her self. But when she understood for good earnest that the whole City was risen, and that they were coming

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ing to seize her in her Palace, she was hurried into the greatest fury and rage possible. She would needs go up into a Fort which look'd into the spacious place before the Palace, but the people who were already gotten together there in Arms, had no sooner seen her, but they gave her all the abusive language she desery'd; So that not seeing any safety in exposing her self to the violence of an incensed multitude, she thought it her best course to make good the Palace, and to send to *Tarquin*, hoping he might come time enough to hinder this Tumult from proving his destruction. But at the same time as she was sending to *Tarquin*, she commanded a pon-yard to be brought, poyson to be prepar'd, and that the Palace might be set on fire, if she were forc'd to fly at the Sally-port which was in the Moat; which done, being desirous to have the sole disposal of *Clelia*, she sent for her Keeper, to entreat him to translate her into that part of the Palace where she was, that so (said she to him) she may be more secure during the Tumult. But this man being sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of *Tullia*, answer'd her, that he durst not remove that Captive out of the place where she was; that he had sent to *Tarquin* assoon as the rising broke forth, and expected his Orders concerning her; whereupon he withdrew, and putting himself in the head of his Companions, would not return any more to *Tullia*, though she sent for him divers times.

On the other side, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, compassing the Walls of the City to reach the Sally-port, whereat they hoped to get into the Palace, walk'd with an incredible disturbance; for being discreet and vertuous, they detested their Brother's crime, and easily fore-saw how dangerous the consequences of that Insurrection might be. But when they reflected on the secret concernment they had in this unjust action, they were almost perswaded to return into *Rome*, and put themselves at the head of those who endeavour'd to revenge *Lucretia*; for *Titus* was in love with the Sister in Law of the Illustrious deceas'd, and the Prince of *Pometia* with *Hermilia*, who was an intimate friend of *Lucretias*. 'Tis true, he would have been much more afflicted if he had known her to be *Brutus*'s sister, and that *Brutus* was the Leader of that exasperated multitude which had taken up Arms.

Things being in this posture, *Aronces*, follow'd by *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres*, and those whom *Brutus* had commanded to obey him, was gone to set upon the Palace where *Tullia* was, hoping either to take it, or force her from *Rome*, but principally to deliver *Clelia*. And indeed this Illustrious (but unhappy Prince) did prodigious things in this business; and having broke open the outer-gate, he was the first with his Sword in hand to assault those who made it good, an indeed did it with extraordinary resolution; for the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus* (who were at last got into the Palace at the aforesaid Port, were in person in this outer-Court, both giving Orders, and fighting themselves. What was most observable in this engagement, was, that the cruel *Tullia*, who saw all from her chamber window, and the admirable *Clelia*, who with *Plotina* were gotten to that little grate, whence she had seen the Body of him who should have deliver'd her, when *Amilcar* was with her, were both Spectators of it: So that when the valiant *Aronces*, seconded by his Illustrious Friends, had at length caus'd those to retreat who made good the gate he had broke open, he spies the cruel *Tullia* at the Window before him, and the admirable *Clelia* at another on his left hand, so that having before him at the same time, the only object of his love, and one of the greatest objects of his hatred, it much augmented his Valour; especially finding the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* at the head of theirs, it seem'd to him a matter of great Reputation. The fight that hapned in this outer-Court, was long and resolute on both sides; for it being fortifi'd with a certain Rayl two steps from the ground, and that there was an ascent of certain stairs to come into it, it was a great advantage to *Aronces*'s enemies. However *Aronces* forc'd them up so far twenty times, and was himself as often forc'd back to the Gate.

But while this Combate lasted, *Clelia* suffered somthing beyond all imagination, for she saw every minute her dear *Aronces* in a possibility to be dispatch'd; She had divers reasons why she should fear she might prove the cause of his death: For

obſerving that *Aronces* in the very heat of that tumultuous Engagement, turn'd his head divers times towards the window where ſhe was, ſhe was ſo much afraid it might prejudice him, that ſhe would have been glad to have been thence. But all conſider'd, her curioſity to ſee what ſhould happen to her dear Protector being the ſtronger, ſhe ſtay'd to behold that furious Combate, which certainly had ſomthing of more violence then is ordinarily obſerv'd in any engagements of War. For the Romans who follow'd *Aronces* were ſo enrag'd, and ſo impatient to become Maſters of the Tyrants Palace, where there was excellent good Plunder, that of what humour ſoever they were, none wanted motives to fight. The Covetous conſider'd the riches of the Booty; the Generous, the deſtruction of *Tarquin*; *Aronces*'s friends, the Liberty of *Clelia*, the Vertuous look'd generally on the chaſtiſement of *Tullia*, and revenge of *Lucretia*.

There wanted not alſo on the other ſide divers cauſes of an extraordinary Valour: For as to the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, though they had a horrour for the Crimes of their Father, Mother, and Brother, yet a Throne lying at ſtake, all they could pretend to was in hazard; and for thoſe who accompanied them, they were ſo far perſwaded that if they were taken, the people would tear them to pieces, that they made an incredible oppoſition; inſomuch that there was not any thing of this nature heard of before, there being ſo many people kill'd in this Encounter, that the place where they fought was covered over with dead Bodies.

But that which had in likelyhood prov'd the ruine of *Aronces*, was, that while he fought and forc'd the Valiant Princes he had before him, up to a certain Lodge, *Tullia* ſent out others by a gate that was on the right hand, who ſhut *Aronces* in, and immediately thereupon Barricado'd the Gate which he had broke open, by which means he was ſhut into the outer-Court of the Palace, and could not be reliev'd from without. There was indeed ſome oppoſition made againſt thoſe who executed the Orders of *Tullia*, but at laſt they were effected, *Aronces* being at that ſame time particularly engag'd with the Prince of *Pometia*. For *Zenocrates*, he dealt with Prince *Titus*; and for *Amilcar* and *Celeres*, they endeavour'd to get within the Rayl, to make way for ſome of their men, and declin'd forcing the Lodge, which was ſo obſtinately maintain'd.

But when *Aronces* underſtood by the cries of thoſe that fought behind him, that the Orders he had given for the guarding of the Gate which he had forc'd, had not been well obſerved, he gave himſelf in a manner for loſt; for he could not fight in two places, having not ſo great a Force as that he could any way divide it. Upon this the greater part of his men were more troubled how to force a paſſage out of the Court, then deſirous to take in the Lodge. But this being not the deſigne of *Aronces*, who would have choſen rather to die then to retreat, and quit his reſolution of delivering *Clelia*; No, no (ſaid he to thoſe who minded only the forcing of the Gate) it is not there that we muſt fight; for Perſons truly Valiant, never go out at the ſame places by which they came in: Follow me therefore *Romans*, for that way that you would go, there is nothing to be expected but ſlavery, and the way I bring you into, leads you into Liberty.

Aronces pronounc'd theſe words as if he had been really aſſur'd of Victory; ſo that all drawing up to him, he made a freſh attempt; but did it with ſo much courage, and was ſo well ſeconded by all his friends, and particularly *Zenocrates*, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were forc'd to give ground. *Aronces* forc'd them to quit the Lodge, and all they could do, was to ſacrifice part of their people for a ſafe Retreat into the Palace, with much ado to keep out their enemies from coming along with them.

Thoſe in the mean time who ſallyed out by the Orders of *Tullia*, to poſſeſs themſelves of the outer-gate, no ſooner perceiv'd that the Princes their Maſters had quitted the Lodge which they maintained, but they alſo forſook the gate they were to keep, and enter'd into the Palace the ſame way they came out; by which means *Aronces* and his Friends became abſolute Maſters of the Court. But being further

deſirous

desirous to force the Palace-gate, the cruel *Tullia* commanded to be cast on them a certain artificial Fire which *Tarquin* had made use of some time on the *Tiber*, in the time of the *Sabine* war: For there being some of that composition still left, *Tullia* caus'd it be employ'd to the great discommodity of the Combatants in regard the fire fastned so on any thing it touch'd, that it could not be gotten off, nor put out, but with much difficulty. Besides, she caus'd to be thrown out at the windows whatever was proper to crush down her enemies; nay she pull'd down a certain row of Pillars, which stood on a Model on the top of her Palace, to overwhelm those who should endeavour to become Masters of it. Thus though *Aronces* had no more enemies with swords in their hands, yet was he in greater danger then before; for from all the windows in the Palace they shot arrows, cast this artificial fire, or threw something to press down those that it light upon.

In the mean time the valiant *Aronces*, not mov'd at the greatness of the danger, and thinking himself over-happy that his dear *Clelia* saw what danger he was in for her Liberty, notwithstanding that tempest of Darts, Stones, and Fires, made use of the same Engine, which he had before employ'd to break open the outer-gate: for *Lucretius* being Governour of *Rome*, had furnish'd him with it, when he first set upon the Palace.

Things being in this Posture, *Brutus* who was become Master of *Rome* without any resistance, comes to the place, having given order for all things else-where. But he comes thither followed by *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Lucretius*, *Collatine*, *Manlius*, and an infinite multitude of armed people: So that *Tullia*, and the Princes her Sons seeing that the Inner-gate of the Palace would be forc'd, and that it was impossible for them to hold out till the arrival of *Tarquin*, took a very strange resolution; for the Gate being broken open, and falling, *Aronces* spies in a great Entry, a many combustible things heap'd together, which *Tullia* had caus'd to be brought thither on a sudden, and which she had set on fire when she went away: so that instead of finding armed People to make good that Gate, *Aronces* and his Friends saw only a great eruption of flames which deny'd them entrance after a very strange manner. This Illustrious Prince therefore being forc'd to retreat, turn'd his eyes towards the window whence he had observed *Clelia*, and where he then saw her; but he now sees her in such a posture as pierc'd his heart; for he perceiv'd her clinging to the Grate, to avoid going with certain men who would have forc'd her thence, and looking towards him to demand his assistance: Soon after he lost sight both of her and *Plotina*, nor could he any more see the cruel *Tullia*; so that imagining in all likelyhood that this unjust Princess had translated *Clelia* somwhere else, and that she was in her power, he felt something it is impossible to express. Coming therefore up to *Brutus* and *Herminius*, he told them what a confusion he was in. He had no sooner acquainted them with it, but *Brutus* having told them there was a secret door to the Palace, he doubted not but that *Tullia* and her people had resolv'd on an escape. In a word, though there were divers things thrown out at the Windows, it was not with such violence as before; so that it might easily be perceiv'd the Palace was in a manner forsaken. Had there been no other concernments then those of *Rome* and *Brutus*, it had been but necessary to let those escape who endeavour'd it, and render the Gods thanks that they were gone, not taking the trouble to pursue them. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being at the stake, though *Brutus*'s soul was fully taken up with the grief and revenge he took, and was to take of the death of *Lucretia*, and the Liberty of his Country, yet he told *Aronces* he should have what force he pleas'd for to overtake *Tullia*, before she should joyn with *Tarquin*, who in all appearance would soon leave the Camp to come to *Rome*. But that nothing might be done but upon sure grounds, whilst they endeavour'd by the help of Ladders to get in at the Windows, which were now forsaken: *Herminius* sent immediately to the Walls to discover what people were flying in the fields, while, that no time should be lost, they sent orders to those who kept the Horses whereon they came from *Collatia* to *Rome*, to bring them where they were.

In the mean time thoſe whom *Herminius* had ſent upon the Walls, returning ſaid the Fields were full of people running away, ſome with Arms, others without; ſome loaden with luggage, others not quite cloath'd: ſome on horſe-back, others afoot; and that amongſt the reſt, there were a many women. But that *Aronces* might no longer doubt whether *Clelia* were within the Palace, it hapned that thoſe whom *Tullia* had left to hold the Aſſailants in ſome play for a while, fearing they might be ſurpriz'd if they ſtay'd too long, ſoon follow'd her: ſo that it being now eaſie to get in at ſome Windows, whence they had taken away the grates, they found the Palace abſolutely diſ-inhabited, there being only left the Prince of *Numidia*, who was ſtill very ſick, and ſome few other wretches, who having been hurt in the firſt Combate in the Court, were got in with the Princes, when the Lodge had been forc'd; and had ſtaid (though much againſt their Wills) in that forſaken Palace. Whilſt therefore *Lucretius* did what he could to quench the fire, *Aronces* having gotten into the Palace, went to *Clelias* chamber, where he found her not. But what was moſt horrid of all, was, that he underſtood by ſome of the wounded, that *Tullia* had caus'd that Illuſtrious Roman to be taken away, againſt his Will, in whoſe cuſtody ſhe was, who yet would needs follow her. He underſtood further, that this cruel woman went thence, having *Clelia* in one hand, and a ponyard in the other: and that ſhe ſaid as ſhe went out, that if ſhe were purſu'd, and likely to be overtaken, ſhe would firſt kill *Clelia* with it, and afterward her ſelf. No ſooner had he heard theſe cruel expreſſions, but he is fill'd with fury; and he was no leſs diſturb'd at the fear of *Clelias* death, then *Brutus* was at that of *Lucretia*. In the mean time he was at a loſs what to do in ſuch an unhappy conjuncture, in as much as he was forc'd to ſtay for Horſes ere he could purſue *Tullia*, though he was much in doubt whether he ſhould do it or not; for if he follow'd her too weak, it would come to nothing: if he went with a great force, he fear'd the cruel *Tullia* might really do what ſhe had threatned. Yet was he infinitely deſirous to follow her, and was in an extraordinary diſcompoſure, that he could not do it aſſoon as he wiſhed.

On the other ſide *Amilcar* ſought all the Palace over for the other Captives, but he could not learn any thing either of *Caſonia* or *Dande*, or any of the reſt of their friends, only *Plotina* he underſtood had voluntarily follow'd *Clelia*.

But at laſt the fire being quench'd, and thoſe who were gone for the Horſes having brought them, *Brutus* and *Aronces* conſulted with all their Friends, and having well conſidered the ſtate of affairs, and underſtood from the wounded Souldiers that remain'd in the Palace, that *Tullia* had ſent for *Tarquin*, and that when ſhe went thence, ſhe thought him far on his way to *Rome*; it was reſolv'd, that *Lucretius* and *Valerius* ſhould remain at *Rome*, to take all neceſſary order there, and to ſhut the Gates againſt the Tyrant, if he ſhould offer to enter in; for it might be eaſily imagin'd, that in an occaſion of ſuch importance as this was, *Tarquin* would not bring with him too great a Force, in regard it would take up too much time; beſides, that it was likely enough he might think it no hard matter to appeaſe this Tumult. It was alſo conceiv'd that *Sextus* would be retir'd into ſome place, that ſo he might not incenſe the people by his preſence: So that *Brutus* reſigning himſelf to the juſtice of heaven, to his own great heart and conduct, undertook to put the Camp into the ſame diſorder as he had done *Rome*. To that end, he told them, he would take ſuch a way, as that in all likelyhood he ſhould not meet *Tarquin*, and, that *Clelia* might not be neglected, a Force ſhould be aſſign'd *Aronces*, wherewith to follow *Tullia*, and do what he thought conducing to the ſafety of that admirable perſon. The Deſigne of *Brutus* ſeem'd at firſt ſomwhat too high, but he ſo far ſatisfi'd his friends, that it were vain to make a riſing in *Rome*, if *Tarquin* continu'd Maſter of the Army; and in fine, he ſpoke to them with ſo much authority, that they could not but comply with him. However it was not thought fit he ſhould go without any Guard; wherefore having found that they could preſently ſend out two hundred Horſe, *Brutus* took fifty

of

of them, and assign'd the rest to *Aronces*. But the difficulty was to get out of *Rome*; for the Romans who then look'd on *Brutus* as their Tutelary Deity, opposed it with so much earnestnesse, that it was like to a cause, a general disorder throughout the City; and there were above two hours spent ere they could be perswaded, that it was for their Interest that *Brutus* went out of *Rome*.

Aronces on the other side, had as much ado to get out as he, and they were both encompass'd by such a multitude of people, that though they were the deliverers of *Rome*, they were not Masters of themselves: So that it was almost night ere *Brutus* and *Aronces* could get out of the City; which was no small affliction to this disconsolate Lover, whose businesse out was to seek his Mistress.

But when these two unfortunate Lovers were gotten out of *Rome*, their friends were divided, *Herminius* and *Mutius* stood for *Brutus*, conceiving themselves more oblig'd to him, as being Romans, and *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, were of *Aronces* side. But though they were divided as to Interests, yet did they joyntly wish the prosperity of their several designs. For *Aronces*, he took the way that he was told *Tullia* had taken, who he understood had taken up two Chariots at a house she had within two miles of *Rome*, for she went from the Palace on horse-back. But for *Brutus*, he wheel'd about another way into the Camp, without meeting *Tarquin*, and he was so fortunate, as to reach it just at the break of day. Nay, it happen'd so critically, that by the same time that *Tarquin* had got to *Rome*, *Brutus* came to the Camp, where he no sooner arriv'd, but he understood that *Sextus* was gone out of the way, as soon as the report of the insurrection at *Rome* was brought thither.

In the mean time, how sensible soever *Brutus* might be of the death of *Lucretia*, the design he had to revenge it, was the reason that he spoke of nothing but joy, tryumph, and liberty. In a word, this illustrious Roman going from Tent to Tent assembled all the Officery; but while he gets them together, he speaks to all the Souldiers he meets, he tells them all, that *Rome* is free, that *Tullia* had left it, that all the adherents of Tyranny were sent out of the City; he assures them that *Tarquin* should find the Gates shut against him, and entertains them with peace, reward, glory and rest. He represents to them, the fruitlesse inconveniences they had suffered during the time of the Siege of *Ardea*; he calls them the true deliverers of their Country, if they have but the courage to declare themselves, he intreats them, he importunes them, nay sometimes he threatens them; he takes *Herminius* to witnesse of all he saies, whose integrity he knew was well known; to their interests he adds those of the Gods, and he speaks to them after so confident and heroick a manner, that the prodigious change which they found in him, produc'd the same effect in the Camp as it had done in *Rome* and *Collatia*, and rais'd in them admiration and respect for him. So that the name of *Brutus*, and the word *Liberty* passing from mouth to mouth, the whole Camp fell into disorder, and both Officers and Souldiers unanimously submitting to *Brutus*, acknowledge him for their Chief, and the deliverer of their Country. Whereupon sending hastily to acquaint those of *Ardea*, that he restor'd them to that Peace which *Tarquin* would take away from them, provided they would joyn with *Rome* against *Tarquin*, he raises the Siege and begins his march towards *Rome*, bestowing the Pillage of the Tyrants Tents upon the Souldiers, so to ingage them by that act of hostility to persist in their revolt.

But while *Brutus* seconded by his friends manages the affairs of the Camp with so much successe for the Liberty of his Country, and the revenge of *Lucretia*. *Tarquin* arrives at *Rome*, confident that his presence would establish his Authority there: But he was much mistaken, when he saw the gates shut

againſt him, and that ſome told him from the Walls, that the people of *Rome* baniſh'd him for ever with all his Family, and declar'd him unworthy the name of a King, which he had with ſo much injuſtice uſurp'd. *Tarquin* having not with him at this time above 400 horſe, was forc'd to retreat; but could not do it without horrid threats to thoſe who had deni'd him entrance; for he knew nothing of what was happen'd in the Camp, and thought he had no more to do to chaſtiſe *Rome*, then to raiſe the Siege of *Ardea*. But when in his return, he underſtood by the King of *Cluſium's* Envoy, whom he met, as alſo by ſome of his own creatures, that his Army was comming againſt him under the command of *Brutus*, whom all obey'd and acknowledg'd for one of the greateſt men in the World, and by this means found himſelf without any aſſiſtances, between a City riſen againſt him, and a revolted Army; he had certainly, need to ſummon up all his Courage, to ſupport ſo great and ſo ſudden a Revolution. Upon the firſt relation of this ſtrange accident, he made a halt; then he ask'd whether they knew where *Tullia* was, and what was become of the Captives; for thoſe who came from the Camp told him they were gone from *Rome*. But being told that the Captives were in *Tullia* diſpoſal, and that ſhe had taken the way to *Tarquinia*, he alſo took the ſame, and that with much diligence, commanding ſecretly two of his creatures whom he had imploy'd in thouſands of Crimes, that if his enemies ſhould purſue him, and ſet on him with a party ſtronger then his own, they ſhould keep cloſe to his perſon, and if they ſaw him in any likelihood to be taken, kill him; for though I have a heart great enough to hinder me from falling into the hands of my enemies, ſaid he to them, with his eyes full of fury, yet I fear my arm will prove too weak to diſpatch my ſelf, or ſhall miſs the firſt attempt I ſhall make on my ſelf, if I am forc'd to it. Hereupon he began to march, and this unjuſt Prince who ſaw himſelf over whelm'd with all kinds of misfortunes in an inſtant, and that through the Crimes of his Son, or Wives, or his own, was ſo abhominable, as not to have the leaſt remorſe, but imploi'd his wits to be reveng'd of thoſe whom Heaven uſed as inſtruments to puniſh him for uſurping a Kingdom, and ruling with ſo much cruelty and injuſtice.

Brutus, in the mean time, though crown'd with the glory of freeing two Cities at the ſame time, and being the deliverer of his Country, and the revenger of his dear *Lucretia*, was the moſt unfortunate man in the World, when it came into his mind that *Lucretia* was dead, and *Sextus* alive. And indeed, though *Brutus* was of a nature gallant, milde, and the moſt obliging in the World, yet after the death of *Lucretia* he ſeem'd to have chang'd his humor and temperament and all his life after, affected a certain auſtere vertue, wherein there ſeem'd to be ſomething of roughneſſe; nay ſometimes, ſomething of cruelty, to thoſe who were not inform'd of the ſecret of his heart, and could not gueſs at the true cauſe of his melancholy; and that inſatiable Ambition which though *Rome* were delivered he had to root out the race of the *Tarquins*. Yet had he withall an admirable command of himſelf in this great Occurrence, wherein it concern'd him to confirm his Victory by his Preſence. For when he had diſpoſed his Troops about the Gates of *Rome*, he made his entrance, which was with extraordinary acclamations; and without any further delay, having return'd the Gods thanks in *Janus's* Temple, which he caus'd to be ſhut the more to aſſure the people, he call'd a Councel of all the perſons of quality, in *Hoſtilius's* Court, as being the moſt convenient place of any for great Aſſembly. They were no ſooner got together, but the people by an unanimous conſent, having no lawfull King, conferr'd all Authority on *Brutus*, with this Title of *Conſul*, onely for one year. Which done, this new Conſul ordain'd the Senate to conſiſt of 300, which he choſe with ſo little conteſtation that all the Citizens were ſatisfi'd

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But while *Brutus*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, *Lucretius*, *Herminius* and *Marius* were busied about the regulation of their City, so to perpetuate the liberty they had acquir'd *Arronces*, the unfortunate *Aronces* met with a contrary destiny. For having parted from *Brutus*, and been inform'd which way *Tullia* took, when she left the house where she had taken up the two Chariots he follow'd it, till he came to a place, where he understood that the multitude of people that follow'd *Tullia*, was divided. In this place was he at a great loss, not knowing what resolution to take. He imagin'd indeed, that his businesse being onely to find out *Clelia*, it was more likely she was rather in that party where there were Chariots, then where there were onely Horses, and he was not much mistaken; for he conceiv'd that *Tullia* seeing her self far enough from *Rome*, had sent the Princes her sons to the Camp, and kept on her way. And indeed it happened so, that this cruel Princess seeing her self in that extremity would not take *Clelia* with her to the Camp, but thought better to carry her to *Tarquinia*. But she being in one Chariot, and having disposed the Captives into another, he who had the conduct of the latter being faithfull to *Tarquin*, whose misfortune he had not yet understood, and making it his businesse to deliver *Clelia* out of the power of that cruell Princess, carried his business so handsomly that he caused him who conducted the Chariot of the Captives to go somewhat slowly, so to be at a distance from that of *Tullia*, who having her mind persecuted with the memory of her Crimes and the representation of the miseries would fall upon her, thought not on *Clelia*, as not suspecting any could be guilty of so great a presumption as to offer to take her away from her. She thought indeed at first to have taken her into her own Chariot; but the very sight of her being troublesome to her, she dispos'd her into the other, which going more slowly stayd somewhat behind. This man therefore in order to his secret design, having caused the Axle-tree of the Chariot of the Captives to be broken, when it was taken up at the house by which *Tullia* had pass'd, told him who conducted it that he must overtake *Tullia*, and therefore must put on a little faster. But he had scarce gone a hundred paces ere the Axle-tree flew asunder, so that there was no going any further. Upon this accident, hee said they must needs leave the Chariot there, and that every one of his Companions should take one of the Captives behind him. So that these unfortunate Beauties not knowing what to do, and seeing that it was to no purpose to make any resistance, submitted, thinking they were all to follow *Tullia*. He who was the Author of the design, took *Clelia* into his charge; one of his Companions took *Plotina* behind him, another *Cæsonia*, another *Danae*; and so some or other the rest of the Captives.

Now while these Captives were together, they had resolv'd to indeavour each to perswade him who carried her to bring them to *Rome* or *Ardea*, and the more to ingage them to promise great rewards. Accordingly, *Clelia* was no sooner on horse back, but she began to intreat him who carried her, to do an act of Virtue, and carry her to *Rome*, promising him extraordinary rewards if he did it. She prevailed so far, that the fellow, who as I told you had his secret design in it, seemed to condiscend, and making a little halt, he took the first way he came to on the right hand. But *Clelia* not desirous to be alone with him, intreated him to perswade his Companions, who had the charge of her friends to follow them; or at least that *Plotina* might accompany them. Hee answered, that if the business were communicated to so many, she would bee discovered; but at length, calling to him who carried *Plotina*, pretending he had broken something about his Bridle, he made him stay a little behind the rest, so that turning out of the way, and taking advantage of a little Hill, they put

on a good pace. But comming to a certain Paſſage, which *Plotina* knew, as being of the Country, ſhe perceived, the fellow inſtead of carrying them to *Rome*, drove towards *Ardea*. So that acquainting *Clelia* with it, that afflicted beauty told him that he was out of his way; and that his deſign was to ruine them. By no means (repli'd he) for I deliver you out of the hands of a Princeſſe who hates you, to put you into the power of a Prince who loves you.

At theſe words was *Clelia* extreamly diſquieted, for ſhe choſe much rather to be expos'd to the cruelty of *Tullia*, then the Paſſion of *Tarquin*. And not knowing that that Prince was gone from before *Ardea*, and that he had neither Kingdom nor Army, *Clelia* was in an incredible diſturbance. Inſomuch that without any further deliberation, ſhe caſts her ſelf off the horſe, the fellow not being able to hinder her, and calls *Plotina* to her aſſiſtance, who could not do as much, as being held faſt by him who carried her. Not that *Clelia* had any hopes to ſave her ſelf; but hop'd only by making a little ſtay there, that the Gods whom ſhe invok'd would ſend her ſome relief.

In the mean time, *Tullia* having obſerved that the Chariot of the Captives follow'd not, caus'd her own to be ſtay'd, to know whence the diſorder happen'd. But at laſt, underſtanding that it was broke, ſhe commanded *Clelia* to be brought into hers, not out of any motive of goodneſſe; but out of a conſideration of the moſt cruel jealouſie in the World. So that ſome that were about her putting themſelves in order to ſatisfie her, they call'd him who was charg'd with the Conduct of that Beauty. But not finding him, and acquainting *Tullia* with as much, ſhe commanded twelve of her people to purſue them, and to bring *Clelia* back, or never to ſee her again. Theſe proving ſucceſſull in their ſearch, were come almoſt to the place where *Clelia* caſt her ſelf to the ground, and where ſhe yet was, obſtinately refuſing to get up again. So that he who was to have brought her to *Tarquinia*, ſeeing theſe twelve horſe approaching, whom he preſently knew, he ſaw it was not his beſt courſe to return any more to *Tullia*, but to ſeek protection from *Tarquin*. He therefore attempted, once more, to perſwade *Clelia*, really thinking he did her a good Office. But Madam (ſaid he to her) you conſider not that *Tullia* would not have you in her power, but to put you to death. It matters not (anſwer'd the generous *Clelia*) I would rather ſuffer death, then the love of your unjuſt Prince.

She had no ſooner ſaid this, but ſhe perceives a great body of Horſe towards *Ardea*, and imagining they were ſome of *Tarquin*'s Troops, ſhe began to run croſſe a Meadow, before thoſe whom *Tullia* had ſent to take her, though ſhe doubted not much, but that ſhe fought her own death. She had not gone twenty paces, but turning about to ſee whether ſhe was follow'd, ſhe perceives twenty horſe drawn off from the Body ſhe had ſeen, making towards her as faſt as they could ride. So that conceiving they would eaſily overtake her, ſhe ſtood ſtill, ſeeing indeed ſhe could do no otherwiſe; for thoſe twelve horſe diſcovering that they whom they ſaw, were not of *Tarquin*'s Forces, ran away; and hee who would have carri'd *Clelia* to the Tyrant perceiving it alſo, got up on Horſe back, and provided for himſelf, and his companion to diſburthen himſelf of *Plotina*, ſet her down and followed him.

Hereupon theſe two Beauties being met again, and reſolving to die together, were much ſurprized to ſee *Horatius* riding before thoſe twenty horſe, which were drawn off from their Body. But though *Clelia* lov'd him not, nay might indeed charge him with all the misfortunes of her life, as having hindred her to marry *Aronces* neer *Capua*, and knew that he did hate that illuſtrious Prince, and was by him reciprocally hated; yet in regard he was a

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vertuous man, and had a reſpect for her, beſides an infinite love, it was ſome joy to her, to ſee that ſhe was not any longer ſubject to the violences of *Tarquin*. *Horatius* on the other ſide, being come in the head of theſe twenty Horſe, out of no other conſideration then that of Humanity, to relieve women whoſe condition he ſaw was ſuch as needed relief, was no leſſe amaz'd to find the admirable *Clelia*. He preſently alights, and comming towards her with infinite reſpect: Well, Madam (ſaid he to her) ſhall I obtain pardon for having carried you away from *Capua*, by bringing you to *Rome*; now that it is delivered from that cruell Tyrant, who hath ſo often ſought the life of the generous *Clelius*.

I know not (repli'd ſhe) whether the Crime you ſpeak of, is of ſuch a nature as may be abſolutely pardon'd; but I am certain you will put an extraordinary obligation on me. if you bring me to *Rome*, ſince *Tarquin* hath no more to do there. But *Horatius* (added ſhe) may I truſt you? You may Madam (repli'd he) and if I bring you not immediately to *Rome*, account me the moſt infamous of Mankind: For in a word (I profeſs to you) conſidering the obligations which it hath pleas'd my deſtiny my Rivals ſhould caſt on me, I will never prejudice him by any other waies then thoſe of my addreſſes, my ſervices and my own Vertue. But Madam (added he) we muſt loſe no time, for there have hapned ſo great changes in one day, that me thinks all ſhould change again in one day; therefore give me leave to ſet you on a horſe which you ſhal guide your ſelf, that ſo you may not ſuſpect I have any deſign to force you any where, and may the more willingly permit mee to bee your Conductor.

Notwithſtanding all this, *Clelia* would needs be aſſur'd by a new Engagement, that *Horatius* would bring her to *Rome*; which done, this Illuſtrious Roman chuſing out a Horſe among thoſe that follow'd him, caus'd one of his people to attend and conduct *Clelia*, and another to take *Plotina* behind him; and ſo without any further ſtay he took his way to *Rome*, follow'd by the whole Body which had overtaken him.

But *Clelia* being extremely deſirous to know the State of Affairs, whereof ſhe had not heard any thing, ſince ſhe had ſeen her dear *Aronces* expos'd to ſo great danger (for her ſake) in the Palace Court, entreated *Horatius* to acquaint her with what he knew. He therefore told her, that *Brutus* had wrought a revolt in the Camp; that he had ſent Word to *Ardea* that *Rome* would have peace with Her; adding, that for his own particular, to come as ſoon as he could to her, he had got together two hundred Horſe, with intention to caſt himſelf into *Rome*, having not been certainly inform'd that *Tullia* had carried her with her. *Horatius*, had ſcarce told her thus much, but he underſtood from ſome of his men who went before, that there was ſeen in the Plain into which they were entring, a very deſperate fight between two Parties, very unequal in number; for there might very well be on one ſide, three or four hundred Horſe, and there ſeem'd not to be on the other much above an hundred. This Intelligence put *Horatius* into ſome diſorder, for he muſt needs think it could be no other then *Tarquin*, who he knew had taken with him from the Camp three or four hundred Horſe, and conceiv'd he muſt have met with ſome of thoſe who had revolted from him: So that his heart being divided between Love and Honour, he knew not whether he ſhould go and relieve thoſe who ſtood in need of his Aſſiſtance, or make it his buſineſs to conduct *Clelia* ſafely to *Rome*. But to take a mean between both, and to know at leaſt more certainly what the matter was, he ſent ſome of his men to make diſcovery, and lay cloſe behind a little hill.

Clelia, who little imagin'd that the Illuſtrious *Aronces* was engag'd in a dangerous fight againſt *Tarquin*, and thought he had been in *Rome*, or with

Brutus, was very importunate with *Horatius* not to trouble himself about any thing, but to bring her into some place of Safety. And indeed, her insinuations were so prevalent, that he seeing those whom he had sent out return'd not so soon as he expected, he could no longer endure that *Clelia* should be in any fear of falling into the hands of *Tarquin*. So that he turn'd out of the way he would have gone, leaving only two of his men, to bid those whom he had sent, when they were return'd, to follow him the way he should lead them, which was the neerest to go to *Rome*. But these two waited to no purpose, for those who had been sent out to discover the Parties that were engag'd, had been forc'd to fight themselves, *Tarquin*, who had soon perceiv'd them, having order'd thirty of his men to engage them, out of a fear of being surpriz'd by some fresh supplies; and accordingly, they had been either taken Prisoners, or cut to pieces: Besides, that *Tarquin* having been inform'd by those who had been taken, that *Horatius* was not far from him with two hundred Horse, and easily inferring that if he joyn'd with *Aronces*, he were utterly lost, since that valiant Prince found him so much work with so small a handful of men, he commanded his people to make one final attempt to overcome him; for till then, in regard he was Son to a King who was his Ally, from whom he expected Protection, he had given Order that he should not be kill'd. But considering the importunity of his present condition, he was oblig'd not to debate the business any longer: So that *Aronces* was in an extream danger; for he had but about an hundred Horse left, and had almost four hundred to deal with.

Besides all this, the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus* had joyn'd their Father, and being oblig'd to fight for their Father how wicked soever he might be, they engag'd *Aronces* with an incredible Courage, thoug' they had an infinite esteem for him. 'Tis true, the Valour this Prince expres'd that day was so prodigious, that there never was seen any thing like it; for he was several times surrounded by his enemies, yet could they neither take him Prisoner, nor hurt him. He kill'd (in a manner at *Tarquin's* Elbow) that valiant *Hilius*, with whom he had some time fought neer *Ardea*: and if *Tarquin* had not us'd a subtle shift, he might have been overcome by him. So signal was his Valour, and so worthily was it seconded by that of *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zerocrates*, and *Celeres*.

To this may be added, that the Romans whom he had with him, were in so much fear of falling into the power of *Tarquin*, that they behav'd themselves so much the more gallantly. But at last *Tarquin* having caus'd some of his people to make out cries as if *Rome* were return'd to its Duty to him, and that his Army had chang'd their resolutions; those who were with *Aronces* taking Alarm at this false report, though he did all that lay in his power to hinder them from believing it, ran away; so that he was left alone with his four Friends, amidst so great a number of enemies; yet would he not yeild, till that there was no other remedy, after he had receiv'd a wound in his right Arm; but at last he was forc'd to submit to the multitude by which he was surrounded, and become the Prisoner of a King who had lost both his Kingdom and his Army.

But that this adventure might prove yet more insupportable to him, it hapned that *Tarquin*, whom it concern'd to treat him well, had indeed an extraordinary care of him, out of some considerations of Policy only, though he hated him most horridly, both as a Lover of *Clelia*, and that he found him in Arms against him; so that after he had put a Guard upon him, and those Friends of his who met with the same Fortune, except *Amilcar*, who made a shift to escape after he had been taken, it hapned that *Tarquin* causing *Aronces* to be dress'd at the first House he met in his way, one of *Horatius's*

us's men who had been taken by ſome of *Tarquin*'s, ſtanding neer him when he was dreſs'd, knew him, and made acquaintance with him. *Aronces* who could not want a curioſity for ſuch a Rival, ask'd him by what adventure he came thither, and where his Maſter was? To which this man, being of the humour of thoſe, who, when they relate things, love to circumſtantiate, anſwer'd, that *Horatius* recovering at length of his wounds, found himſelf in a condition to caſt himſelf into *Rome*; then told him how he had found *Clelia*, highly expreſſing the ſatisfaction that Beauty had in meeting him ſo ſeaſonably, aſſuring him that he was to carry her to *Rome*, and that they would be there very ſuddenly. The firſt apprehenſions of *Aronces* were extreamly confus'd and entangled; for after a long fear that *Clelia* might periſh through the cruelty of the implacable *Tullia*, he arriv'd to a ſlender comfort, when he underſtood that ſhe was not in her power. He was not alſo diſ-ſatisfi'd that ſhe went to *Rome*, as alſo that ſhe was quite out of the reach of *Tarquin*'s violence, and *Sextus*'s; but when after all he conſider'd, that ſhe was fallen into the hands of a Rival, a perſon of ſo great worth as *Horatius*, one who had ſuch an advantage over him, as to render him ſo conſiderable a ſervice; and withal ſaw himſelf wounded, and Priſoner to a Prince who he knew lov'd *Clelia*, and who would not fail to return him to the *King* his Father, and to engage him into his Intereſts, he thought himſelf the moſt unfortunate man in the world: for he fore-ſaw what in reaſon ſhould be the conſequence of ſo croſs an accident. Accordingly when he was got on Horſe-back, and forc'd to follow a Prince whom Fortune had forſaken, and who went for refuge to *Ceres* intending to ſend thence to Treat with *Porſenna*, he entertain'd himſelf after the ſaddeſt manner that could be. For when he call'd to mind with what eagerneſs he wiſh'd *Rome*'s Liberty, and *Tarquin*'s Ruine, and conſider'd that the Misfortune of that Prince was the only cauſe that he was his Priſoner, he acknowledg'd in himſelf, that men were guilty of great raſhneſs, when they preſum'd to deſire any thing preciſely of the Gods; ſince that many times what they deſire, proves more prejudicial to them then what they fear: So that not daring in a manner to wiſh any thing, for fear of making any wiſhes againſt himſelf, he was extreamly afflicted, eſpecially when he conſider'd that *Clelia* was in a place where he had two very conſiderable Rivals; that himſelf in all likelyhood ſhould be turn'd over a Priſoner to the King his Father, and ſaw not any thing whence he might derive the leaſt comfort, but the hopes he had in the Friendſhips of the illuſtrious *Brutus*, and the generous *Herminius*.

The End of the Second Part of CLELIA.

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

THe Literal Eſcapes which have hapned, both in this, and the former Volumn, being ſuch as the Ingenious Reader may eaſily reconcile to the true ſence and meaning, we ſhall not need put them on the File, and therefore ſhall onely think it requiſite to give notice; that in regard the work hath paſt through divers hands, the names of Places and Perſons are not Interpreted every where alike: As in ſome Places, Leontine, *and* Agrigentine, *and* Ericine, *inſtead of* Leontum, Agrigentum, *and* Ericium: *As alſo,* Clodamas, Clidimira, Janicula, Philonice, *and the like, which the Candid Reader, minding the Tranſactions and Hiſtory, it is preſum'd will not make any halt at.*